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EDWIN BOOTH. Illustrated Article by Laurence Hutton. In this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVII.—No. 1904

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1893.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

A COACHING PARTY LUNCHING AT THE OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW, PHILADELPHIA
DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE S. RICHARDSON.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT."]

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

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Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

PENSION REFORM.

PENSION reform as contemplated by the present administration and as desired by every good citizen means simply this: Every old soldier, or soldier's widow, or soldier's orphan who under the law is justly entitled to a pension shall have that pension; but nobody should receive such a pension without being entitled to it under the law, and measures should be taken to discover and strike from the rolls those who do so receive pensions. This is all. Nothing could be more just. It will be just to those who receive pensions wrongfully, for they are simply criminals who obtain money under false pretences. If they are punished for this crime only by being deprived of their pelf, they may be thankful for being leniently dealt with, and will have no reason to complain. It will be just to the meritorious old soldiers, for so long as the pension rolls are notoriously swelled with fraud, almost every pensioner whose title to his pension is not obvious will be more or less under the suspicion of being a cheat, while as soon as the pension roll is cleansed, any man may be proud of having his name on it, and the old soldier will again enjoy the honor he deserves. It will be just to the people, for the pensions come out of the people's pockets, and it is an outrage to burden the tax-payers of the country with an expenditure of untold millions a year for the benefit of a lot of false pretenders, who, instead of being fed at the public crib, ought to be exhibited to public reprobation.

It must, however, be said for these false pretenders that their offence appears far less heinous than it otherwise would when we consider the tremendous temptation to which they were exposed. We doubt whether the history of civilized nations presents another instance of such systematic debauching of the morals of a people as we find in our pension legislation and the methods by which it has been administered. There never has been more reckless demagogism in exciting the cupidity of a class of people who otherwise would have been moderate in their demands and reluctant to do wrong, nor more cowardly truckling to this so created cupidity than has been exhibited by Congressmen intent upon catching votes in their districts, and of party politicians in quest of party capital. There never has been a better organized and more methodical effort to seduce unsophisticated persons to plunder the government than that put forth by the pension attorneys, who by circulars and personal addresses moved people all over the country to apply for pensions, showing them how easily they might obtain, by hook or crook, a comfortable income; who flooded the press with appeals for extensions of the pension laws, pressed the Grand Army of the Republic into their service, besieged Congress as an ever present lobby, and wormed themselves into the Pension Bureau to obtain favorable decisions and lax constructions of the law. And there never was an administration of any office better calculated to undermine all the safeguards of the law, to make plundering easy, and to thus attract the plunderer, than was the administration of the Pension Bureau under Corporal TANNER and Mr. RAUM, who by their rulings directly invited fraud and bade the false pretender welcome. Thus it was that this monstrous pension system could grow up, which has demoralized the people to an alarming degree, which has put outrageous burdens upon the tax-payer, and which is in the eyes of the world a monument not of American generosity, but of American demagogism and profligacy.

The cleaning of this Augean stable is a task requiring a high degree of circumspection, fearlessness, and energy. The Secretary of the Interior and the new Commissioner of Pensions have begun well by setting aside some of Mr. RAUM's most profligate rulings, which opened the pension rolls to almost everybody having had a direct or remote connection with the army. Under the new ruling at least the disability contemplated by the law is to be proved, and the roll is to be purged of fraudulent cases. Obviously just and simple as this may seem, the obstacles to the enforcement of it will turn out to be formidable. In the first place, the administration will have to infuse a new spirit into the clerical force of the Pension Bureau, which, under two commissioners, has been systematically trained to overlook defects in the proof of claims, thus to encourage crooked practices, and simply to "shovel out the money." Although, as civil service reformers, we are in favor of the greatest possible permanency in the service, we shall not find fault with the Secretary of the Interior for the prompt removal of clerks who cannot quickly get rid of the bad habits of the past. We take it for granted that the administration will meet with courage the attacks made by the small political fry on the Republican side, who, whenever a fraudulent pensioner is discovered or a pension attorney is injured in his business, will raise a wild outcry in press and speech about the threatened rights of the old soldier. This partisan clamor will be easy to bear. Far more dangerous to pension reform will be the cowardice of the administration party itself in Congress.

It must not be forgotten that not only Republican but also Democratic Congressmen are responsible for our pension legislation, for a good many of them, too, were not above voting away any amount of money to catch some soldiers' votes; and the Southern Democrats apprehended that any resistance to pension legislation might be imputed to them as evidence of disloyalty. The same men will be taken in hand by the pension attorneys surrounding Congress as a permanent lobby to prevent any legislative measure the administration may want in the shape of changes in the existing law or of special appropriations to facilitate the prosecution of the reform. But the co-operation of Congress is required to render possible the two measures which will prove most essential in order to prevent further mischief, as well as to redress as much as possible the mischief already done. These two measures are the following:

No man acquainted with this subject will deny that the pension attorneys have been the most powerful agency in procuring extravagant and vicious pension legislation, a lax construction of the law, and a loose administration of it in the Pension Office, not to speak of the many thousands of cases in which they seduced people who otherwise would never have thought of it to apply for pensions, whether they were entitled to them or not. The pension attorney should be abolished. The pension attorney's business should be done by the clerical force of the Pension Office itself. If necessary a special division should be established to answer all inquiries, to give whatever information is asked for, to aid the claimant in making his application and in getting up his documents for proof, in short, to do without charge all the things now done by the attorney—except the crooked ones. This can be done, and should have been done long ago. It will give the claimant every reasonable facility, and be a great economy to him as well as to the government. The attorney may then be dispensed with, and can properly be excluded from practice before the Pension Bureau. Thus the most powerful agency of evil will be put out of business. The second measure is the publication of the names of the pensioners, together with the nature of the disability for which they are pensioned, and the amount of the pension paid to them, in the localities in which the pensions are drawn, the lists to be exhibited in some public place, such as the post-office. Nothing will be more effective in deterring false claimants and in bringing fraudulent pensioners to light than to put them under the surveillance of their neighbors. It will do better service to the administration than hundreds of special agents.

These measures will require some outlay of money, no doubt; but while the cost will count by thousands, the saving will count by millions. This policy will be fiercely resisted by the pension attorneys, as well as by all those who draw pensions on false pretences, and the administration will be wildly denounced for adopting it. But it may be sure that the public opinion of the country will be on its side, and the more fearlessly it proceeds on this line, the heartier and more general will be the popular approval.

THE APPRECIATION OF GOLD.

IT is striking to see how various and incongruous are the arguments of those who want the country to rest its currency on a silver basis. Sometimes we have the sentimental plea for the dollar of our fathers—a dollar which at no time was coined in any considerable quantity, was never in actual circulation, and for generations had disappeared from sight and memory. Sometimes the furtherance of the great silver-mining industry is advocated, and the patriotic wish expressed to encourage our own precious metals. More often there is general advocacy of currency inflation of any sort, the simple cry for more money, which would apply as logically to the indefinite issue of fiat paper as to the free coinage of silver. Most often of all, however, we have the argument that gold has appreciated, that prices are falling, that debtors are ruined, and that silver alone can save this country and the world from the evils of an appreciating standard.

Now it must be admitted that, in fact, prices have fallen very steadily since 1873, and that in so far there has been what may be called an appreciation of gold. No doubt the extent of the fall is much exaggerated by our silver friends. The year 1873 was exceptional, marking as it did the climax of a period of speculation and of inflated prices, from which a recoil was inevitable under any circumstances. But even after making allowance for this, and taking the normal prices of a generation ago as the standard, a real and substantial decline in prices has undoubtedly taken place. The decline has appeared both in wholesale and in retail prices, and, to all appearances, is permanent, and not unlikely to continue further.

It must be admitted, further, that the *prima facie* case is that a general fall in prices is an evil. Even if no other consequence were considered, the effect of such a change in the relations of debtors and creditors must be harmful. Debtors, under the pressure of falling prices, find it harder to meet their obligations, and virtually pay back to their creditors more than they receive. It is not to be questioned, for example, that the debts contracted in this country in the years of paper-money inflation and artificial high prices, from 1865 to 1873, were made unhappily burdensome, when repaid at a later period, by the change from a paper to a specie standard. Indeed, this bit of experience is one of the most signal illustrations of the evils of a depreciated currency, and of the hardships which every community must submit to when it makes up its mind, as in the end it must, to return to a stable currency. We may observe, by the-way, that the silver advocates, in their complaints of the fall in prices, too often compare the present situation with the inflated paper prices of the period immediately after the civil war, and so greatly misrepresent the real change in specie prices. It is true that even on a gold basis prices have fallen, but the extent of the fall cannot be gauged by comparison with the régime of irredeemable paper.

In one fundamental regard, however, the decline in prices has differed during the last twenty years from that which we should expect from a simple contraction of the currency. It has been confined to commodities; it has not appeared in the return for human labor. Money wages and money incomes have not fallen. They have certainly not fallen when measured in gold, and even from the paper-money rates of the war period the decline in incomes has been very slight. Reduced to a specie basis in fact, the money return for labor, whether we call it wages or salary or income, has steadily tended to rise throughout the civilized world for the last half-century.

This fundamental fact puts the decline in prices and the supposed appreciation of gold in a very different light. It is obvious, for instance, that the pressure upon debtors ceases to be severe when they find themselves earning as much as they did when their debt was contracted. The real pressure upon debtors from an appreciation of money arises from the decline in their money incomes; but, in fact, a decline in money incomes has not taken place. Individual debtors and individual classes of debtors undoubtedly have suffered. But ups and downs in the prices of particular commodities and in the earnings of some persons are inevitable under any régime, and cannot be prevented by the most plentiful supply of money. Looking at the general trend of the phenomena, we find the situation one which cannot be said to press disastrously on the debtor class.

Further, when we consider all the aspects of the changes in the purchasing power of money in the last generation, we see that their combined effect simply is that the world is better off than it was. The only way in which the material prosperity of the individuals in any community can become greater is by their money incomes enabling them to buy more commodities. Either their money incomes and wages and salaries must go up, the prices of commodities remaining the same, or else the prices of commodities must go down, incomes and wages and salaries remaining the same. In fact, the world has seen in the last fifty years a double process at work. Money incomes have tended, upon the whole, to go up, and prices of commodities have tended unmistakably to go down. Every one is better off, and the situation seems to present no occasion for bewailing.

The truth is that what is called the appreciation of gold is simply the result of the enormous improvement in production which has taken place during the last century, and has operated with intensified effect during the past generation. Inventions, machinery, improved transportation, the opening up of new countries, and the discovery of rich mines have greatly increased the efficiency of labor. The sum and the variety of material commodities have swelled, and the concrete form in which the results of the improvement have come within our possession has been that of lower prices of commodities. The world is simply better off. If it has happened—and doubtless it has happened—that the money incomes of particular classes or particular sections have diminished, the cause must be found not in the scarcity of money, but in some eddy or counter-current in the general stream of progress. To the civilized world as a whole, and to the mass of the people in every part of it, the change in the prices of commodities, combined as it has been with rising money incomes, has been a blessing and not an evil.

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THE MAN WHO CANNOT WRITE

SINCE a member of the ADAMS family of Boston complained, with the aid of diagrams, in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, of the inability of the average Harvard undergraduate to express his sentiments in lucid English, there has been a succession of explanations from masters of preparatory schools, who have endeavored to trace the cause of this alleged defect, and to suggest practicable remedies. The fact that the average sub-Freshman of these days is an indifferent speller and a writer of infelicitous prose is practically admitted. The reasons given for his shortcomings with pen and ink are manifold and various. It has been shown that he is a bad writer because he has no ideas, because his education does not educate, but simply enables him to pass examinations; because there is so much to do in these times that he has no leisure to think; because the Bible is no longer read aloud in families, and he does not become familiar with its style; because he is interested in athletics to the exclusion of the polite arts, because his parents have no time to converse with him, because his mother reads to him too much; because he studies too much Greek and Latin and not enough English; and because he doesn't study Greek and Latin enough, but reads too much juvenile literature.

Here are reasons enough, and all are good, to make it seem surprising that any boy would achieve even the ability to write his own name. Every reason of course suggests a remedy, and it will go hard with the boys if out of so many remedies their perfect cure is not effected. The wonder seems to be that it has occurred to no one to deny, or at least extenuate, the harmfulness of the letterless condition of which Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS has complained.

It is conceivable that to an ADAMS the inability to write commendable English should assume the dimensions of a crime. There is no record of any ADAMS who had not something to say and could not set it forth in sound, workmanlike language, and round, legible handwriting. All the ADAMSES are natural writers, and it is perfectly comprehensible that any ADAMS should insist that all educated men shall write. All the same, it is by no means indisputably desirable that facility in English prose composition shall be attained by every college-bred youth. In the first place, writing English is at present a fairly good trade, not unduly lucrative, but one by which a living is made by many persons who could have no reasonable expectation of making a living in any other way. To insist that education shall be so directed as to compel every student to become a writer of marketable English is to force undesired competition upon a class which has hard enough work to get along as it is. It may be unduly eulogistic to describe the laborious army of writers of English as deserving, but even if they have no professional rights which deserve to be quit of organized interference, it is certainly worth while, on mere grounds of public policy, to think twice before taking measures which might result in making great numbers of them a public charge.

The Proverbs of Solomon, and indeed the whole Bible, abound with references to the hazardous possibilities of the tongue. Writing was a rare accomplishment in Bible times. People talked then, and it was enough to warn them to be careful as to what they said. It is safe enough to assert that if the Bible were to be rewritten all those danger-signals about the unruly member would be supplemented by warnings against the irrepressible pen and ink. In our times it isn't what a man says that works him irretrievable sorrow, but what he writes down, and perhaps sends away by mail, or even prints. If there is a dangerous faculty, it is the ability to give effectual written expression to one's sentiments. Yet Mr. ADAMS and his associated reformers would make it a chief end of education to compass a precocious development of this two-edged accomplishment in lads too immature to be expected to know what not to say, or how not to say it. The sins and follies of a young man's tongue are forgotten, but, however lofty a development his manhood may attain it can never outlover the risk of being vexed by such callow imaginings of his boyish mind as his undisciplined hand may have written down. If a lad have in him the making of a writer, and his natural propensities break out young, these risks are for him simply part of the common lot. He must learn by sad experience to avoid the rocks amongst which it is his destiny to steer. But to expose a normal non-scribbling youth to such chances is rash, at least, if not criminally reckless.

A SUMMER'S BUDGET OF THE ARTS.

PEOPLE who have hurried from the city on the supposition that New York would lapse with June into dulness as well as heat have but a faint idea of the resources at hand. There has indeed been a falling off in music and the drama, but in the fine arts, after a very brief lull, the summer claims a season of its own.

We have the Luminarists with us in the works of two eminent and, perhaps one may say, sensational painters of France, MONET and BESSARD, who appear in company with two Impressionist painters of our own belonging to the luminarist section, ALDEN WEIR and TWACHTMAN. These pictures are shown with etchings and pastels at the galleries of the American Art Association. The Academy, too, demands that the New Yorker faithful to his city and the thousands of strangers within our gates shall not forget even in summer the paths toward the Venetian building on Fourth Avenue. The Academy opens a loan collection this week which is different from that shown at the Fine Arts in winter, but hardly less interesting to connoisseurs. Messrs. HENRY G. MARQUAND, JAMES A. GARLAND, CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, C. P. HUNTINGTON, and HENRY SANFORD contribute from their private collections pictures by the old and modern masters of Europe. The AUGUST BELMONT estate displays the finest canvases in the old private gallery familiar to the fashionable people of twenty years ago. Messrs. MUSE, P. AVERY, HERER R. BISHOP, LOUIS C. TIFFANY, and THOMAS B. CLARKE have added many charming curios of Oriental and Greek *provenance*, so that the Academy never looked more attractive, and indeed perhaps never contained a gathering of greater beauty and value.

The collection of American paintings opened last week by THOMAS B. CLARKE in the Fifth Avenue Galleries is another effort to please those who find New York "the most comfortable sea-side watering place in the country." Our cigarette-rolling friends with dark eyes and Castilian complexions who come here from Havana, Mexico, and Central America for change of climate and scene will discover that the United States is not all given up to the chase of the soulless dollar, but possesses artists fit to enter the company of the princes of painting. The smaller gallery is entirely hung with landscapes by GEORGE INNESS. Never before has this master's work been seen to such advantage, its variety demonstrated so well, its depth and beauty so proved. JOHN LA FARGE and WINSLOW HOMER are represented in a minor fashion, exquisite landscapes are seen from the easels of DWIGHT W. TRYON, C. H. DAVIS, WYANT, RANGER, ALBERT RYDER and other native painters, who copy nature in more or less realistic fashion, but also use color to express the emotions that nature excites in us, just as composers use music. The draft upon our local painters to equip the American section of fine arts at the Chicago fair has not appreciably affected the stock of good things their studios contain.

The summer finds the sculptor's art remembered in and about New York as never before. The bronze of ROSCOE CONKLING by J. Q. A. WARD, for Union Square, the statue of NATHAN HALE, by FREDERICK MACMONNIES, for the City Hall Park, the great bronze doors of Trinity, by BITTER, NICHATS, and RHIND; the portrait of ALEXANDER HAMILTON, by PARTRIDGE, to stand before the Hamilton Club of Brooklyn, and the same sculptor's equestrian statue of General GRANT also for Brooklyn, the JOHN ERICSSON, by HARTLEY, erected in Battery Park—testify the purpose of the sister cities to adorn themselves with a certain sober magnificence. All these, and others besides, are the spoils of the present summer.

Mindful of the need to concentrate public opinion on the burning question of what should be accepted and what rejected in the way of monumental art, the Sculpture Society has been founded in New York with no exclusive purpose of local usefulness, but with the hope of serving all the continent. The society has lodged the government in seventeen sculptors, architects, amateurs, and leaders in industries requiring sculpture, and the seventeen have elected J. Q. A. WARD President, W. M. HUNT 1st Vice President, and F. WELLINGTON RUCKSTUHL Secretary. Headquarters for the present are at the Freemen's Club. Sculptors will be asked to make the first exhibition of the Sculpture Society, some time next winter, a brilliant and memorable affair. Thus the good work accomplished by the Fine Arts Society for architecture and painting will be carried out in sculpture also rounding out the trinity of fine arts. In autumn, when the Municipal Art Society prepares to intervene actively in measures for the embellishment of New York, her public buildings, her squares and boulevards, a powerful trio of organizations will be ready to give it advice and support.

THINGS TALKED OF

DURING the last three years the wish of the founder of the Graham Institute, of Brooklyn, that on the 22d of February the memory of some great American should be the subject of an address, has been observed with peculiar interest to the readers of HARPER'S. In 1891 Mr. Curtis spoke of Wendell Phillips. In 1892 the same orator took the place of Mr. Lowell, and delivered the noble oration which we all know. In 1893 Mr. Curtis himself was the subject of an address by Rev. John White Chadwick, which the Harpers have just published in their "Black and White Series." It is a singularly fitting tribute to Mr. Curtis, not merely or chiefly because it is a clear and well balanced review of his beautiful life, but because the spirit of it is just and discriminating. It is a eulogy in the best sense of that much abused word, since it is the truth, as the author sees it, well spoken. Mr. Chadwick was an intimate friend of many years of Mr. Curtis, and in close and affectionate sympathy with him in nearly all the things that most engaged his mind and heart, and this sympathy gives a glow of warmth to what he has to say in praise, and the speaker's poetic temperament clothes much of his utterance in the most delicate and touching form. But of greater and rarer value is the firm analysis of Mr. Curtis's character and the finely measured estimate of his work. The address is eulogy, but it is not panegyric. Thus Mr. Curtis would have had it. The richest legacy he has left to those who were influenced by him whether they had the privilege of his friendship or not, is the silent censorship of his high and pure sense of right, unperverted by prejudice, unpolluted by vanity or selfishness. So it happens that no true man can speak of him that he does not, perhaps unconsciously, pay him the homage of conscientious utterance.

It is barely twenty-eight years since the close of the civil war. The major number of those who fought on either side in that war and survived are men in the "fifties," for both armies were largely made up of young men. When the war ended, the return of the soldiers to the peaceful pursuits of civil life awakened the surprise and admiration of the world. Within a very few years all active animosity between the veterans of the two armies had disappeared and much ill feeling as persisted was largely due to the efforts of politicians. This year in a parade on Columbus day at Eagle Pass, in the State of Texas, there was a novel and most interesting procession, in which a double column marched, blue and gray, gray and blue, alternately in each file. These were the United American Veterans Eagle Pass Camp No. 1, the objects of whose association are defined by its constitution to be "to bring together in common brotherhood those who served in either army during the civil war of 1861 to 1865, and those who served in the American army during the war with Mexico." Another clause is, "To cherish and maintain the institutions of American freedom, and to foster true patriotism and love of country, that the Union, cemented by the blood of their fallen comrades, may endure forever." What a spectacle! Surely no more striking proof of the stability and vitality of the American system, so often doubted by philosophers of other lands, could be imagined.

One of the most interesting meetings of the quadro-centennial year will probably be that of the Pan American Medical Congress, which will occur, on the invitation of the President, at Washington on the 5th of September next, and will continue four days. The representatives to the congress come from all parts of the Western Hemisphere, including the West Indies and Hawaii. There will be twenty-two sections, each having charge of a specific branch of medical science. Those which are likely to have particular interest from an International point of view are those of General Hygiene and Demography, Marine Hygiene, and Quarantine and Medical Jurisprudence. The languages of the congress will be Spanish, French, Portuguese and English, and though the last is spoken by the doctors of the United States and Canada, who must necessarily be the large majority, the physicians speaking the other languages will be highly interesting and valued contributors. It would seem that nothing could be more thoroughly cosmopolitan and International than medical science, which deals with interests that spread wherever men live and die. It is well known, moreover, that in the countries to the south of us the physicians are a class of peculiar influence, with whom those of our country can establish relations mutually profitable and instructive. The ties of a common pursuit of science are not hindered by differences of race, and the congress may well contribute not only to the advancement of knowledge, but to a fraternal feeling between all the countries represented. The President of the Congress is Dr. William Pepper, of Philadelphia, and the Secretary-General, Dr. Bud, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The "event" of the day in Paris is the address of M. Emile Zola before the Students' Association at their annual banquet. For a couple of years now there has been a pronounced reaction among the students against the "naturalism" of the Zola school, and a strong tendency toward a curious form of pietism which to an outsider seems sentimental and fanciful but which is clearly harmless and may be beneficent. To Zola, however, it seems a revolt against what he is pleased to call the scientific spirit, and of that he deluded himself with the idea that he is the especial champion and representative. Accordingly, in his address, he took occasion to warn his young hearers against the dangers of faith, and particularly of faith in the unknown future, and to say possibility of a better, juster, sweeter life in the hereafter. He told them that all this was the fruit of cowardice and lassitude, and that the only thing for a true man to do was to labor, labor each day up to the measure of his strength, and let the dreams of the mystics and the pietists alone. He recounted how his own life had been saved from barrenness and despair by the habit of writing a fixed amount each day, no matter how cruel the effort. This has the flavor of stoicism, but none of its substance. The stoic bears the inevitable with the steady pride of invincible self-respect, but mere stubborn toil, with no regard to the object of the effort, does not necessarily involve a particle of the "virtue" which is the stoic's ideal. If the vast mass of M. Zola's product is the price paid for saving him from despair, the public of France may well ask whether the price be not a little high. M. Zola is not likely to take that view, but the unprejudiced lover of purity and beauty, to say nothing of decency, cannot help taking it.

A young gentleman who is not unknown to fame, and does not wish to be, Mr. Oliver Summer Teall, has just started a project to check the practice of "treating" among those of his class. His class is not very clearly defined, but it need not be so for the purposes of this comment. Suffice it to say that it is made up of young men with money and time enough for social pleasures and apparently no great amount of original sense. Mr. Teall proposes to get up a pledge to be signed by 5000 young men that they will not "treat" to drink, except under special conditions, which we shall not describe. What they pledge themselves against is what the late Mr. Dicks so called the "perpendicular drinking" of the Americans, a practice, we believe, mostly confined to bars. There is something a little pretentious and grotesque in the proportions of Mr. Teall's plans, as there is almost most that he does in public, but his idea is a good one, and if he can get 5000 youngsters to sign and stick for a year he will have done a very good thing. "Treating" is almost wholly an American habit, and though it comes of a generous sentiment, it is a very bad habit. When carried to excess it is an extremely vulgar one, and we cannot repress the fear that the boys who think when one of a party of five "treats" that each of the others must do the same—this is Mr. Teall's illustration—are of a type not easily converted into self-respecting and respectable gentlemen. But the effort is worth making.

There is a warm place in the hearts of his fellow-Americans for any statesman who shall secure the adoption of a permanent internal revenue tax of say ten dollars a pound on starch in all forms not edible. A device of this sort has driven the Louisiana Lottery out of business, and it is an open question whether starch as used in clothing—at least, men's clothing—is not a more subtle, pervading, and pernicious evil than lottery tickets. From an æsthetic point of view it is, of course, a cardinal sin for which no penance is in this life adequate. From the moralist's point of view the offence is nearly as great, for the sum of wickedness augmented by starched linen through the irritation of the nerves when the linen is stiff, and the utter loss of self respect and self-control when the linen is "broken down" by the infernal heats of our inexcusable climate, is not easily calculated. Add to this the proved hygienic ills due to clothing the human form, and especially the important organs of the thorax and the sensitive nerves in the region of the neck in fabrics that alternate between rigidity and pulpy humidity, and the inherent unworthiness of starch for the use of intelligent human beings is established. If ever there was a case for stern repression by a paternal government, this is one. If this sentiment seems a little heated we admit that it is so, but we are prepared to sustain the argument against all comers, with statistics or by force and arms, at any time previous to the autumnal equinox.

154 2

THE DISASTER AT THE OLD FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON—REMOVING THE BODIES FROM THE RUINS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL.—[SEE PAGE 563.]

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION: IN THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD.

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THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

V.

McDOWELL took a cup of tea and an expeditious doughnut standing, and hurried away. Ogden, who had not overcome his habit of leisurely eating, lingered behind.

The Acme occupies a square, low ceiled room in the hindermost corner of the Clifton; perhaps, with a lower ceiling and a situation on a level lower still, it would have been called the Zenith. It is fitted up with three or four oval counters, and a very close calculation of space allows room for an infinitesimal cashier's desk as well. Each oval encloses a high rack that is heaped with rolls, buns, and cakes, and close to each rack stands a brace of big, cylindrical, nickel plated tanks that yield coffee and tea. Each oval is fringed with a row of stools—hard wood tops as a cast iron base, and in warm weather a pair of fans, which are moved by power supplied from the engine room, revolve aloft and agitate the stifling atmosphere.

Ogden had spent the past week in trying a succession of dairies, lunch rooms, and restaurants, and had ended by returning to the Acme, which seemed as decent and convenient as any. He found a place in a quiet corner, ordered his coffee, wheat muffins, and pie, which all came together; and fell to work with his eye soberly fixed on the shining expanse of the freshly wiped counter. Was he consistent, he wondered, in claiming any great consideration until he could lunch at a higher figure than fifteen or twenty cents?

The girl who had waited on him turned away, but another one, who stood a little distance off, called her back.

"Here, Maggie, change that mince. This gentleman don't want a piece with a whole corner knocked off."

Ogden buttered his muffin without raising his eyes. The second girl herself placed the new cut of pie before him and stood looking down upon him. The hour was a little late, and but three or four customers held places around the counters. Presently she spoke.

"Well, Mister Ogden," she said, with a humorous tartness, "you don't seem to recognize your old friends."

Ogden threw up his head. "Why, Neally, is this you?" he exclaimed. It was a girl who had helped wait on table at his West Side boarding house.

She wore a dark dress with a plain white collar. Her brows made two fine straight lines over the yellowish green of her eyes. She had a strong skeleton face, yet there was a certain lurking delicacy in the outlines of nose and chin.

"That's what," she replied. "I've made a change, you see. Been here pretty near a week. Come in often?"

"I'm in the building. What was the matter with your other place?"

The girl hitched up her shoulders. "The fact of it is, I couldn't get used to it. Never tried anything like that before."

She looked about cautiously, and then resumed, in a confidential voice:

"To tell the truth, I was just forced into it. Pa and ma didn't want me to come to Chicago, but I couldn't make out that I was going to have any terrible great show there in Prwaukee. I didn't s'pose it was going to be so awful hard to find something to do in a big place like this. But I made up my mind, all the same, that I wasn't going to cave in and go back to Wisconsin—not straight off, anyway. Kept right on trotting about. Any port in a storm, says I. And when I met that good old soul in the intelligence office, that settled it. She only wanted a second girl; but I thought I could stand it."

"Couldn't you?"

"I didn't tell ma, though, that I was living out. I wrote to her that I was clerking—ten dollars a week. Ten dollars!—I'm looking for the girl that gets more than six. I don't know what the folks would have thought if they'd known of me a being ordered around by a lot of young fellers—run and fetch and carry for a parcel of strangers. It don't come natural to me to be bossed, I can tell you."

"But Mrs. Gore used you well?"

"She did, for a fact. But it wasn't the sort of thing I wanted at all. So I told her I guessed I'd go. 'Well,' says she, sort of resigned like, 'if you've made up your mind to, you must, I s'pose.' She was sorry to lose me, *I* knew. She walked to the basement door with me to say good by—with her specs on top of her head. 'I'm a good girl,' says she, 'and let us hear from you'—most exactly what ma said when I came away. Gray hair, just like ma's, too. 'Yes, ma'am,' says I. I didn't say 'ma'am' because I thought I was a servant—I wasn't, but because she was older, and because I had a respect for her. And so I *shall* let her hear from me; when I get along a little further I'm going to call on her. And I'm going to get along, let me tell you; I haven't jumped on to this hobby horse of a town just to stay still."

She nodded her head with great decision.

"It broke her all up when you went away," she resumed. "She kept a wondering for two or three days what the matter was. Poor soul, she's a good deal too tender for this town. What was the matter?"

"Nothing. I had friends in a different part of the city."

"In a different part of the city," she repeated. She spread her palms far apart on the inner edge of the counter and brought her face down almost to a level with his. "D'you know, I always liked the way you talked; it's real genteel. And you say 'calm't,' too. And 'dinnah' and 'suppah.' Hardly anybody says 'calm't' around here—except mters. Say, I went the other night. It cost fifty cents, but I was just wild to see a real east and out city show—couldn't hold in any longer. They all talked kind of artificial, except one man. He had a bad part—erring son, sort o'. He talked right out in plain, every day style, and he was about the only one I really cared for. Of course, though, I don't like bad men better than good ones. But your way is nice, after all."

"Thanks."

"Well, I'm in a different part of the city myself." She gave a comprehensive glance over the sizzling coffee urns. "Second in command." She tapped her breast bone. "I don't think so overlasting much of Duggan here, but he recognizes talent. It didn't take him long to find out what I was, and he mind me. I boss, and help around when there's a rush, and now and then I take the cashier's place. It's all just like a store. Oh," she proceeded, after a shrewd look at him, "I know well enough what you've been thinking all this time. But here's your counter and there's your goods, and people just say what they want and get a check for it and pay at the door. No boarding house in that, is there? They don't bulldoze as very much."

The door opened and a belated clerk came in.

"Here, Gretchen," she called to one of her force, "see what this man wants." The new comer dropped mechanically on to one of the stools and submissively took the damaged pie that had been taken away from Ogden. He had ordered apple.

"Most of 'em are tractable enough," she commented.

"I've got ten girls here," were her next words, "and they're quite a fair lot. But that moon eyed German girl over there—"

"I *call* her Gretchen, she don't look as if she knew beans, does she? Well, she don't. She was going on in the pantry yesterday about the rights of man. I knew she was due to break a saucer pretty soon. Well, she did. And we've got a Swede girl here who would be the best all around one of the lot if it wasn't for her temper. All of a sudden she gets mad, and she stays mad, and you can't for the life of you find out what it was that made her mad. Those three Irish girls are pretty smart. If so, yes, they were rigging up a strike Tuesday. They wanted fifty cents a week more. They found out their want at a quarter to twelve. 'All right, girls,' says I, 'you can go out if you want. Our regular people will kick and go somewhere else for a few days, perhaps, but the first rainy noon they'll all come in again, and they'll see that things are running all right with a new crew, and after that they'll stay.' Goodness me! I've heard more about rights and less about duties this last week than I ever did before in my life. My uncle says it's the same with him. He's the engineer here. He really got me this place. If you look down through that grating out there as you go along you may see him. It's talk and argue all the time—his men have more half baked notions than you can think of and he's kept on the k jump all the time looking after things. Do *I* kick? Do *I* squeal? Not much. And if I had come in from outside with a different language, maybe, and a different training and a different set of notions, and if I had been a real dyed in the wool, down trodden peasant, and all my folks the same for nobody knows how far back, perhaps I'd find some reason then for not keeping abreast with the tolerably smart lot of people that had let me in."

She cast a lofty eye over her various underlings. "Kind of a plain lot, ain't we? You know there's one place like this in town where they won't take a girl unless she's pretty. Their cashier is a regular beau. But I wouldn't work in such a place, no, indeed!

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She paused. Ogden made no response. She eyed him with a sharp impatience.

"Not but what I could, though, if I had a mind," she remarked, with a vindictive little explosion.

"No, I couldn't, either," she added suddenly; "they're all brunettes this year."

And she laughed forgivingly.

"And you don't see me a wearing rings and chains," she pursued; "I guess not. And I sha'n't, either, until I finish my course."

"Course?" Was she hinting at the close of her earthly career?

"Yep. Short-hand. But don't hurry away." He had dropped his feet to the floor. "Doggan west right off after the rush, and I guess I've been hard pushed enough to enjoy a little restful conversation. Short-hand and typewriting—that's what I'm steering for. I'll stand this for a while—until I can do eighty words. I've begun at the Athenæum already. I don't see why anybody should want to take 'lessons' in type-writing, it's practice you want. Same with the other. Well, I'm practising hard enough. I shall be ready for business in three months," she traced with her finger on the counter, giving considerable pressure to the "b" in "business." "I'm ahead of the class now.

"I'm educated, too," she continued. "I taught school one term up in Waukesha County. I know how to spell—you ought to see how some of those girls write out their notes. And I can punctuate—semicolons just as easy as anything else. Say, do you know Mrs. Granger S. Bates?"

"I've seen her name in the papers," said Ogden, emptying his glass and feeling in his pocket for his handkerchief.

"Sorry we don't give napkins. Well she was a school-teacher, and look at her now! I went by her house on Calumet Avenue last Sunday. She's got about everything. She is one of the patronesses of the Charity Ball. Still, I suppose she must be getting along in years—her husband has come to be the Lord High Muck-a-muck of Most Everything. I've read about him for years. Hope *I* haven't got to wait till I'm *fifty* to have a good time."

Ogden was shuffling his feet on the floor.

"Won't you have another piece of pie? No? Well, try a cream puff, then, it 'll be my treat. And do take time with it. Anything but fifty men eating away like a house afire."

Only one other customer remained. The Swede girl began to collect the cream jugs.

"I don't care so extra much about Mrs. Bates, though. But there's Mrs. Arthur J. Ingles, three-hundred-and-something Ontario Street—do you know *her*? Now there's a woman that interests me. She's in the papers every day, she goes everywhere. She's way up, I guess. I'd be wild if she wasn't. She was at a dance last Tuesday, and she gave a reception the day before, and her sister is going to be married next month. It's easy to follow folks since the papers began to print their names all bunched up the way they do, and Mrs. Arthur J. is one that I've followed pretty close. She must be young—I never see his name except with hers. I guess he's just a society dude. Well, dudes are all right, you've got to leave 'em in a big town. You wouldn't have the whole million and a half of us be grubbers?"

"I suppose not."

"She gave a dinner last week. Covers were laid for ten—what does that mean?"

"Probably that she and her husband had eight people."

"She wore heliotrope satin. Ornaments diamonds. Great, wasn't it? One of our girls brought down a book this morning about Lady Guinevere. Guinevere—your grandmother! What are we to Lady Guinevere, or what is Lady Guinevere to us? But when it comes to people living in your own town, whe, that's getting down to business."

"Yes, let us talk about realities—Batzac."

"I should say so," she asserted, missing the allusion. "Now, then, why shouldn't *I* be wearing heliotrope satin to dinner some time?—if not under the name of Cornelia McNabb, then under some other as good or better. Anyway, I'm going to keep my hands as nice as I can—a girl never knows what she may have a chance to become. I don't imagine it will disfigure me much to run a type-writer. Dear me," she sighed, "how much time I've lost! If I hadn't been such a darned goose, I might have begun Pitman at home a year ago."

She reached down under the counter and pulled a newspaper up out of a dark corner.

"Some lunch-rooms have papers around—as many as a dozen, sometimes; but Doggan says this place is too cramped for him to give people any inducement to dilly-dally. It's rot and run. So I have to buy my own. This is the first chance I've had to look at it. I wonder what she's been up to now?"

She opened the paper and ran down its columns with an expert eye.

"Yes, here she is, first pop. *Mr. and Mrs.*—Cluett, Parker, Ingles. My ashes, how I envy that woman! Course I don't want that she should come down here and wash my dishes, but wouldn't I like to go up there and cut off of here? What did she wear?—It don't tell. Where was it?—at Mrs. Walworth Floyd's—a small dinner. Don't know them. How about the *Misses?*—Jameson, Parker, Wentworth—she's a great goer too. And here are a few *Messrs.*—Johnson, J. L. Cluett, George Ogden—"

She stopped abruptly.

"You?"

There was a world of reproach in her voice.

"Yes."

"And you sit there and never let on! You're as mean as you can be. What is she like? Tell me, do. Ain't she young, now? What did she wear?"

"I didn't go. I had a trip to the West Side."

"Your name's here."

"The reporters get the names in advance. Sometimes they copy them from cards or regrets."

"And you wasn't there?"

"No."

"Too bad! But you've seen her?"

"Never."

"How hateful! But you was really invited?"

"Yes."

"H'm!" she said, deliberately; "I see now why you moved. I don't blame you. I'm trying to get along too. We're both in the same boat."

Ogden rose.

"What else is there?" she asked herself, looking over other columns. "Here's a marriage, in a Milwaukee. Don't know whether it's a society item or not. Who are they?—J. Russell Vibert is the man, and Mary Adelaide Brainard is the woman. Both of Chicago—know 'em?"

Ogden sat down suddenly.

She eyed him curiously.

"That's the first sign I've seen that you was willing to stay a single minute longer than you had to. You can go now, whenever you want. We've got to clean up. So long!"

VI.

Ogden had been balked in his first social advance by the inconsiderate and unwarranted demands of the Brainards. He failed on Proposition No. 1, but its attendant corollary he disposed of after the proper interval. He had missed the dinner, but he accomplished the dinner call.

He was moving around his room in his shirt sleeves; he had the leisurely air of one whose social orbit was so small as to involve no relations with the courses of cabs and of street cars. To set himself right with the Floyds he had but to step around the corner.

His room was rather small and cramped, but he had preferred indifferent accommodations in a good house to good accommodations in an indifferent house—just as he would have chosen an indifferent house in a good neighborhood to a better house in a poorer one. His quarters, however, were well enough for a single young man of moderate pretensions. He had space for a three-quarter bed, a bureau, a wash-stand which displayed a set of pink flowered crockery and two towels, a cane-seated chair, and a pair of bookshelves on the wall. And by means of a good deal of dexterous manœuvring he contrived to extract some comfort from an undersized rocker. His decorations were principally photographs, which showed to the extent common under the circumstances. Some of these were grouped in twos and threes, in frames faced with Chinese silk, they helped to achieve the disordered and over crowded effect that the present taste in house furnishing aims at, and can always accomplish in a back hall bedroom.

The photographs stood in the position in which he had first placed them a month and a half ago although the recent arrival of some of the originals had given their shadows an altered importance. Everybody knows of the inertia that overtakes decorative detail, even when portable. There were the pictures of his father and his mother, arranged in a pair. His father offered a placid, gray bearded face, it seemed rather foreless, though that effect may have been due to retouching; yet, independent of any practical processes, it was the face of a man who obviously could not have risen in advance to any adequate conception of the Western metropolis.

The face of his mother was serious, strenuous. She had in some degree the semi-countried aspect of one who has run a quiet course in a quiet quarter of a minor town.

His sister's picture had been taken in the East just before her starting for her new home. It was now in the hands of Ogden's next-door neighbor, who had come in carrying a choice of white ties and who now wave around it a contemplative cloud of tobacco smoke from his brier-wood pipe. He was a young man with a high forehead and a pair of shrewd but kindly brown eyes.

"A mighty pretty girl," Brower said, heartily. "Get the right kind of a New England face, and you can't do much better. I must haul out my own photographs and fix them up some time."

Brower kept his collection in his trunk, along with his shirts and underwear, generally. He used his bureau drawers for collars and cuffs, and for a growing accumulation of newspapers, magazines, and novels. He had been in the house two years, yet his trunk had never been unpacked and put away. He was an adjuster for an insurance company, and was subject to sudden calls to remote localities, in accordance with the doings of the busy monster that the press knows as the "fire fiend." If Isaac Sobrinski, off in Des Moines, had the misfortune to be burned out, at the close of a dull season or in the face of brisk and successful competition, then Des Moines was the place to which Brower immediately posted. He estimated the damage on the building, figured the salvage on socks and ulsters, and endeavored to decide, so far as lay in his powers, whether the catastrophe had been inflicted by Providence or had been precipitated by Sobrinski's own match box. However, he never carried anything except his value on such excursions, the general state of his trunk is to be accepted simply as the mental index of a constant and hurried traveller.

"Yes, she's a mighty pretty girl," he repeated, thoughtfully. "Where have they gone?"

"Oh, not far. There's been a good deal of travelling done already. They just went up to Milwaukee, Eugene had something to see about there. They'll be back to morrow, I expect."

"Milwaukee, eh? That's come to be quite the fashion, hasn't it? Some folks go there after they're married and some of them to be married. We had one in our office a week or two ago—Vibert. Have you met him?"

"It's in your office he is, then, is it? No, I've never met him. I've seen him and heard about him. Is he much thought of?"

"Well, the office doesn't have a great deal to say to a man as long as he keeps hours and attends to his work—when his position isn't responsible, I mean. What are you looking for—whisk-broom? Here, I'm sitting on it, I guess."

"I suppose he does attend to his work?"

"Oh, so so. But a little break like that doesn't help a man any. He struck high, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Wonder what he's got to keep her on? Great question, all that, ain't it? She's a rich girl, I hear. Subject for debate: Is it safer to marry a rich girl or a poor girl—for a young man in moderate circumstances, I mean?"

"Oh dear," said Ogden, sitting down on the edge of the bed, helplessly, "if you're going back to *that* chestnut!"

"Well, it's timely," rejoined Brower, knocking the ashes of his pipe into the cover of the soap dish, "and always will be. Pro: If the girl's rich, she'll have had things, and get used to them, and perhaps tired of them. If the girl's poor, she'll be overcome after her long starve out, and will expect her husband to feed her with everything."

"Lay on."

"Con: If the girl's rich, she'll expect all the comforts and luxuries she has been used to at home. If she's poor, she'll have had some sense ground into her, she'll know how to manage and contrive. So there it is. What's your idea?"

"No general rule. Depends on circumstances."

"What does?"

"The girl. To begin with."

"The girl depends on circumstances. And after?"

"After? Oh, then circumstances depend on the girl."

"H'm! Can't lay down any general law—same as with little Johnny. Pshaw! You go to the fool."

But they both agreed on one point, as young men always do when they discuss this standard subject, they stood together on the assumption that such a venture concerned only the two people primarily involved.

Brower preceded Ogden into the hallway; he stood with the toe of one slipper on the heel of the other. "Well, re-member me to the swells."

"Oh, shucks!" said George, turning back and laughing.

He walked down and out rather sedately, and picked his way over the muddy sidewalks with his thoughts fixed on the two recent marriages. That in his own family had just occurred under such disadvantages as must prevail in a disorganized household, and with the infliction of such discomforts as will sometimes be undergone by people who while not in society, still feel impelled to have such a function proceed after the fashion that society prescribes. Kittie Ogden was duly married, then, with a certain regard to cards, carriages, caterers, and the rest, and the feast was graced by a number of McDowell's family and friends—people of a fairish sort, who called few little comment in either way. At least, little comment was bestowed by Ogden, whose principal thought was that his sister was now the wife of a fellow of some means and ability and who felt that it would not come amiss to have a good business man in the family.

At the Floyds' he found the other wedding the subject of much comment, more or less discreet. On the other hand the affair in his own family received but a mere civil mention, the Ogdens, he felt, must be only an insignificant little group, after all. Must they—must he—always remain so?

The Floyds occupied a snug little house which filled a chink between two bigger and finer ones, and commanded a view of the back yard of a third which was bigger and finer still. Mrs. Floyd had lately begun to fill a chink in the social world as well by having an "evening." She had approached the idea with a good deal of deliberation, and she had achieved something very small and quiet. She overcame her husband's weakness for knowing people and inviting them to the house, she was not after a deluge, but a drop, and if her tardy distillation did not equal the perfumes of the fragrant East, still it was the best result to be arrived at under the circumstances.

He found the Fairchilds there, and he came upon Fairchild and Floyd smoking, *sub rosa*, in a secluded corner of the library, which was furnished in a sombre and solid fashion. In the Floyd family the household divinity was the lace curtain, whose susceptibility to offence from the fumes of tobacco is well known, her high priestess was Mrs. Floyd, and her chief victim was Walworth. Associated with the two smokers was young Freddy Pratt, whose solicitude regarding Brainard's mental state on the occasion of his daughter's call at the bank has been already touched upon, and who was now puffing a cigarette with a learned and expert air. This attitude was displeasing to Ogden, who was perhaps over-disposed to feel official differences on social occasions, but no oppressive sense of his own subordinate rank troubled Freddy Pratt, who lord but a feeble and intermitted realization of the orders of the business hierarchy, or indeed of anything else.

"It was a matter that concerned just her and him," Fairchild was saying as Ogden entered, with a contemplative regard fastened on the lengthening ash of his cigar. "It was nobody else's business."

He stopped. He had spoken in a low, quiet voice, but he had conveyed unmistakably the presence of quotation marks.

"I called on 'em the other night," volunteered Freddy Pratt, nonchalantly. His perky little nose was tipped in the air, and his eyes were closed to the two fine slits that denote the complete enjoyment of the smoker. "I wasn't going to stand off. They're at the Northumberland—big name, but not much else. Ragged matting in the halls, and the janitor didn't look very slick. I guess they've rented ready furnished. Mayme was real glad to see me. Hot *he* was rather grumpy, I thought."

"Everybody ought always to be glad to see *you*, Freddy," smiled Walworth, with a caressing irony.

"I suppose," resumed Fairchild, thoughtfully, "that the human family will always go on considering a wedding as a joyous occasion. It always has, it always must—hope springs eternal."

Ogden wondered what other view there might be to take. Everybody had seemed lively and happy enough when Kitty was married.

"But there's the other side—the side that turns to view with a consideration of the complicated relations of a good many new and diverse elements—new people coming in. We had a case in our own family some years ago, when my young cousin married. Poor Lizzie, she is dead now. Her father died six months before her, and left a good deal to be divided up. Her husband was trustee for the boy after she herself went, and he made us a good deal of trouble. He had his eye on the estate from the start, and more than his share in the handling of it. There were a good many meetings in lawyers' offices—more trying than the courts themselves. There was a good deal of money lost, and there is a

"WE HAVE COME TO TAKE OUR GIRL BACK HOME."

good deal of feeling that will never be got over. He traded on his wife's memory all through. Yet the family welcomed him very cordially and trustfully, we thought the poor girl was going to be so happy. She was; she never knew."

Ogden sighed; this was dismal matter.

"Oh, well," continued Fairchild, resuming his cigar, with an air of passing to lighter topics, "this can't apply here. All of us are happily married or are going to be—"

Freddy Pratt nonchalantly blew an ineffable smoke ring across the room, Walworth slipped around the table to close the last inch of crack in the door.

"Oh, dear, yes!" he exclaimed.

"—and none of us are being troubled through relations by marriage."

The door was shut, but the penetrating voice of Ann Wilde came through it clearly, and Walworth winced.

"Oh, dear, no!" he protested.

"I should say not," chimed in Freddy Pratt, with his self satisfied little ha a.

The cigars were ending. "Come, let us go out to the others," said Floyd.

In the drawing room Ogden presently encountered Jessie Bradley and her parents. The girl herself appeared as dressed as the occasion could warrant, but her father and mother wore the every-day habiliments in which he had first seen them, a fortnight before, on the occasion of a call at Hinsdale. They had an easy going aspect, as if they hardly cared to put themselves out greatly. They were present in the triple capacity of relatives of the hostess, of suburbanites, and of body-guard to escort their daughter back home after another of her frequent visits in town, and their effect was quite provisional and transitory.

Mrs Bradley was a pleasant woman whose face was full of fine lines of experience, and whose hair had thinned greatly without changing its dry sandy brown. She wore an old fashioned tortoise-shell comb. She met Ogden here precisely as she had met him in her own house. He noticed presently that she treated everybody else in exactly the same fashion, and he learned subsequently that she had practically one invariable manner for all times, places, and people. It was a manner that he found very quiet, simple, straightforward, and friendly. It showed that she valued herself, and was also disposed to accord a good value to anybody else. It seemed to say, as plainly as words, "The Lord is the maker of us all, so let's have no more fuss about it." It was the good American manner in full bloom.

Her husband had a jovial eye, a grizzled mustache, a rotund polished forehead, and cheeks that hung downward fatly into his big round short neck. He appeared to have valued his peace of mind sufficiently to preserve it, and to be satisfied with the moderate success that comes from moderate effort. He wore a short waisted, double breasted frock-coat, and there were no wrinkles in it, either front or back, he would have found it impossible to thrust his plump hand in between any two of the buttons.

He was given in the directory as "Bradley, Dani H., secty, and treas. Darrall & Bradley P'ng & Lith'g Co." He had been one of the organizers of this corporation, but had since yielded the lead to others of more push and means. He had a moderate salary and a small block of the stock. Since he was assisting the business as an officer, rather than directing it as an individual, he had little personal annoyance from typographical unions and from the paper manufacturers' trusts. As for "pd" and proof-readers' errors, matters which have a power to make some men agonize, he merely laughed at them. The concern, besides its central establishment, had a few retail branches placed here and there through the business district; one of them, on the ground floor of the Clifton, supplied the La Salle Street banks and insurance offices with ledgers, ink, and blotting-pads.

He had an acre of ground and a two-story frame house at Hinsdale, and Ogden remembered the small greenhouse where he fed his craze for chrysanthemums.

"We have come to take our girl back home," he said to Ogden, as he laid his plump hand lightly on his daughter's shoulder. "That is, if she can make up her mind to go with us."

"Just us two all alone in the house," added her mother, with a humorous pathos. "No chick nor child."

Jessie laughed and shook out a bit of her frivolous finery. Her face had a tired look, but motion seemed more restful to her than rest itself.

Ogden canvassed the three. Whence could this girl have got her supple leanness, her light, gay, rapid, incisive air, her aspenlike quiverings of nervous force? Not from her parents. From the March winds, perhaps, that sweep down from Mackinaw over the limy and choppy expanse of Lake Michigan, from the varied breezes, hot and cold, that scour the prairies on their way from scorched-up Texas or from the snow fields beyond Manitoba.

"Not even a relative," pursued her father, "not one in all the country round—except Frances. All our people are down East," he continued, addressing Ogden more directly. "They write every so often to learn if we are millionaires yet. We always have to say 'no,' and that discourages them. They stay where they are."

"But Jessie goes around to look after them," contributed her mother, with combined complacency and reproach. "She goes to Pittsfield and Nantucket and everywhere. People are beginning, now, to ask her up to Wisconsin, summers. And sometimes Florida."

The girl shrugged her shoulders in a fidgety fashion.

"Oh, well, mamma," she said, "I have to circulate. Let's circulate some now," she suggested, turning to Ogden. "I'll be ready to go when you are," she called back to her father.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

WHISKEY and water appear to have grappled with one another in the Whiskey Trust, and water has won. The trust is practically dissolved, and it was water that did it. And now are we to have cheaper whiskey, and if so, with what results? It would seem that they should be favorable. Men who do not drink whiskey as it is, are not likely to acquire the habit merely because whiskey costs less. Such men are used to think it dear at any price. Neither will the men who drink only so much of it as they think is good for them increase their consumption, though they may drink a better quality, to the net advantage of their insides. As for men who at present drink all the whiskey they can get, it is probable that their consumption will increase as whiskey gets cheaper, but inasmuch as the more they drink the less able they will be to earn money, even their thirst will presently yield to automatic regulation. There still remains the case of men with incomes who are bent on drinking themselves to death, but cheaper whiskey may help them too by quickening the process, so that it is a fair deduction that the collapse of the Whiskey Trust will make for the general good.

The habit of funeral addresses, though it has waned perceptibly during the last three decades, has by no means fallen into disuse. Sophisticated people of refined sensibilities have very generally concluded that it is sorrow enough to have a funeral in the family without any remarks, but there are multitudes still who do not find death sufficiently harrowing in itself, and like to have their feelings worked up at the funeral by the minister. Others, too, there are to whom an address at a funeral seems a necessary evil that precedent compels, and which it would be unseemly for a conscientious mourner to seek to have averted.

An interesting example of what an able-bodied funeral address can do under favorable circumstances was given on the 4th of June at Williamsburg. It was a church funeral of a G. A. R. drummer. During the address the young son of the deceased fainted, the widow became hysterical, and another mourner was seized by an epileptic attack of such violence that four men had to take him into the vestry and tie him down. Two other men then fainted; and, finally, the rector had to close his remarks and allow the rest of the services to be conducted by a brass band.

This is an instructive case, and illustrates that at funerals where the mourners are truly mournful an address, like Marjorie Fleming's seven times seven, is what nature itself can't endure. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand there is no occasion for an oration about the person deceased. In the exceptional case, where there is something to be said that insists upon expression, the better, and in these days the more approved, practice is to have the funeral and the remarks separate. That was lately done, for example, in the case of Bishop Brooks, of whom as much was spoken that it was a gain to hear, but whose touching and majestic funeral was not marred by remarks.

What a pleasant place of residence New York will be after the prophecies of the Chicago papers have all come true, and population, commerce, manufactures, and capital have elected to centre in the bustling Metropolis of Mont! How cheap rents will be then! What numbers of admirable dwellings whose owners have gone West will welcome tenants for the cost of taxes and repairs! The elevated railroads and cable-cars will no longer be crowded. Men will go fishing in the East River, and it will be possible to realize what Philadelphia might have been if it had reached the limits of urban splendor before it went to sleep. Take the rush and the expensiveness out of New York, and leave the palaces and parks and all the modern improvements, and what an incomparable place it would make for persons with fixed incomes and contemplative turns of mind to dwell in!

Meanwhile, and pending the possibility that Chicago's expectations may not all be realized, it would seem as if Sioux City, in Iowa, might afford a fair notion of what a full-grown modern city is like when all it lacks is people. Sioux City, it seems, thanks to the aggressive enterprise of its promoters, has all the modern appointments in the way of office buildings, elevated and other railroads, streets, parks, and electricity that would be needed by a population of some hundreds of thousands, while as yet it has only about forty thousand people to enjoy them. While it is waiting for the rest of the people to move in it ought to make a very attractive place of habitation for people whose energies are better adapted to cope with the requirements of towns where the work has already been done than of those that merely invite labor.

A dry goods merchant advertises in a western New York paper that he is selling "Reveries of a Bachelor, Dream Life, Scarlet Letter, and all that order at 6 cts., Webster's Dictionary for 50 cts., and the Emerson tan shoe for men for $3 50." Certainly these are great days for American literature, nor is it altogether surprising that in a recent vote on the ten greatest works by American authors Emerson easily led all the rest.

A new feature of the *Critic* is a review of the magazines as they come out, with short extracts from the articles in them. It is a good feature, and worth all the considerable space it takes up. There are too many good magazines in these days, even without counting those of British derivation, for the ordinary ambitious reader to deal with without help. The development of magazines whose special province it is to tell what is in the other magazines attests the demand to which the *Critic* proposes to minister. It has the advantage of its monthly rivals in being able to give the magazine news of the month while it is still fresh. After the July magazines are out the obligation of learning what was in the June magazines is perceptibly modified, but the *Critic* tells what is in the June magazines while the issues for that month are still on the news-stands. A high-class American magazine is always worth reviewing—is better worth space and attention, indeed, than the average book.

A residence in the remote parts of the earth is no bar, in these days, to the celebrity of a man of true distinction. Emin Pacha lives in the wilds of Africa, yet the news of his death comes as regularly to the newspapers as though he had a telegraph instrument and a special correspondent in his office. So with Mr R. L. Stevenson, who lives in Samoa, and is in *extremis* in the newspapers about every six weeks.

Mr Stevenson, who, in fact, seems as much alive as he ever was, has been telling a correspondent of the *Westminster Review* some interesting things about his art. He lays great stress on the importance of ranking each word and occurrence in a story come in its proper place. "In literature," he says (and it is worth while for all the book reviewers to listen), "if a man has every word and every sentence and every subject in the right order, and has no other gift, he will be a great writer." It would seem as if to have every word in the right order constitutes "style," but the choice of words has at least as much to do with style as the order of them, and Mr Stevenson expressly declares that an author's "clauses may be unmusical, his words colorless and inexpressive, and yet, if the order is perfect throughout, he will be a great writer."

It is also interesting, and somewhat of a relief, to learn that Mr Stevenson, though a reader and admirer of Thomas Hardy, "could not manage *Tess*," but "found in it flagrant contradiction with all I know of human nature."

E. S. MARTIN.

EDWIN BOOTH

"Ay, every inch a king!"

NOW is the night foreshadowed of our fears.
The curtain falls, the lights fade, one by one.
Darkness and silence from the widowed stage
Proclaim the great and final act is done.
Vain are the thundered plaudits of the house,
The laurel wreath, the players' loud acclaim;
Thou art grown dumb to clamoring for response,
Deaf to the ringing of thy jewelled name.
Thy crystal soul hath traversed back the pathway whence it came.

They who the virtues of the mighty dead
Enwrap in majesty of broidered verse,
Call upon Nature, in her solitude
His beauties and her sorrow to rehearse
The forest and the field, the fitful wind
They challenge, and the ever-sounding wave,
To seek his spirit in the vast afar,
And drop their dews on his enriched grave,
Crowning the poet's lyric woe with some forlorner stave.

Greater than all the universe of space
The mimic world thou didst thyself create,
The subtile sphere, compact of passion's breath,
Where Nature bade thee hold imperial state!
There shall the mourning garments be outworn;
There shall the desolate their dirges sing;
No princeling may ascend the vacant throne,
Laying new triumph's gall to sorrow's sting.
"The King is dead!" we cry, but nevermore, "Long live the King!"

Of all the stops of mortal harmony
Master thou art forever, though in death.
The melancholy of the Dane is thine,
The poisonous blighting of Iago's breath.
Thou didst take on foul Richard's humpbacked soul,
And clasp it close, yet do thine own no wrong;
As 'twere the mantle of Sir Caradoc,
Unerring witness sung in ancient song,
Destined to prove the pure of heart more pure, the strong more strong.

Slave of self-conjured evil, Cawdor's thane!
The jester, bitter hearted, striking home!
The fox robed cardinal, creating France,
And launching forth the curse of sovereign Rome!
Gallant Don Cesar, lord of ragged lace!
These wert thou in their turn, and sorrow-filled,
Alas! thou wert the doited father, too,
Pelted by heavens, and stabbed by human kind.
Heartbreakingly confess, "I am not in my perfect mind!"

Such was thy Protean form, but what wert thou?
A changing cloud, content to borrow hue
From lordly sun rays that o'ercrule it quite,
And thus with color and with form endue?
Nay, rather let the time's remembrancing,
When it doth con anew thy mortal span,
Ignore thine art, if such despite may be,
But bow in awe before thy nature's plan,
Crying with trumpet tone, to alien ears, "This was a man!"

Thine was the guilt of filching heavenly fire,
Wherefore Jove's eagle fed upon thy heart!
Yet never word nor strangled cry betrayed
Responsive agony beneath the smart,
A thousand hovering spectres menaced thee
Bound, by eternal fiat, on the rock
Of mortal languishment, yet unappalled
As gallant bird beneath the tempest shock,
For still thy soul soared free, thy silence sent each hideous mock.

And can such glory pass? Nay, thou thou art,
Where'er in world divines thou dost walk,
Mated with love celestial, that doth spring,
Fragrant and fair, from life's divided stalk
But we who knew thee may not cease to mourn
The moment's grief, the time's perpetual loss,
Not cure to pluck from thine engraved name
Oblivion's cold and memory-choking moss:
Blest are we for so noble sake to bear affliction's cross.

Henceforward nevermore may Denmark's Prince
Pace through his tragic hour in sabled pride
But thou, the sceptre's rightful heir, will walk,
Eclipsing all his grandeur, by his side.
And daily as we may with pageantry
Wherein some newer actor plays a part,
The scene will fade, while thine enshadowed form
Doth from the slumbrous aisles of memory start,—
Again the lost but ever-reigning monarch of the heart.

Farewell! farewell indeed! But take with thee
Our true allegiance to that orient land—
The laurels and the rosemary of life
Lying nestled in thy nerveless hand.
Take with thee, too, our bond of gratitude,
That in a cynic and a tattling age
Thou didst consent to write, in missal script.
Thy name on the poor players' slandered page.
And teach the lords of empty birth a king may walk the stage!

ALICE BROWN.

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A WELL-FILLED CLASS OF HIGH STEPPERS.

A CLEAN PERFORMANCE OVER THE RAILS.

STALLIONS WITH THREE OF THEIR GET

VIEW OF GRAND STAND AND COACHES

SOME GRAND STAND PRIVATE BOXES

AT THE PHILADELPHIA OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE S. RICHARDSON.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT."]

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HUNTERS WAITING FOR THEIR TURN

THE WINNING FOUR IN THE ROAD RACE FROM THE WALDORF HOTEL TO THE SHOW GROUNDS

THE CLUB-HOUSE

JUDGING THE TANDEMS.

THE NEW YORK OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE S. RICHARDSON.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT."]

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THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

AUTHOR OF "THE REFUGEES," "THE GREAT SHADOW," "MICAH CLARKE," ETC.

THE REIGATE PUZZLE

IT was some time before the health of my friend Mr Sherlock Holmes recovered from the strain caused by his immense exertions in the spring of '87. The whole question of the Netherland-Sumatra Company and of the colossal schemes of Baron Maupertuis is too recent in the minds of the public and is too intimately connected with politics and finance to be a fitting subject for this series of sketches. It led, however, in an indirect fashion to a singular and complex problem which gave my friend an opportunity of demonstrating the value of a fresh weapon among the many with which he waged his life long battle against crime.

On referring to my notes I see that it was upon the 14th of April that I received a telegram from Lyons which informed me that Holmes was lying ill in the Hôtel Dubourg. Within twenty four hours I was in his sick room and was relieved to find that there was nothing formidable in his symptoms. Even his iron constitution, however, had broken down under the strain of an investigation which had extended over two months, during which period he had never worked less than fifteen hours a day, and had more than once, as he assured me, kept to his task for five days at a stretch. Even the triumphant issue of his labors could not save him from reaction after so terrible an exertion, and at a time when Europe was ringing with his name, and when his room was literally ankle-deep with congratulatory telegrams, I found him a prey to the blackest depression. Even the knowledge that he had succeeded where the police of three countries had failed, and that he had outmanœuvered at every point the most accomplished swindler in Europe, was insufficient to rouse him from his nervous prostration.

Three days later we were back in Baker Street together, but it was evident that my friend would be much the better for a change, and the thought of a week of spring time in the country was full of attractions to me also. My old friend Colonel Hayter, who had come under my professional care in Afghanistan, had now taken a house near Reigate in Surrey, and had frequently asked me to come down to him upon a visit. On the last occasion he had remarked that if my friend would only come with me he would be glad to extend his hospitality to him also. A little diplomacy was needed but when Holmes understood that the establishment was a bachelor one, and that he would be allowed the fullest freedom, he fell in with my plans, and a week after our return from Lyons we were under the Colonel's roof. Hayter was a fine old soldier who had seen much of the world, and he soon found as I had expected, that Holmes and he had much in common.

On the evening of our arrival we were sitting in the Colonel's gun room after dinner, Holmes stretched upon the sofa, while Hayter and I looked over his little armory of Eastern weapons.

By the way," said he, suddenly, "I think I'll take one of these pistols up stairs with me, in case we have an alarm."

"An alarm?" said I.

"Yes, we've had a scare in this part lately. Old Acton, who is one of our county magnates, had his house broken into last Monday. No great damage done, but the fellows are still at large."

"No clew?" asked Holmes, cocking his eye at the Colonel.

"None as yet. But the affair is a petty one—one of our little country crimes—which must seem too small for your attention, Mr Holmes, after this great International affair."

Holmes waved away the compliment, though his smile showed that it had pleased him.

"Was there any feature of interest?"

"I fancy not. The thieves ransacked the library and got very little for their pains. The whole place was turned upside down, drawers burst open and presses ransacked, with the result that an odd volume of Pope's Homer, two plated candlesticks, an ivory letter weight, a small oak barometer, and a ball of twine are all that have vanished."

"What an extraordinary assortment!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, the fellows evidently grabbed hold of everything they could get."

Holmes grunted from the sofa. "The county police ought to make something of that," said he. "Why, it is surely obvious that—"

But I held up a warning finger. "You are here for a rest, my dear fellow. For Heaven's sake don't get started on a new problem when your nerves are all in shreds."

Holmes shrugged his shoulders with a glance of comic resignation towards the Colonel, and the talk drifted away into less dangerous channels.

It was destined, however, that all my professional caution should be wasted, for next morning the problem obtruded itself upon us in such a way that it was impossible to ignore it, and our country visit took a turn which neither of us could have anticipated. We were at breakfast, when the Colonel's butler rushed in, with all his propriety shaken out of him.

"Have you heard the news, sir?" he gasped. "At the Cunninghams', sir?"

"Burglary?" cried the Colonel, with his coffee-cup in mid-air.

"Murder!"

The Colonel whistled. "By Jove!" said he. "Who's killed, then? The J P or his son?"

"Neither, sir. It was William the coachman. Shot through the heart, sir, and never spoke again."

"Who shot him then?"

"The burglar, sir. He was off like a shot and got clean away. He'd just broke in at the pantry window, when William came on him, and met his end in saving his master's property."

"What time?"

"It was last night, sir, somewhere about twelve."

"Ah, then we'll step over afterwards," said the Colonel, coolly settling down to his breakfast again. "It's a baddish business," he added, when the butler had gone. "He's our leading man about here, in old Cunningham, and a very decent fellow too. He'll be cut up over this, for the man has been in his service for years, and was a good servant. It's evidently the same villains who broke into Acton's."

"And stole that very singular collection," said Holmes, thoughtfully.

"Precisely."

"Hum! It may prove the simplest matter in the world, but all the same at first glance this is just a little curious, is it not? A gang of burglars acting in the country might be expected to vary the scene of their operations, and not to crack two cribs in the same district within a few days. When you spoke last night of taking precautions I remember that it passed through my mind that this was probably the last parish in England in which the thief or thieves would be likely to turn their attention—which shows that I have still much to learn."

"I fancy it's some local practitioner," said the Colonel. "In that case, of course, Acton's and Cunningham's are just the places he would go for, since they are the largest about here."

"And richest?"

"Well, they ought to be, but they've had a lawsuit for some years, which has sucked the blood out of both of them, I fancy. Old Acton has some claim on half Cunningham's estate, and the lawyers have been at it with both hands."

"If it's a local villain there should not be much difficulty in running him down," said Holmes, with a yawn. "All right, Watson, I don't intend to meddle."

"Inspector Forrester, sir," said the butler, throwing open the door.

The official, a smart, keen-faced young fellow, stepped into the room. "Good morning, Colonel," said he. "I hope I don't intrude, but we hear that Mr Holmes of Baker Street is here."

The Colonel waved his hand towards my friend, and the Inspector bowed.

"We thought that perhaps you would care to step across, Mr Holmes."

"The fates are against you, Watson," said he, laughing. "We were chatting about the matter when you came in, Inspector. Perhaps you can let us have a few details." As he leaned back in his chair in the familiar attitude I knew that the case was hopeless.

"We had no clew in the Acton affair. But here we have plenty to go on, and there's no doubt it is the same party in each case. The man was seen."

"Ah!"

"Yes, sir. But he was off like a deer, after the shot that killed poor William Kirwan was fired. Mr Cunningham saw him from the bedroom window, and Mr Alec Cunningham saw him from the back passage. It was quarter to twelve when the alarm broke out. Mr Cunningham had just got into bed, and Mr Alec was smoking a pipe in his dressing gown. They both heard William the coachman calling for help, and Mr Alec he ran down to see what was the matter. The back door was open, and as he came to the foot of the stairs he saw two men wrestling together outside. One of them fired a shot, the other dropped, and the murderer rushed across the garden and over the hedge. Mr Cunningham looking out of his bedroom window, saw the fellow as he gained the road, but lost sight of him at once. Mr Alec stopped to see if he could help the dying man, and so the villain got clean away. Beyond the fact that he was a middle-sized man and dressed in some dark stuff we have no personal clew, but we are making energetic inquiries, and if he is a stranger we shall soon find him out."

"What was this William doing there? Did he say anything before he died?"

"Not a word. He lives at the lodge with his mother, and as he was a very faithful fellow, we imagine that he walked up to the house with the intention of seeing that all was right there. Of course this Acton business has put every one on his guard. The robber must have just burst open the door—the lock has been forced—then William came upon him."

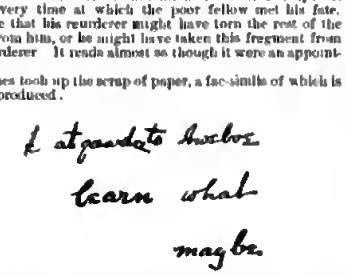
"Did William say anything to his mother before going out?"

"She is very old and deaf, and we can get no information from her. The shock has made her half witted, but I understand that she was never very bright. There is one very important circumstance, however. Look at this!"

He took a small piece of torn paper from a note book and spread it out upon his knee.

"This was found between the finger and thumb of the dead man. It appears to be a fragment torn from a larger sheet. You will observe that the hour mentioned upon it is the very time at which the poor fellow met his fate. You see that his murderer might have torn the rest of the sheet from him, or he might have taken this fragment from the murderer. It reads almost as though it were an appointment."

Holmes took up the scrap of paper, a fac-simile of which is here reproduced.



"Presuming that it is an appointment," continued the Inspector, "it is of course a conceivable theory that this William Kirwan—though he had the reputation of being an honest man may have been in league with the thief. He may have met him there, may even have helped him to break in the door, and then they may have fallen out between themselves."

"This writing is of extraordinary interest," said Holmes, who had been examining it with intense concentration. "These are much deeper waters than I had thought." He sank his head upon his hands, while the Inspector smiled at the effect which his case had had upon the famous London specialist.

"Your last remark," said Holmes, presently, "as to the possibility of there being an understanding between the burglar and the servant, and this being a note of appointment from one to the other, is an ingenious and not entirely impossible supposition. But this writing opens up—" He sank his head into his hands again and remained for some minutes in the deepest thought. When he raised his face again I was surprised to see that his cheek was tinged with color, and his eyes as bright as before his illness. He sprang to his feet with all his old energy.

"I'll tell you what," said he, "I should like to have a quiet little glance into the details of this case. There is something in it which fascinates me extremely. If you will permit me, Colonel, I will leave my friend Watson and you, and I will step round with the Inspector to test the truth of one or two little fancies of mine. I will be with you again in half an hour."

An hour and a half had elapsed before the Inspector returned alone.

"Mr Holmes is walking up and down in the field out side," said he. "He wants us all four to go up to the house together."

"To Mr Cunningham's?"

"Yes, sir."

"What for?"

The Inspector shrugged his shoulders. "I don't quite know, sir. Between ourselves I think Mr Holmes has not quite got over his illness yet. He's been behaving very queerly, and he is very much excited."

"I don't think you need alarm yourself," said I. "I have usually found that there was method in his madness."

"Some folk might say there was madness in his method," muttered the Inspector. "But he's all on fire to start, Colonel, so we had best go out, if you are ready."

We found Holmes pacing up and down in the field, his chin sunk upon his breast, and his hands thrust into his trousers pockets.

"This matter grows in interest," said he. "Watson, your country trip has been a distinct success. I have had a charming morning."

"You have been up to the scene of the crime, I understand," said the Colonel.

"Yes. The Inspector and I have made quite a little reconnaissance together."

"Any success?"

"Well, we have seen some very interesting things. I'll tell you what we did as we walk. First of all we saw the body of this unfortunate man. He certainly died from a revolver wound, as reported."

"Had you doubted it, then?"

"Oh, it is as well to test everything. Our inspection was not wasted. We then had an interview with Mr Cunningham and his son, who were able to point out the exact spot where the murderer had broken through the garden hedge in his flight. That was of great interest."

"Naturally."

"Then we had a look at this poor fellow's mother. We could get no information from her, however, as she is very old and feeble."

"And what is the result of your investigations?"

"The conviction that the crime is a very peculiar one. Perhaps our visit now may do something to make it less obscure. I think that we are both agreed, Inspector, that the fragment of paper in the dead man's hand, bearing, as it does, the very hour of his death written upon it, is of extreme importance."

"It should give a clew, Mr Holmes."

"It *does* give a clew. Whoever wrote that note was the man who brought William Kirwan out of his bed at that hour. But where is the rest of that sheet of paper?"

"I examined the ground carefully in the hope of finding it," said the Inspector.

"It was torn out of the dead man's hand. Why was some one so anxious to get possession of it? Because it incriminated him. And what would he do with it? Thrust it into his pocket most likely, never noticing that a corner of it had been left in the grip of the corpse. If we could get the rest of that sheet it is obvious that we should have gone a long way towards solving the mystery."

"Yes, but how can we get at the criminal's pocket before we catch the criminal?"

"Well, well, it was worth thinking over. Then there is another obvious point. The note was sent to William. The man who wrote it could not have taken it, otherwise, of course, he might have delivered his own message by word of mouth. Who brought the note, then? Or did it come through the post?"

"I have made inquiries," said the Inspector. "William received a letter by the afternoon post yesterday. The envelope was destroyed by him."

"Excellent!" cried Holmes, clapping the Inspector on the back. "You've seen the postman. It is a pleasure to work with you. Well, here is the lodge, and if you will come up, Colonel, I will show you the scene of the crime."

We passed the pretty cottage where the murdered man had lived, and walked up an oak-lined avenue to the fine old Queen Anne house, which bears the date of Malplaquet upon the lintel of the door. Holmes and the Inspector led us round it until we came to the side gate, which is separated by a stretch of garden from the hedge which lines the road. A constable was standing at the kitchen door.

"Throw the door open, officer," said Holmes. "Now it was on those stairs that young Mr. Cunningham stood and saw the two men struggling just where we are. Old Mr Cunningham was at that window—the second on the left—and he saw the fellow get away just to the left of that bush. So did the son. They are both sure of it on account of the bush. Then Mr Alec ran out and knelt beside the wounded man. The ground is very hard, you see, and there are no marks to guide us."

As he spoke, two men came down the garden path from round the angle of the house. The one was an elderly man with a strong deep lined heavy eyed face, the other a dashing young fellow whose bright smiling expression and showy dress were in strange contrast with the business which had brought us there.

"Still at it, then?" said he to Holmes. "I thought you Londoners were never at fault. You don't seem to be so very quick, after all."

"Ah, you must give us a little time," said Holmes, good humoredly.

"You'll want it," said young Alec Cunningham. "Why, I don't see that we have any clew at all."

"There's only one," answered the Inspector. "We thought that if we could only find— Good heavens, Mr Holmes, what is the matter?"

My poor friend's face had suddenly assumed the most

dreadful expression. His eyes rolled upwards, his features writhed in agony, and with a suppressed groan he dropped on his face upon the ground. Horrified at the suddenness and severity of the attack, we carried him into the kitchen, where he lay back in a large chair and breathed heavily for some minutes. Finally, with a shamefaced apology for his weakness, he rose once more.

"Watson would tell you that I have only just recovered from a severe illness," he explained. "I am liable to these sudden nervous attacks."

"Shall I send you home in my trap?" asked old Cunningham.

"Well, since I am here, there is one point on which I should like to feel sure. We can very easily verify it."

"What is it?"

"Well, it seems to me that it is just possible that the arrival of this poor fellow, William, was not before but after the entrance of the burglar into the house. You appear to take it for granted that although the door was forced, the robber never got in."

"I fancy that is quite obvious," said Mr. Cunningham, gravely. "Why, my son Alec had not gone to bed, and he would certainly have heard any one moving about."

"Where was he sitting?"

"I was smoking in my dressing-room."

"Which window is that?"

"The last on the left, next my father's."

"Both of your lamps were lit, of course?"

"Undoubtedly."

"There are some very singular points here," said Holmes, smiling. "Is it not extraordinary that a burglar—and a burglar who had had some previous experience—should deliberately break into a house at a time when he could see from the lights that two of the family were still afoot?"

"He must have been a cool hand."

"Well, of course, if the case were not an odd one we should not have been driven to ask you for an explanation," said young Mr. Alec. "But as to your idea that the man had robbed the house before William tackled him, I think it a most absurd notion. Wouldn't we have found the place disarranged and missed the things which he had taken?"

"It depends on what the things were," said Holmes. "You must remember that we are dealing with a burglar who is a very peculiar fellow, and who appears to work on lines of his own. Look, for example, at the queer lot of things which he took from Acton's—what was it?—a ball of string, a letter-weight, and I don't know what other odds and ends."

"Well, we are quite in your hands, Mr. Holmes," said old Cunningham. "Anything which you or the Inspector may suggest will most certainly be done."

"In the first place," said Holmes. "I should like you to offer a reward—coming from yourself; for the officials may take a little time before they would agree upon the sum, and these things cannot be done too promptly. I have jotted down the form here, if you would not mind signing it. Fifty pound was quite enough, I thought."

"I would willingly give five hundred," said the J. P., taking the slip of paper and the pencil which Holmes handed to him. "This is not quite correct, however," he added, glancing over the document.

"I wrote it rather hurriedly."

"You see you begin: 'Whereas, at about a quarter to one on Tuesday morning an attempt was made,' and so on. It was at a quarter to twelve as a matter of fact."

I was pained at the mistake, for I knew how keenly Holmes would feel any slip of the kind. It was his specialty to be accurate as to fact, but his recent illness had shaken him, and this one little incident was enough to show me that he was still far from being himself. He was obviously embarrassed for an instant, while the Inspector raised his eyebrows, and Alec Cunningham burst into a laugh. The old gentleman corrected the mistake, however, and handed the paper back to Holmes.

"TWO MEN CAME DOWN THE GARDEN PATH."

"Get it printed as soon as possible," he said. "I think your idea is an excellent one."

Holmes put the slip of paper carefully away into his pocket-book. "And now," said he, "it really would be a good thing that we should all go over the house together and make certain that this rather erratic burglar did not, after all, carry anything away with him."

Before entering, Holmes made an examination of the door which had been forced. It was evident that a chisel or strong knife had been thrust in and the lock forced back with it. We could see the marks in the wood where it had been pushed in.

"You don't use bars, then?" he asked.

"We have never found it necessary."

"You don't keep a dog?"

"Yes, but he is chained on the other side of the house."

"When do the servants go to bed?"

"About ten."

"I understand that William was usually in bed also at that hour."

"Yes."

"It is singular that on this particular night he should have been up. Now, I should be very glad if you would have the kindness to show us over the house, Mr. Cunningham."

A stone-flagged passage, with the kitchens branching away from it, led by a wooden staircase directly to the first floor of the house. It came out upon the landing opposite to a second more ornamental stair, which came up from the front hall. Out of this landing opened the drawing-room and several bedrooms, including those of Mr. Cunningham and his son. Holmes walked slowly, taking keen note of the architecture of the house. I could tell from his expression that he was on a hot scent; and yet I could not in the least imagine in what direction his inferences were leading him.

"My good sir," said Mr. Cunningham, with some impatience, "this is surely very unnecessary. That is my room at the end of the stairs, and my son's is the one beyond it. I leave it to your judgment whether it was possible for the thief to have come up here without disturbing us."

"You must try round and get on a fresh scent, I fancy," said the son, with a rather malicious smile.

"Still, I must ask you to humor me a little further. I should like, for example, to see how far the windows of the bedrooms command the front. This, I understand, is your son's room" (he pushed open the door); "and that, I presume, is the dressing-room, in which he sat smoking when the alarm was given. Where does the window of that look out to?" He stepped across the bedroom, pushed open the door, and glanced round the other chamber.

"I hope that you are satisfied now," said Mr. Cunningham, tartly.

"Thank you; I think I have seen all that I wished."

"Then, if it is really necessary, we can go into my room."

"If it is not too much trouble."

The J. P. shrugged his shoulders and led the way into his own chamber, which was a plainly furnished and commonplace room. As we moved across it in the direction of the window, Holmes fell back, until he and I were the last of the group. Near the foot of the bed stood a dish of oranges and a carafe of water. As we passed it, Holmes, to my unutterable astonishment, leaned over in front of me and deliberately knocked the whole thing over. The glass smashed into a thousand pieces, and the fruit rolled about into every corner of the room.

"You've done it now, Watson," said he, coolly. "A pretty mess you've made of the carpet!"

I stooped in some confusion and began to pick up the fruit, understanding for some reason my companion desired me to take the blame upon myself. The others did the same, and set the table on its legs again.

"Hullo!" cried the Inspector; "where's he got to?"

Holmes had disappeared.

"Wait here an instant," said young Alec Cunningham. "The fellow is off his head, in my opinion. Come with me, father, and see where he has got to."

They rushed out of the room, leaving the Inspector, the Colonel, and me staring at each other.

"Upon my word, I am inclined to agree with Master Alec," said the official. "It may be the effect of this illness, but it seems to me that—"

His words were cut short by a sudden scream of "Help! Help! Murder!"

With a thrill I recognized the voice as that of my friend. I rushed madly from the room on to the landing. The cries, which had sunk down into a hoarse, inarticulate shouting,

"THERE CANNOT BE THE LEAST DOUBT IN THE WORLD THAT IT HAS BEEN WRITTEN BY TWO PERSONS."

came from the room which we had first visited. I dashed in, and on into the dressing room beyond. The two Cunninghams were bending over the prostrate figure of Sherlock Holmes, the younger clutching his throat with both hands, while the elder seemed to be twisting one of his wrists. In an instant the three of us had torn them away from him, and Holmes staggered to his feet, very pale and evidently greatly exhausted.

"Arrest these men, Inspector," he gasped.

"On what charge?"

"That of murdering their coachman, William Kirwan."

The Inspector stared about him in bewilderment. "Oh, come, now, Mr. Holmes," said he at last. "I'm sure you don't really mean to—"

"Tut, man; look at their faces!" cried Holmes, curtly.

Never certainly have I seen a plainer confession of guilt upon human countenances. The older man seemed numbed and dazed, with a heavy, sullen expression upon his strongly marked face. The son, on the other hand, had dropped all that jaunty, dashing style which had characterized him, and the ferocity of a dangerous wild beast gleamed in his dark eyes and distorted his handsome features.

The Inspector said nothing, but, stepping to the door he blew his whistle. Two of his constables came at the call.

"I have no alternative, Mr. Cunninghams," said he. "I trust that this may all prove to be an absurd mistake; but you can see that— Ah, would you? Drop it!"

He struck out with his hand, and a revolver which the younger man was in the act of cocking clattered down upon the floor.

"Keep that," said Holmes, quietly putting his foot upon it. "You will find it useful at the trial. But this is what we really wanted." He held up a little crumpled piece of paper.

"The remainder of the sheet!" cried the Inspector.

"Precisely."

"And where was it?"

"Where I was sure it must be. I'll make the whole matter clear to you presently. I think, Colonel, that you and Watson might return now, and I will be with you again in an hour at the furthest. The Inspector and I must have a word with the prisoners, but you will certainly see me back at luncheon-time."

Sherlock Holmes was as good as his word, for about one o'clock he rejoined us in the Colonel's smoking-room. He was accompanied by a little elderly gentleman, who was introduced to me as the Mr. Acton whose house had been the scene of the original burglary.

"I wished Mr. Acton to be present while I demonstrated this small matter to you," said Holmes, "for it is natural that he should take a keen interest in the details. I am afraid, my dear Colonel, that you must regret the hour that you took in such a stormy petrel as I am."

"On the contrary," answered the Colonel, warmly. "I consider it the greatest privilege to have been permitted to study your methods of working. I confess that they quite surpass my expectations, and that I am utterly unable to account for your result. I have not yet seen the vestige of a clew."

"I am afraid that my explanation may disillusion you, but it has always been my habit to hide none of my methods, either from my friend Watson or from any one who might take an intelligent interest in them. But first, as I am rather shaken by the knocking about which I had in the dressing-room, I think that I shall help myself to a dash of your brandy, Colonel. My strength has been rather tried of late."

"I trust you had no more of those nervous attacks?"

Sherlock Holmes laughed heartily. "We will come to that in its turn," said he. "I will lay an account of the case before you in its due order, showing you the various points which guided me in my decision. Pray interrupt me if there is any inference which is not perfectly clear to you.

"It is of the highest importance in the art of detection to be able to recognize, out of a number of facts, which are incidental and which vital. Otherwise your energy and attention must be dissipated instead of being concentrated. Now in this case there was not the slightest doubt in my mind from the first that the key of the whole matter must be looked for in the scrap of paper in the dead man's hand.

"Before going into this, I would draw your attention to the fact that if Alec Cunningham's narrative was correct, and if the assault after shooting William Kirwan, had actually fled, then it obviously could not be he who tore the paper from the dead man's hand. But if it was not he it must have been Alec Cunningham himself, for by the time that the old man had descended several servants were upon the scene. The point is a simple one, but the Inspector had overlooked it because he had started with the supposition that these country magnates had had nothing to do with the matter. Now I make a point of never having any prejudices, and of following doggedly wherever fact may lead me, and so in the very first stage of the investigation I found myself looking a little askance at the part which had been played by Mr. Alec Cunningham.

"And now I made a very careful examination of the corner of paper which the Inspector had submitted to us. It was at once clear to me that it formed part of a very remarkable document. Here it is. Do you not now observe something very suggestive about it?"

"It has a very irregular look," said the Colonel.

"My dear sir," cried Holmes, "there cannot be the least doubt in the world that it has been written by two persons doing alternate words. When I draw your attention to the strong t's of 'at' and 'to' and ask you to compare them with the weak ones of 'quarter' and 'twelve,' you will instantly recognize the fact. A very brief analysis of these four words would enable you to say with the utmost confidence that the 'learn' and the 'maybe' are written in the stronger hand, and the 'what' in the weaker."

"By Jove, it's as clear as day!" cried the Colonel. "Why on earth should two men write a letter in such a fashion?"

"Obviously the business was a bad one, and one of the men, who distrusted the other, was determined that, whatever was done, each should have an equal hand in it. Now of the two men it is clear that the one who wrote the 'at' and 'to' was the ringleader."

"How do you get at that?"

"We might deduce it from the mere character of the one hand as compared with the other. But we have more assured reason than that for supposing it. If you examine this scrap with attention you will come to the conclusion that the man with the stronger hand wrote all his words first, leaving blanks for the other to fill up. These blanks were not always sufficient, and you can see that the second man had a squeeze to fit his 'quarter' in between the 'at' and the 'to,' showing that the latter were already written. The man who wrote all his words first is undoubtedly the man who planned the affair."

"Excellent!" cried Mr. Acton.

"But very superficial," said Holmes. "We come now, however, to a point which is of importance. You may not be aware that the deduction of a man's age from his writing is one which has been brought to considerable accuracy by experts. In normal cases one can place a man in his true decade with tolerable confidence. I say normal cases, because ill health and physical weakness reproduce the signs of old age even when the invalid is a youth. In this case, looking at the bold strong hand of the one and the another broken-backed appearance of the other, which still retains its legibility, although the l's have begun to lose their crossing, we can say that the one was a young man and the other was advanced in years, without being positively decrepit."

"Excellent!" cried Mr. Acton again.

"There is a farther point, however, which is subtler and of greater interest. There is something in common between these hands. They belong to men who are blood relatives. It may be most obvious to you in the Greek e's, but to me there are many small points which indicate the same thing. I have no doubt at all that a family mannerism can be traced in these two specimens of writing. I am only, of course, giving you the leading results now of my examination of the paper. There were twenty three other deductions, which would be of more interest to experts than to you. They all tended to deepen the impression upon my mind that the Cunninghams had written this letter.

"Having got so far, my next step was, of course, to examine into the details of the crime and to see how far they would help us. I went up to the house with the Inspector and saw all that was to be seen. The wound upon the dead man was, as I was able to determine with absolute confidence, fired from a revolver at the distance of something over four yards. There was no powder blackening on the clothes. Evidently, therefore, Alec Cunningham had lied when he said that the two men were struggling when the shot was fired. Again, both father and son agreed as to the place where the man escaped into the road. At that point, however, as it happens, there is a broadish ditch, moist at the bottom. As there were no indications of boot marks about this ditch, I was absolutely sure not only that the Cunninghams had again lied, but that there had never been any unknown man upon the scene at all.

"And now I had to consider the motive of this singular crime. To get at this I endeavored first of all to solve the reason of the original burglary at Mr Acton's. I understood from something which the Colonel told us that a lawsuit had been going on between you, Mr Acton, and the Cunninghams. Of course it instantly occurred to me that they had broken into your library with the intention of getting at some document which might be of importance in the case."

"Precisely so," said Mr. Acton. "There can be no possible doubt as to their intentions. I have the clearest claim upon half of their present estate, and if they could have found a single paper—which fortunately was in the strong-box of my solicitors—they would undoubtedly have crippled our case."

"There you are," said Holmes, smiling. "It was a dangerous, reckless attempt in which I seem to trace the influence of young Alec. Having found nothing, they tried to divert suspicion by making it appear to be an ordinary burglary, to which end they carried off whatever they could lay their hands upon. That is all clear enough, but there was much that was still obscure. What I wanted, above all, was to get the missing part of that note. I was certain that Alec had torn it out of the dead man's hand, and almost remain that he must have thrust it into the pocket of his dressing gown. Where else could he have put it? The only question was whether it was still there. It was worth an effort to find out, and for that object we all went up to the house.

"The Cunninghams joined us, as you doubtless remember, outside the kitchen door. It was, of course, of the very first importance that they should not be reminded of the existence of this paper, otherwise they would naturally destroy it without delay. The Inspector was about to tell them the importance which we attached to it, when by the luckiest chance in the world I tumbled down in a sort of fit, and so changed the conversation."

"Good heavens!" cried the Colonel, laughing. "Do you mean to say all our sympathy was wasted, and your fit an imposture?"

"Speaking professionally, it was admirably done," cried I, looking in amazement at this man, who was forever confounding me with some new phase of his astuteness.

"It is an art which is often useful," said he. "When I recovered I managed by a device, which had perhaps some little merit of ingenuity, to get old Cunningham to write the word 'twelve,' so that I might compare it with the 'twelve' upon the paper."

"Oh, what an ass I have been!" I exclaimed.

"I could see that you were commiserating with me over my weakness," said Holmes, laughing. "I was sorry to cause you the sympathetic pain which I knew that you felt. We then went up stairs together, and having entered the room and seen the dressing gown hanging up behind the door, I contrived by upsetting a table to engage their attention for the moment, and slipped back to examine the pockets. I had hardly got the paper, however, which was, as I had expected, in one of them, when the two Cunninghams were on me, and would, I verily believe, have murdered me then and there but for your prompt and friendly aid. As it is, I feel that young man's grip on my throat now, and the father has twisted my wrist round in the effort to get the paper out of my hand. They saw that I must know all about it, you see, and the sudden change from absolute security to complete despair made them perfectly desperate.

"I had a little talk with old Cunningham afterwards as to the motive of the crime. He was tractable enough, though his son was a perfect demon, ready to blow out his own or anybody else's brains if he could have got to him revolver. When Cunningham saw that the case against him was so strong he lost all heart and made a clean breast of everything. It seems that William had secretly followed his two masters on the night when they made their raid upon Mr Acton's, and having thus got them into his power, proceeded, under threats of exposure, to levy blackmail upon them. Mr. Alec, however, was a dangerous man to play games of that sort with. It was a stroke of positive genius on his part to see in the burglary scare which was convulsing the country-side an opportunity of plausibly getting rid of the man whom he feared. William was decoyed up and shot; and had they only got the whole of the note, and paid a little more attention to detail in their accessories, it is very possible that suspicion might never have been aroused."

"And the note?" I asked.

Sherlock Holmes placed the subjoined paper before us

If you will only come round
to the east gate you will
will very much surprise you and
be of the greatest service to you and also
to Annie Morrison. But say nothing to anyone
upon the matter

"It is very much the sort of thing that I expected," said he. "Of course we do not yet know what the relations may have been between Alec Cunningham, William Kirwan, and Annie Morrison. The result shows that the trap was skilfully baited. I am sure that you cannot fail to be delighted with the traces of heredity shown in the p's and in the tails of the g's. The absence of the "I" dots in the old man's writing is also most characteristic. Watson, I think our quiet rest in the country has been a distinct success, and I shall certainly return much invigorated to Baker Street to-morrow."

THE RAIN THAT COMES OVER THE HILL.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—
The musical, mystical rain,
Borne on from the stretch of the tempestuous skies—
The skies that are gray as are my love's eyes.
Oh the rain!—
With the smell of young wheat from the upland plain—
The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—
The mighty and measureless rain,
That drenches the green, shaking woodland, and sweeps
Like an avalanche over the dim, tossing steeps.
Oh the rain!—
That falls with a roar on the vale's grassy floor—
The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—
The gleeful and glittering rain,
That plays hide-and-seek with the sun and the shade,
In showers of jewels that sparkle and fade.
Oh the rain!—
That veils the deep meadow and laughs in the glade—
The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—
The gracious and plentiful rain
Refreshing the sun-fevered spaces accurst
When the forest is faint and the fields are athirst.
Oh the rain!—
That brings back her soul to the Summer again—
The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—
The dewy, miraculous rain,
With the comforting clouds that drift close to the breast
Of the transfigured Earth, by the soft mists caressed.
Oh the rain!—
That disturbs not, nor breaks the enchantment it makes—
The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—
The tearful and tremulous rain,
That sobs by the wide open window at dawn
Where the grieving trees weep on the noiseless lawn.
Oh the rain!—
Falling softly, like shadows of hopes that are gone—
The rain that comes over the hill.

ROSKOV BURNS WILSON

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EDWIN BOOTH.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

A young man, the only son of his mother and she a widow, sat alone with his dead one awful night a good many years ago, when there entered the room a dear friend of them both. The new comer, placing his warm hand upon the cold hands of her who was gone, laid his wet cheek against the wetter cheek of him who was left, and said simply, "My poor boy, my poor boy!" There were volumes of sympathy and affection in the words and in the action, and even a little comfort. They both knew that it was merely the natural, unaffected expression of a very warm feeling of pity for the mourner, and of genuine, almost filial, love for her whom they thus mourned together. The man of tender heart and more than kindly nature was Edwin Booth; "the poor boy" is the man who pens these lines.

The friendship between them, of many years' standing, cemented if possible more strongly by what is here for the first time narrated, was never broken until Mr. Booth himself laid down the burden of his life, and went—by no means unprepared—to solve the great problem of the future; carrying with him, perhaps, a direct message to the mother from the son.

Only those who have known Edwin Booth in trouble and in sorrow have known Edwin Booth at all; and even his few intimate friends, and the members of his own immediate family, have not known of half the good he has done. He never made any public expression of his personal feeling. He gave lavishly with both hands, concealing from the left hand the gifts of the right; and, if possible, keeping even the right hand itself ignorant of its own well-doing. I have known him to pay all the funeral expenses, and to attend the funeral, of a woman he had never seen, simply because her daughter was a member of his company, and without means or a friend. I have seen him receive in his own home, and on a footing of perfect social equality, the black servant who had called to pay her respects to him, and deny himself, during her visit, to men and women of the highest social distinction, who were permitted only to leave their cards at his door. I have discovered accidentally, and from outside sources, of his unbounded generosity to supersaturated actors, who had no claim upon him whatever, except that they were old and poor. I have heard him say that a certain worn-out comedian had a fixed income for life, and that a certain broken-down tragedian's mortgage had been paid, without the expression of the slightest hint that he himself had taken up the mortgage or had bought the annuity. I have seen him blush like a girl at the receipt of a letter of thanks, and run away like a coward from the gratitude of those he had helped.

A story which Lawrence Barrett used to tell upon himself may not be out of place here, as illustrating what I have tried to say. The wreck of a brilliant actor came to Mr. Barrett once at the stage entrance of a Western theatre and asked for the loan of half a dollar. His miserable condition was entirely his own fault. He had lost his self respect, if he had ever possessed any, and he was utterly ruined by liquor and by the results of a bad life. Mr. Barrett, who had by hard work, by untiring industry, by close study, and by uniform good conduct raised himself from nothing, had but little patience with those who had fallen from high estates down to nothing because of their lack of the qualities which he himself possessed, and he refused the beggar money to buy the drink he craved. If Mr. Barrett could not and would not help him to a pittance, would Mr. Barrett cash the check in his ragged pocket, received that day, and useless to him where he was not known? The check was produced, and bore the signature of Edwin Booth. "And so," said Mr. Barrett one evening in Mr. Booth's presence, and to Mr Booth's great distress, "to the wretched creature to whom I had refused fifty cents Edwin had given fifty dollars!"

It must not be inferred from this incident that Mr Barrett was not himself a man of sincere soul and of large bounty. Few members of no ever generous profession have been more ready and more willing to help those who could not help themselves. The long association existing between the two men was as intimate in a personal as it was in a business way. A few years Mr. Booth's junior upon the stage of the world, Mr. Barrett was his excellent support at the very outset of Mr Booth's career as a star performer, and for many seasons, and in many parts of the country, have they played together, under all conditions, and in every variety of tragedy and comedy, going home together many hundreds of nights to a simple supper of bread and milk in some provincial hotel, or to an equally frugal repast of tea and toast in the grill-room of The Players, in New York. Mr. Barrett's affectionate care of his companion was touching and unceasing, not only during their professional engagements, but during the bright holiday seasons spent in Mr. Barrett's summer house at Cohasset, on the Massachusetts coast, where they talked together for long hours of old times, and laid the plans for a long future together, upon the stage and off. Their reminiscences then related, could they have been preserved by the fortunate listeners, would have made a book of theatrical history and anecdote unrivalled in the whole literature of the drama. Mr. Barrett's death, for which Mr Booth was entirely unprepared, was a terrible shock to the survivor, and a blow from which he never fully recovered. The gentle spirit of "The Man of Airlie" seemed to haunt, in the most pleasant way, his old apartments, adjoining those of Mr Booth, at The Players; and more than once, after Mr. Barrett had passed away, when some heavy truck in the street below had jarred the building, and caused the strings of the automatic harp upon his closed door "to play sweet music," Mr. Booth has turned his sad face towards it, and has said, with a half smile, "There comes poor Lawrence now!"

Mr. Booth's great gift of a Club to the members of his profession, and to those who are in sympathy with it, was the last crowning act of his life, and The Players, as was his own wish, is his most enduring monument. He had long cherished the plan of founding a home for the more deserving of his fellow workers, and the idea culminated, after much discussion, on the deck of the steam yacht *Oneida*, sailing along the coast of Maine, in the summer of 1887, when The Players was conceived. Mr. Booth presented the building and its contents, including his own rich dramatic library and his own collection of rare dramatic portraits, to its members on the night of December 31, 1888, and thereafter it was his only home. He showed the greatest interest in everything concerning it. When he was in town he never missed a business meeting of its governing body, of which he was president. He scanned carefully the list of candidates for membership, giving his vote always for the younger men upon the stage, who he felt would be a help to the organization, and gainers themselves by its quiet, healthful influence; and to the last The Players and their welfare were ever uppermost in his mind. It is not often that a man is wise enough and thoughtful enough to enjoy the results of his own beneficence. This was Mr. Booth's happy and well-merited lot. Upon Founder's Night, the anniversary of the club's inauguration, the foremost men in every walk of life gathered within its walls to do him honor. He was loved and respected by every man whose name was upon its rolls. When he entered a room with a pleasant word of greeting to each person present, there was a universal stir and murmur of response. Many of the members rose unostentatiously, and remained standing until he was seated, and even the few—very few—of the younger men who habitually wore their hats in the building, instinctively uncovered at his approach. The passing of the "loving-cup"—once the property of the elder Booth—upon Founder's Night, and on other rare and festive occasions, was a revival, or survival, of an old custom, beautiful in its observance, and very dear to Mr. Booth's own heart. After wetting his lips with its contents, he gave it with a bow to his nearest neighbor, and as it passed from hand to hand, each man in his turn rose in his place, no matter where he was or what his present occupation, and standing, he bowed and drank to "The Founder." Alas! and alas! we can only drink to his memory now.

Concerning Edwin Booth in his domestic relations—as son, as husband, as brother, as father—this is not the time nor the place to speak. His sorrowing daughter, with whom all the world grieves to-day, knows well how tender and how perfect was his love for her, for her mother, and for her children. His devotion to the memory of his father he has himself put on record in enduring form, and his filial affection for the mother whom he buried only a few years ago was as sacred and intense as such affection can ever be. He was not a perfect man. He was only human, and very human at that. But he was a credit to humanity, an honor to his country, and the foremost figure in the whole history of the American stage.

Edwin Booth was born on the 13th of November, 1833, upon his father's farm, in Harford County, Maryland, a quiet, picturesque old place, full of mellow sunshine, but shut out from the world by miles of unbroken and primeval woodland. He was called Edwin Thomas Booth, after two of his father's most intimate associates, Edwin Forrest and Thomas Flynn.

Mrs. Asia Booth Clarke, who has carried the life of her brother down to the date of his second visit to England, in 1880, tells us how on the night of that 13th of November the negroes of the neighborhood were so impressed by the brilliancy of a meteoric shower that they fell to making prophecies concerning the brilliant future of the new comer, who was to be a seer of ghosts all his days, and to be guided by a lucky star. One recalls this scene with curious interest—the dense woods, the old whitewashed cabin, still and spectral in the darkness, and those groups of awe-struck negroes, busy with portents for the new-born child's after life.

To the elder Booth, as his daughter has shown us, this old farm, buried as it was in the heart of the Maryland forest, had been, since its purchase in 1822, both a refuge and a pleasure. Though lying but twenty-five miles from Baltimore, it was almost inaccessible. The mounted post boy passed by but once a week, tossing the mail bags over the fence. Few travellers went that way. From the gate that opened on the rough and stony highroad a crooked horse path led through a quarter of a mile of woodland to the primitive cottage, which once, to the great wonder of his neighbors, Mr. Booth had moved from a distant site to where, under massive trees, a spring of cool water bubbled all day. About this spring he had built granite ledges and steps, and, to the delight of his children, a great green bullfrog was encouraged to dwell in peace and comfort within its depths. Near the door of the cabin Mr. Booth had planted a cherry tree, which, as it grew and blossomed, lending its branches to the children in their romps, became, as years went by, more and more closely identified with their family traditions.

Within doors all was quaint, sweet, and primitive. There the hum of the spinning wheel was a constant sound, it being "the farmer's pride that all his blankets and woollen goods came from the backs of his own sheep, and were spun at home." Brass fenders, old fashioned mirrors, and polished pewter plates made up the details of its simple furnishings, and Shelley, Coleridge, Tasso, Racine, and Alighieri looked out from among the few books of the well-chosen library.

To Laurence Hutton
from his friend
Edwin Booth, 1890
The best photograph, I think, ever taken of me.

NOTE.—The accompanying illustrations have never before been engraved. The portrait of the wife of the elder Booth is the only one in existence. It was painted in early life by Sully, and was one of the most cherished possessions of her son.—EDITOR.

EDWIN BOOTH.
From a Photograph taken in St. Louis in 1856.

The earliest of Edwin Booth's recollections, however, were not of the cheer and charm of this quiet sunny life, but of his being lifted late at night over a crooked snake fence, Junius Brutus Booth, as he placed him upon the other side of it, exclaiming, "Your foot is on your native heath!" As the boy stood there in the dense darkness of overhanging trees he could hear the dull sound made by the hoofs of the horses as they galloped away into the night, and the impression made upon him he never afterwards forgot.

Edwin and his father had travelled all day, reaching home at a late hour, for even at this early age, the mother's health being delicate, it was to this tender and dutiful child, grave beyond his years, that the guardianship of his father had been given. And so was inaugurated for Edwin Booth those long wanderings by night and day, and that close and intimate companionship with that strange wild genius, which were to lend at once the gloom and radiance to his life.

Edwin Booth's education began under a Miss Susan Hyde, who kept a school for boys and girls in the neighborhood of "Old Town." By her he was thoroughly grounded in all those rudiments which go to form the basis of a sound mental training. Miss Hyde, who afterwards became the secretary of the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, never ceased to follow with affectionate interest the career of her brilliant pupil, and between the two the old friendship was never broken.

He was next placed by his father under the care of an old West-Indian officer, a Frenchman, Louis Dugas, who had about him a few young persons in their teens. He went also at one time to some university, the name of which Mrs. Clarke does not mention. He studied at intervals afterwards with a Mr. Kearney, a pedagogue, who wrote his own school books, and encouraged dramatic performances among his pupils. It was in Mr. Kearney's crowded establishment that the elder Booth, entering once unobserved, saw Edwin on a platform, in black jacket and white trousers, playing with J. S. Clarke, who was similarly attired the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius. These sudden and quiet appearances of his father were by no means infrequent in Edwin Booth's life, and the boy was able to recall many of them, although in all instances it was one of the father's peculiarities to ignore them and to have them ignored.

A clever self-taught negro taught Edwin the banjo, and under Signor Picini he became a proficient on the violin. But of other instruction he knew none, except the world as it schooled him, experience as it taught him, or as the brilliancy and charm of his father's daily conversation helped to guide and form his tastes.

As to his personal appearance in those days, we have only this testimony from Mr John H Jewett: "He was a comely lad, as I remember him, dressed in a Spanish cloak (among the first to display that style), giving promise of the man he has turned out to be."

Mr Edwin Booth, according to Mrs Clarke, made his first appearance on any stage on the night of September 10, 1849, and at the Boston Museum. He played on that occasion Tressel. The story of his undertaking it is an old one, but one that is much too characteristic of both father and son to be omitted here. Mr Thoman, prompter and actor, annoyed at some detail, shouted to Edwin, standing near him, "This is too much work for one man; you ought to play Tressel," which, after a little hesitation, the lad was persuaded to do. "On this eventful night the elder Booth, dressed for *Richard III*, was seated with his feet upon the table in his dressing-room. Calling his son before him, like a severe pedagogue or inquisitor, he interrogated him in that hard laconic style he could at times assume.

"'Who was Tressel?'

"'A messenger from the field of Tewkesbury.'

"'What was his mission?'

"'To bear the news of the defeat of the King's party?'

"'How did he make his journey?'

"'On horseback.'

"'Where are your spurs?'

"Edwin glanced quickly down, and said he had not thought of them.

"'Here, take mine.'

"Edwin unbuckled his father's spurs, and fastened them on his own boots. His part being ended on the stage, he found his father still sitting in the dressing-room, apparently engrossed in thought.

"'Have you done well?' he asked.

"'I think so,' replied Edwin.

"'Give me my spurs,' rejoined his father, and obediently young Tressel replaced the spurs upon Gloucester's feet."

The very rare bill of this performance, perhaps the only copy as existence, for no one but the debutant would be likely to preserve it, was given, among so many other treasures, by Mr Booth to The Players, and it hangs in the dining-room there, one of the most cherished possessions of its members.

In his beautiful and affectionate tribute to his father, published in the third volume of *Actors and Actresses*, Edwin wrote in 1883, "After my debut in the very small part of Tressel, he 'coddled' me, gave me gruel this usual meal at night when acting, and made me don his wrested nightcap, which, when his work was ended, he always wore as a protection for his heated head, to prevent me from taking cold after my labors, which were doubtless very exhausting on that occasion, being confined to one brief scene at the beginning of the play! At that time there seemed to be a touch of irony in this over-care of me; but now, recalling the many acts of his large sympathy, it appears to its true character of genuine solicitude for the heedless boy who had drifted into that troublous sea, where, without talent, he would either sink, or, buoyed perhaps by vanity alone, merely flounder in its uncertain waves.

"To comprehend the peculiar temperament with which my father charmed, roused, and subdued the keenest and the coarsest intellects of his generation, one should be able to understand that great enigma to the wisest—'Hamlet.'

"To my dull thinking, Hamlet typifies uneven or unbalanced genius. But who can tell us what genius of any sort whatever means? The possessor, or rather the possessed, if it is, as in Hamlet's case, more frequently its slave than its master, being irresistibly and often unconsciously swayed by its capriciousness. Great minds to madness closely are allied. Hamlet's mind, at the very edge of frenzy, seeks its relief in ribaldry. For a like reason would my father open, so to speak, the safety-valve of levity in some of his most impassioned moments. At the instant of intense emotion, when the spectators were enthralled by his magnetic influence, the tragedian's overwrought brain would take refuge from its own threatening storm beneath the jester's hood, and, while turned from the audience, he would whisper some silliness, or 'make a face.' When he left the stage, however, no allusion to such seeming frivolity was permitted. His fellow-actors who perceived these trivialities ignorantly attributed his conduct at such times to lack of feeling; whereas it was extreme excess of feeling which thus forced his brain back from the very verge of madness. Only those who have known the torture of severe mental tension can appreciate the value of that one little step from the sublime to the ridiculous. My close acquaintance with so fantastic a temperament as was my father's so accustomed me to that in him that much of Hamlet's 'mystery' seems to me no more than idiosyncrasy.

"While not his favorite, my presence seemed necessary to him when at work, although at other times he almost ignored me, perhaps because his other children were more vivacious and amused him more.

"Reserved and diffident, almost bashful, when away from home, my father behind his locked doors and bolted shutters was as gleeful as a child. Soon after sunrise he would dig in his garden, whistling as he worked.... Contented within his family circle, he could not appreciate the necessity for any extraneous element them; hence his wife and children became isolated, and were ill at ease in the presence of other than their own immediate relatives."

The young actor had made so successful a hit as Tressel that various managers tried to induce the elder Booth to allow his son's name to appear on programmes with his own. To every offer of this character Junius Booth held out a stubborn resistance. Lawrence Barrett has told this story of that time: "On one occasion an old friend, then managing a Western theatre, asked Mr. Booth to allow him to bill Edwin with his father. He was met by the usual curt refusal, but, after a moment's pause, and without any sense of the humor of the suggestion, Booth said that Edwin was a good banjo-player, and he could be announced for a solo between the acts."

With no greater encouragement from his father, and being, as he was, still so much absorbed in unremitting care of him, it is hardly to be wondered that Edwin made so few of those early boards before the curtain of which the history of theatrical families is so full. His next public appearance, in fact, was not until Saturday, August 2, 1850, when he and J S Clarke gave by invitation a dramatic reading in the court-house at Belair. The story of it is an old one, but well worth repeating. Mrs Clarke shows us the ride of these two enthusiastic young fellows the day before over twenty-five miles of rough country road and under a hot midsummer sun to order in Baltimore printed programmes for the performance; the eagerness of the rustics, who expected nothing less than a circus, the jeering by an old negro, to whom the task had been intrusted, of all their bills upside down, then the decorum of the audience, the men and women separating at the door of the building, and, finally, the unbroken calm and silence during their selections from *Macbeth*, *Richard III*, the *Merchant of Venice*, during the quarrel scene from *Julius Cæsar*, which had made the fame of the young stage-boys in their school days, and even during the singing, with blackened faces, of negro melodies (not down on the programme) to the music of banjo and bones. A green experience, surely, but one, happily, in which the humor of the situation was all that was afterwards remembered. Those printed programmes lay among their possessions for years.

Probably nowhere on any stage was ever a more curious entrance seen than that made by Edwin Booth in *Richard III*. It was at the National Theatre in Chatham Street, New York, in February, 1851. The elder and the younger Booths were at that time housed in some dingy, inconvenient quarter of the town, the father having always a fondness for the old places he had known in his youth, those that had, through circumstance of poverty perhaps, shrunk from joining in the march of new improvements. Here on one occasion, when the stage trunk with its properties for *Richard III*, had already been strapped in the waiting carriage before the door, and while the theatre, some distance away, had been for some time astir, Junius Booth suddenly announced that nothing would induce him to play that night. All the entreaties, the arguments, the despair, of his son failed to move the obdurate father. "Go play it yourself," was all he answered, in that quick curt way of his that was one of his strongest characteristics. Seeing the hopelessness of further effort, the boy drove to the theatre. "No matter," said John R Scott, the leading support, whom he met, "you act it," making the very suggestion which the elder Booth had made. While the audience that filled the house waited before the curtain, the company behind it, in the wildest excitement, hurried Edwin into his father's costume, one member listening during the process to his recitation of the soliloquy. These clothes hung like bags about Edwin, and the applause which greeted his appearance entirely died away when the audience, who had been informed of no change, suddenly found itself confronted with a stranger. Yet, in spite of the almost overwhelming difficulties, the young actor won from them all repeated applause, and at the close of the performance a prolonged call. Mr Scott then first made his explanation, introducing Edwin Booth as "the worthy scion of a noble stock," adding under his breath, "I'll wager they don't know what that means." At the hotel, on his return, Edwin discovered his father in apparently the same position and mood as when he had left him, vouchsafing no remark, except a cold question in regard to how he had succeeded. Yet he always believed that as his father had once before seen his performance of Tressel, so now he had witnessed the entire tragedy of *Richard III*, having been really very much pleased with his success on both occasions. Edwin was at that time barely seventeen years of age. In his later life, in referring to those early days, he wrote:

"Therefore [the elder Booth] made no great objection to my acting occasionally with him, although he never gave me instruction, professional advice, or encouragement in any form. He had doubtless resolved to make me work my way unaided, and though his seeming indifference was painful then, it compelled me to exercise my callow wits; it made me *think!*"

Under Theodore Barton, of Baltimore, at a salary of six dollars a week, Edwin played, shortly after, an unimportant engagement in still more unimportant rôles. And it is a curious fact that this young actor, who was able to satisfy in Richard III an audience awaiting his father, should have utterly failed in minor parts, Madame Cloera, with whom he essayed pantomime, openly abusing him for his *gaucherie*.

It was about this time—he was uncertain of the date—that Edwin, as he was in after-years very fond of telling, played Titus to his father's Brutus one night in Washington, and in the presence of the author, John Howard Payne. During the same engagement, in the same city, he remembered playing Young Norval—the Old Norval of his father—in a gown borrowed from the leading lady's costume of Helen Macgregor, using the skirts as a kilt, and wearing the bodice, as he expressed it, "lined side before." These are but poor examples of the curious and interesting experience of his early life which his friends have so often heard him relate.

In 1852 the father and son undertook that memorable journey to California which brought so many changes into their lives. They crossed the Isthmus on mules. Each man as he slept held a pistol in his hand. To the one lady of the party a hammock was given. The men lay on wine casks and barrels, over which blankets had been thrown. Edwin kept silent watch through the long hours, hearing but not understanding the low whispers of the natives, who sat sharpening great knives near by, while rats, undisturbed by the intruders, ran about the hut.

After two weeks in San Francisco the Booths went to Sacramento, but affairs in California were at that time in so deplorable a condition that the elder Booth insisted on returning East, and on leaving Edwin behind him to gain an experience which the father felt would be of inestimable value to him. It had been at the solicitation of Junius Brutus Booth, Jun., that the journey was originally planned. Brilliant results had been hoped for, but a period of great depression had begun in California for those early settlers, who, a few months before, had been elated beyond measure by belief in the prospects of enormous wealth. The promised theatre in San Francisco had not even been started and men were too frightened or too poor to make serious financial ventures of any kind.

There certainly could hardly have been a less propitious time for a young and inexperienced actor to face the world alone. And there now began for Edwin Booth a long and strange series of vicissitudes, such as would have tried the nerve of many a veteran, and which can hardly be repeated in the life of the newer generation of to-day. It was not alone that he was absolutely penniless, but that, being penniless, he had to carve his way to success through almost insurmountable difficulties, in mining camps, in half-settled and wholly new communities, and this in the cold of winter nights, and after having been snow-bound upon the mountain roads sometimes for days together.

It was in one of the deserted of all these places, as Mrs. Clarke tells us that the news of his father's death reached him. "There is a mail, and a letter for you," said some one who recognized him by the light of a lantern, as he walked in the slush and mud of a miserable little town, where gold-diggers had undermined the houses, and left deep and yawning gulches in all the roads. A courier, long delayed by the snows, had at last broken through the great banks and brought the mail. "What news is there?" Edwin had asked, but knew in a moment what his old friend Spear was afraid to tell him. The blow was crushing, and this loyal, hypersensitive son found it difficult to forgive himself for what he imagined to be the desertion of his father.

Financial straits of greater severity settled down upon this sorrowing youth and his friends. They walked for fifty miles through snow drifts for engagements only to disband at their destination—Marysville. With a borrowed ten dollars in his pocket, Edwin started for Sacramento, to find when he reached there that fire and flood had nearly destroyed the town. From Sacramento he went at once to San Francisco, with no prospects and in utter despair. There some friend returned him twenty dollars, lent and forgotten long before, and for the first, last, and only time in his life he walked into one of the gambling saloons, too common in those days, and lost it all!

It may be fitting in this connection to say a word here concerning a very serious charge, the public discussion of which caused the subject of it much unhappiness. Edwin Booth was not a drinking man. During a long and intimate friendship with him of nearly twenty years' standing, in all kinds of society and under all circumstances, some of them the most trying that man can endure, I have never seen him touch brandy, whiskey, or spirits of any kind, and I do not remember his drinking even the lightest of table wines half a dozen times during all that period. And in this I will be heartily supported by the testimony of those who have been associated with him in any way. He was subject to attacks of vertigo long before his first slight stroke of paralysis upon the stage at Rochester in 1869 and his occasional feeblenessn and unsteadiness of speech and of movement were entirely

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attributable to that cause. It is safe to assert that any temperate man with an ordinarily strong head for such things could drink at a single sitting, and without showing or feeling its effects, all the wine and liquor put together which Mr. Booth consumed during the last five years of his life.

But to return to those early days in California. About this time, Fairchild, a scene-painter in San Francisco, induced Booth to play Richard III. at his (Fairchild's) benefit, which he did with such success that the managers, departing from their original intention—that of devoting their theatre to comedy—proposed to Booth the production of certain tragedies. He then played Sir Edward Mortimer, Shylock, Richard III., and Othello. At his own benefit, which followed, he assumed the part of Hamlet for the first time. According to Mrs. Clarke, Booth's choice of Hamlet on this occasion was made for reasons he held sacred. Long before, during that unproductive stay at Sacramento, Edwin, playing Jaffier to his father's Pierre, had, while in the black dress of that character, come suddenly upon his father on the steps of his dressing room, to be greeted by him in his characteristic way: "You look like Hamlet. Why did you not do it for your benefit?" and Edwin had answered, "If I ever have another benefit, I will."

After his father's death these words, though carelessly spoken, had assumed for him the solemnity of a promise. And his promise he always kept. He did not remember in after years the date of this memorable first performance of Hamlet, and the bill of that night was lost, unfortunately, with his other treasured Pensiles, at the time of the destruction of the Winter Garden Theatre in New York.

This benefit was followed by precarious days. Booth found himself gradually forced into the position of a stock star on a miserable salary. His name was used to draw when the names of others failed. He played secondary parts to Mrs. Catherine Sinclair, who had come to open the new theatre. James Murdock followed, and then came Laura Keene, who ascribed her failure to "Edwin Booth's bad acting"! Mr. D. C. Anderson and Booth at that time were living in a little hut on the outskirts of San Francisco, cooking their own meals, and washing and mending their own clothes.

Booth was persuaded by Mr. Anderson to go with him to Australia, actors returning from that country having given glowing accounts of the prospects and possibilities there. He played, when at Sydney, Shylock to Miss Keene's Portia. His Richard III. was received with great applause. But the unfavorable conditions existing at Melbourne induced this wandering band of players to return home. On their way to California their vessel stopped at Honolulu, where Booth put all his money, fifty dollars, into the rent for one month of the Royal Hawaiian Theatre, and where Mr Roe a short, thick set German, doubling his parts, played both the Duke and the Duchess of York.

The Hawaiian court was at that time in mourning. The King of the Sandwich Islands as a child had seen the elder Booth as Richard III. in New York, and not wishing to miss the performance of the son to this same title, he went to the theatre, attended by two escorts, and sat as an armchair in the wings. When in the coronation scene this chair was needed as a throne, the King, with perfect amiability, yielded it to the uncrowned monarch of the stage.

Another benefit was given him before sailing, when he played King Lear for the first time.

On his return to San Francisco, Booth played, at the Metropolitan Theatre, Benedick to Mrs. Sinclair's Beatrice. A short and successful engagement followed at the American Theatre, and then once more Booth went to Sacramento, where the manager, for economical reasons, dismissed him. With Mr. Sedley, Mrs. Sinclair, and a Mr. Venua, he then leased a shabby theatre, and for the first time in America *The Marble Heart* was produced, Booth creating the part of Raphael. The success of this play was enormous there, but on the road it proved so great a failure that the company disbanded; and Booth was again obliged to make new overtures. He went next to San Francisco, and from there, with eight or ten persons, he started on a tour through the mining towns—Booth on horseback, the manager, his wife, and the stage properties in a large covered wagon. Stops were made at settlements of only a few huts, and *The Iron Chest* and *Katherine and Petruchio* were on the standard bill.

The profits from this journey were not great; and Booth, having left his horse in payment for a debt, arrived in a penniless condition in Sacramento. Here meeting Mr. Butler, an architect, he was made by that gentleman to see the importance of his return to the East, where other men were trying to fill the place left vacant by his father. Two benefits having been arranged by Mr. Butler, Booth left Sacramento free from debt, and carrying with him various testimonials from the public.

Those who welcomed his return to his old home in Maryland found few changes in his appearance. "He had come back older in experience only," says Mrs Clarke, "for he looked like a boy still, and very fragile; his wild black eyes and long locks gave him no air of melancholy. He had the gentle dignity and inherent grace that one attributes to a young prince, yet he was merry, cheerful, and boyish in disposition, as one can imagine Hamlet to have been in the days before the tragedy was enacted in the orchard."

Booth opened at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, in the character of Richard III. Under J. T. Ford he played a short engagement in Washington, and at Richmond, Virginia, where Joseph Jefferson was at that time stage manager. It was here that he met Miss Mary Devlin, who afterwards became his wife, and who was then a member of Mr. Jefferson's personal and dramatic family.

In the spring of 1857, Booth, having accepted an offer from Thomas Barry, played Sir Giles Overreach at the Boston Theatre. His success was instantaneous. He followed this character with a round of others, and on May 4th he made his bow before a New York audience as Richard III., at the Metropolitan Theatre, afterwards the Winter Garden, and then managed by William E. Burton. It had been entirely in opposition to the expressed wishes of the star that announcements of his appearance as Richard III. had been made. A character so closely identified with the great successes of his father was hardly the one in which this son cared to present himself. Everything in his sensitive nature was offended at the whole proceeding. It was with a feeling of outraged mortification and indignation that on his arrival in New York he read the flaming posters announcing him as "The Hope of the Living Drama!" "Son of the Great Tragedian!" and adding, "Richard's himself again!"

The actors who played with him, to whom rumors of his fame had come, were not altogether prepared for the manner of man he was. Lawrence Barrett, who was Tressel on that opening night, thus describes his first appearance at rehearsal: "A slight pale youth, with black flowing hair, soft brown eyes full of tenderness and gentle timidity, a manner mixed with shyness and quiet repose. He took his place with no air of conquest or self assertion, and gave his directions with a grace and courtesy which have never left him." In the company on this occasion were many famous players—John Gilbert, Daniel Setchell, Mark Smith, Charles Fisher, and Lawrence Barrett.

During the next few years Booth played in Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, Memphis, Mobile, Montgomery, St. Louis, and Louisville. In the winter of 1857 he was at the Howard Athenæum, in Boston, under the management of E. L. Davenport, with Lawrence Barrett and John McCullough in the company. While in Boston he began that careful revision of his plays which finally resulted in the *Edwin Booth's Prompt-Books*, edited by William Winter in 1878.

In 1860 Booth married Miss Devlin, who had retired from the stage the year before.

During this year (1860) he played at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, under the management of Wheatley and Clarke, giving for the first time his new interpretation of Bertuccio, in Tom Taylor's *Fool's Revenge*.

On December 10, 1860, Booth and Miss Charlotte Cushman began ten performances at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, playing Wolsey and Queen Katharine in *Henry VIII.*, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, Shylock and Portia, Katherine and Petruchio. Booth's Macbeth, full as it was of fine intellectual quality, failed to please Miss Cushman, who begged him to remember that "Macbeth was not the father of all the Bowery villains!"

In September, 1861, Mr. and Mrs. Booth sailed for England. A series of accidents and misunderstandings made their visit almost a failure. In London he was met with what bordered closely upon open hostility. He opened at the Haymarket Theatre as Shylock, and played during this engagement Sir Giles Overreach. *Richard III.* was produced at the request of E. H. Sothern, but the support was so bad that the performance became almost a farce. After much hesitation, Mr. Buckstone, Booth's manager, consented to his appearance as Richelieu. Groups of men had gathered before and behind the curtain to hiss the performance, but the spell of Booth's magnetic acting roused the house to the wildest pitch of excitement, and adverse demonstration was impossible. Unfortunately, just at this moment, when his triumph was complete, Booth was obliged to leave London. He played for three weeks at Manchester, Henry Irving being a member of the stock company. He afterwards went to Paris, where the sword worn by Frédéric Lemaître in *Ruy Blas*, now the property of The Players, was presented to him. On his return to England, finding that Fechter was monopolizing the Shakespearian drama, Booth sailed for America. During the early part of his visit to England his only daughter was born, at Fulham, in the month of December, 1861.

On September 2, 1862, he began a successful engagement at the Winter Garden Theatre, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Conway supporting him. In Philadelphia he played Macbeth to Miss Cushman's Lady Macbeth, for the benefit of the Woman's Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission. On February 8, 1863, his wife, Mary Devlin Booth, died at Dorchester, Massachusetts, where she had gone in failing health.

Booth did not appear before the public again for some months after the death of his wife, that loyal friend Lawrence Barrett playing for him Richard III. and Ruy Blas.

With Mr. J. S. Clarke, the friend of his school days, and his sister's husband, Booth, in October, 1863, purchased the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia. On March 28, 1864, having dissolved partnership with Clarke, he played *The Fool's Revenge* at Niblo's Garden, and for the first time in New York. On August 18, 1864, the Winter Garden Theatre was opened by Booth, John S. Clarke, and William Stuart. Mr. Stuart was known as the manager, but the leasing of the theatre had been undertaken in order to give Booth an opportunity for his own arrangement and setting of the plays. He occupied a suite of rooms in the theatre, narrowly escaping from them with his life when the building was burned in 1867.

Booth voted but once in life, and that was for Abraham Lincoln, in November, 1864. Not many days after this, on November 25, 1864, the three Booth brothers appeared in *Julius Cæsar*—Junius Brutus Booth as Cassius, Edwin as Brutus, and John Wilkes as Marc Antony. "The eldest," writes Mr. Clarke, "powerfully built and handsome as an antique Roman, Edwin with his magnetic fire and graceful dignity, and John Wilkes, in the perfection of youthful beauty, stood side by side, again and again, before the curtain." The aged mother of the Booths sat looking at them from a private box.

Following quickly upon this performance, and on the night of November 26, 1864, Edwin Booth began his hundred consecutive nights of *Hamlet*. The play was mounted with a magnificence unknown in the history of the American stage since the days of Charles Kean at the old Park Theatre, and enjoyed a longer run than any other play of Shakespeare had done up to that time. "I remember well," says Mrs. John Sherwood, "in the first year of our war, when we were profoundly miserable and frightened, what a relief it was to go and see Booth in *Hamlet*." "He le altogether priceely," wrote Mr. George William Curtis in those days. "He playing throughout has no exquisite tone like an old picture. . . . It is not any particular scene, or passage, or look, or movement, that conveys the impression; it is the consistency of every part with every other, the pervasive sense of the mind of a true gentleman sadly strained and jarred."

A romantic interest attaches to the skull used by Booth in the graveyard scene in *Hamlet*. During one of his father's visits to Louisville, years before, the horse thief Lovett, then lying in jail, was pointed out to him. The elder Booth, being at all times a man of ready sympathy, and hearing that Lovett had no means of obtaining counsel, employed a lawyer for his defence, though he understood from the first that Lovett had no case. Lovett, out of gratitude, bequeathed his skull to Junius Booth to be used in *Hamlet*, "that he might think when he held it in his hands of the gratitude his kindness had awakened." After Lovett's death this skull was sent to the elder Booth. Edwin used it for some time, but finding that the grave-diggers injured it, he substituted for it a property skull. Lovett's skull is now carefully preserved on a bracket in the corner of the apartment at The Players which Mr. Booth reserved for himself, and occupied during the last years of his life.

Booth played Sir Edward Mortimer at the Boston Theatre on the night of April 14, 1865. The next morning the news of the great calamity which had befallen the country reached him. Resolving to leave the stage at once and forever, he retired, overwhelmed with sorrow and shame, to his home in New York, where he lived in the strictest retirement and the deepest dejection for many months, supported by the kindly sympathy of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Lauat Thompson, and other old and trusted friends.

Many urgent reasons made Booth's return to the stage both a necessity and an obligation, and at last he reappeared at the Winter Garden Theatre as Hamlet on January 5, 1866. In the streets, as the crowds gathered, angry threats were heard, though, for the most part, a kind and temperate spirit prevailed, while inside the theatre men from every part of the country had assembled. Nine times they cheered him as he entered. Showers of flowers fell upon the stage, and the house was shaken with the tumult of applause. In Boston, Philadelphia, wherever he appeared after this momentous return, the same generous welcome was accorded him.

During the engagement at the Winter Garden Theatre the presentation to Booth of the famous "Hamlet Medal" was made. After the performance of the tragedy on January 22d, Booth, still in his stage dress, received a notable group of men. Admiral Farragut, Major General Robert Anderson, John T. Hoffman, George Bancroft, Charles A. Dana, Judge Daly, S. R. Gifford, Lauat Thompson, Jervis McEntee, were among the number. William Fullerton made the presentation speech.

In January, 1866, Booth, with J. S. Clarke, leased the Boston Theatre. After his engagement in Boston he appeared in Philadelphia on the 23d of April, 1866 to commemorate the anniversary of the "Birth and Death of Shakespeare." During the fifty one nights which succeeded he played Othello, Romeo, Shylock, Richard III., Ruy Blas, Don Cæsar de Bazan, Hamlet, Richelieu, Petruchio, The Stranger, Bertuccio, Sir Giles Overreach, and Pescara. *Hamlet* ran for twenty-one nights. Booth produced *Richelieu* at the Winter Garden on February 1, 1866. On the 29th of the following December he played Iago to the Othello of Boguinil Dawison, Othello speaking German, Iago English, and Desdemona (Madame Methua Schiller) German to Othello and English to the rest of the company. The event of this season (1866-7) was the production of the *Merchant of Venice* on January 28, 1867, this play running for seven weeks. On the 23d of March, *Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin*, was given. On the 23d of March the theatre was burned, Booth losing all his properties, including many articles once belonging to Edmund Kean, John Philip Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons.

The destruction of this house led to the building of Booth's Theatre. To raise money for this enterprise Booth travelled for two years. In Chicago Miss Mary M'Vicker, whom he afterwards married, made her first appearance as Juliet to his Romeo. In Baltimore he played Sir Giles Overreach, Miss M'Vicker playing Margaret. Owing to an unfortunate sword thrust while playing Pescara in the *Apostate*, he was obliged to act in *Hamlet*, *Richard III.*, and *Othello* carrying his right arm in a sling, fencing with his left. After his engagement in Baltimore he made a tour of the Southern and Western States.

Booth's Theatre was opened on the 3d of February, 1869, with the production of *Romeo and Juliet*, given for the first time in America in the original text of Shakespeare. The house of Juliet is the second set was sixty feet in height, and had two balconies, one above the other. Romeo's ladder was thrown over the balustrade of this solidly constructed building. Fifty men were required to set and draw the "loggia scene" above the flies. The play ran for sixty-eight nights, Booth playing Romeo, Miss M'Vicker Juliet, and Edwin Adams Mercutio.

The Moor of Venice was produced on April 19, 1869, Edwin Adams and Edwin Booth alternating as Othello, Miss M'Vicker playing Desdemona. On June 21st *Enoch Arden* was given by Adams, the theatre remaining open during the summer. Booth and Miss M'Vicker were married June 7, 1869, the lady retiring permanently from the stage. She died on her husband's birthday, on the 13th of November, 1881.

Among the plays produced by Booth at his theatre were *Romeo and Juliet*, *Winter's Tale*, *Hamlet*, *Richelieu*, *Julius Cæsar*, *The Moor of Venice*, *Macbeth*, *Lady of Lyons*, *The Iron Chest*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Richard III.*, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, *Fool's Revenge*, *The Fall of Tarquin*, and *Don Cæsar de Bazan*. When Booth travelled, other "stars" filled the time at the theatre, Miss Neilson, Joseph Jefferson, Miss Bateman, and J. S. Clarke appearing there at intervals.

Edwin Adams was Booth's leading man, and had the privilege of producing his own plays on Saturday nights. With Lawrence Barrett the same arrangement was made the season following.

Booth's Theatre, which had taken two years in building, had cost him in its construction over a million of dollars. But the nervous strain of managing so vast an affair, together with his acting, proved too great. In 1873 the theatre was leased to J. B. Booth, who met with little success, and Booth found himself suddenly bankrupt. He surrendered to his creditors all his personal and private property, including his books, and retired to Cos Cob, Connecticut. So perished one of his fondest hopes.

Booth on October 25, 1875, opened at Mr. Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre. At this time he produced for the first time his own adaptation of Shakespeare's *Richard II.*, a play once acted by both Edmund Kean and the elder Booth, but afterward allowed by them to fall into disuse.

During this engagement Booth played *King Lear* from the original text. With J. T. Ford he travelled through the South, giving fifty-two performances. With Mr. M'Vicker he travelled in the West, his engagement closing in June, 1876.

John McCullough, understanding the extent of Booth's bankruptcy, urged his going to California. On the 5th of September, 1876, Booth arrived in San Francisco, twenty years to a day since he had left the city. His old friend D. C. Anderson was still there, but all traces of their former haunts had disappeared.

Booth's success in San Francisco was overwhelming. During the same season he was again, however, at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, under the management of Mr. McVicker. At the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, while still under Mr. McVicker's management, Booth played to enormous houses, although the panic caused by the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre, with a loss of more than three hundred lives, had almost destroyed the business of every other company. He then went to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Cincinnati, closing his long engagement on the 19th of May, 1877, with three weeks at the Globe Theatre in Boston. On September 10, 1877, he was again at work under Mr. McVicker, in Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville, Cleveland, St. Louis, Buffalo, Lockport, Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, and Albany. In January, 1878, he rented Booth's Theatre, playing for six weeks under his own management. Later he played at the Park Theatre, Boston, for

three weeks, then at Pittsburg for two, for two at Baltimore, and for three weeks at Clarke's Broad Street Theatre, in Philadelphia. For five weeks he appeared at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and later he went to Detroit and Chicago. In Chicago, on the night of April 23d (Shakespeare's birth day), he was fired at from the pit by a lunatic named Gray. At the third shot he rose and walked to the foot lights, pointing out the would-be assassin to the startled audience. The excitement naturally was intense. One of the bullets missed him by a few inches. Had he left his chair at the proper and expected moment in the play —*Richard II.*—he could not have escaped. This bullet he preserved as a talisman, wearing it on his watch chain, having engraved upon it "From Mark Gray to Edwin Booth, April 23, 1870." From every part of the country expressions of congratulation reached him, when, as his sister observed, he particularly "needed such sympathy to stimulate him in the pursuit of his profession, for so many adverse circumstances seemed to conspire to unnerve and overcome his powers."

At the close of his Chicago engagement Booth rested till October 6th, when he began a two weeks' engagement in Baltimore, going from there to the Broad Street Theatre in Philadelphia, and for four weeks playing at the Grand Opera-house in New York. Under Mr Abbey's management he began a brilliant engagement at the Park Theatre, Boston, in March, 1890. Under Mr Abbey again he played, in April, 1890, for four weeks at Booth's Theatre. After an engagement in Brooklyn, Booth played Petruchio at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, for the benefit of the "Edgar Poe Memorial Fund," this being his last performance before sailing for England. On the 13th of June a public breakfast was given to him at Delmonico's, New York. The speeches were made by Judge John R. Brady, Judge Charles P. Daly, Algernon S. Sullivan, Edmund C. Stedman, Rev. Robert Collyer, Rev. Ferdinand C. Ewer, Lawrence Barrett, Lester Wallack, Joseph Jefferson, and William Warren, and a poem was read by William Winter.

ON THE YACHT "ONEIDA"

Booth, with his wife and daughter, sailed from New York on the 13th of June, 1890. After a few months' travel on the Continent he opened the new Princess Theatre, London, on the 6th of November, as Hamlet. He afterwards played at this house Richelieu, Bertuccio, Othello, Iago, Petruchio, Shylock, and King Lear. At the Lyceum Theatre the next season, under Henry Irving, he played Iago and Othello, alternating the parts with that gentleman. And during the summer of 1892 he was at the London Adelphi. His last professional visit to Europe was made in the summer of 1891, when he played in English with a German speaking company in the capital cities of Germany, often prompting the persons who supported him, although quite unfamiliar with their language. These engagements were, in an artistic point of view, enormously successful.

Between 1881 and 1886 he played during the winter seasons throughout the United States with all his old fire and skill. It was not until a year or two later that his waning physical powers and his own wishes led him to retire. That he remained, perhaps, too long upon the stage he was fully aware, but he could not resist the appeals of his old comrade, Mr Barrett, nor his own inclinations to help his fellow-players when they needed his personal support.

In combination with Mr. Barrett, therefore, and under the business management of that gentleman, he began, at Buffalo, New York, in 1887, a series of brilliant seasons, which ended only with Mr Barrett's death in 1891. They played together in *Hamlet*, *Julius Cæsar*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Othello*, and *Richelieu*, Mr. Barrett taking the parts of Claudius, Cassius, Antonio, Othello and Iago, and Du Maupral, when they attracted the largest audiences, at an increased scale of prices, ever seen, for so many consecutive nights, in the history of the theatre in the United States. In 1890 Mr Booth, supported by Madame Modjeska, still under Mr Barrett's management, but not in connection with him, played a limited engagement throughout the country; and in 1891 the two stars were again seen in conjunction at the Broadway Theatre, New York, until Mr Barrett's sudden death in March brought the season to a close. Booth's last appearance upon any stage was at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, at the matinée performance on Saturday, April 4th, of that year, and his last public utterance, in a short speech made after the fall of the curtain on that occasion, is worth quoting in full. It is taken from the report written

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MR. AND MRS. BOOTH AND DAUGHTER.

for the *Tribune* of the next day by Mr William Winter. "Ladies and gentlemen, I scarcely know what to say, and, indeed, I can only make my usual speech—of thanks and gratitude. I thank you for this kindness. It will never be forgotten. I hope that this is not the last time I shall have the honor of appearing before you. When I come again I trust that I shall be able to give greater attention than I have ever given to whatever part I may play. I hope that my health and strength may be improved so that I can serve you better, and I shall always try to deserve the favor you have shown."

The last words of Hamlet, however—the last words which Mr Booth, as an actor, ever uttered—are much more significant and much more touching—"The rest is silence!"

Edwin Booth lived in quiet, happy retirement at his home in the house of The Players, watched and cheered by his loving daughter and a few old friends, until, at last, early on the morning of the 7th of June, Death beckoned him away, and he passed to his reward.

THE REST IS SILENCE!

MR. BOOTH'S MOTHER.—From an Old Painting.

MR. BOOTH IN HIS ROOM AT "THE PLAYERS."—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY HORACE BRADLEY.

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AMATEUR SPORT

The Yale-Harvard crews started for New London last Saturday, June 10th. They will begin final preparations for the great race of the 30th on much more even terms than they did in 1892.

Last year Yale sent an eight to New London that was fully prepared to do crew work and crew rowing. All the individual faults of the men had been eradicated before they left New Haven, they were rowing pretty well together, the men were all in good condition physically, and equal to almost any amount of work, and all that was left for the coachers and the men in the boat to do was to improve on that crew rowing in order to make a fast eight.

This year Yale sends an eight to New London that has many individual faults and a limited amount of crew-rowing. There is a great deal more work left for the coachers this year than last, and it is strange that there is too, when it is remembered that last year J. A. Hartwell, the captain, had a lot of more or less green material to work on, while this year Captain Ives has five of the men who sat in the winning boat last June on the Thames. And this goes to show that a veteran crew is not invariably the easier handled. In fact, it is the exception where a veteran in a boat keeps his interest alive during the long period of ding-dong coaching, he is apt to work perfunctorily.

Crew work does not become good crew work until the eight men seem to be rowing as one. Like a machine, they must all appear to be connected, if not physically at least mentally. They must all think alike, and think at the same time, and of the same thing, in order to produce that machinelike work and exactness.

This is what seemed to be the matter with the Yale crew when seen last at New Haven on the eve of their departure for New London. To the casual observer the work of the men looks smooth and to some extent finished, but the fact is it seems to be done with too much effort. Van Huyck, at 3, for instance, was swinging out of the boat to port and twisting himself on the finish, thus bringing his hands into his body in an awkward and unnatural way. Rogers, at 5, while rowing in good form, did not keep up with the speed of the boat, so that he seemed to drop behind. Ives, at 7, and Johnson, bow, were together.

The out-board work of the Yale crew on the recovery is good. The blades all come out of the water at the same time, excepting that of No. 2, without splashing, and go back as cleanly, and are brought close to the water on the catch, all the blades losing their feather at the same time and dipping with the same bevel. But the in-board work of the recovery is not so good. No. 2 has a tendency to drop over in the full reach. No. 3 is slow in getting his hands away from his body on the first part. No. 7 moves much too lively for No. 6 to follow him closely. All this makes the recovery, so far as the in-board work is concerned, look slightly irregular. When all the men will move a little more in unison on the first part of the recovery, the effect to the eye will be much more pleasing, and the effect on the shell will, and must inevitably be more speed. If the coachers and Captain Ives can remove these little and yet important faults, the work of the crew will be encouragingly better.

On the port side of the boat, Messler, at 2, was slow, rowing a short stroke, and dropping over at the catch. This sends his oar into the air just before going into the water, making him take the water behind the others. Long, at 4, is not in time. Paine, at 6, pulled a strong oar, and sat well up to his work, thus helping along 7 and 8. Stroke once in a while let his crew drive him instead of remaining master of the situation, but as a rule 8, 7, and 6 were well together, while the rest of the men were slow or awkward, and seemed to stop out as it were.

In spite of these individual faults, however, the fact remains that the Yale boat travels well and at times fast. If the coachers can get all the men to swing together and pull alike there is no reason why the crew should not turn out to be a fast one. The blades catch the water hard, and the stroke is pulled through with a vim and dash. It is altogether probable we shall see Yale get together, and once again start that "rowing machine" over the flagged course on the Thames.

The Harvard crew has had a lively week. Early and late they have been worked, and several times put over the four-mile course at full speed, closely followed by the launch, and severely criticised by ex-Captain Perkins, who has put life and dash into his coaching, and stirred the crew up in such a manner as to have a good effect upon the motion of the shell. It no longer rolls from side to side, but is kept fairly well on its keel. There is still room for great improvement, but on the whole the progress has been satisfactory, and the advance, with the exception of the rowing of one or two of the men, gratifying to both coach and captain. On June 10th they went to New London, and the crew, with possibly the exception of bow, is practically settled. Burgess may keep his position in the bow, but he will have to put forth his very best efforts to do so. Strong as he is and plucky, as every one knows him to be, he wastes his strength, and by the unevenness of his stroke greatly impedes the progress of the crew. His heart and soul are in his work, but as yet he has not grasped the principles of good rowing. He stands out as an individual, and fails to adjust himself to the rest of the crew, and is not, strictly speaking, a 'varsity man but he can make himself a better imitation of one if he can only correct a few of his worst faults.

Starting with the catch, his oar goes into the water with the wrong face to the blade, it cuts in too deeply and travels along with a wavering motion which indicates that he does not keep a firm, steady pressure upon his stretcher. On the recover, his oar waves about in the air, and is not tossed out gracefully and evenly. His body work, especially at the finish of the stroke, is awkwardness itself. He is absolutely without dexterity in the management of his shoulders, and hunches them badly when they should be held firmly back. He pulls hard, but his efforts instead of being directed to pushing the shell ahead are expended in first raising the bow out of the water, and then forcing it down into it. In fact, as he is rowing at present, he is more of a hinderance than an aid to the crew.

Johnson, at 2, handles himself fairly well, and though not especially strong pulls an average even stroke. He needs a little more confidence in himself, and more determination to make the most of his natural abilities. While his watermanship is not first-class, it is yet better than Burgess's, and he is a much more effective man. Like Burgess, he fails to keep his weight on the stretcher, but his body work is much superior. He apparently has some difficulty in following Newell, and as he begins to get tired physically he allows himself to pay less and less attention to his time.

Newell, at 3, is the least effective man, for his strength and experience, of all the men in the Harvard boat. He and Burgess pull very much alike. Like Burgess, he forces the shell up and down in the water instead of ahead. He has always been noted for his great strength, his large muscles, and his endurance, but "chesting out" does not help to win a boat race, and that is about all Newell is doing at present. He finishes his slide and with great strength pulls the handle of his sweep down into his lap, believing, no doubt, he has helped the boat along, when in truth his great efforts have tended to destroy the work of the other men rather than fit into it. He dips too deeply, and pulls too much with his arms. From start to finish of the stroke he labors without finish, with marked muscular effort, and in poor time. His rowing is very poor for a man who has entered upon his third season in the 'varsity, but fortunately he is beginning to wake up to the fact, and during the past few days has shown that he can row better. If he learns to help instead of retarding the crew, he may become a useful member, but at present he is holding them back.

Davis, at 4, is the only member of the crew who is pulling his oar through the water at the proper level and with steady pressure. There is generally a hollow behind and a mound of water in front of his blade. He pulls an easy, graceful oar, and a decidedly effective one, considering his build and strength. His back is weak, or at least he finds it hard work to sit up when he is not rowing. He may be interested in his work, but he never has the appearance of it.

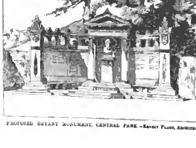
Fearing, at 5, is beginning to show the effects of hard work. He is a little overtrained, and has had to take a rest for a few days. His long reach and quick motions make him a hard man to follow, and were he not held back by the natural slowness of Vail in front of him it is a question whether Davis could do so. As it is, in his endeavors to follow Vail he is forced to slow up and curtail his reach in order to keep time. He is rowing extremely well, considering the time he has been at it, and it is to be hoped that he will soon learn to depend less upon his arms and more upon his legs to push the boat ahead. At present he is not properly rigged. There is too much of an angle to his reach forward.

(Continued on page 586.)

THE BRYANT BUST.

After many years the bust of William Cullen Bryant, the American poet, by Launt Thompson, is to be removed from its resting-place in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and mounted upon a handsome monument of white marble in Central Park. The monument and pedestal for the bust were designed by Architect Ernest Flagg, of this city, and will be erected from the purest Italian marble. The bronze bust of the venerable poet was designed and executed several years ago, before Mr. Bryant's death, by the sculptor artist Launt Thompson. It was submitted to Mr. Bryant and his family, and by them declared satisfactory. It was also passed upon by the Board of Park Commissioners of that time, but was never erected, owing to the rule which will not allow any monument erected in the parks until five years after the person's death. Since the bust was executed it has occupied a niche in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Central Park.

The monument now to be erected will be placed in a location in Central Park to be determined upon to-day by the Park Commissioners. The money for its erection has been subscribed by Mr. Bryant's old friends and associates, members of the Century Club, of which Mr. Daniel Huntington is president and Mr. John Bigelow vice-president. The cost of the monument will be exclusive of the bust, about $30,000. The inscriptions will consist of the titles of the poet's greatest works, and the names of the subscribers to the fund. The name of the poet is carved in the pedestal, underneath which is the word "Thanatopsis," the title of his greatest poem. Work will begin immediately after the site has been set apart by the Park Commissioners. A lack of space prevents mention of the subscribers' names in these columns.



PROPOSED BRYANT MONUMENT, CENTRAL PARK.—Ernest Flagg, Architect.

MUSIC and DRAMA

By the death of Mr. Edwin Booth, whose name as our most representative actor has been a household word in this country for many years, the contemporary stage has lost the last link, or perhaps, more properly speaking, the remembrance of the last link, which bound it to a school of actors and acting, of dramatic art and methods and theories of dramatic art, now passed away. Is it because we are less intelligent or more so, more cultivated or the reverse, that we seem no longer to care for or take any interest in that style of acting and plays in and by which Mr. Booth earned his acknowledged reputation as the first English-speaking actor of his time? It would be hard to say. Certain it is, Mr. Booth is the last of his line as well as of his family, and there is none either able or apparently anxious to take his place. It was a much more difficult matter to be thought a great actor in the days when Mr. Booth earned his reputation than in these days, when scenery and the calcium light have become such important factors in histrionic art. Besides difficulties of many kinds, Mr. Booth had also to contend with the presence and reputation of a father so great as to be still thought by many people to have been the greatest English-speaking actor that ever trod the boards, but his natural talents, his thorough training in a not too easy school, and his rarely attractive characteristics of mind and person speedily won for Mr. Booth, both in this country and abroad—where, on his second visit, he received an ovation—a position in the dramatic world which has not been attained by any other actor of his time. As a man Mr. Booth was characterized by a gentle, placid indolence, which, when not stirred by his art, led him to, as it were, saunter through life with easy-going and kindly indifference. For all his most balance of thought and demeanor, the fires of real genius burned within, and when aroused he was, as the world well knows, capable of the highest passion and emotional expression. At times he would dominate the audience and the players around him with the very majesty of genius, and sweep everything before him with uncontrollable enthusiasm. Equally happy and admirable in his domestic and social relations, Mr. Booth was ever the subject of the warmest regard among those he honored with his friendship and sympathy, and by his gift to his beloved profession of the house and collections which made the Players Club a possibility, has left an enduring monument not only of his love for his art, but also for his friends.

The summer season is certainly upon us with all its dulness, as the theatres last week presented practically nothing in the way of novelty. *The Isle of Champagne* served to introduce to the New York public a new aspirant for prima-donna honors in the person of Miss Ritchie, a young and very pretty lady, who, in spite of the most unpromising material with which she had to work, must be accredited with having made a favorable impression on her début, and can be looked upon as possessing not a little promise. Messrs. Herrmann and Kellar both exhibited some new tricks, and that is all. Promenade concerts by Mr. Anton Seidl and his orchestra took the place of the varied entertainment inaugurated at the Madison Square Garden the previous week, which, as might have been expected, disappeared, lost, engulfed, and swallowed up in the immensity of its surroundings. The Seidl orchestra seems to play in rather better form than when last heard here, and looked upon as promenade concerts, these entertainments are certainly above the average. The programmes are pleasantly varied, and, as is usual with Mr. Seidl, well selected. Monday and Friday of each week are set apart as Wagner nights, Tuesday as "Request" night, and so on.

The news comes from London that on its first production Leoncavallo's much-talked-of opera *I Pagliacci* was received with a favor quite equal to that accorded to Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*. The general feeling seems to be that both works are of the same type—very interesting, very thrilling, full of incident and strong crude passion with little psychological treatment, and almost primitive in their direct, forcible, almost savage truth and sincerity. Both composers have undoubtedly realized the modern dramatic tendency towards sensationalism, and have piled situation on situation, climax on climax, in a liberal if somewhat unfinished style. One critic speaks of *I Pagliacci* as a "shilling shock ... in glaring yellow colors"; another comments on the extreme art and skill in which comedy and tragedy walk hand in hand throughout the piece, so that there is an under-current of comedy in the tragic scenes and in the most purely comedy situations there is a subsentiment of tragedy. Leoncavallo's melodies are spoken of as fresh, and, for the most part, original, but not entirely devoid of commonplaceness. It seems to be generally admitted that the scoring is excellent, and that whatever its faults, the work possesses the same kind of thrilling human interest that *Cavalleria Rusticana* does, although, as a whole, more cultured and refined than that work. To sum up, the consensus of opinion seems to be that *I Pagliacci*, while a highly dramatic and interesting work, can hardly be termed a great one, in that it fails in a measure to carry the conviction of its greatness, although it is full of go and strongly sincere and spontaneous, it never quite carries one beyond and away from a disposition to criticise. Like Mascagni's work, *I Pagliacci* shows the influence of the thought at least—and there is in some cases more than the thought—of other minds, but also proves its composer to be a thorough musician, possessed of great talent, even of genius and real dramatic feeling, and in so far holds out the greatest possible promise for future works by the same hand.

This latest product of what has been termed the modern Italian school of opera has been so much discussed and is exciting so much interest that a short summary of the plot may be of interest. The opera is in two acts, the scene being laid in Calabria at the Feast of the Assumption. During the prologue Tonio, a hunchback, the jester of a

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troupe of strolling players steps before the curtain, and announcing himself as the "prologue" of ancient custom, foretells the story showing "the sad fruits of love and passion." The curtain rises upon a picturesque scene at the entrance of the village, showing the travelling theatre, while to the sound of trumpet and drum the players come on. Canio, their leader, and Nedda, his wife (the Clown and Columbine) occupying the cart drawn by a donkey, and led by Peppe, the Harlequin. Canio is chaffed by the crowd concerning the attentions that the Hunchback pays to his wife and his reply gives the key note to what is to come. Should his wife deceive him, he says, he would be a very different man from the Pagliacco of the comedy, and the end would not be so pleasant. The Hunchback makes love to his mistress, and is laughed at, as her affections are bestowed upon Sylvio, a handsome villager, who now comes on to persuade her to fly with him. A passionate love duet founded upon a telling motive is partly overheard by the injured revengeful Tonio, who goes for Canio, and brings him up as Sylvio disappears. The husband overhears his wife make an appointment for that night with her lover, but does not see his face. Canio stifles his rage and decides to abide events, and the act ends with the outburst of his pathetic sorrow.

The assembling of the villagers for the Strollers' performance opens the second act. Sylvio is among the crowd. At first the comedy begins with a story of marital deception, which forms a strange repetition of what has actually happened previously. When Canio hears his wife making her midnight tryst in the very words used by her to her escaping lover he can no longer restrain his rage, but declares himself an outraged husband bound on revenge. The spectators, thinking that the comedy is still in progress, warmly applaud the lifelike acting. Nedda tries to keep up the illusion, but Canio is in deadly earnest. He demands the name of her lover, and after Nedda has again and again refused to give it, his rage ultimately masters him, and he plunges a dagger into her bosom. Falling, with a cry for help, she involuntarily speaks her lover's name. Sylvio then rushes towards her, and is instantly stabbed to the heart by Canio, while the Hunchback, with a malevolent smile, turns to the crowd and says, "The comedy is over."

From the published accounts of the story of the new Savoy opera, *Jane Annie*, the book by Messrs. J. M. Barrie and Conan Doyle, the music by Mr. Ernest Ford, one would think that the stage of the Gilbert and Sullivan shrine had been turned into a sort of Kindergarten. The story of the opera deals with the thrilling complications developed from the conflicting emotions of Jane Annie, the good girl, and Bab, the bad girl, of a young ladies' seminary. With the remembrances of the delightful wit and originality of the *Professor's Love Story* in mind, one is almost tempted to ask how Mr. J. M. Barrie could descend to such apparent puerility. The composer, Mr. Ford, is an Irishman, a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music and of Sir Arthur Sullivan. The music of *Jane Annie* is said to be distinctly Sullivanesque, its chief faults being a lack of striking melody and variety, and a rather monotonous style of instrumentation—cardinal faults, one would think, in comic opera. The romantic music is said, however, to possess power, and the harmonization to be good throughout. As Mr. Ford is a pupil of Sir Arthur's, it is certainly natural that he should give evidence of that pupilship. As matter of fact, any musician at the present time who takes a simple rhythmic melody and treats it polyphonically with careful harmonization is accused of imitating Sir Arthur Sullivan.

The discovery which this gentleman made, and to which certainly the success of *Pinafore* and many others of his works was in a great measure due, was that a hymn tune or choral played in accelerated tempo is a most attractive thing. The very simplicity of the theme appeals to the uninitiated, and the educated musician has ample opportunity for showing his taste, skill, and refinement in the treatment of the accompaniment and in development. While the result of the discovery is due to the discoverer, there seems no reason why that discovery should be absolutely reserved for his own special use, more particularly as the sources of his inspiration were in many instances common property. Why is it—the same old question coming up again—that an architect who goes to his authorities and reproduces well known classical forms, with or without original variations, is praised and commended, while a musician, by the same token and for the same proceeding, is called a plagiarist, or a conscious and willing imitator? REGINALD DE KOVEN.

THE FORD'S THEATRE DISASTER.

A SAD, serious, and inexcusable disaster occurred in Washington Friday morning, June 9th. The building, formerly Ford's Theatre, in which Abraham Lincoln was shot by an assassin, which has been used as an Army Medical Museum, and more recently as an adjunct of the War Department, fell in, and buried beneath the débris of roof, floors, ceiling, and furniture very many of the government clerks. There were of these twenty-two killed and fifty wounded. Nearly all of the wounded will probably recover. This was an old building, and it has many times been reported to be unsafe. It has been kept in use, however, because, in the first place, there was a sentimental indisposition to destroy the building in which occurred the Lincoln tragedy, and then Congress has never made any appropriation for other and more suitable quarters. It was deemed too unsafe for the repository of the books, papers, and specimens of the Medical Museum, but good enough to hold the four or five hundred clerks of a bureau of the War Department. These clerks belonged to the Pension Record Division of the War Department, and were employed in copying the army muster rolls used during the war. Men had been at work for several days in the cellar of the ramshackle structure excavating for an electric plant. It is supposed that these men undermined the walls, which slipped a little and let the floors in. Only the front half of the building gave way.

There was in the centre of the building an air and light shaft that ran through all the three floors. In front of this shaft the floors gave way; behind the shaft the floors stood intact. Otherwise the loss of life would have been almost beyond precedent. Those who were in the building say there was but one crash, and all the floors seemed to give way at once. Immediately after the crash there arose a dense cloud of lime and dust, which filled the parts of the building left standing and prevented those unhurt from knowing exactly what had happened. In a very short while after the accident men were at work taking out the wounded and removing the débris, so as to find the bodies of the dead. By five o'clock in the afternoon twenty-two dead bodies had been found and fifty wounded men taken to the hospitals.

Reports of the accident spread rapidly, and in a little while the crowd of persons attracted to the place was so great that the police had to be re-enforced by the military, a company of artillery coming from the barracks, and a troop of cavalry from Fort Myers. All work in the other departments was practically suspended, and the friends and relatives of the clerks of the division occupying the building crowded Tenth and the neighboring streets. It will be difficult, if not impossible, to fix the responsibility for the continued occupation of this unsafe building upon any particular officer. But in Washington all seem to agree that for eight or nine years past the building has generally been regarded as entirely unsafe and unfit for use as a working place for any large force of clerks.

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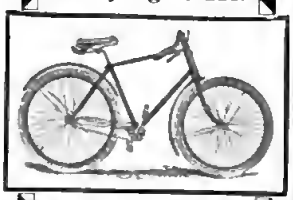

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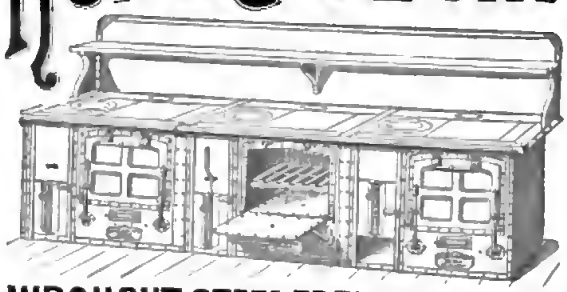

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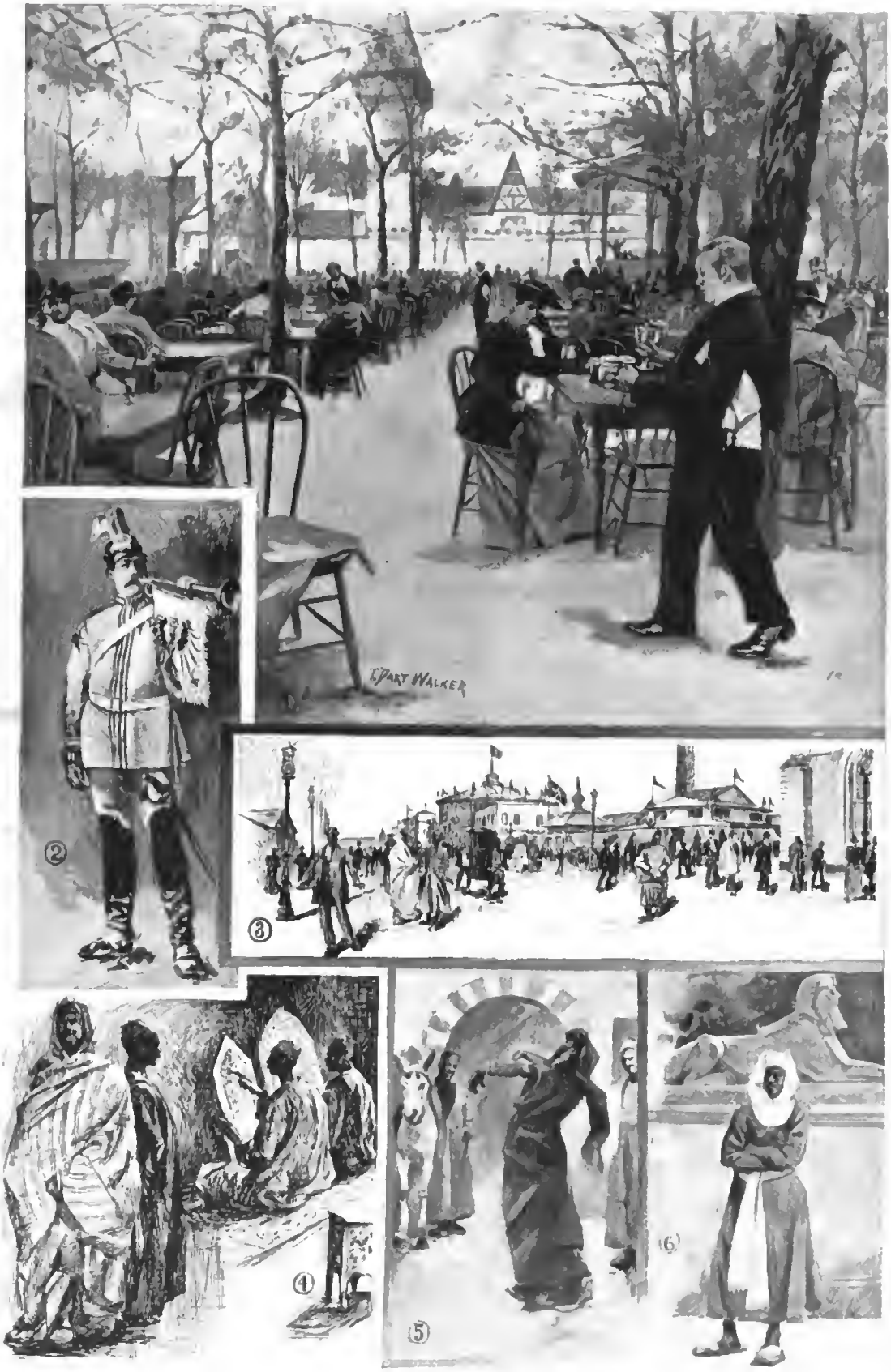

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—IN AND ABOUT THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.

1. The German Village: drinking Beer and listening to the Music in the Garden. 2. Garde du Corps, German Village. 3. A Bit of the Midway Plaisance, looking East. 4. Egyptian Carvers and Types, Cairo Street. 5. An Egyptian Dancer ("Ta ra ra boom-de-aye"), Cairo Street. 6. An Egyptian Priest.

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AMATEUR SPORT.—(Continued from page 681.)

Vail, at 6, is naturally slow, but during the past few days he has put more life into his work, and is getting into good condition to back up 7. His blade-work is not what it should be, but he has improved upon it greatly since a week ago.

WEEK BEFORE LAST THERE WAS EVERY INDICATION that Cummings had awakened from his long winter's nap and had made up his mind to properly fill the position of starboard stroke. But during the past week he has either become overtrained or else he has gone to sleep again. He is reproducing the old fault which has helped to defeat Harvard for so many years; he is not in time with stroke; he is behind at the catch, behind at the finish, behind on the shoot. Once in a while he does move with stroke, showing that he could, if he tried hard, do his work properly. His blade work, also, is not what it should be. He does not keep his oar square against the pin, but allows it to slip away at times, making his pull a series of jerks instead of a steady sweep. He must improve considerably if Harvard is to have a fast crew.

Fennessy is fulfilling the promise which he gave early in the season, and is rapidly developing into a good stroke. His finish, however, is poor. He goes back too far, and finishes too close to his body. He should sit up better, and make the change to the recovery a little quicker. After he starts on the recovery he moves quickly enough, but he could save seconds of time and run the stroke up much more easily did he not have these faults. He does not take his oar out cleanly, but feathers under water, and consequently drags when he should move with life. A little extra effort on his part during the coming two weeks and he will make a name for himself at stroke.

TAKING THE WATER QUICKLY and getting in a good shove with their legs, the Harvard crew manages to start their shell instantly, and rapidly get a good headway. But as their speed increases, they seem unable to control themselves accordingly. They fail to catch her quick enough, and the consequence is that by the time their oars take the water they have lost nearly all, if not the whole, of the speed they have gained by the previous stroke. The shell shoots ahead during the stroke, glides along during the first part of the recovery, and then stops, while the eight men steady from their rush to the full reach and get ready to put their oars into the water. It is their inability to control the last part of the slide that is seriously impeding the progress of the shell during the recovery. It is their poor watermanship and inability to keep a firm, steady pressure on their stretchers which is causing them to waste pounds and pounds of strength on the stroke.

It has often been said that a good crew can gain as much on the recovery as on the stroke. It is practically true, for a poor recovery will ruin the best stroke that can be rowed. The quickness of the recovery should come at the first part, and the effect of eight men moving rapidly towards the stern is to send the shell ahead. There comes a time, however, when the eight men must change the direction of their motion and start back again. This change must be made quickly, but just before the change is made is the critical time. If they rush their slides at the end, as the Harvard men are doing, they are forced to stop themselves before they can change. When they stop they become dead-weights, the shell rapidly loses headway, and they undo a part of the work they have already done. The Harvard crew must learn to steal out slowly the last part of the recovery, gathering themselves on their stretchers as they move, and getting ready for the change, which must be made quickly, with the least possible apparent effort.

AS YOU FOLLOW ASTERN OF THE HARVARD CREW, the oars on the port side are seen to take the water much better than those on the starboard. They are better together, and there is less splashing. The shell seems to be kept fairly well on her keel, but there is a marked tendency to roll as the men come to the full reach.

Following alongside, the individual faults which have been enumerated are well marked, and even at a distance one can notice that Cummings generally comes up a little behind stroke, and can see the labored efforts of Burgess and Newell. Near-by, one notices how, after only a few moments' rowing, the men are pressed for breath. Their mouths are open, and they plainly show that they have not yet learned how to prepare themselves on the recovery for the stroke which is to come. It is but another result of their method of rushing down the last part of the recovery. They have to take the stroke before they are ready for it; they grow confused, and their rowing soon becomes a series of short jabs at the water, for in their haste to catch up they begin to shorten the length of their stroke. They are unable to keep their stroke long, not because they do not know how, but simply because they do not yet understand how to take the most advantage of a good stroke after they have rowed one.

If the Harvard crew can learn, while at New London, to keep their oars squarely against their pins, and master the art of a slow recovery, Yale will find a crew worthy of their best efforts, and one which they will have hard work to defeat.

DESPITE REPORTS TO THE CONTRARY, recently exploited in some of the daily newspapers, the Cornell 'varsity shell is going much faster to-day than it was last year at this time. Some changes have been made recently. Krantz was taken ill, and his place filled by Robbins, of last year's Freshman crew; Collins, bow, has been replaced by Freeborn, also of last year's Freshmen. The general form of the men is not so good as it should be, though considerable improvement has been made in the past week. Though the boat moves very steadily and keeps on its keel, it still stops between strokes, the men getting away too quickly with their slides. There is not enough snap in the recovery, the hands are not shot away quickly, and the grip on the water has no vigor in it.

The chief fault in the blade-work is that they do not catch the water quickly, nor, Hager excepted, get the blades in squarely. Hager, however, cocks his oar, and is inclined to bury it too deeply. Most of the others, notably Hull, go to the other extreme, and are besides inclined to feather under water.

The Cornell Freshmen are doing well, considering the several changes in their make-up, owing to loss of men. Hamilton, who is now stroking, shows remarkable endurance and energy for so slight a man. The general work of the crew is worthy of more experienced oarsmen; it is full of snap and determination. Shaw and Howard are probably the best of the lot, and one or both will go to Minneapolis as 'varsity substitutes. The crew is doing well and certainly every man is proving himself a sportsman, working in the face of the discouraging happenings of the current year. It is, indeed, too bad they cannot get on a race with either Harvard or Yale. The average weight and age of the three given herewith do not bear out the impression that Cornell boats are filled by older and heavier men. Yale Freshmen—average age, 19, weight, 173. Harvard—age, 19, weight, 170. Cornell—age, 19, weight, 159.

THE FRESHMAN RACES ON THE THAMES promise in results, from the present outlook, to be a repetition of last year. Cornell is much superior to Columbia, the latter's crew being considered the poorest the blue and white has turned out in a long time. Harvard has nothing to boast of, while Yale is reported to have quite as good a crew as last year, which is saying a great deal. This will leave Yale and Cornell so much ahead of their respective opponents that the New London week will be decidedly incomplete without a race between them. Every college man in the country wants to know what good reason there is to offer why Yale and Cornell Freshman crews should not meet at New London this month. The Cornell and Columbia race comes on the 20th, the Yale-Harvard-Columbia race could be rowed on the 24th instead of the 20th or the 26th and the Yale-Cornell race on the 29th, the day before the Yale-Harvard 'varsity struggle. It is only a question of whether Yale will, for Cornell is willing.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA CREW is not rowing as well as it should at this late day, and its work is not nearly so clean as that of Cornell's. The body work is fairly good, but the men are unquestionably clumsy in handling themselves, and the workmanship of the crew is wretched, generally speaking, and particularly noticeable in the bow. The oars do not strike the water together, nor with the same bevel, while on the recovery they are "cocked" each one at a different angle and distance from the water; all this causes the shell to roll badly, and creates as much splashing as a side-wheel ferry-boat.

The arrangement of the men has been changed recently, and to good effect. Hollingshead has gone to bow. Barnes, stroke, Waters, 7, Wilson, 6, and Marshall (captain), 4, sat in the boat last year. Hollingshead was a substitute, and A. F. and J. H. Wagenhurts at 5 and 3 and Beck are new men, and without previous training. The experience with this year's 'varsity has demonstrated beyond a doubt how very essential is the Freshman crew to a university which hopes to support a 'varsity eight. There is plenty of power in the boat, and the men are working faithfully to correct their faults, but there must be a tremendous improvement if the Pennsylvania 'varsity crew hopes to finish nearer Cornell on Lake Minnetonka than it did on Lake Cayuga.

THE OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOWS held last week and the week before in New York and Philadelphia were the most successful affairs of the kind ever given in this country. It was the intention to comment on these shows at some length, but the death of Booth and the consequent claim on the space of the WEEKLY, besides the other demands on this department, have made only the briefest remarks possible, which is highly unsatisfactory to the writer, to say the least of it. Comment must, therefore, be confined to the New York show, as being the most important. Too much credit cannot be given to the handful of sportsmen who actually made this show possible, and who put their hands into their pockets to cover the deficit. People only began this year to realize what an encouragement to the breeder of American horseflesh this show is, and what a grand educator for the people it may be. There were twice as many spectators this year as last, and it did not require an experienced eye to observe how thoroughly the show, generally speaking, was enjoyed. The management was of the best, and every man and woman that purchased a ticket received more than their money's worth. The open-air horse show in New York has come to stay. The people have just awakened to the pleasure it dispenses to spectators and the gifts to horsemen, and next year we shall see few empty seats on the grand stands.

AS FOR THE HORSES, the display was exceptionally good, all the classes were well filled, and the quality of entries far above last year. The saddle horses and high steppers were particularly good, but I must ask the judges of the former by what precedent they place Mr. Eugene Higgins's Lauderdale, a second prize winner in the ladies' saddle-horse class, and especially over Mr. Widener's Lady Preston, which is as superior a ladies' hack as may be conceived? And how is it so many entries get into this class that have no business in it? One sees horses that are pulling the very arms out of their male riders capering about. It would be interesting to have a definition from the judges as to what constitutes a ladies' saddle horse. And some of the riding! The wonder is several of the poor beasts did not refuse to show off at all, for the way they were handled. There was a fine display of hunters, but there should be some distinction made between horses that can simply get over a fence of respectable height and a hunter. For instance, will any one say Mr. Pepper's irascible but clever high jumper, Maud, is a hunter? It does not follow that because a horse can get over a few bars it is a hunter. There should be a decided change in the present classification before the next show. Warwick, which I saw but once, seemed the cleverest and most natural jumper of all the entries. He went over the fences beautifully, drawing in his fore legs precisely like a deer. Certainly he outdid Mr. Collier's Majestic the day I saw him perform after the hounds.

THE JUDGES AND THE EXHIBITORS seemed to confound roadsters and trotters. The harness classes filled well, and brought out some beautiful horseflesh. The tandems and fours were very good. But again two queries are suggested for the judges' response, viz., why is not the *all round* action of both horses in a tandem taken into consideration and an average struck, instead of being carried away by an unusual leader or wheeler? and, again, how can winners in a road four be candidates for honors in a park four? In these two classes different qualities are to be desired. In park fours Mr. Bouduoine had really an easy win, for no other entry was within hailing distance, and all his horses were grand animals; but how the sluggish beasts Reginald Rives was driving got second only the judges can tell. They had no snap, no style, and were distinctly inferior to Mr. Carman's, who certainly was treated very shabbily by the judges, as in the road four he should have had at least a ribbon if not first. Instead of which the circus performance of Bates in rushing around the track evidently caught the judges as well as the gallery. It is desirable, of course, for road teams to be equal to a gallop, but that is not the only thing. Quality should count for something. When practically the same team wins a third in park fours, it is time some one took the judges aside, and whispered gently in their private ear.

PRINCETON PLAYED THE BEST GAME of the season on Saturday, but it was not good enough to keep Yale from scoring two runs to their none. Gunster's failure at third to hold a thrown ball let in one, and Speer earned the other by a long fly over the left-fielder's head for a home run. The features of the game were Woodcock's (Princeton) work (he caught out seven men in left field, made one single and beat the ball to first once), and the pitching of Carter and Drake. Although Carter struck out 13 men to Drake's 4, the latter held Yale down to two base hits, while Princeton got four, and twice beat the ball to first on bunts. Drake never put up a better game, and Humphrey caught him without an error, and threw finely to second. Otto played brilliantly at short, but made two bad fumbles. Murphy plainly showed the lack of practice, twice he fumbled the ball, and he did not get to first during the game. The rearrangement of Yale's field strengthens it materially. Rust at centre looks natural, and no better than he could be put there. Beal is a big improvement at second. Humphrey should be kept behind the bat. Princeton's fielding was brilliant, but not so steady as Yale's; their base running was better, though Gunster spoiled an otherwise clean record in this respect. Princeton had 7 men left on bases, and Yale 8. This makes Yale the winner of the series, but a third game will be played in New York on the 17th.

THE OUTCOME OF THE YALE-HARVARD game is very much more uncertain since Murphy has taken his old place on the Yale nine and Highlands has got off probation and gone into the Harvard box. With Wiggin in the box it looked as though Yale would have the advantage, inasmuch as her batters could hit him, while it is doubtful if the Harvard batsmen could do as much with Carter. On the other hand Yale's weak infield meant that some of Harvard's best batters would be very apt to reach first on errors, if not on a clean base hit. Both teams are now strong where they were the weakest, and the contest will be exceptionally interesting. No team has yet been able to solve Carter's delivery for more than a few scattered hits, but Harvard is very strong at the bat, and has been able in every contest with other nines to bunch hits at some time in the game. But then they have not faced such a man as Carter. The chances are equally in favor of Harvard, because her batsmen, besides being harder, are surer hitters, and her base-running is better. The Harvard-Brown game, Saturday, won by the former 2-0, showed Highlands to be in form, as he struck out twelve men.

THE PENNSYLVANIA NINE MUST PLAY better ball than it has shown in its last games to take either of the coming games (on the 12th and 14th) from Harvard. It has not fulfilled the promise of the first part of the season, and shows such pronounced unsteadiness at times that it undoes all the previous good work. It won, or rather the pitcher Clarence Bayne won, the Princeton game on the 7th, score 4-2, but it was due more to the fact that the Princeton substitute pitcher was in the box than to any good playing on Penn's part, since they made five errors. Bayne pitched a strong, steady game, striking out eleven men and not giving a single base on balls.

In the game against Cornell on the 9th Pennsylvania again filled up the error column (5), and Bayne was not so effective as at Princeton. He struck out six men and gave four first bases on balls. Priest, the Cornell pitcher, carried off the honors, striking out ten men, but also giving first base to four men. The game began well for Pennsylvania, but as usual they could not rise to the emergency when Cornell did some hard and timely batting, while Cornell put up an all-round strong game, and made but one error, finally winning by a score of 7 to 5.

In the game on Saturday, Cornell won her third victory over Pennsylvania, 6-3, by hard hitting and good fielding, making only two errors, while Pennsylvania made six.

INSTANCES OF GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP in baseball appear to be the exception this season, and I therefore note with pleasure the action of Cornell in their game with the University of Michigan at Detroit on Decoration day, account of which has been sent me by a spectator in whose judgment I have full confidence. It was an exciting eleven-inning contest, finally won by Cornell, which was stronger in stick work and fairly earned the victory. The crowd naturally was in favor of the home team, and manifested itself in the usual manner; but the umpire was far more dangerous to Cornell's chances than the noisy but good-humored spectators. "Every close decision was against Cornell, and several others not at all close were so palpably unjust as to be the common remark of disinterested spectators."

Notwithstanding the crowd and the umpire, Cornell never once became rattled, and finally batted out the deserved victory. They acted like gentlemen and amateurs throughout the trying contest. The umpire was Michigan's selection, and, in fact, was the change pitcher of their own team, and certainly his work created suspicion as to his motives.

MISS CAHILL WILL NOT DEFEND her title to the singles championship at Wissahickon next week. She has now held the challenge trophy two years, and in her absence the title and cup go without further contest to the winner in singles of the tournament. That Miss Moore will make as strong a bid for the title as she did last year goes almost without the saying. With the experience of the past year and her (somewhat too much so) cautious methods, she should prove a strong opponent. Her recent defeat by Miss Mowry by a score of 6-4, 8-1 on the Berkeley Oval is significant, and should be taken into consideration in looking over probable winners. Should Miss Roosevelt play and show the form she did at Staten Island last autumn, the chances are more than even on her winning the tournament.

THE VAGARY OF LAWN TENNIS was evidenced at New Haven last week when Clarence Hobart wrested the New England championship from E. L. Hall—6-3, 5-7, 3-6, 6-4, 6-4. Only last week in the Southern championship Malcolm Chace defeated Hobart and subsequently fell an easy victim to Hall's hard, steady play. Hobart has not shown such clever work for a couple of years as he did against Hall, and it looks as if he was getting back into his 1891 form. The match was brilliant from the beginning. Hobart tried to keep Hall at the back line, but the latter got to the net often enough to make his opponent play a better game than he did all last year in order to win, and his drives across the court were equal to the best Larned showed at Newport last year. Hobart made the most effective use of his particular stroke in sharp low returns.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

"HOW WOMEN SHOULD RIDE."—BY "C. DE HURST."—ILLUSTRATED.—PRICE, $1 25.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVII.—No. 1905.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1893.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

STAMFORD'S SOPRANO.—A SKETCH IN OUTLINE.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

TOM STAMFORD had just come from college. He was ambitious in the direction of journalistic life, and the immediate opening that presented was to do general back work for the *Liberator*.

The *Liberator* was a weekly journal modelled newhat after the style of the *Spectator*, and Stamford's ele Elihu, who was that sort of a rich man who takes an asional pot-shot at a new venture was a considerable ekholder in the paper. This gave Stamford some claim on it, he wrote a good deal for it, and not all that he ote was rejected.

In spite of the positiveness and sonorousness of its name, *Liberator* was at that time leading a rather pallid existe. But it was new, it was spending money, and it was ry hopeful of meeting the impact of solid experience of surviving that encounter without going altogether pieces. It was just then in what one might call the berry stain" state of existence, for the panels of the ke were of stained cherry, the office rail was of stained ry, the new and shining desks were of stained cherry, revolving heat-wood seat on which the editor sat was of stained cherry, and the torture-seat upon which his contributors sat to hear the fate of their contributions was also of stained cherry. A paper with money and great expectations is very apt to start in this state of existence.

The *Liberator* was at that time in the opposition, and was very positive in its position. It used to advise the administration and the Upper and Lower Houses of Congress with an air of impartiality and restraint that conveyed the idea to the reader of a tremendous but suppressed motive power behind, which, if the editor only once dared to let it go, would smash, or at least seriously cripple, the Executive department of the United States.

Stamford at that time was a very young man. He also looked upon the *Liberator* through a rosy atmosphere of hope and of youth. He felt that it was destined to have a great future, and that by means of it he himself might also rise to a great future. So he used to write his bits and scraps of literary odds and ends, and a good many of these were published. He assumed an air of literary experience at that time, and used to speak of what he wrote as "stuff." "I ran down home last Sunday, and staid a couple of days to write up a lot of stuff for the *Lib*," or "I wrote a thousand words of stuff last night for the *Lib* about Salvini." (Salvini was just then the rage in Boston.)

One day when Stamford went into the office to inquire the fate of some one of his manuscripts he found Mr. Cudger, the editor, in a more expansive mood than usual. The editor began by saying, "I don't believe we are going to be able to use all this paper of yours, Mr. Stamford. You've gone unnecessarily into detail. May be if you'd cut it down to eight or ten hundred words we might be able to do something with it." He tossed it out upon the desk as he spoke, and Stamford picked it up, trying to look as though he did not care. Then Mr. Cudger resumed and lit the cold and dead end of a cigar that lay amongst the papers on his desk; then, tilting in his chair and cocking his feet up on the desk, he yielded himself to a general expansive impulse to talk. "The fact is," said he, shifting his cigar from one side of his mouth to the other, and winking away the smoke that drifted into his eyes—"the fact is that you make the same mistake that all writers, particularly novel-

(Continued on page 494.)

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)
PUBLISHED
NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 24, 1893.
TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE EXTRADITION TREATY WITH RUSSIA.

THE extradition treaty recently concluded between the United States and Russia has called forth serious criticism in this country, mainly on account of the clause providing that the assassination, or attempt at assassination, or accessoriship to such assassination, accomplished or attempted, of the head of the government of either of the contracting countries shall not be considered as belonging to the class of political offences, and that persons presumably guilty of such crime in one country, taking refuge in the other, shall be extradited upon demand made in due form. Another clause is objected to, putting the forgery of public documents among the extraditable offences. It is argued that while an attempt upon the life of the President of the United States could hardly be prompted by any political motive, an attempt upon the life of the Russian Czar could not possibly be prompted by any other, and would therefore presumably always be a political act; that the accessoriship to such a crime or such an attempt would be construed in Russia as including every person belonging to, or having any direct or indirect connection with, any political organization or movement a member or adherent of which might, of his own motion, make an attempt upon the life of the Czar or any member of the reigning family, and that thus persons merely joining in an endeavor to transform Russian autocracy into a more liberal form of government, when eluding the clutch of Russian despotism and seeking refuge in the United States, might lose the benefit of a safe asylum here and have to be surrendered to his prosecutor. It is also argued that, inasmuch as a passport is a public document, and the treaty makes the forging of public documents an extraditable offence, and political refugees have to use—and always do use, especially in Russia—false passports to escape the police, every political refugee having availed himself of this necessary means of escape will have to be extradited by the United States to Russia on this ground. In other words, the leading republic on earth is said to lend itself by this treaty to aid the most despotic government on earth in suppressing liberal movements set on foot against it.

That this was not the purpose of those who made the treaty on the part of the United States, and that they would not have made it had they apprehended any such consequences, goes without saying. It may be added that they thought they had guarded the language of the treaty sufficiently to avoid any such consequences. In fact, it is highly probable, if not absolutely certain, that if under this treaty any case of such a nature should arise, the people of the United States would find some way practically to prevent or defeat the execution of the treaty. Nevertheless, we are of the opinion that such an extradition treaty should never have been made between the United States and Russia, and we are certain it would never have been concluded had its provisions, instead of being passed upon in secret, been subjected to public discussion.

It is needless to say that we abhor the assassination of anybody, Czars and Kings included; we abhor it whether prompted by political or any other motives. The cause of human liberty has never been furthered by the assassination of a monarch. We abhor, above all things, the ruthless ferocity of the dynamitee, who, if he does not aim at indiscriminate slaughter, at least risks it. As to the assassins of Russian Czars, they may be of different classes. If they come from the lower ranks of the people, they are usually killed on the spot. If they come from the ranks of the military aristocracy, they may in that country, whose government has felicitously been called "a despotism tempered by assassination," be among the honored servants of the murdered Czar's successor. This has happened in Russia more than once, and may happen again. In neither case will the extradition treaty with the United States be called into operation. But it is by no means unlikely that the Russian government may try to use it for the persecution of persons who, as agitators for liberal ideas, have made themselves obnoxious to the Russian autocracy, and whose continued activity in foreign parts that autocracy wishes to cut short. Attempts may be made to implicate such persons as "accessories" in some plot to murder the Czar, or to accuse them of having forged public documents, and thus to effect their extradition. That such attempts will meet with no practical success in the United States we firmly believe; but the United States ought never to have given the Russian despotism any pretext for making them.

Extradition treaties are to serve the beneficent end of facilitating the administration of justice in repressing crime and promoting public and private security, and may properly be concluded, as the Institute of International Law declared in 1880, "between states whose criminal legislation rests on analogous bases and which have mutual confidence in their judicial institutions." No well-informed person will pretend that this condition is satisfied by Russia even in a moderate degree. The most populous and important part of Russia, including the two great capitals St. Petersburg and Moscow and almost all the centres of wealth and intelligence, have been under martial law ever since the accession to the throne of the present Czar. Under the law relating to this "state of siege" all cases which the government wishes to deal with by summary process may be transferred from the civil to the military tribunals, which may sit behind closed doors if they please. The Governors, under that law, exercise substantially unlimited police power, issue "imperative regulations" concerning all matters touching the safety of the state, the violations of which they punish at discretion. They may make arbitrary searches and seizures in all buildings whatever, and send to Siberia obnoxious persons by mere "administrative process." They have behind them a penal code which punishes with death not only every criminal act, but "every evil intention" against "the life, the health, or the honor of the Emperor"; and "evil intention" shall be "regarded as an actual crime not only in cases where the guilty person has attempted to carry his intention into effect, but also in cases where he has taken part in such designs at the solicitation of another, or has formed or entered into a conspiracy having such ends in view, or has orally or in writing, by thought, proposal, or in any other way, entered into preparations looking thereto." This is the language of the penal law; and we maintain that with a country the spirit of whose government is expressed in laws punishing men with death for evil intentions, and that sends persons to Siberia without legal trial by mere administrative process, we should not only be very guarded in wording our extradition treaties, but we should have no extradition treaty at all.

This treaty is, no doubt, the offspring of a notion widely entertained in the United States that Russia has always been the fast and most useful friend of this republic, and that everything should be done to please her. We are very much in favor of maintaining friendly relations with Russia, but not under a feeling of extraordinary obligation. There is a legend that during our civil war Russia sent a fleet here under an understanding with our government that the Russian ships should join our forces in case of a rupture with England. We have never been able to discover any proof of this story. All we could find in substantiation of it was that "somebody knew somebody who heard Mr. LINCOLN say," etc. But we do not doubt that Russia would have been very glad to see Great Britain involve herself in a quarrel with the United States, for the simple reason that England's trouble is Russia's opportunity. And this is the key to the Russian friendship for this republic. Russia would not surprise us if she urged our government by all means to take the Hawaiian Islands, because American and English interests might then have a fair prospect of getting into collision on the Pacific. When Russian and American naval officers had a friendly carousal in New York Harbor on a recent occasion, united action against Great Britain was, as ever, the burden of the song. This is the extent of Russian friendship, and no more. But for the dreams of combination against England the Russian autocracy would gladly see the American democracy perish. Russian friendship, therefore, does not call for any sacrifice of principle or pride on our part. As to international companionship, the freest and most liberal nation in Europe is certainly to the great republic of America a worthier comrade than the most cruel and odious of despotisms. And as for our interests, if Russia were the master of Asia instead of Great Britain, we should find much less freedom of commerce there than while India is in the hands of England.

The Russian treaty having been duly signed and ratified, the President will have to proclaim it. But it contains a provision for its termination after six months' notice by either power, and this notice cannot be given on our part too soon.

A GOLD PREMIUM.

WHAT would happen if the Treasury gold gave out? The suspension of gold payments by the government in the near future is a possibility, even though not a probability. The Treasury gold reserve is small, and is subject to possible heavy drafts; the government may be compelled to resort to the payment of some of its obligations—perhaps the Treasury notes of 1890—in silver. What would the consequences be?

The first simple consequence would be a premium upon gold. Gold would not be supplied by the Treasury in exchange for other money, as it is now, and as it has been ever since the resumption of specie payments in 1879. The banks and other holders of gold would prefer to hold it for possible or actual need, and would pay to their creditors and would use in ordinary transactions legal-tender notes and other familiar forms of currency. Those who must have gold, such as importers, dealers in foreign exchange, persons and corporations having to make payments specified in gold, would have to bid for it at a premium.

But the extent of that premium would be a matter of uncertainty and of speculation. Not infrequently we are told that the suspension of gold payments by the Treasury would bring us at once to a silver basis, and to a premium upon gold corresponding to the difference between the intrinsic value of the silver dollar and the gold dollar. The silver dollar is now worth, roughly, two-thirds of the gold dollar; that is, the premium would be 50 per cent., and gold would be worth 150. But it is certain that no change of this sort would occur. The gold premium would begin by being small—one or two per cent.—and its range at the beginning would be moderate. If it were expected that the Treasury would soon resume gold payments by getting possession, in one way or another, of a fresh reserve stock, the premium would be insignificant. If it were feared that the suspension would last, and if it should happen at the same time that there was a heavy export demand for specie or a heavy need of gold for other payments, the premium might rise higher. Its extent would be a matter of speculation, and to some extent would be affected by gambling operations, such as those which affected the price of silver in 1890, or now affect the current prices of stocks and grain. If the suspension proved definitive, we may be sure that a gold exchange would again be opened. Gold would be bought and sold for future delivery and on margin, and its price would be affected by rumors and corners and deals.

For a long time, however, it is certain that paper currency—whether greenbacks, Treasury notes, bank-notes, or even silver dollars and certificates—would be worth as money more than the silver dollar is worth intrinsically. The currency would be at a discount as compared with gold coin, but it would be worth more than the silver coin. This anomalous monetary situation existed in Austria for a long series of years. There, too, the paper currency in circulation was nominally based on gold, but was irredeemable, and gold was at a premium. The paper was also rated in terms of a silver coin having an intrinsic value much less than that of gold. Not redeemable in gold, it was yet worth more than the silver, and this curious state of things is but now being put an end to in Austria by the resumption of specie payments on a gold basis. If the Treasury of the United States were to suspend gold payments, we should be in precisely the same situation. Even if the suspension proved definitive, and the gold premium became considerable, we should remain in that condition for a long series of years, until eventually the currency should so depreciate that the premium on gold corresponded to the difference between the intrinsic value of the silver and the gold dollar.

So far as the immediate effects of the suspension go, general industry would feel it little. Some of the opponents of the silver mania are perhaps disposed to exaggerate the direct consequences of the financial collapse. In the business world things would go on in the main very much as they have gone on. The Stock Exchange doubtless would experience a shock, and the professional buyers and sellers of stocks would be embarrassed. But the every-day business world at the outset would notice the change but little. All those who had to do with international trade would, indeed, be concerned at once. Importers would have to pay a premium on foreign exchange corresponding to the premium on gold, and exporters would get that premium. The disturbance here would be real and perhaps serious. But the great bulk of our exchanges is purely domestic, and to them the change would be of no great immediate concern. What the permanent effects on the general business community would be is another question. If the gold suspension proved definitive, if the issue of Treasury notes or other currency continued in undiminished volume, we should doubtless have in the end a tendency to a rise in prices, and very likely a new period of inflation and speculation, culminating in the inevitable crisis. But consequences of this sort work themselves out only after years.

The financial depression of the last few months has largely discounted the direct and immediate effects which the suspension might cause. Coming suddenly, or unexpectedly, a Treasury collapse would shatter credit, and might easily precipitate a crisis. The fear of a collapse has been a leading factor in bringing about the present situation; it has already produced those direct effects on general industry which the shock to confidence might cause. Prediction in matters of this sort is always hazardous; but crises are not likely to come when they have been expected and so are prepared for.

The real and serious evil of this first downward

step would be moral rather than material. Public confidence would be shocked; the repute and prestige of the government would be rudely shaken. The failure of the government to maintain its standard would demoralize the public conscience, and set before debtors the spectacle of a failure to meet obligations to the letter at the place where we should have the highest example of honor and honesty. We may hope, indeed, that the change, if it should come, would stir the community to a vigorous demand for a new and sounder financial system, which might abrogate once for all a recurrence of such a spectacle. But such a break-down would none the less remain an ineffaceable blot on the fair financial record which we have maintained since the resumption of specie payments.

A WASTE OF SEED.

The Secretary of the Department of Agriculture appears to be a sensible man, and worthy of a seat in the President's cabinet. He will prove himself to be such a man if he succeeds in so reforming the work of his department that it will be looked upon by people with respect instead of merely tolerated with good-natured contempt. There are many legitimate fields for the officials and experts of this department to find employment in without engaging in the merely demagogical practices which have heretofore been common. Among these practices the most silly is that of distributing seeds among the constituents of each Congressman. This custom was started in a very small way many years ago, when the present department was a bureau of the Interior Department. The bureau bought foreign seeds in small quantities, and asked expert farmers to test and report on them to see whether they would yield profitable crops in this country. This was very proper. But the custom has grown entirely beyond such legitimate bounds, and now each Congressman sends out several bushels of seeds to his constituents, not in the hope that useful tests will be made, but as personal gifts to the voters who sent him to Washington. This serves no public purpose, and, further than this, it serves no useful purpose whatever. When a farmer in the country gets a package of seed from his Congressman he treats the gift as a great joke, and in very many instances, indeed, never plants them at all. Since this custom began, and even before it grew to its present proportions, agricultural experiment stations were started in the various States. These are the places where strange and foreign seeds can be properly and intelligently tested. Indeed, to do this was one of the reasons for establishing these stations. All the seed needed for such places could be bought for one thousand dollars a year, by the present method something like one hundred and fifty thousand dollars is spent each year. This is so much money worse than thrown away, as the free distribution of seeds helps to confirm the idea, more or less prevalent in every neighborhood, that it is the function of the Federal government to make gifts to the people, to distribute largess, to give something for nothing.

If these seeds were esteemed to be worth anything by those who receive them, their distribution would be a serious wrong to the merchants who make a business of buying and selling seed. These merchants are in a legitimate and very necessary business, and the United States government should not interfere with their business. If the recipients of the seed distributed had any faith in the gifts of their Congressmen, the business of the seed merchants would be interfered with to the extent of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. This does not happen, because the farmers do not in the least value the Agricultural Department seeds, and therefore place no dependence on them. In every aspect the custom is wrong and foolish, and Mr. Morton should recommend that no appropriation be made for it by the next Congress. There are doubtless many other directions in which money is wasted by this department, but here is one for which there can be no excuse whatever, and therefore the abuse should be abolished as soon as possible.

ELEVATED RAILROAD ETIQUETTE.

It cannot be that the people in New York are rude and unamiable. There are so many instances on record of the contrary to this that it is impossible to conclude that the people of the American metropolis are other than polite in their manners and kindly and considerate in their feelings. When on any holiday occasion the streets of the city are much over-crowded with visitors and home citizens, it is universally remarked that the men and the women endure the discomforts of such occasions with entire good-humor, and even seem to enjoy them. Under a harsher and less wise police administration than the present the crowds that lined the sidewalks to watch the passing show were not so frequently treated by the guardians of the public peace with a brutality that would have been uncalled for had these men and women been wild beasts which only force could control. But when the people were left to themselves, and were assured that the police were forbidden to break heads with hickory sticks, they showed at once that they were and had always been not only capable of self-control, but full of amiability and consideration for the rights and comfort of others.

If the people of New York are not inherently rude and impolite, how can we account for the manners that prevail on the elevated roads? On these roads well-appearing men and gentle looking women shove and push like the football players in a college match. And yet these elevated railway scenes are different from those between football athletes. An athlete is required by the unwritten laws of the game he plays to preserve at least a semblance of amiability, an appearance of courtesy. Not so these elevated railway travellers. They growl at one another with an aggressive fierceness that anywhere else would be the prelude to a fight. But we believe that these scowls rarely lead to actual blows between the travellers, who apparently understand that the pushing and shoving and the accompanying scowls are all mere matters of course—little things to be given and taken without protest and without redress.

The fact of the matter is that there prevails a peculiar etiquette on the elevated railways—an etiquette that reverses all that is customary in polite life everywhere else in the world, except perhaps in Africa, where a Hottentot lover woos his mistress by reducing her to insensibility by a blow on the head with a club. A New York man leaves his well appointed home, gently bidding his family good by, on the street as he walks to the elevated station he is the pink of courtesy and salutes his acquaintances with graceful punctiliousness—his whole bearing is that of a kindly and considerate gentleman. And this manner he preserves until the train he means to board approaches the station. Then all is changed, and the man of dignified port and courteous bearing elbows his way to the gate of the train very much as the stock-brokers do on the floor of the Exchange when prices are fluctuating with alarming quickness. In the train, if there be one vacant seat, this man, who at home would offer a chair with the air of a CHESTERFIELD and refuse to sit while any lady in the room remained standing, rushes ahead for that seat with as little regard for consequences or appearances as a bull in a china shop. In his eyes and in his mind to get the seat is the one thing of the moment. If he miss getting a seat he scowls the "elevated railway scowl" on the more fortunate man, who scowls in response. Then till he reaches his destination he shoves and pushes and scowls and scowls. But he really means nothing by it, for before he has taken ten steps in the street his face resumes its placid expression, and he is his amiable self once more. And the women are not much different from what has just been described, except that they do not scowl, they only stare—stare with a pained look of disapproval. The primary cause of the adoption by polite people of this strange and contrary etiquette is the ever-crowded condition of the railway trains, which both in the morning and the evening of every day are packed with four times as many people as they can hold in comfort and safety. When there shall be a happy solution of the rapid-transit problem in New York this etiquette will no longer prevail, and in that too far off time we may expect that even on the elevated railways the distinguished courtesy of New York drawing rooms will be resumed, and New York men and women will display at all times that polite consideration which now never forsakes them except when in or about to enter a car of the Manhattan Railway.

THINGS TALKED OF

To what are we coming in the matter of trials? Last Sunday one of the New York dailies contained statements of opinion—which had been extensively advertised—by a prominent clergyman, and by other presumably intelligent persons of some note, as to the innocence of Miss Bonlen, who at the time was on trial at Fall River, Massachusetts, on a charge of murder. Another paper has announced that it has secured the services of twelve well known citizens—one a woman, but four, we believe, lawyers, and one a minister—to pronounce on the guilt of the same lady. In the case, however, the amateur jurors are to have stenographic reports of the testimony. We do not quite see the utility of these proceedings, except to the newspapers in question, which secure undoubtedly the attention of some readers whom they would otherwise fail to attract. In the first instance mentioned, the opinions of men of reputation, given with a very imperfect knowledge of the facts, are far from being merely useless. They tend to destroy respect for the law and the courts among the thoughtless, while among sensible persons they tend to destroy respect for the authors of the opinions. And even in the second case referred to, surely any lawyer must know that an opinion based solely on written testimony is an uncertain one, and one which ought not, in the interest of society, to be made public. The legal system of investigating and punishing crime is not perfect, and the jury leaves much to be desired, but the fact that it is the established system is of immense importance, and men of standing, or even women, should be very careful how they discredit it or try to reform it in other than the ways provided by the laws themselves.

The patriotism of the Englishman, which is always tangled up with a variety of other and not always rational sentiments, has lately been deeply wounded by an insult offered to St. George. St. George, though a very mythical person age historically, and of most dubious virtue, has been from time immemorial the patron saint of England with all the privileges thereunto appertaining. Recently Pope Leo has issued a letter nominating, so to speak, for the faithful, St. Peter to the "spiritual patronage" of England—an honor which in some degree is to be shared with the Holy Virgin. Now it is not to be denied that good saint, Peter is obviously of higher rank and more authentic claim to respect than George. But the Englishman—at least the Protestant Englishman—having for centuries accepted St. George as a patron, without in the least knowing what the functions of a patron saint are or could be, feels hurt and a little angry and thinks he has been put upon. But, since he cannot help himself, he will do as he always does with the inevitable—reconcile himself to it, and after sufficient time he will resent any interference with the new patron as warmly as he now resents the displacement of the old one.

The Vicomte de Montfort is a hard headed Conservative of Normandy, Deputy of the Department of the Lower Seine a veteran of African warfare, and an implacable foe of the policy of colonization for France. He has the courage to make his light precisely at the moment that General Dodds returns to Paris crowned with the laurels of his victory over King Behanzin of Dahomey. He says plainly to the triumphant African fighter that after whipping the black king he ought to have withdrawn to the coast, and contented himself with establishing a strong post under the guns of the navy, when needed, from which colonization, so far as desirable, could be carried on gradually as the chances of trade offered. And he is right. At this moment France is facing very grave dangers in pursuit of the chimera of Oriental extension of territory and power. She is risking a serious quarrel with England in Siam, she is provoking the warlike race of Madagascar to revolt by harsh measures toward the Protestant missions and their converts, she is seeking a protectorate over Dahomey, if not annexation, as a move toward central Africa, and she is always inviting trouble over the Egyptian question. Yet nothing is more sure than that the French can make no gains in this business proportioned to their risks, if for no other reason than that they have no surplus population, and that their colonists inevitably get homesick. As the Vicomte maintains, the true policy of France is one of concentration and not of expansion, and this is really as patriotic as it is sensible.

The southern line of Kansas, the western line of Arkansas, and the little angle of the southwestern line of Missouri all lie along the border of the Indian Territory. This region, owing to its unorganized condition, its sparse population, and the character of the inhabitants, possesses no efficient civil government, and affords a refuge for bandits and murderous as desperate and lawless as the brigands of Sicily. Within the last month a bank in Arkansas has been robbed, and railway trains have been held up in each of the other States by men who have sallied from the Indian Territory, and have escaped thither. So far as the bank robbery goes, we suppose that every enterprise of the sort must depend on the general provision for the protection of property. But the railway robberies ought to be preventable. The booty is almost invariably in the express-car, and is frequently very tempting. It is incredible that the railway and express companies could not, if they choose, protect the property they are transporting. Steel cars, burglar proof safes, and a regular guard, which need not be large, and which could be increased from the train hands were they properly armed and disciplined, would make robberies of this sort so difficult and risky that they would shortly be abandoned. There is no more valid excuse for the reckless management of these companies than there would be for not permitting brigandage on the Hudson River Railroad.

Early last month, in the little town of Muscatine, Iowa, the houses of three citizens were torn badly, and one completely destroyed, by some explosive, probably gunpowder. There were some eighteen persons in the three dwellings at the time—shortly after midnight—including a number of women, and their escape from death was very strange. One of the houses belonged to the editor of a prohibitionist paper, another to an attorney, and the third to a citizen, all of whom had been engaged in suits against liquor sellers in the town. The crime, which was as instantly as can be imagined, was generally and reasonably charged upon the liquor sellers. A reward of $10,000 was offered for the detection of the offenders, but, so far as we are informed, in vain. The prohibitionists are naturally very angry, and in their anger they denounce all who oppose prohibition, including Governor Boies. There they make a serious mistake. The crime was bad enough and the guilty, if caught, should suffer the utmost penalty. But a man may share the criminal's disapproval of prohibition without approving his crime. We may concede—what is true—that the liquor business is demoralizing in its tendency, and that the percentage of lawlessness is far larger among liquor-drinkers than among those who never drink liquor, but it does not follow that prohibition is the only, or even the best, preventive of the crimes in which liquor-drinking tends. Prohibition does not always work well. In some communities it does not work at all. To recognize these simple facts does not imply sympathy with cowardly scoundrels who seek to kill their opponents by blowing up their houses. There is room for temperance even in the fight against "Rum."

Colonel Ainsworth, who was in charge of the Bureau of Records in the old Ford's Theatre building to Washington when it tumbled down, was very nearly mobbed by the surviving clerks and their friends at the coroner's inquest. Two charges are brought against him. One is that he is responsible for keeping the clerks in an unsafe building, and for making it more unsafe by the excavation under it which finally caused its fall; the second is that his clerks did not dare to complain for fear of discharge. These are very serious accusations, and, if true, Colonel Ainsworth will be disgraced for life, whether punished formally or not. But two things must be clearly borne in mind before an opinion is reached. One is that Colonel Ainsworth promptly asked for a court of inquiry, though he knows that he has many jealous comrades among the officers who would constitute the court. A court of inquiry, moreover, is very different from a civil court. There is practically no limit to the scope of its investigation, and testimony is not excluded by technical rules. It is a most searching means of getting at the truth. The second fact to be noted is that Secretary Lamont immediately issued an official notice to all concerned that no subordinate or employé should suffer in any way for having given truthful testimony in this case. The situation thus made for and by Colonel Ainsworth would be a very trying one for an officer not conscious that he is innocent. It is plain that in this instance particularly the accused must be held guiltless until proven guilty.

The most grotesque piece of paternalism that this country has lately afforded—and the assortment is considerable—is a law of the State of Washington imposing a fine of $500 for the sale of cigarettes, cigarette papers, or cigarette wrappers. The motive is laudable enough, being the protection of young boys from temptation in respect to cigarette-smoking. But the means must be conceded to be disproportionate to the end. In addition to which it must be said that the measure is absurdly impracticable, and could not possibly be carried out in any community where there was enough cigarette smoking to make it desirable. But now comes the Federal government—the grandpaternal, we suppose it may be called—with its inter State commerce law, and pronounces the prohibition of the sale of cigarettes to be "original packages" brought from any other State unlawful. So the small boy of Washington loses the protection of the law, and can indulge his unwholesome inhalation of nicotine without fear of the State courts or the majesty thereof.

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CHARLES W. DAYTON,
Postmaster of New York.—From a Photograph by Anderson.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

FORTUNATE indeed are the people of the Dominion of Canada in the class of public men whom the Queen has sent to preside over them since Confederation was established in 1867. One and all they have acquitted themselves well, both socially and politically, while several have been afforded opportunities of an indelible impress of their high character on the laws and institutions of the country. One of the most popular of the Canadian viceroys was the young Marquis of Lorne, a Scotsman of Scotsmen, whose achievements in many fields of honorable venture, with those of his royal consort the Princess Louise, have added considerably to Dominion prominence. Now another Scotsman takes possession in the person of the head of the Dominion, and, if we may judge from the reputation which he brings with him, his occupancy of Rideau Hall will not be long undistinguished. His genial temperament and proved capacity for public affairs, Lord Aberdeen, though young in years, has added not a little to the traditional glories of the family. Born August 3, 1847, his lordship was educated at Oxford, where he took his B.A. in 1871, and an M.A. in 1877. While at college he succeeded to the title as seventh earl, owing to the death of his eldest brother, George, whose romantic career as a seaman before the mast has oft been told. The unfortunate nobleman was serving on the American vessel *Hera*, on a voyage from Boston to Melbourne, when he was accidentally washed overboard and drowned before assistance could be rendered him.

Lord Aberdeen entered the House of Lords as a Conservative, but disagreeing with Lord Beaconsfield's government on a question of policy, has since become more and more closely identified with the Liberal party. For many years he held the office of High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland, but it was as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, during Mr Gladstone's previous term of office, that his lordship displayed to the full those fine qualities of head and heart which have made his name respected and beloved, not alone by the Irish people, but by the many in every land who sympathize with their cause. His lordship has been ably seconded in his political career, as well as in his various philanthropic and religious efforts, by an energetic and devoted wife—Isabel Maria, youngest daughter of the first Lord Tweedmouth—to whom he was united in 1877. Five or six children have been born to them, the eldest of whom, Lord Haddo, bears a title not unfamiliar to old-time Parliamentarians. Lord and Lady Aberdeen having resided quite recently in Canada, in one province of which his lordship owns and cultivates large tracts of land, they will take their recognized places there—one at the head of the government, and the other at the head of society—with the feeling of perfect ease and satisfaction which comes from association with old and well known friends. Rideau Hall, the government house at Ottawa, under whose broad roof many many distinguished personages, including Charles Kingsley, Albert Bierstadt, H. M. Stanley, Bret Harte, E. A. Sothern, John L. Toole, Canon Farrar, Arthur Sullivan, and Henry Ward Beecher, have at various times, to use a new and popular phrase, stretched their "eminent legs," is by no means palatial in appearance, albeit a perfect mine of money has been expended upon it; but it is well situated, cozy in its inner recesses, and possesses in its surrounding domain extensive and well-kept drives, walks, and gardens. Here on the Saturday "afternoons," after the vice-regal household has returned to the northern capital from its usual summer outing, may be seen almost every one worth seeing and knowing in and about Ottawa. If it is during the session of Parliament, many of the great legislators and statesmen, with their wives and daughters, will be there in either garden, rink, or ballroom, the place of resort being contingent on the weather, which is never very certain in Ottawa. In the winter season it is a very gay and animated scene indeed which presents itself on and about the skating rink and the tobogan slides at the government house. Here the local Prime Minister, Sir John Thompson, meets on common ground the opposition Demosthenes, Mr. Laurier; here Mr. Costigan, the leader of the Irish Catholics, quite regardless of church or state, hobnobs with Mr. Wallace, the Grand Master of the Orangemen; here Sir Donald Smith, the great millionaire and the largest-hearted man in Canada, and Mr. Van Horne, the railway king, and Mr. Sanford Fleming, the learned Chancellor, and Dr. Lewis, the eloquent Metropolitan, find occasion to put their heads together touching some new scheme of benefit or advantage to the country; crowds of happy, well-dressed people abound—Cabinet Ministers, Judges, Senators, M.P.'s, civil servants, professional men, bankers, lumber kings, and merchant princes—they are all there; and conspicuous everywhere move their Excellencies, with the busy members of the staff, intent only on one object—that of making their guests thoroughly at home. On returning to the house, before separating for the day, dancing is indulged in; and here when

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN,
The new Governor-General of Canada.

wraps and cloaks are discarded, an opportunity is afforded the wayfarer of seeing something of the pretty women of the capital, both married and single. The new Governor-General will take up his residence at Ottawa in August, and he will doubtless meet with an exceedingly hearty reception from all classes of the Canadian people.

HENRY J. MORGAN, Ottawa.

ANDREW T. SULLIVAN,
Postmaster of Brooklyn.

For the Brooklyn post-office the President selected a man who had proved himself to be the logical successor to the position. Mr. Andrew T. Sullivan, now thirty-nine years old, was made cashier of the Brooklyn post-office eight years ago. When a Republican postmaster was appointed four years ago Mr. Sullivan was continued in office because of his capacity and knowledge of postal affairs. Just before his term expired the Brooklyn postmaster died, and his bondsmen requested that Mr. Sullivan be put in charge of the office until the affairs of the dead officer should be settled. As acting postmaster Mr Sullivan gave such general satisfaction that the business men of Brooklyn asked that he be given the commission. Civil service reformers were much pleased that Mr. Cleveland should have made this appointment, which was really only a promotion. Mr. Sullivan is a native of Brooklyn, and was educated in the public schools of that city and the College of St. Francis Xavier in New York. He has been for five years chairman of the Civil Service Board of Examiners for the post-office. In politics Mr. Sullivan is a Democrat.

Colonel Jeremiah W. Coveney, the new Postmaster of Boston, is a veteran of the war, and since he retired from the army in 1864, on account of disabling wounds received at Spottsylvania in Virginia, he has been almost continuously in office. In the war he went out as Second Lieutenant, and rose to be Lieutenant-Colonel; when he returned to Cambridge, his native town, he was given a place in the Boston custom house. He retired from the customs service to go to the Legislature, of which he was a member four times. He served also in the Common Council of Cambridge. During Mr Cleveland's first administration Colonel Coveney was Surveyor of the Port of Boston. He held this till 1890. He was Governor Russell's Private Secretary for a time in 1891, and then Gas Commissioner. He joined the Democratic party in 1874, and has been active in its councils in Massachusetts ever since. His friends credit him with suggesting the nomination of Mr. Russell, then Mayor of Cambridge, for Governor.

The successor of Mr. Field as Postmaster of Philadelphia is Mr. William Wilkins Carr, a man of distinguished lineage and high social position in his native city. He is forty years old, and was educated in the Philadelphia public schools and the University of Pennsylvania. He studied law in the office of George M. Dallas, and since his admission to the bar in 1876 has practised his profession with much success, besides writing several valuable law treatises. In 1888 he was Assistant United States District Attorney. He was a member of the last Democratic National Convention, and voted for Mr. Cleveland's nomination.

THE POSTMASTERS OF FOUR GREAT CITIES.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has appointed new postmasters in the four great cities of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Boston. The postal service comes nearer to the people than any other department of the government, and in no other officers of the United States are the people so intimately interested. It makes no difference how humble a man may be, he has some dealings with the post-office, which conducts a business with more individuals than any of the other national institutions. Compared with the postal service of some other countries, that in the United States is not very good. The English department is infinitely better than the American, for instance. But taking everything into consideration, the American service is tolerably good. It is handicapped by inadequate appropriations very frequently, and at other times by the policy of changing postmasters for purely political reasons.

For New York Mr Cleveland has appointed as Postmaster to succeed Mr Van Cott a well-known politician and a lawyer of respectable position, Mr Charles W. Dayton, a member of Tammany Hall, but not at the time of his appointment one of the regimental chieftains of that organization. Mr. Dayton is a native of New York, and is forty-seven years old. He was educated in the public schools of the city, and studied law at Columbia College, being admitted to the bar in 1869. He has a considerable practice, and is a man of wealth. He has always been a Democrat, and until two years ago belonged to one or another of the organizations opposed to Tammany Hall. But in 1891 he became a Tammany man, and as such was prominent in the State Convention that sent delegates to Chicago with instructions to vote for the nomination of Senator Hill. It is understood that Mr. Dayton was not a candidate for the position, and was much surprised at his selection.

COLONEL JEREMIAH W. COVENEY,
Postmaster of Boston.

WILLIAM WILKINS CARR,
Postmaster of Philadelphia.

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OUT FOR PLEASURE.

A RIDING-SCHOOL PUPIL.

AN AFTERNOON JOG.

A PARK POLICEMAN.

A TYPICAL GROOM.

A SELF-INSTRUCTED RIDER.

A FIRST LESSON.

RIDING-MASTER AND PUPILS

SNAP SHOTS ON THE EQUESTRIAN PATH IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK CITY.—[SEE PAGE 603.]

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STAMFORD'S SOPRANO.

(Continued from first page.)

ale writers make. The trouble with you all is that you go out of your way to try to find something unusual and uncommon to write about, something that nobody knows anything about. Now the reader, as a rule, wants to read what he knows about, and not what he does not know about. For instance, the first thing that your reader turns to in a newspaper is the account of the charity ball which he or she attended the night before. Your reader wants to read that because he or she knows all about it, and such a one will pass over the account of the volcanic eruption in the Feejee Islands, such as we published last week, and the loss of ten or fifteen thousand lives, to read the account of that charity ball. Now here you have taken all the trouble to write up this village of half breed Indians back of Cape Cod and they have no kind of interest to the general reader. Now if I were a writer like you Mr. Stamford, I wouldn't go so far away from home. I'd just work right here in Boston at something all the Boston people know about, and then, if you did it off to the right fashion, you'd find that all the Boston people would read about it."

So spoke Mr. Cadger, with a most oracular air. He had never made a success of himself, he had always stumbled over his own circulars, and cracked his shins against the hard facts of life. Stamford knew that this was the case, and could not help thinking of it, but he listened to the other very respectfully, for he was an editor, and it is well to be good to editors. "Yes, I think I see what you mean," said he; "I don't know but what there's a great deal of truth in it." And then, as a sudden idea struck him, he said, "I tell you what I'm going to do, Mr Cadger I'm going down to West Newham. There's going to be a county fair down there, and I'll go down and write it up. That's something everybody knows about. Do you think you could use any such stuff in the *Liberator*?"

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Mr Cadger instantly scenting editorial danger, and as instantly withdrawing into his shell of editorial caution; "it altogether depends upon how it is done." Then he began fingering among the papers of his desk, and Stamford saw that it was time to go.

So Stamford went down to West Newham to see the county fair and to fly his art at realism. The accommodation train in which he went down to West Newham after a great deal of backing and filing, finally stopped at the temporary platform of the fair grounds. Stamford followed the stream that emptied out of the cars and poured along the dusty road toward the great rumbling board buildings fluttering with flags and streamers. Somewhere a band in the distance brayed with a fur away voice, and the swings and merry go rounds squeaked and squealed. There were grotesque bestials noises coming from the Agricultural Building, and a universal aroma of damp deal boards, of sawdust, and of trampled grass pervading the warm spring day. Stamford made his way to a little frame shanty labelled, rather grandiloquently, "Office of the Superintendent." Within was an atmosphere of cigar smoke. A lot of men were sitting around in only and seriously idle. They looked at Stamford with a rather bovine stolidness and with a good deal of diffidence he introduced himself to them as the correspondent of the Boston *Liberator*. He had thought that they would have shown him some attention but they did not. Indeed, it seemed to him that they felt him to be in the way, and they did not know exactly what to do with him. They gave him a ticket to the grand stand to see the races in the afternoon, and then he was left to take care of himself. He left the office feeling very lonely and deserted.

A little while later, in the Main Building, he met a stout motherly lady who was in general charge of the exhibit there. She was a Mrs West, and her son had been to Harvard. Stamford remembered him indistinctly, and it served as a sort of bond of acquaintance to connect him individually with his surroundings. He was very glad of companionship in the strangeness of his surroundings, so he walked about and talked with Mrs West whenever he found her disengaged, looking with aimless interest at the array of quilts and fancy work and bread and preserves, and loaves of cake cut in half to show how light they were inside.

In one end of the great barnlike place there was a little space railed off like a pen and somewhat raised from the floor. Here an organ company had an organ upon exhibition. There were seats arranged around for those who chose to listen to the occasional music that was played. The instrument was a sort of semi pipe organ—a vocalion, it was called—and the man who played upon it was a teacher in the high-school and the organist at Holy Trinity Chapel. Mrs West listened to him with evident pleasure, and then she told Stamford that Mary Estee was going to sing by and by.

"And who is Mary Estee?" asked Stamford.

"Mary Estee? Oh, she's our soprano—she sings at Holy Trinity Chapel. She is Professor Krimbaugh's favorite scholar. By the way, have you been to the Art Gallery yet? I want you to see the chrysanthemums that Nanny Dudley painted. She's studying in Boston this season."

Stamford, wondering who Professor Krimbaugh was, said that he had not been to the Art Gallery yet, but that he would go and see Miss Dudley's chrysanthemums. Before he went Mrs. West stopped him to say: "You must be sure and come back at eleven o'clock and hear Mary Estee sing. At eleven o'clock, remember."

Stamford did come back at eleven o'clock. He heard the grunting and groaning of the vocalion as he approached from the distance and he knew that Mr White the organist, was performing upon it. There was quite a little crowd gathered to listen. Stamford took his seat upon one of the wooden benches in front of the raised pen wherein the vocalion was enclosed, and by and by, after Mr White had played for a while, the West Newham soprano ascended the dais amid a rattling discharge of applause. She was dressed with a rather elaborate imitation of a real concert soprano, and there was something suggestively pathetic in the caricature. She sang a very ambitious number, was encored, and then sang "Kathleen Mavourneen." Stamford knew really nothing about music but he had heard singers sing and he recognized that Miss Estee had really an exquisite voice, with an almost professional ring about it.

After the performance was over, he got Mrs West to introduce him to the singer. He had not recognized how young and how pretty she was until he spoke to her. She could not have been over nineteen years old. She was excessively cold and reserved in her manner, and though Stamford was very well aware that that manner was assumed to cover her diffidence and her uncertainty of herself he was overawed by it in spite of himself. Still, he talked with her for a while, with only partial success. "Indeed, Miss Estee," said he, for the twentieth time, "you have a magnificent voice, a superb voice;" and then he added, "you ought to go abroad and study."

"I've studied two years," said Miss Estee, "under Professor Krimbaugh."

"Oh" said Stamford. He was silent for a moment or two, and then he began again: "I don't know anything of Professor Krimbaugh, but he can't give you what you could get abroad. Of course you'd have better chances in studying abroad, you know, than you have here. You can get better training there even than you could get in Boston. Yes! You ought to go abroad; that's what you ought to do. Art is in its infancy in this country, compared to what it is abroad. You might go to England. You know they teach music as well in England now as they do anywhere else. In fact, they have turned out some very great singers in England." He felt that he was talking of something that he did not know anything about, but what he said sounded well.

Miss Estee stood for a moment without making any reply. There was a very awkward break of silence. Then she saw a friend approaching, and her face lit up with a pleased light of recognition. She left him standing where he was to join the young woman, which she did with a rather exuberant air of cordiality, and Stamford did not get another chance to talk with her.

Stamford did not make anything out of the county fair, and his trip resulted in nothing. He did not know how to begin writing about it, and even were he to begin, he knew he would not know what to say. But he thought a great deal about Miss Mary Estee, and the more he thought about her the more sure he felt that she had a magnificently superb voice. Why should she not go abroad and develop her voice, as he had suggested? Perhaps she might develop into a great singer. What a splendid thing it would be if he could only get his uncle Elihu and the girls interested in her—if they should send her abroad, and she should develop into a famous prima donna! He continued to build castles in the air about her at odd moments of his time. He fancied her to be an operatic queen, and himself intimate with her. He fancied her crowned with roses and the world at her feet. As for him—he would have made her all this. She would be no longer cold, she would be grateful, and he would be her friend.

When Sunday came he went out to take dinner at his uncle Elihu's. Mr Elihu Biglow was very rich. He lived just outside of Boston, in one of those beautiful suburbs that are neither of the city nor of the country, but have all the delights and beauties of both. Stamford nearly always went down to Woodbridge on Sunday, attended service at St Michael's, and then took a friendly dinner at his uncle's. The family consisted of Mr Biglow himself, Miss Susan, and Miss Clara. Mr Biglow was a shy, silent little man, always ill at ease, very quiet and retiring in his manner. Stamford often wondered how he had come to be rich, that then he had never seen him with his sixth ("business") sense aroused. Miss Susan was like her father, very silent and shy. She did not often venture anything beyond a timid commonplace, and she would sit with her hands folded in her lap listening attentively to what Clara said. Miss Clara was bright and "smart" enough for all these, indeed, she was bright to over keenness, and perhaps for that reason was not so popular as she might have been: for people, as a rule, do not like to be made pin cushions for witty sayings.

Clara laughed at Stamford when he told about his prima donna. She had studied music diligently, and she played the Sunday-school organ at St. Michael's and led the choir in singing. "Why, Tom," said she, "your swan's a goose, and nothing more. There's not a country town nowadays that does not have its soprano. They all have genius, too, and most of them study music. This girl you're speaking of—I'll venture to say, if you only knew it, that she's gone through a course of vocal training just as they all do, under the instruction of some provincial teacher of vocalization."

Stamford, remembering Professor Krimbaugh, did not deny Miss Clara's assertion. "But her voice hasn't been properly brought out," he said.

And then Miss Clara laughed again. But though Miss Clara laughed, Stamford had, after all, said enough to interest the Biglows in Mary Estee. By tea-time they were all talking seriously about her, with only an occasional joke from Miss Clara, and before Stamford had left them the two young ladies had agreed to go down to West Newham the following Sunday to hear Miss Estee sing. They went, and they came back only less enthusiastic than Stamford had been. Then Uncle Elihu himself became interested. A great deal of negotiation and correspondence followed, and then the girl came down to Boston.

Her father came with her. He was cashier of the West Newham National Bank, where he had a salary very much smaller than his family. He was a colorless little man, dressed in dull black. He had a large nose and a thin face, and he made you somehow think of a mouse. It seemed to Stamford that the little man cowered to his uncle Elihu. He was disappointed in the girl herself, she did not look nearly so well now that she was brought down to Boston. In West Newham where she belonged, her localisms did not appear nearly so local. Nevertheless, Miss Estee certainly had a fine voice. The Biglow girls took charge of her and one day they took her into town. She sang before that eminent musician Dr Mortimer, with all the poise and assurance of inexperience and ignorance. Dr Mortimer liked her voice very much indeed. He was an extremely quiet man and did not say much, but what he did say was of the very best and most encouraging.

During Miss Estee's stay in Boston Stamford saw a great deal of her. The Biglow girls, who had her in charge, were both interested in her and amused with her. When she asked for a little more "chicking" at dinner, Miss Clara almost winked at Stamford. But it was only occasionally that Miss Estee made such lapses in Stamford's presence. She was very bright and quick witted, and she did not often betray herself before him. She very well knew that she bristled with localisms and idioms, and whenever a stranger was present she hedged herself around with a silence that was almost resentful and from which she looked out sharply and keenly whenever she suspected herself of having erred in something she had said or done. She must have talked with the Biglow girls more freely and unreservedly as she got better acquainted with them. Miss Clara used to repeat scraps of her conversation with a precision and accuracy that made Stamford laugh in spite of himself. "It's a shame," said he, helplessly, "to make such fun of a poor girl; she can't help her peculiarities."

"Dear me," said Clara Biglow, "I don't mean to make any naughty fun of her. I like her very much, indeed I do; but I can't help being amused when she 'wants to know!' or when she says to me 'do tell!'"

During the time that Miss Estee was in Boston before she went abroad she sang repeatedly at St Michael's. At the conclusion of the first service at which she sang a number of the more prominent people of the rich and more than respectable congregation came up to thank her for her lovely voice. Stamford stood near her, holding her wraps, he felt almost an air of proprietorship that was very delightful. The girl received her ovation with an air of reserve and coldness under which the enthusiasm ebbed, in spite of its initial warmth.

In the beginning of December Miss Estee went to Europe with a friend of the Biglows, and letters of introduction from Dr Mortimer to some of the leading musical lights in London, and a check for a good round sum from Mr Biglow.

For a time the Biglows heard every little while from Miss Estee. The letters they received were written in a precise, almost school girlish hand, and her sentences were joined together with a great many "and's" and "so's." Clara used to read them to Stamford of a Sunday with a nasal intonation and a blurring of the "r's" into "ah's," very much like Miss Estee's own style of talking. So for a little while the acquaintance and the correspondence were kept up. Then the letters became more intermittent. Then came a letter saying that Miss Estee would have no more need of Uncle Elihu's monetary assistance, and that she had a position that would easily pay for her support and her tuition. Then came another letter; then a long interval of silence. Then came another letter, enclosing a check, returning the money that Mr Elihu Biglow had advanced her; then a silence that was not again broken.

But Stamford heard of her once or twice, more or less indirectly. A friend of the Biglows, a Mrs Walker, had met her in London. The young lady had been asked to sing at an evening company. Mrs Walker had talked with her afterwards, and the girl had said that she was about going to the Continent. "She is very successful," said Mrs. Walker, "and she is very different from what I remember her here. So much more—what shall I say?—fine. Yes fine—and polished." That was about the last time that Stamford heard of his *protégée*. Then she drifted out of his life altogether, and became only a remembrance.

Eight or nine years passed, and Stamford grew from his green unripe state to the mellowness of manhood. The *Liberator* faded out from its cherry state state of existence into that of painted deal and rough cast plaster, and thence faded out and was gone from the world of letters. Stamford succeeded in his profession, and became the assistant editor upon the *New Era*, and it was a part of the whirligig of fate that Mr. Cadger should now bring contributions to him. "Ah, Mr. Stamford," said the en editor, "I knew you had the talent when you used to write for me in the *Liberator*, and I used to say that boy is bound to succeed." And Stamford laughed and was kind to him.

It was about this time that a singer developed very suddenly somewhere abroad. The first time the American world knew of her was that she was singing in London, and that all the world was talking about her. Her name was Marie d'Esti, and some familiarity in the sound made Stamford think of his own soprano, and laugh at his old ambitions, and wonder what became of her. Then D'Esti's manager brought her over to this country in a revival of Italian opera, and she was presented in New York with phenomenal success. One Saturday afternoon a lot of exchanges was brought into the office of the *New Era*, among others some illustrated weeklies. Stamford was passing by the table where they lay, when the front-page illustration of one of the papers caught his eye and he stopped to look at it. It was an engraving, a portrait of Marie d'Esti, painted by Jasper. There was something very familiar about the face that struck Stamford at once, and he looked at it for a long time, with his head first on one side and then on the other. Suddenly recognition came almost like a flash. "By George!" said he, fairly speaking aloud, "by George! It is! Yes, it must be. By Jove!" Then he folded up the paper and stuck it in his pocket.

He still kept up his practice of taking his Sunday dinner at his uncle Elihu's, and the next day when he went out to Woodbridge he carried the illustrated newspaper with him. "Look here, girls," said he after they had come home from church together, and he took the newspaper out of his overcoat pocket and opened it. "Here's a picture of Marie d'Esti. Do you recognize it?"

They did recognize her very quickly. Miss Clara emphasized the recognition with an almost breathless "Well, I never!" She looked very long and steadily at the newspaper portrait. "I never thought of it being her," said she. "Why, of course, that's just exactly who it is!" and then she said again after a while, "Well, I never!"

That winter Marie d'Esti came to Boston to sing, and of course Stamford and the Biglows went to hear her upon her opening night. They hardly recognized her at first, but with the aid of the opera-glasses the identity was unmistakable. Her voice had been very extensively advertised but it was all the advertisement claimed it to be—It was wonderful. It was not especially powerful, but it was supple and flexible in the extreme, her runs and trills being given with no apparent effort, and with all the ease and fluency of a singing bird.

"Well, she has certainly learned how to sing," whispered Stamford. "Who would have thought that the county fair at West Newham would have produced this?"

"I tell you what I'd like to do," whispered Miss Clara in response "I would like to go to the stage entrance and see her come out. I can hardly believe, even yet, it really is she."

So after the performance was over, they went around and stood on the cold sidewalk at the stage entrance. A coupé—a dashing brilliant affair—was waiting for the singer. By and by she came out, muffled in a loose white wrap and a suit of rich fur. She was under the escort of a gentleman of a distinctly foreign appearance, wearing mustaches waxed to points and a singularly man-of-the-world air. She was about passing the little group under the cluster of lights at the curb, when she looked up and saw them. Recognition came with a flash. She stopped for an instant. Then she snatched her hand from her escort's arm and came quickly to them.

"Oh" she cried, "I am so glad—so very glad to see you! I was going to write to tell you I was in Boston, but I can't tell you how busy I am. My secretary is sick, and I almost never write letters myself. But do come and see me, won't you? I'm stopping at the Hôtel Metropole." Then she turned suddenly to her escort, who all this time was standing aside with an infinitely gentlemanly air of fine reserve.

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holding some of the singer's wraps upon his arm "Count," said she, "these are the ladies of whom I have so often spoken to you Miss Biglow, Miss Clara Biglow, Mr Biglow, let me introduce you to my husband, Count Stuntz. Count Stuntz, Mr Stamford."

Her husband bowed in a general and affable way, and in an exceedingly gentlemanly fashion, to the Boston people, and then she took his arm again

"Remember," said the singer, with a smile that was very beautiful, "I shall expect to see you at the Hôtel Métropole to-morrow. Good night." And then she was gone.

The fair stood for a while in the dark and silent street, dirty with the snow that had been trodden underfoot Nothing could have exceeded the spontaneousness and cordiality of the singer's greeting, it was beyond measure warm and hearty, and she evidently meant that she wanted to see them Nevertheless, there was about her an indescribable air of urbanity, almost of condescension—not in the least snobbish not in the least assumed, but very plainly a manner that had grown upon her with the splendid growth of her fortune They had seen of them known before what a great personage a great singer was.

"Well," said Miss Clara, breaking the silence with a deep breath, "upon my word!" and Stamford burst out laughing

"She did not write because her secretary was sick," said Miss Clara again, just as she was stepping into the carriage "I feel as though we had all lived in a barn yard and had hatched out a swan" and Stamford laughed again.

THIS BUSY WORLD

In a recent report of a committee of the House of Commons on the treatment of inebriates a list of recommendations was made for increasing the efficacy of the Inebriates Act. The act at present provides for the committal of inebriates to retreats at their own desire, and for their retention when once committed for not more than one year. The committee recommends among other things that the law be so amended as to provide for the compulsory committal of habitual drunkards to reformatory institutions and for doubling the maximum period of penal detention. The committee seems to take the novel ground that habitual drunkenness is not an unfortunate peculiarity, but is a disposition of such inconvenience to society that society has a right to cure it if it can. It would have a habitual drunkard's relations or friends, as persons interested in his welfare, empowered to apply for his committal, and it would make his property liable for his maintenance, and even for the support of his wife and family The London *Times* thinks that these suggestions mark the beginning of a change for the worse in the conditions of inebriety. "One thing," it says, "may be considered as proved, namely, that the halcyon days of the habitual drunkard are drawing near to their close. He is no longer looked upon as nobody's enemy but his own, or as a convenient butt for merrymakers who are tending towards his own condition People are beginning to realize that he is a curse and a nuisance, and that if he cannot be mended, he must inevitably before long be placed in some kind of permanent seclusion." Intending drunkards on this side of the Atlantic will please note the sentiments of the enlightened Britisher towards persons of their class, and take (or abstain from) measures accordingly There is no vital difference between the British and the American attitude towards drunkards, and so assuranced that if it is found desirable in London to lock them up, it may not presently prove equally advisable in New York.

There is something comparatively novel, by-the-way, in the proposition that drunkards shall be held responsible for their drunkenness and treated for it The remedies most in vogue among the temperance enthusiasts provide for shutting off everybody's grog for fear the drunkards will get more than their share, and for locking up almost every one else connected with the rum traffic except the customer, who makes most of the trouble Vicarious atonement is said to be the law of nature. Certainly it is popular, perhaps deservedly so But there is such a thing as cramming even a good thing into the ground, and any contrivance that would help to make the drunkard carry the burden of his own drunkenness instead of imposing it upon his fellows would be entitled to be popular in the community.

One of the most outspoken and glaring objections to gardens is the trouble of watering the plants This objection is serious enough when the garden is your own and you are personally dedicated to the development of its floral life But to be dedicated to another person's garden—a wife's, a sister's, even a mother's—is more trying still, and humanity habitually rebels at it It will pay persons who are thus in servitude to some one else's plants to inform themselves how to determine whether a plant needs water or not A Boston contemporary decries in a timely paragraph the practice of deluging plants with cold water after the very first hot day. Such treatment is bad for them, it says, since they need sunshine and warmth quite as much as water, and it takes more than a few hot days to dry the moisture out of the soil about their roots. As for grass, to water that too early is to encourage it in idle and thriftless habits If left alone it will send its roots down deep, where they will find moisture in hot weather, but if constantly flooded the roots will stay near the surface and the grass will wither off the earlier. It is time enough to water grass when it actually begins to get brown

No man of proper spirit can see a woman toiling with a watering pot without offering to help her, but if he can convince her that her plants are better off unwatered he may ease his conscience without detriment either to his raiment or his state of mind. In small things, as in great, knowledge is power, and the knowledge of what not to do is at least as powerful as the other kind.

The *Tribune* spoke of Dr Holmes's latest poem as "a religious lyric whose literary beauty is only surpassed by the noble spirit of true religion that breathes through every word of it"; but the *Sun* of the same date said of the same poem that it "is not as worthy of the spirit and genius of its author as it ought to be," and "not up to the mark of sacred poetry" Here is an interesting example of the differences of opinion that may obtain among expert judges as to the qualities of verse. It is matter of record that the editor of the *Sun* knows poetry when he sees it. But the *Tribune* is a journal of considerable literary pretensions and a large consumer of poetical matter, and might fairly be expected to know poetry almost as well as the *Sun*. Yet these two authorities are as distinctly at variance about the qualities of Dr Holmes's poem as if it were a horse, or a robin's egg, or anything else the true inwardness of which lies to be surmised from its outward appearance. There seems to be no such thing as a prompt and final settlement of the merits of a new poem, particularly if it is the work of a famous author.

If the Infanta Eulalia had a good time in Chicago, and it seems that she did a large part of the credit of it belongs to her own admirable purpose to have a reasonable share of real recreation stirred into her hard work. It was said of the Infanta, without disrespect, that she "shakes up" remarkably well She has proved herself able to enjoy all that has been enjoyable in her visit, and even competent to make her own plans and discriminate between sports. If her notion of having a good time has been to go out informally and see the fair, rather than to pose before the social celebrities of Chicago it is not a preference that will damage her at all in the estimation of the majority of Americans. To eat off of Mrs Palmer's gold and silver dinner service as the Palmer House is a privilege, to be sure, but Eulalia can do that sort of thing at home, as she can also confabulate with swells to her heart's content, whereas she could not find a Columbian Exposition except at Jackson Park She has chosen the experiences that are rare to those that are common, thereby showing a sort of discrimination that is very much to her credit.

One rare experience that she has had, and which she undoubtedly values, was her meeting with Chicago's accomplished Mayor. It is asserted that Mayor Harrison bought the only silk hat he ever possessed, and even had his hair cut, in her honor Certainly he proved himself equal to the only occasion on which royalty and Chicago have met, and acquitted himself with such profuse and elaborate success as must have brought confusion to his detractors. It is the fashion to decry the Mayors of American cities, and to suggest that our democratic methods of choosing city officials are not adapted to put Nature's noblemen in the high places of municipal government. But the Infanta's visit has demonstrated that the Mayors of our big towns are good all-around men, and not easily flabbergasted by novelties.

It is not easy of belief, but it is true, that the Marquis of Caernarvon rose up in the House of Commons on the 29th of May and called attention to "the growing practice of carrying revolvers in the streets" of London. "The government," he said, "would ask the House to have patience, but meanwhile men were being shot in the streets day after day." The remedy he proposed was to prohibit the sale of revolvers, except to persons who could produce a license to carry them. Americans who visit London this summer must bear in mind that they are not at home, and be prepared to rush for cover when they hear firing.

Since an apparent deterioration in the work of a distinguished contemporary poet led a brother poet to conjecture that "some one was keeping him sober," a number of contemporary newspapers have been discussing the value of alcohol as a provocative of verse. It is believed that some admirable poems have been struck off under alcoholic inspiration A number of poems have that reputation, anyway, and it was probably well earned. But it is most unlikely that any poet ever earned a considerable reputation by work done in rum. What is in the head is very apt to get into the verses, and grog in the head makes groggy verse. Rum sometimes stirs the imagination and suggests poetry by the ream, but good verse seldom gets written at the time It may happen, though, that a man may have poetry and rum in him at the same time, and that both of them may work out; but in such cases the rum usually works out first, and the poetry afterwards When drunken poets write good poetry they do it in their sober intervals. Yet it has been suggested that unless they had intervals they could write no poems, and unless they had rum they would have no intervals, but merely an unbroken stretch of barren mediocrity That may possibly be true of some men, but if such there are they should go in for quality—for few poems and very good—since the cost of production in such cases is far too great to warrant a profuse output. E. S. MARTIN.

OUR NEW BATTLE-SHIP.

BY WILLIAM EXPERT KING, JUN.

Ten o'clock on Saturday morning, June 10th, was the hour fixed for the battle-ship's initial plunge, but long before that time Superintending Constructor Lewis Nixon, of the Cramp yard, was busy with his army of workmen One by one the heavy shores supporting the great mass of steel were knocked away, and the process of "wedging up" the cradle began Before the weight had been removed from the after keel blocks, however, the *Massachusetts* plainly showed impatience for her bath, and when the young constructor turned to Mr Charles H Cramp and said, "All ready to saw off, sir," there was a crackling of timbers under the bow of the war ship, and her shoe-piece parted at the first touch of the saw.

A cheer went up from the workmen below, another from the enthusiastic spectators, and down the slippery ways dashed seven thousand tons of steel, making a graceful bow with the stern as she touched her native element.

None save those who have watched a great battle ship grow day by day from infancy to childhood can fully realize what "launching day" means to the naval architect. Upon his delicate calculations depends success or failure and more than once as I saw Constructor Nixon's anxious face did I recall his words in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Speaking of the launch of a ship, he says, "An architect's heart is in his mouth until the vessel touches the water" A slight error as to the position of the centre of gravity, a fraction of an inch in the altitude of the keel blocks, might mean the breaking of a vessel's "backbone" and a loss of more than a million dollars. Is it strange, then, that the marvellous success of the recent launch brought forth such enthusiasm from professional as well as non-professional spectators?

The *Massachusetts* is the second of our great war vessels afloat her sister ship the *Indiana* having been launched last February. These vessels merit more than a passing notice, for they are the only ones in the navy of the United States sufficiently powerful to cope with the first rates of Europe. Sir John Colomb once said, "In all naval and military operations, both offensive and defensive, there is a golden mean, to neglect which is certain ruin" And our Navy Department in building the *Massachusetts* has evidently followed this maxim, for such a type seems to be an intelligent compromise between the modern high sided cruiser and the low freeboard Monitor The mission of battle-ships of this class is not merely to protect our sea-coast, but to act as parent vessel to a fleet despatched upon distant service—in other words, to carry the war into the enemy's territory.

Though the *Massachusetts* will been a displacement of only 10,000 tons, to that of 14,900 in the latest English designs, she is immeasurably superior both in battery and armor The American's guns and gunners will fight behind armored turrets, barbettes, and shields, while the Englishman will be forced to work his battery in the open. Though the vitals of both will be protected by armor, the foreigners carry compound against our nickel steel, despite the fact that the superiority of the latter has been demonstrated upon more than one occasion

Again, in most of the recently designed English ships their guns had in only one position. This necessitates their turning to and from this position after each fire—a very serious defect in a war ship as a shot from a rapid fire battery might disable one of the larger guns. The battery of the American vessels lands in every position, which enables them to keep the muzzles of their guns always pointed toward the enemy

The *Massachusetts* will carry a battery of four 13-inch breech loading rifles, eight of 8 inches, four of 6-inches, twenty 6 pounders, four 1 pounders, and two Gatlings. The 13-inch guns will be mounted in pairs on the centre line and in turrets protected by seventeen inches of steel. The 8 inch guns will be mounted in barbettes, protected by ten inches of steel, with sloping shields to cover both guns and gunners. The four 6-inch guns will be protected by five inches of steel. It will be possible to concentrate the fire of both the main and auxiliary batteries on either bow or quarter, and ammunition will be supplied through armored steel tubes.

The side armor of the *Massachusetts* consists of an 18-inch belt, which is placed three feet above and four and a half feet below the water line. At each end of this belt are armored bulkheads seventeen inches thick extending three and a half feet above the main deck The latter protect the turning gear of the turrets and all the loading mechanism In addition to this, the turrets will all be armored with seventeen inches of nickel steel.

THE "MONTEREY" AT SEA.

If the *Monitor* was described properly as a "cheese box on a raft," it would not be out of place to speak of the *Monterey* as two cheese boxes on a raft, but while the *Monitor* was an inspiration born of urgent necessity, the *Monterey* is the product of evolution, development, and careful thought and study The *Monterey* is devoid of the structural weaknesses which made the Monitor class of vessels unseaworthy, particularly in the matter of the overhang, which presented to every ocean wave a target that could not be missed The *Monterey*, being as yet the only vessel of her class in commission in the new navy, is naturally an object of much interest to all who believe in the duty of the United States to have a navy equal to that of any maritime power of the world.

Before the *Monterey* was sent to sea for her trial trip under the direction of a naval board there were many dark and gloomy predictions as to the result. It was asserted that if she ever got a sea over her forward deck the weight of the water would cap her, and she would go down as though on a toboggan slide, that her much discussed Scotch boilers would leak so badly as to put out the fires, that if the 12 inch rifled guns were fired they would tear themselves loose from their carriages and wreck everything within reach; that their recoil would tear up flooring, crack deck beams, and possibly heel the ship so far as to make it impossible for her to get back to an even keel, and that the concussion would stun and deafen everybody on board, to say nothing of such minor casualties as shattering all the glass and crockery ware on the ship These are only a portion of the prophecies of disaster which anticipated the *Monterey's* baptism in blue water.

However, orders had been given that the *Monterey* should go to sea, and that all her guns should be fired on the trip, no matter what might happen, so on the 28th of May, about 3 30 P M, she weighed her anchors and left her moorings at Sausalito, on the northern shore of the bay of San Francisco, where she had been lying since the previous day, waiting for the fog which hung over the entrance to the Golden Gate to clear away, so as to insure a correct departure, as the navigators call it. The ship moved slowly and steadily from her anchorage, and as she rounded Lime Point and was directed seaward she felt the first of the swell and surge of the broad Pacific Due west went the *Monterey* until the bar was reached, and here the sea going qualities of the vessel were first demonstrated Instead of plunging bodily into the sea which were coming head on, and fighting her way through them by main strength, the *Monterey* rose to the waves as successfully as though she had been a light wooden ship instead of a mass of steel and iron Her forward deck was all a wash, of course, for nothing else could be expected from a vessel with such a small freeboard, but instead of carrying tons upon tons of water upon that deck, the vessel rose and shook herself clear of the water, as any well-constructed ship should do. The first plunge settled the question of the buoyancy of the *Monterey*, and one of the predictions of evil went to pieces then and there.

Still westward, across the bar and out past the Farallon Islands, steamed the *Monterey*, until seven o'clock, when the engines were slowed down and the ship kept under easy steam during the night, still pointed westward. The next morning was bright and clear, and shortly after daylight the course of the vessel was turned southward. Here was to be one of the crucial tests of the stability of the vessel The change of course brought her into the trough of the sea, and now, if ever, she was to do the terrific rolling which had been threatened, and which was to wrench everything loose from 12-inch guns to mess kids. The *Monterey* did roll, it is true, but the maximum heeling of the ship was a little less than twelve degrees, and the average roll, under conditions chosen to test the matter thoroughly, only about eight degrees, which established the vessel as very stiff seaboat

These tests having been made, the next thing on the official programme was to try the speed of the vessel. At

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THE UNITED STATES COAST-DEFENCE STEAMER "MONTEREY" AT ANCHOR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. MCDONALD & SON, SAN FRANCISCO.

nine o'clock A. M., a four hours' continuous run under forced draft began, the course of the vessel being southward and parallel with the coast. The four hours took her nearly sixty miles to the south, the log of the four hours' run being as follows: Maximum speed attained, 12.8 knots, total distance covered, 51 knots; average speed, 12.75 knots; maximum steam pressure, 157 pounds in engine-room, 160 pounds in fire room, mean steam pressure, 150.2 pounds; maximum revolutions of engines per minute, 144, coal consumption, 9550 pounds per hour. It is unnecessary to say in this connection that the Scotch boilers did not leak and put out the fires, but, on the contrary, did just what they were expected to do. The speed attained surpassed all expectations, since it was known that the ship's bottom was foul with weeds and grass, which had effected a lodgement while the vessel had been lying at anchor at the Mare Island Navy yard. After the four hours' test run was concluded there was nothing to do but to go on steaming, as the conditions of the trial trip required the ship to be kept at sea for forty-eight hours. Nothing of special interest occurred until the next morning, when Captain Howison, who was in charge of the Board of Inspection, and Captain Kempff, commander of the *Monterey*, determined to fire the big guns with the ship under way, instead of running in to an anchorage, as had been planned.

"BIG BETSY" AND "SISTER ALICE," THE 12-INCH RIFLES OF THE "MONTEREY."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. MCDONALD & SON, SAN FRANCISCO.

When the orders were given to beat to quarters, it may be imagined that the moment was an exciting if not an anxious one. "Big Betsy" and "Sister Alice," the 12-inch rifles on the forward turret, are the heaviest guns in service, and neither had ever been fired outside the proving-grounds, just after their completion. Their discharge from on shipboard was purely experimental, and therefore attended with some apprehension and intense interest. The 10-inch guns in the after-turret were fired first, one with a charge of 200 pounds of powder and a 450 pound projectile, and the other with a full charge of 250 pounds of powder and a projectile of the same weight, and everything had passed off perfectly, so the order was given to load "Big Betsy." The charge of 335 pounds of powder and an 800-pound shell were fed to the marine monster, and then, while everybody held his breath, Lieutenant Nicholson, the ordnance officer of the *Monterey*, pulled the lanyard, and the deed was done. There was a mighty roar and a flash of flame, and the shell went hurtling westward, ricocheting once and again until it sank in the waters of the ocean. But where was the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds that was to accompany the discharge? There simply was none. The entire recoil of the gun, fired with a full service charge, was only 44½ inches, and there was not a piece of glass or crockery broken on the vessel nor was a man injured or stunned in any way by the concussion. Another prediction had gone by the board, and "Big Betsy's" quality as a lady of force and discretion been fully established.

Then occurred the only unpleasant incident of the cruise, and it would not be worth mentioning had it not been misrepresented by an imaginative reporter. "Sister Alice" had been fired with a reduced charge, and when the gun was sponged and washed out after the first fire the chamber was not made perfectly clean, so that when a big shell was being put into the breech of the gun for a second discharge it stuck, and had to be extricated, and this was all the foundation for the story of the inefficiency of one of the 12-inch rifles. The story told by the same reporter of the motion of the turrets when the ship rolled was equally incorrect. The turrets are not armored yet, and when the 13-inch Harveyized nickel steel is in place they will be as firm and solid as the everlasting hills.

Such, in brief, is a sketch of the *Monterey*'s first outing. The vessel returned to San Francisco the next day, and thence to the navy yard, in such excellent condition in every respect as to be fit for active service, barring her lack of armor, at a moment's warning. Her cruise was not a long one, but it was complete and exhaustive, and entirely satisfactory in proving that there is no more formidable fighting ship afloat than the *Monterey*.

MARCUS P. WIGGINS,
San Francisco.

THE LAUNCH OF THE "MASSACHUSETTS"—THE BATTLE-SHIP LEAVING THE WAYS AT CRAMP'S SHIP-YARD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM H. RAU, PHILADELPHIA.

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SWORD-FISHING OFF NANTUCKET.—DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.—[SEE PAGE 603.]

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.*

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

VII.

"WE have been expecting to see you out at the house again," she said to the young man, as they settled on the stairs. They were seated just below the landing. Her dress, trimmed with silver braid and little groups of flaunting bows, grazed his knees, he could number every stone in the rings that crowded her long thin fingers. "We didn't suppose a matter of eighteen miles would scare you."

"It don't. But you're never home."

"Oh yes, I am—once in a while. When you do favor us again, get a time-table for the next time after. I never heard of the 'Q.' charging anything for them."

"I will."

"Awfully sudden about Mayme wasn't it?" she said, with a sudden ness of her own. "I didn't suppose it was going to end like that—at least not right away. I dare say you have been noticing how cousin Frances looks at me every now and then. You might think *I* was the one to blame. She's been talking to mother about it to-night—and me. I guess I'm going home all right enough."

"Don't you want to?"

"Oh, I don't mind. But what's the dif.?—far as Mayme is concerned, I mean. She was bound to have him; she wouldn't have anybody else. It was their affair, wasn't it? Well then, why not let them manage it?"

"I suppose so," assented George, dubiously.

"Her father won't see her, I bet. I'd like such a father. Her sister can't do anything with him."

"Her sister?"

"Yes; she's got about as much influence as anybody. Have you seen her?"

"Yes. Are *you* very well acquainted with her?" he asked.

"Not very. She belongs to the next older generation."

"How much older? Two or three years?"

"Twenty or thirty. She's about the same age as her mother. But more useful. Mayme thinks everything of her. She's a good, steady, plodding one at home. She ought to have been let out and given a show, she's buried there. He makes her do lots at work."

"Her father?"

"Yes. She writes and figures a good deal of the time. She keeps the grocer's and butcher's books, for one thing. Mayme says she knows how to telegraph—they've got their own wire right to the house. When she wants dissipation she goes to her 'Friendly.' And she belongs to a club over there where they read papers and discuss. She was a good deal upset."

"Um," said Ogden, abstractedly. He recalled the girl's appearance, and her little ordeal of having to face a complete stranger at so distressful a juncture. Yet she had borne herself with dignity and composure, nor was he able to deny that she had been as perfectly courteous as her brief appearance permitted. Now that he understood, he had less cause for complaint against her brother and none at all against her. He dwelt lingeringly on the idea of "a complete stranger." He did not feel that it would have been infinitely more trying to face a curious neighbor. He had begun to idealize the ordeal and the victim of it.

"A penny for your thoughts," he presently heard his companion saying. He came out of his study and looked through the stair rail at the little throng below. Two gentlemen had just come out of the dining room.

"I was wondering who they were," he replied, at a venture.

"What?"

"Those two."

The pair was followed by Walworth, whose pleasure it was to pour libations whenever the gathering of two or three together gave a pretext for that ceremony. One of the two cocked in his upper lip with due caution, and took noited in a prelence—decent, but slight and futile—that the ladies knew nothing of these hospitable doings.

"That tall brown one is Mr. Ingles. Haven't you met him here before?"

She indicated a man of forty, whose face was shaven except for a pair of snuff colored whiskers, and whose mouth made a firm, straight thin line.

"Ingles? Arthur J.?"

"I don't know; I guess so. He owns the building—the Clifton."

"He's no dude," murmured Ogden to himself.

"Eh? Who said he was?"

"Oh, nobody. Who is the other?"

"That's Mr. Atwater—Mr. Ingles's architect. They're chums, were in college together. Isn't he the most fascinating-looking man you ever saw?"

"By Jove, he is distinguished, for a fact! Was he born—here?"

"Don't you think it's lovely for a man of his age to have gray hair—gray that's almost white? I shall do all I can to make *my* husband gray-haired before he is middle-aged!"

She laughed at her own audacity. He turned about and stared at her, and she laughed more heartily yet.

"And don't you like the twirl of his mustache? Or would you have preferred him with whiskers?—cut in a straight line right across his cheeks with the corners near his mouth rounded off just not too formally. And do you notice the bridge of his nose, and the air it gives him? And his eyes—wait till he turns around; there, did you ever see such a hazel? He seems to have everything—youth, experience, style, family. Why did you ask if he was born here?" she demanded, suddenly.

"Did I? I must have meant—is he going to die here?"

"Why not? You don't suppose that men of talent are going to have Friends after this?"

"Do you expect to provide them with careers?"

"I don't see why we shouldn't. We're on the crest of the wave, and we're going higher yet. From now on anybody who leaves us is likely to be sorry for it."

Ogden looked back at Ingles. He stood in a doorway, between Fairchild and Jessie's father.

"Is his wife here?"

"Oh, he isn't married, I don't believe."

"Not married?—Ingles, I mean."

"Oh! Yes, he's married."

"Is his wife here?"

"Dear, no; you have to speak weeks ahead to get her."

"He's the one, then," Ogden assured himself.

"Which one?"

"Her husband. Do you know her?"

"I've met her here." She leaned over the railing. "What are they all laughing about, down there?"

"Do you want to go and see?"

Mrs. Floyd and her sister had appeared in the doorway. Between them was a little girl of five, she had one hand in her mother's, and with the other she clutched a dilapidated doll. The child wore a guimpe and a plain little frock with puffed sleeves, she had long, smooth brown hair that turned thickly at her shoulders, and a pair of big, timid, wondering brown eyes.

"It's Claudia," said Jessie Bradley. "Yes, let's go down."

Atwater had placed himself before the child, half crouching, half kneeling. He had the persuasive and ingratiating manner proper to a fashionable architect whose clients were largely women and wealthy ones, and he seemed willing enough to bring his batteries to bear on the tiny woman before him.

"Isn't it pretty late for dolly? Oughtn't she to be put to bed in her own little house?"

The child looked at him soberly. "She hasn't got any house."

"Hasn't got any house?" He glanced at her father. "'Oh, it is pitiful—is a whole city full.' But if I were to say that I would make you one?" he went on; "one with four rooms. And windows in each room."

The child pondered fixing a bashful look on his handsome face.

"Would there be stairs?"

"Yes."

"And closets? Mamma says we never have enough closet-room."

"That's right, Claudia," said Ingles, commendingly, "secure the profession."

"Yes, closets, if you insist."

"And glass in the windows?"

"Yes. Dear me, they get more exacting with us every year!"

"And—and—" she rolled her eyes around the group, as if wondering whether any important detail had been overlooked—"gas-fixtures? Would there be one in every room, with four globes on it?"

"Perhaps."

"But don't charge the poor child a full commission on them," said Ingles, grimly.

"Ah!" murmured Atwater, with a world of meaning. "And if I were to promise to put a nice little red chimney on the roof—what would you say?"

The child clasped her doll firmly and looked down at the carpet. "I shouldn't know whether to believe you," she said, shyly.

There was a burst of laughter. "You dear little coz!" cried Mrs. Fairchild, gathering her up on no very definite grounds for a kiss. Her father laughed loudest of all, but her mother contracted her eyebrows in distress.

"That dreadful Norah!" whispered the poor woman. "She must go."

"Don't dismiss your *bonne*," laughed Atwater, thankful for the diversion; "she'll produce a beautiful accent in time."

"Well after that," said her father, "I think our little McGintamia had better retire. Say good night, Claudia."

"Not yet," said Ingles. "Not before she has learned that she may have her doubts about a contractor, perhaps, but about an architect—never. Remember that great truth. Good night, my child. Won't you kiss me?"

He lowered his face, but Claudia drew back. "I don't like whiskby," she said, solemnly.

"For Heaven's sake, my pet," cried Floyd, "are you trying to start a panic? There's Norah, go—go."

"Good-night, Claudia," called Atwater, "we won't forget your house. Upon my word, Ingles," he went on, rapidly, and with a face still slightly flushed, "I believe I shall have to reconsider that determination of mine I spoke to you about the other day."

"What's that?" asked Walworth.

"To give up sky-scrapers, and to do nothing but Colonial houses for the nobility and gentry. Sky-scraping is bad enough, but the demands of the modern house-builder are worse. Ingles, you're not as evil as I said you were. I'm sorry I ever called you a Philistine."

"Why did you do that?" asked Fairchild, amused.

"Because," answered Ingles, "I took two weeks to consider whether I could afford to let the Clifton have four good street fronts."

"Didn't you say," demanded Atwater, "that you wanted to put up an architectural monument that would be a credit to the town? Would an eighteen story flank of bare brick have been a pleasant object? Or, rather, is it?—for you see that sort of business all over the city. Heavens!" he went on, "we're doing some horrible things here, but we are not the ones who are altogether to blame."

"Who says you haven't done well with the Clifton?" demanded Ann Wilde. Most of the ladies had retired from these masculine topics and were huddled in a gossipy little group at the foot of the stairs; Ann had remained behind, as an owner of real property. "That system of elevators is the most magnificent thing I ever saw."

Atwater groaned. "That's all a building is nowadays—one mass of pipes, pulleys, wires, tubes, shafts, chutes, and what not, running through an iron cage of from fourteen to twenty stages. Then the artist comes along and is asked to apply the architecture by festooning on a lot of the brick, and terra-cotta. And over the whole thing hovers incessantly the demon of Nine-per-cent."

"A slap at me," said Ingles.

"It's enough to make you wonder whether Pericles ever lived. I doubt if he did," concluded Atwater.

"Are you the only sufferer?" asked his client. "How many of our sub-contractors failed?"

"Two."

"How many times were we set on fire by salamanders?"

"Three."

"How many drunken night-watchmen were discharged?"

"Four or five."

"How much of the tin-work did you condemn?"

"Lots."

"How many of the contractors suffered a penalty for overtime?"

"Too many."

"How many times did carpenters wreck plaster-work?"

"Fifty."

"How many times did plasterers ruin wood work?"

"A hundred."

"How many men were killed or injured?"

"Thirteen."

"Thirteen," cried Ann Wilde, "how horrible!"

"Then you don't encourage building," commented Bradley, "and Mr. Atwater wouldn't encourage young men to go into architecture."

"As engineers, not as architects," replied Atwater. "Or shall I say—as constructionists?"

"Good word," murmured Ingles.

"Thanks. I've got fifteen draughtsmen under the roof of the Clifton. When a new one comes, I say, 'My dear boy, go in for mining or dredging, or build bridges, or put up railway sheds, if you must, but don't go on believing that architecture nowadays has any great place for the artist. There won't be another fair until long after you are dead and gone.'"

"I think I've had one of your young men with me lately," Bradley said. "He told us that he had been designing labels out at the Stock Yards, but had been in your office before that. Art may cover a wide range, you see," he said, laughing.

"Yes? What is his name?"

"Brainard, I think. He was a dark young fellow. He looked a little dissipated, it seemed to me."

"That's the one," said Atwater. "Now there's a case. That boy's father has treated him shamefully. He might have been made something of. He had a decided taste for drawing, and hardly any other. I won't say he had any great ability, but that wouldn't have mattered so much with training. However, he had no training to speak of, and we couldn't use him. He hasn't got the slightest faculty for business, they wouldn't have made a teller out of him in twenty years. But that was what they tried to do, and when it failed—"

Fairchild gave a delicate little cough.

"You don't have to listen, Fairchild," said Atwater. "Neither does Mr. Pratt, unless he chooses."

Fairchild withdrew a little from the group and stood with his hands behind his back, while the toe of his boot traced the corner of a rug to and fro over the polished floor. Freddy Pratt held his place, but moderated his show of interest. Ogden followed this new recital with a curious concern.

"His father lost all patience with him," Atwater went on. "Naturally, such a father would wish such a son. He's all together out of the family now. Is he with you yet?" he asked Bradley.

"We had him for a while, but he was pretty irregular and unreliable—I never knew why until now. He was pretty shabby, too. I guess he was about grazing bottom most of the time. I never knew what Brainard he was."

"Anyway, he seems to have made a good try," said Ingles. "I suppose he'll live on post-obits now, and go to the dogs as fast as possible."

"If he's let go his hold lately," declared Atwater, "it's on account of his brother. Everything's done for him, he is just run right ahead. Do you know," he continued, dropping his voice and glancing aside towards Fairchild, "that Brainard has just pushed that Burt of his into the vice-presidency? Right over everybody. I don't see how Fairchild can stand it. And what could be better calculated to infuriate the other one—what is his name?—Marcus? I'd take to drink myself."

Ogden listened to all this, and was swayed accordingly. His brief fluttering attempt to idealize Abbie Brainard ended, and he saw her only in the cold, garish light of cross reality that was beating down so fiercely on the rest of the family. He had been meditating on calling upon her at her father's house, moved by the kind of sympathy that anticipates an invitation, or does without one, this project he now determined to abandon.

VIII.

McDowell had not quartered himself on the twelfth floor of the Clifton—as distinguished from the eleventh or the thirteenth or any other—by a mere chance. He had not been influenced by any finicky consideration of light, prospect, ventilation, or nearness to the elevators. His sole reason for selecting room No. 1262 was that room No. 1263 was occupied by Arthur J. Ingles, the owner of the building.

Ingles occupied a very small room, upon whose door was his name—his name and nothing more—in very small letters. The next door beyond was lettered "Office of the Building," and this second room had communication with the first by a door between. None of these three doors, however, had as much interest for McDowell as the one between his own office and the private office of Ingles. This door was closed, but it was McDowell's dream and ambition to see it open. In his thoughts he constantly saw it standing ajar in an intimate and friendly fashion while he and Ingles and other magnates of Ingles's lik circulated through it freely and all did business together.

Up to the present time this door had never been opened nor had McDowell ever had access to the other suite except by the farther door, through which tenants passed to request repairs or to pay their monthly rent.

Ingles was enough of a lawyer to be a real estate man, and enough of a real estate man to need to be a lawyer. He supervised the drawing of his own deeds and leases, and seldom took counsel in matters between landlord and tenant. As a landlord he had found it advantageous to divest himself of his soul by making the Clifton into a stock company, he himself held all the shares but five. He had an extraordinary faculty for keeping himself out of the papers, but this did not prevent McDowell from knowing that he was constantly engaged in enterprises of the first magnitude, and he felt that association with this great capitalist would be immensely to his own advantage.

But he had accomplished only one step that might be reckoned an advance. He had undertaken the financial arrangements connected with St. Angela's choir. This was a large, well-trained body, and was provided with all the expensive paraphernalia of a "high" service. It included four or five tenors and basses who commanded rather good salaries, as well as an expert organist and an experienced choir-master who commanded larger ones. The management had been by committee, and several of the pillars of the church, Ingles among them, had learned the difficulty of

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY, No. 1203.

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"ISN'T IT PRETTY LATE FOR DOLLY?"

mediating between music, money, and ritualism. A member of a previous committee had delighted in translating and adapting Latin hymns for Christmas and Easter, and in putting his hands into his pockets now and then to make good a small deficit in the budget. Ingles and his compeers were ready enough to put their hands into their pockets, but they were glad, one and all, to escape the details of administration.

It was here that McDowell stepped forward; he cynically acknowledged that religion must be made to play into the hands of business, and he justified himself to himself by many good arguments. The details of the new dispensation were arranged in a downtown office. McDowell had tried to contrive that that office should be Ingles's own; but the meeting was held, after all, in another tall tower a block or two down the street, and Ingles himself was not present more than ten minutes. McDowell regretted this. He felt very well disposed towards Ingles. He would have done almost anything for him—for a commission.

But McDowell did not push this choir matter to the neglect of his own proper business. He was engaged at about this time with a new subdivision out beyond the South Parks. He had bought up a ten-acre tract, which he himself acknowledged to be rather low-lying, and which his rivals, with an unusual disregard of the courtesies of the profession, did not hesitate to call an out-and-out swamp. He had mended matters somewhat by means of a dam and sluice, which drained off a part of his moisture on to grounds lying lower still—other men's grounds; and on the driest and most accessible corner of his domain he had placed a portable one-story frame shanty which had already done duty on other subdivisions, and alongside of it stood a tall flag pole which flaunted a banner with his own name and number on it. This tract, by the-way, had absorbed some moderate portion of Ann Wible's hoarded savings.

A week of rainy weather now and then would lay a complete embargo on McDowell's operations in this quarter. His plank walks would float off in sections; the trees along his avenues would sag deeply into the slush and would sway sidewise, in spite of their net works of rusty wire, and the cellars of three or four unfinished houses that he had artfully scattered through this promising tract would show odds and ends of carpenters' refuse floating around in muddy water a foot deep. It was an appalling spectacle to one who realized the narrow margins upon which many of these operations were conducted, or who failed to keep in mind the depths that human folly and credulity may sound.

"Oh, it's all right enough," McDowell would say. "It's going to dry up before long."

Occasionally it did dry up, and stay so for several weeks. Then, on bright Sunday afternoons, folly and credulity, in the shape of young married couples who knew nothing about real estate, but who vaguely understood that it was a "good investment," would come out and would go over the ground—or try to. They were welcomed with a cynical effrontery by the young fellow whom McDowell paid fifty dollars a month to hold the office there. He had an insinuating manner, and frequently sold a lot with the open effect of perpetrating a good joke.

McDowell sometimes joked about his customers, but never about his lands. He shed upon them the transfiguring light of the imagination, which is so useful and necessary in the environs of Chicago. Land generally—that is, subdivided and recorded land—he regarded as a serious thing, if not indeed as a high and holy thing, and his view of his own landed possessions—mortgaged though they might be, and so partly unpaid for—was not only serious but idealistic. He was able to ignore the pools whose rising and falling beloosed the supports of his sidewalks with a green slime, and the tufts of reeds and rushes which appeared here and there spread themselves out before his gaze in the similitude of a turfy lawn. He was a poet—as every real-estate man should be.

We of Chicago are sometimes made to bear the reproach that the conditions of our local life draw us towards the sordid and the materialistic. Now, the most vital and typical of our human products is the real-estate agent: is he commonly found tied down by earth-bound prose?

"You fellows," said Floyd to McDowell, during one of sister Ann's sessions, "are the greatest lot I ever struck." He spoke in a half quizzical, half admiring way, and showed some effort to handle the language with the Western ease and freedom of those to the manner born. "Do you know, when I had been here three or four months some fellows took me with them to the banquet of the Real Estate Board. Well, it was an eye-opener; I never saw anything like it. It was Chicago—all Chicago. Heaven! how the town was hymned and celebrated! It was personified—"

"That's right," said McDowell.

"—and glorified—"

"Of course."

"—and deified—"

"Why not?"

"Why not indeed?" cried Ann Wible. "*I* haven't been around much yet, but you strike me as the most imaginative lot of people I ever saw."

"Whenever Chicago is involved," amended Walworth.

"Sure."

"How you idealize it?" cried Ann, enthusiastically. "How you—"

"It needs to be idealized—and badly," said her sister.

But McDowell's interests in the southern suburbs as well as at St. Asaph's were soon set aside by another matter; domestic interests claimed his attention.

His father-in-law had now passed some two or three months in Chicago. He had entered the city without any conception of its magnitude, and he had remained in it without rising to any conception of its metropolitan complexities. He had made a change that was too great and too late. He made but an ineffectual attempt to connect and identify himself with the great rush of life going on all about him. He came down town almost every day to spend an hour or more in McDowell's office, where he took a certain satisfaction in following out the intricacies of the local topography by passing a thin, blue-veined hand over McDowell's maps and his canvas-bound books of plats. McDowell treated him with considerable patience and with as much respect as was due to a man who had no great experience in real estate and little aptitude for learning. One day old Mr. Ogden, who apprehended the lake winds little better than the local "lay of the land," took a slight cold in returning home from the office; two days after pneumonia developed, and within a week he died.

George undertook the charge of such arrangements as recognized the old New Englander as a dead man merely, and McDowell subsequently took charge of those which recognized him as a dead property-owner. First, the funeral; afterwards, the Probate Court.

A funeral is more disagreeable than a wedding, chiefly because its multifarious details make their demands with but a scanty notice in advance. All of these details George was now called upon to face and to dispose of.

He squared his jaw, set his eyes, put a cold, heavy paving-stone in place of his heart, and met these details one by one. It was a man's privilege.

Brower went with him to the undertaker's, and meditated between grief and rapacity.

"Be careful here," Brower said to him, in an undertone. They were in a room where sample caskets stood on end against opposite walls and were let down one by one for the inspection of purchasers.

"They always show the most expensive ones first. Don't look at these. You don't need to pay a hundred and fifty dollars. You can select a suitable one for eighty or ninety—perfectly good and no loss of respect."

"How about the outside box?" asked the man, in due course. He was in his shirt sleeves, and wore a high silk hat.

"Here," whispered Brower, "you'll have to take the most expensive. It's chestnut—fifteen dollars. Nothing else but plain pine for a dollar fifty. Shameful, isn't it?"

Brower arranged for the handles and the plates. He also met the family at the railway station next day, and saw the casket put on board the east-bound express.

He and George were walking slowly up and down the platform alongside the train, when a man in blue overalls leaned out of the door of the luggage car and called to them. He held a paper in his hand.

"This ain't quite regular," he said. "Our road is pretty strict. The air-tight casket is all right for inter-State travel, but the doctor hasn't signed this certificate."

George turned on Brower with a look of anguish.

"Here!" cried Brower, stretching up his hand. "How forgetful of me! I'll sign it now. Go along, Ogden."

The man hesitated. "Not contagious?"

"Certainly not. Hand it down. Got a pencil? There! Here's a two. Take extra care."

The dead man's son paid for the music and flowers, his

wife and daughter folded away his clothes, and his son-in-law undertook to see his estate through the courts.

"I don't believe you'd better pay the doctors and undertaker yet," he counselled. "Let them file their claims with the Probate people. It don't cost but a dollar, and if you pay without, you might be liable over again—you are on other claims. I'll keep a general eye on matters, of course, but questions will be coming up all the time. I don't know but what we'd better have a lawyer first as last. The Probate arrangements are different now from what they used to be—more expensive, for one thing. Now there's Freeze & Freeze—they're as good as any, and they're right there in the Clifton, George, only five floors above you."

"Have we got to go into this thing right away?" asked George, as if in physical pain.

"Oh no! Wait a few weeks—wait a month, if you like."

"Yes, we'll wait," he sighed.

McDowell made no opposition to his wife's suggestion that her mother now come and live with them. He had not anticipated his mother-in-law as a member of his own household, but he liked her well enough, and he generally treated her with a dry and unpleasant sort of kindness. Besides, he looked on domestic arrangements as a mere incident in business life, anyway. George, who for some time had been anticipating a home with his parents, could not find an equivalent in a home with the McDowells, and he remained with Brower on Rush Street.

There was no will, the recasting and consolidation of the small estate had required too much time and attention to leave much for any thought of its redistribution. Mrs. Ogden went into court at the proper time and qualified as administratrix. She was a figure-head, of course. She signed various documents at George's instance; George himself was guided by McDowell, principally; and McDowell got a point now and then from the attorneys. However, the legal labors of Freeze & Freeze on the Ogden estate were chiefly clerical; this did not prevent them from charging like chancellors and chief justices.

These charges and others were paid by McDowell, who began informally by giving checks on his own private account. He came to receive, too, most of the rents and other payments, which were more conveniently made to him in his own office than to George in the office of the bank. And since he paid the estate charges out of his own private account, it seemed natural enough that his own account (which was with the Underground) should receive the sums coming in. This arrangement came about gradually, without receiving any formal acquiescence, but George appeared satisfied with the business capacity of his sister's husband; while his mother was an inmate of her son-in-law's house, where inquiry and explanation were easily enough made.

These details, once in hand, appeared to give little hinderance to the course of McDowell's regular business. His acquaintances in his own line noticed its increasing spread, and agreed among themselves that he was flying a little high for a man of his limited resources. He had more work for the surveyors and sign-painters, and he presently added a clerk or so to his office force.

Various small claims were filed in the Probate Court and were allowed. "I think," said George to McDowell, "that we'll use Kastner's rent for them. To-day is the third, he has been in, I suppose?"

"He'll have to be punched up," replied McDowell. "It don't do to give them any leeway."

"He has always been prompt on the first," said George, somewhat annoyed.

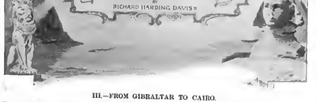
The next morning he entered the paying-teller's pen for a moment, as occasionally happened. His eye chanced to alight on the balance-sheet that ran from L to Z:

McAvoy, Louis M.	81 00
McCloud, Peters, & Co.	1167 00
McDowell, E. H.	0

"How's this, Jo?" asked Ogden. "What's the matter with McDowell?"

"Pulled out yesterday," responded the payer, briefly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



III.—FROM GIBRALTAR TO CAIRO.

THERE are certain places and things with which the English novel has made us so familiar that it is not necessary for us to go far afield or to study guide-books in order to feel that we have known them intimately and always. We know Paddington Station as the place where the detective interrogates the porter who handled the luggage of the escaping criminal, and as the spot from which the governess takes her ticket for the country house where she is to be persecuted by its mistress and loved by all the masculine members of the household. We also know that a P. and O. steamer is a means of conveyance almost as generally used by heroes and heroines of English fiction as a hansom cab. It is a vessel upon which the heroine meets her Fate, either in the person of a young man on his way home from India, or by being shipwrecked on a desert island on her way to Australia, and where the only other surviving passenger tattooes his will upon her back and considerately dies. Long ago a line of steamers ran to the Peninsula of Spain; later they shortened their sails, as the Romans shortened their swords, and, like the Romans, extended their boundaries in the Orient. The line is now an institution with traditions and precedents and armorial bearings and time-hallowed jokes, and when you step upon the deck of a P. and O. steamer for the first time you feel that you are not merely an ordinary passenger, but a part of a novel in three volumes, or of a picture in the London *Graphic*, and that all sorts of things are imminent and possible. It may not have occurred to you before embarking, but you know as soon as you come over the side, that you expected to find the deck strewn with laces and fans and daggers from Tangier, and photographs of Gibraltar, and such other trifles for possible purchase by the outbound passengers, and that the crew would be little barefooted lascars in red turbans and long blue shirts, with a cumberbund about their persons, and that you would be called to tiffin instead of to lunch.

A fat little lascar balanced himself in the jolly-boat outlined against the sky and held aloft a red flag until the hawser swung clear of the propeller, when he raised a white flag above him and stood as motionless as the Statue of Liberty, while the *Sutley* cleared Europa Point of Gibraltar and headed towards the East. Then he pattered across the deck and leaned over the side and crooned in a lazy barbarous monotone to the waves. The sun fell upon the boat like a spell and turned us into sleepy and indolent fixtures wherever it first found us, and showed us the white capped peaks of the Sierra Nevada of Spain to the north, and the dim blue mountains of Africa to the south. The deck below was scrubbed as white as a bread board, and the masts and rigging threw black shadows on the awning overhead, and on every side the blue Mediterranean and the bluer Mediterranean sky met and sparkled and reflected each other's brilliancy like mirrors placed face to face.

For four days the sun greeted the *Sutley* by day and the moon by night, and the coast of Africa played hide-and-seek along her starboard side, disappearing in a white mist of cloud for an hour or so, and then running along with us again in comfortable proximity. On the other side boats passed at almost as frequent intervals, and at such friendly range that one could count the people on the decks and read their flag signals without a glass. The loneliness of the North Atlantic, where an iceberg stands for land, and only an occasional tramp steamer rests the eye, is as different to this sea as a railroad journey over the prairie is to the jaunt from New York to Washington. On the second night out we see Algiers, glowing and sparkling in the night like a million of fire-flies, and with the clear steady eye of the light-house warning us away, as though the quarantine had not warned some of us away already. And on the third night we pass Cape Bon, and can imagine Tunis lying tantalizingly near us, behind its light-house, shut off also by the quarantine that the cholera at Marseilles has made imperative wherever the French line of steamers touch. By this time the twoscore passengers have forgathered as they would never have done had they all been Americans, or had there been 200 of them, and their place of meeting the deck of a transatlantic steamer instead of one of this picturesque fleet, upon which you expect strange things to happen.

When an American goes to sea, he reads books, or he calculates the number of tons of coal it is taking to run the vessel at that rate of speed, and he determines that rate of speed by counting the rise and fall of the piston-rod, with his watch in his hand, and when this ceases to amuse him he plays cards in the smoking-room or holds pools on the run and on the pilot's number. The Englishman joins in these latter amusements, because nothing better offers. But when his foot is on his native heath or on the deck of one of his own vessels, he demonstrates his preference for that sort of entertainment which requires exercise and little thought. If it is at a country house, he plays games which entail considerable running about, and at picnics he enjoys "throw the handkerchief," and on board ship he plays cricket and other games dear to the heart of the American at the age of five. This is partly because he always exercises and likes moving about, as Americans do not, and because the reading of books (except such books as *Mr. Potter of Texas*, which, I firmly believe, every Englishman I ever met has read, and upon which they have bestowed the most unqualified approval as the truest picture of American life and character they have ever found) entertains him for but a very short period at a time.

So a netting is placed about the upper deck for him, and he plays cricket, not only he, but his wife and his sister and his mother and the unattached young ladies under the captain's care, who are going out to India, presumably to be met at the wharf by prospective husbands. There is something most charming in the absolute equality which this sport entails, and the seriousness with which the English regard it. We could not in America expect a white-haired lady with spectacles to bowl overhand, or to see that it is considered quite as a matter of course that she should do it by the member of the last Oxford eleven, nor would our young women be able to hold a hot ball, or to take it with the hands crossed and only partly open, and not palm to palm and wide apart. As Americans, as a rule, walk in order that he may reach a certain point, but the Englishman walks for the sake of the walking. And he plays games, also, apparently for the exercise there is in them, games in which people sit in a circle and discuss whether love or reason should guide them in going into matrimony do not appeal to him so strongly as do "oranges and lemons," or "where are you, Jacob?" which is a very fine game, in which an early training in sliding to bases gives you a certain advantage. It is certainly instructive to hear a captain who got his company through storming Fort Nilt last year in the Pamir to gasp anxiously "Oranges or lemons? Yes, I know. But which should I say, old chap? I'm a little rusty in the game, you know." If people can get back to the days when they were children by playing games, as in any other way, no one can blame them.

The island of Gozo rose up out of the sea on the fourth day—a yellow rib of rock on the right, with houses and temples on it—and demonstrated how few days of water are necessary to rob one's memory of the usual look of a house. One would imagine by the general interest in them that we had spent the last few years of our lives in tents, or in the arctic regions under huts of snow and ice. And then the ship heads in towards Malta, and instead of dropping anchor and waiting for a tender, glides calmly into what is apparently its chief thoroughfare. It is like a Venice of the sea, and you feel as though you were intruding in a gentleman's front yard. The houses and battlements and ramparts lie close on either side, so near that one could toss a biscuit into the hands of the Tommies smoking on the guns or the natives lounging on the steps that run from the front doors into the sea itself. The yard-arms reach above the line of the house-tops, and the bowsprit seems to threaten havoc with the window-panes of the custom-house. We are not apparently entering a harbor, but steaming down the main street of a city—a city of yellow limestone, with streets, walls, houses, and waste places all of yellow limestone. We might, for all the disturbance we are making, be moving forward in a bark canoe, and not in an ocean steamer drawing twenty-five feet of water. And then when the anchor drops, dozens of little boats, yellow and green and blue, with high posts at the bow and sterns like those on gondolas, shoot out from the steps, and their owners clamor for the proud privilege of carrying us over the few feet of water which runs between the line of houses and the ship's sides.

There was at the Centennial Exposition the head of a woman cut in butter, which attracted much attention from the rural visitors. For this they passed by the women painted on canvas or carved in marble, they were too like the real thing, and they probably knew how difficult it is to make butter into moulds. For some reason Malta reminds you of this butter lady. It is a real city—with real houses and cathedral and streets, no doubt, but you have a feeling that they are not genuine, and that though it is very cleverly done, it is, after all, a city carved out of cheese or butter. Some of the cheese is mouldy and covered with green, and some of the walls have holes in them, as has aerated bread or Roquefort cheese, and the streets and the pavements, and the carved façades of the churches and opera-house and the earth and the hills beyond—everything upon which your eye can rest is glaring and yellow, with not a red roof to relieve it, it is all just yellow limestone, and it looks like Dutch cheese. It is like no other place exactly that you have ever seen. The approach into the canal-like harbor under the guns and the search-lights of the fortifications, the moats and drawbridges, and the glaring monotony of the place itself, which seems to have been cut out of one piece and painted with one brush, suggest those little toy fortresses of yellow wood which appear in the shop windows at Christmas-time. Of course the first and last thought one has of Malta is that the island was the home of the Order of the Knights of St. John, or Knights Hospitallers. This order, which was the most noble of those of the days of mediæval chivalry, was the band of warrior monks who waged war against the infidels, who kept certain vows, and who, under the banner of the white cross, became honored and feared throughout the then known world. Their headquarters changed from place to place during the four hundred years that stretched from the eleventh century, when the order was first established, up to 1530, when Charles V. made over Malta and all its dependencies in perpetual sovereignty to the keeping of these Knights. They had no sooner fortified the island than there began the nine months' siege of the Turks, one of the most memorable sieges in history. When it was ended, the Turks re-embarked 10,000 of the 40,000 men they had landed, and of the 9000 Knights present under the Grand Master Jean de la Valette when the siege had opened, but 600 capable of bearing arms remained alive.

The order continued in possession of their island until the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the French, under General Bonaparte, took it with but little trouble. The French in turn were besieged by Maltese and English, and after two years capitulated. In 1814 the island was transferred to England. It now, in its monuments and its memories, speaks of the days of chivalry, but present and mixed with these is the ubiquitous red coat of the British soldier; and the eight-pointed Maltese cross, which suggests Ivanhoe and Sir Galahad, is placed side by side with the lion and the unicorn; the culverin has given way to the quick-throbbing Maxim gun, the Templar's sword to the Lee-Metford rifle, and the heroes of Walter Scott to the

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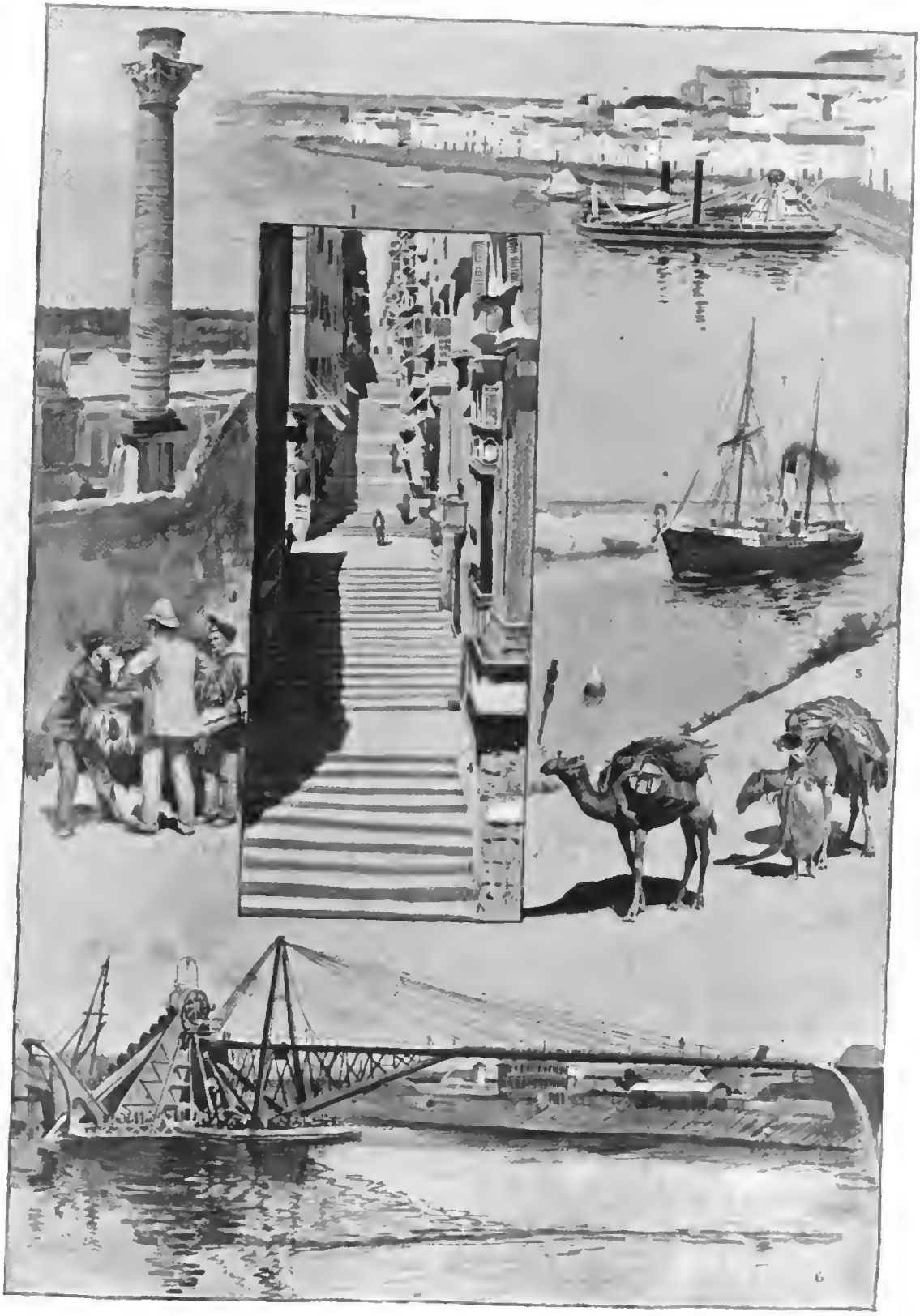

FROM GIBRALTAR TO CAIRO.—DRAWN BY GUY ROSE

1. Brindisi. 2. Pillar of Cæsar at Brindisi. 3. Maltese Peddlers. 4. Street of Santa Lucia, Malta. 5. Approach to Ismailia. 6. Steam Dredge at Work in the Canal.

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friends of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The most conspicuous relic of the French occupation is not a noble one. It is the pentential hood of the Maltese women—a strangely picturesque article of apparel, like a cowl or Shaker bonnet, only much larger than the latter, and with a cape which hangs over the shoulders. The women hold the two projecting flaps of the hood together at the throat, and unless you are advancing directly towards them, their faces are quite invisible. The hoods and capes are black, and are worn as a penance for the frolity of the women of Malta when the French took the place and robbed the churches, and pillaged the storehouses of the Knights, and bore themselves with less restraint than the infidel Turks had done. Malta retains a slight suggestion of mediævalism in the garb of the Capuchin monks, whose tonsured heads and bare feet and roped waists look like a masquerade in their close proximity to the young officers in tweeds and varnished boots. But one gets the best idea of the past from the great Church of St. John, which is full of the trophies and gifts of the Grand Masters of the Order, and floored with 2000 marble tombs of the Knights themselves. Each Grand Master vied with those who had preceded him in enriching this church, and each Knight on his promotion made it a gift, so that to day it is rich in these and wonderfully beautiful. This is the chief show-place, and the Governor's palace is another, and, to descend from the sublimity of the past to the absurdity of the present, as in also the guard room of the officer of the guard, which generations of English subalterns have helped to decorate. Each year a committee of officers go over the pictures on its walls and rub out the least amusing, and this survival of the fittest has resulted in a most entertaining gallery of black and white. The Order of the Jerusalem, or of St. John, still obtains in Europe, and those who can show fourteen quarterings on one side and twelve on the other are entitled to belong to it; but they are carpet knights, and wearing an enamel Maltese cross on the left side of no evening coat is a different thing from carrying it on a shield for Saracens to hack at.

Sicily shows itself for a few hours while the boat is continuing on its way to Brindisi, and as that day happened to be the 4th of March, the captain of the *Sutley* was asked to make a calculation for which there will be no further need for four years to come. This calculation showed at what point in the Mediterranean ocean the *Sutley* would be when a President was being inaugurated in Washington, and at the proper time the passengers were invited to the cabin, and the fact that a government was changing into the hands of one who could best take care of it was impressed upon them in different ways. And later, after dinner, the captain of the *Sutley* made a speech, and said things about the important event (which he insisted on calling an election) which was then taking place in America, and the English cheered and drank the new President's health, and the two Americans on board, who fortunately were both good Democrats, felt not so far from home as before.

You must touch at Brindisi, which is situated on the heel of the boot of Italy, if you wish to go a part of the way by land from the East to London or from London to the East. And as many people prefer travelling forty-eight hours across the Continent to rounding Gibraltar, one hears often of Brindisi, and pictures it as a shipping port of the importance of Liverpool or Marseilles. Instead of which it is as desolate as a summer resort in midwinter, and is like that throughout the year. There was a long broad stone wharf, and tall stucco houses behind, and banks of coal which suggested the rear approach to Long Island City, and the soft blue Italian skies of which we had read were steely blue, and most of us were overcoats. We lay bound fast to the wharf, with a plank thrown from the boat's side to the quay, for the day, and we had free permission to learn to walk on streets again for full twenty four hours; but after facing the wind, and dodging guides who had nothing to show, we came back by preference to the clean deck and the steamer chair. Desperate-looking Italian soldiers with feathers in their hats, and custom-house officers, and gendarmes paraded up and down the quay for our detectation, and a wicked little boy stood on the pier-head and sang "Ta-rara boom-di-ay," pointedly varying the knowledge of our several nationalities by crying "I say, buy box matches. Get out." This show of learning caused him to be regarded by his fellows with much envy, and they watched us to see how far we were impressed.

There are two things which need no newspaper advertising and which recognize no geographical lines; one is a pretty face and the other is a good song. I have seen photographs for sale of Isabelle Irving and Lillian Russell in as different localities as Santiago in Cuba, and Rotterdam, and I saw a play bill in San Antonio, Texas, upon which the Countess Dudley and the Duchess of Leinster were reproduced under the names of the Walsh Sisters. A good song will travel as far, changing its name, too, perhaps, and its words, but keeping the same melody that has pleased people in a different part of the world. When the moon came out at Brindisi and hid the heaps of coal, and showed only the white houses and the pillar of Cæsar, a party of young men with guitars and mandolins gathered under the bow and sang a song called "Oh, Carolina," which I had last heard Francis Wilson sing as a part of the scene of *The Lion-tamer*, to very different words. As the scene of *The Lion-tamer* is laid in Sicily, the song was more or less in place; but the contrast between the dark browed Italian and Mr. Wilson's genial countenance which the song brought back was striking. And on the night after we had left Brindisi, when the crew gave a concert, one of them sang "Oh, pousse me," and some one asked if the song had yet reached America. I did not undeceive him, but said it had.

After Brindisi the bands of the clock go back a few thousand years, and we see Cephalonia, where Ulysses owned much property, and Crete, from whence St. Paul set sail, with its long range of mountains covered with snow, and then we come back to the present near the island of Zante, where the earthquake moved a month ago and swallowed up the houses of the people.

The *Sutley* had been going out of her course all of the fourth day in order to dodge possible islands thrown up by the earthquake, and she was late. That night, as she steamed forward at her best speed, the level oily sea fell back from her bows with a steady ripple as she cut it in two and turned it back out of the way. A light on the horizon, like a policeman's lantern, which changed to the burnt-out end of a match and back again to a bull's-eye, told us that beyond the light lay the level sands of Egypt, almost as far-reaching and monotonous as the sea that touched its shore.

The force of habit is very strong on many people, and if they approach the land of the Pharaohs and of Cleopatra an hour after their usual bedtime, they feel no inclination to diverge from their usual habits on that account. When you consider how many hours there are for slumber, and how many are given to dances, you would think one hour of sleep might be spared out of a lifetime in order that you could see Port Said at night. There was a long line of lamps on the shore, like a gigantic row of foot-lights or a prairie fire along the horizon, and we passed towards this through buoys with red and green lights, with a long sea wall reaching out on one side, and the natural reef of jagged rocks rising black out of the sea in the path of the moon on the other. Then black boats shot out from the shore and assailed us with strange cries, and men in turbans and long robes, and negroes in what looked like sacking, and which probably was sacking, but which could not hide the suppleness and strength of their limbs, climbed up over the high sides. These were the coal-trimmers making way for the black islands, filled with black coal and blacker men, who made fast to the side and began feeding the vessel through a blazing hole like an open fireplace in her iron side. Four braziers filled with soft coal burnt with a fierce red flame from the corners of the barges, and in this light from out of the depths half naked negroes ran shrieking and crying with baskets of coal on their shoulders to the top of no inclined plank, and stood there for a second in the full glare of the opening until one could see the whites of their eyes and the sweat glistening on the black faces. Then they pitched the coal forward into the lighted opening, as though they were feeding a fire, and disappeared with a jump downwards into the pit of blackness. The coal dust rose in great curtains of mist, through which the figures of the men and the red light showed dimly and with wavering outline, like shadows in an iron mill, and through it all came their cries and shouts, and the roar of the coal blocks as they rattled down into the hold.

Port Said occupies the same position to the waters of the world as Dodge City once did to the Western States of America—it is the meeting place of vessels from every land over every water, just as Dodge City was the meeting place of the great trails across the prairies. When a cowboy reached Dodge City after six months of constant riding by day and of sleeping under the stars by night, and with wild steers for company, he wanted wickedness in its worst form—such being the perversity of man. And you are told that Port Said offers to travellers and crew the same attractive features after a month or weeks of rough voyaging that Dodge City once offered to the trailsmen. In *The Light that Failed* we are told that Port Said is the wickedest place on earth, that it is a sink of iniquity and a hole of vice, and a wild night in Port Said is described there with pitiless detail. Almost every young man who leaves home for the East is instructed by his friends to reproduce that night, or never return to civilization. And every sea captain or traveller or ex-member of the Army of Occupation in Egypt that I have met on this visit to the East has either smiled darkly when he spoke of Port Said or raised his eyes in horror. They all agreed on two things—that it was the home of the most beautiful woman on earth, which is saying a good deal, and that it was the wickedest, wildest, and most vicious place that man had created and God forgotten. One would naturally lay pocket knives at Sheffield, and ginger ale in Belfast, and would not lay in a stock of cigars if going to Havana, and so when guides in Continental cities and in the East have invited me to see and to buy strange things which caused me to doubt the morals of those who had gone before, I have always put them off, because I knew that some day I should visit Port Said. I did not want second best and imitation wickedness, but the most awful wickedness of the entire world sounded as though it might prove most amusing. I expected a place blazing with lights, and with gambling houses and *cafés chantants* open to the air, and sailors fighting with bare knives, and guides who cheated and robbed you, or led you to dives where you could be drugged and robbed by others.

So I went on shore and gathered the guides together, and told them for the time being to stick their rivalry and to join with loyal local pride in showing me the worst Port Said could do. They consulted for some time, and then said that they were sorry, but the only gambling house in the place closed at twelve, and so did the only *café chantant*, and as it was now nearly half past twelve, every one was properly in bed. I expressed myself fully, and they were hurt, and said that Egypt was a great country, and that after I had seen Cairo I would say so. So I told them I had not meant to offend their pride of country, and that I was going to Cairo in order to see things almost as old as wickedness, and much more worth while, and that all I asked of Port Said was that it should live up to its name. I told them to hire a house, and wake the people in Port Said up, and show me the very worst, lowest, wickedest, and most vicious sights of which their city boasted; that I would give them four hours in which to do it, and what money they needed. I should like to print what, after long consultation, the five guides of Port Said—which is a place a half mile across, and with which they were naturally acquainted—offered me as the scene of frolicsome dissipation. I do not do so, not because it would bring the blush to the cheek of the reader, but to the inhabitants of Port Said, who have enjoyed a notoriety they do not deserve, and who are like those desperadoes in the West who would rather be considered "bad" than the nonpareils, and a cup of black coffee at Port Said. That cannot be considered a night of wild dissipation. Port Said may have been a sink of iniquity when Mr. Kipling was last there, but when I visited it, it was a cooling station. I would hate to be called a cooling station if I were Port Said, even by me.

When I awoke after my night of riot at Port Said the *Sutley* was steaming slowly down the Suez Canal, and its waters rippled against its sandy banks and sent up strange odors of fish and mud. On either side stretched long levels of yellow sand dotted with bunches of dark green grass, like tufts on a quilt, over which stalked an occasional camel, bending and rocking, and scenting the rival ship at anchor. You have heard so much of the Suez Canal as an engineering feat that you rather expect, in your ignorance, to find the banks upheld by walls of masonry, and to pass through intricate locks from one level to another, or at least to see a well beaten towpath at its side. But with the exception of dikes here and there, you pass between slipping sandy banks, which show less of the hand of man than does a mill dam at home, and you begin to think that Ferdinand de Lesseps drew his walking stick through the sand from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, and 30,000 negroes followed reproduced to real life the big colored prints which hung on the walls of the Sunday school. There are the buffaloes drawing the plough of wood, and the wells of raw sun-baked clay, and the ditches and water works of two cog-wheels and clay pots for irrigating the land, and the strings of camels, and the veiled women carrying earthen jars on the left shoulder. And beyond these stretches the yellow sand, not white and heavy, like our own, but dun colored and fine like dust, and over it amethyst skies bare of clouds and tall palms. And then the boat stops again at Ismailia to let you off for Cairo, and the brave captains returning from leave, and the braver young women who are going out to work in hospitals, and the young wives with babies whom their fathers have not seen, and the commissioners returning to rule and bully a native prince, pass on to India, and you are assaulted by donkey boys who want you to ride "Mark Twain," or "Lady Dunlo," or "Two Pair of Black Eyes Oh What a Surprise Grand Ole Man." A jerky, rumbling train carries you from Ismailia past Tel el Kebir station, where the British army surprised the enemy by a night march and took a train back to Cairo in three hours. And then, after a five hours' ride, you stop at Cairo, and the chapter ends.

SAFETY IN FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS.

Scores of so-called fire proof buildings have been destroyed by fire, but it was claimed that they were storage-houses filled with combustible merchandise, and the occupants of our high apartment and hotel buildings are assured that even if their furniture and the wood work used for casings, floors, etc., were set on fire, the flames would not spread to cause serious damage to the structure.

This confidence has been rudely shaken by the partial burning of a large "absolutely fire-proof" office building in this city, which proves that enough combustible material enters into the construction of almost all our "fire-proof" buildings to endanger the inmates in case of a serious fire. The law regarding fire proof buildings in New York city reads as follows:

"They shall be constructed with walls of brick, stone, iron, or other hard incombustible materials, in which wooden beams or lintels shall not be placed, and in which the floors and roofs shall be of materials similar to the walls. The stair and staircase landings shall be built entirely of brick, stone, iron, or other incombustible materials. No wood work or other inflammable materials shall be used in any of the partitions, floorings, or ceilings in any such fire-proof buildings."

So far the law is excellent and insures a perfectly fire-proof shell, which, if used for dwelling purposes and not for the storage of combustible goods, may be regarded as perfectly safe; but unfortunately the law continues, "excepting, however, that the doors and windows, the trims, the casings, the interior finish, when filled solid at the back with fire proof material, and the floor boards and sleepers directly thereunder, may be made of wood."

It will readily be seen that thoughtless builders may, under cover of this excepting clause, convert every room into a lumber-yard, and this has been done to such an extent that many fine structures have virtually lost their fire proof character.

If the occupant of an apartment in one of our first-class buildings will carefully examine the rooms he lives in, he will be startled at the quantity of inflammable material by which he is surrounded. The trim round the doors is much wider than and twice as thick as necessary, and is often surmounted by useless carved ornaments. The deep recess of the windows and the space under the sills are panelled with wood, heavy inside blinds are set in pockets lined with wood, and a casing is set round the window recess. With walls of the usual thickness in the lower floors of a so-called fire-proof building, at least 70 square feet of wood are used to trim, panel, and finish a window of ordinary size. All this wood is kiln-dried, filled with oil, and varnished. If once set on fire—and most fires start from a curtain—the blaze is so vigorous and the heat so intense that not only is every combustible thing in the room set on fire, but the glass cracks, the flame strikes the windows above, and another apartment is endangered.

The flooring of an ordinary room, say 13 by 18 feet in size, means 216 square feet of pine stuff set on wooden sleepers, this quantity is often nearly doubled by the use of an upper floor, and the danger is increased by having the floors oiled or varnished. If any one will take three or four feet of pine flooring and set it on fire, he can form no idea of the conflagration that would take place should the wood-work used in his apartment ever get fairly on fire.

But some builders, in utter forgetfulness of the fire-proof intent of buildings, have gone still further—they have actually wainscoted walls and ceilings with oil filled and varnished wood! If the burning of the simple wood work in the Temple Court office-building proved so destructive, what would be the fate of a heavily trimmed, double-floored, panelled, and wainscoted hotel in case of fire?

Another source of serious danger in most of our apartment and hotel buildings is the use of part of the basement for the storage of trunks and furniture. It is well known that no structure yet erected will resist fire if filled with combustible material. What the result would be if fire should ever get a full headway in a closely packed trunk and lumber room is a matter for thought.

The real danger in our best buildings comes from over-confidence in their fire-proof quality. A structure with iron beams and walls, partitions and floor arches of brick or fire-proof blocks, seems so incombustible that we lose sight of the fact that the burning of even a comparatively small amount of material inside the rooms may create so intense a heat as to turn the building into a vast crematory. How little fire will suffice to endanger iron beams is often shown. The burning of a lot of flimsy scenery on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera house brought down the supposed fire-proof roof of that magnificent structure, and car rails in the open street have been seen to curl from the mere reflected heat of burning houses.

All that is required to secure safety from fire in our best buildings is so to reduce the amount of combustible stuff used or stored in each room as to render a fire, if it should occur, easy to control. Tile or concrete floors, such as are used in Italy, and have lately been introduced in some buildings in this city, are not only absolutely safe as regards fire, but make the rooms less draughty, more equable in temperature, and free from dust and from moths, rats, and vermin of all sorts, which breed so freely under wooden floors. Wainscoting, panelling, and casing of all kinds should be avoided, especially around windows, where a small moulding to cover the joint around the frame is all the wood-work that should be allowed.

The trim, base, etc. should be made as light as possible, and in closets wood work should be entirely dispensed with. Wood work ornamentation is entirely out of place in a fire-proof building, and can easily be replaced by metal, stucco, or other fire proof material. If all unnecessary wood-work

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is avoided, less than one tenth of the combustible material generally used will suffice to finish apartments, and the rooms can be made quite as attractive and far purer and more healthful.

No room inside of a fire-proof building, especially in the basement, cellar, or lower floors, should ever be used for the storage of trunks, furniture, or other combustible material. A light iron structure outside the building, or, better still, on the roof, would answer the purpose of a storage-room admirably and be entirely free from danger.

It will be urged, and justly so, that with the constant watchfulness exercised in all first-class buildings, and with the facilities provided to fight an incipient fire, the chances of a serious conflagration are exceedingly remote. So far no fire that we know of has ever got sufficient headway in a first-class fire-proof building used for dwelling purposes to do more than burn the furniture and wood work of the rooms where it originated and we have every reason to hope that it never will. But people living on a twelfth or fourteenth floor do not like to contemplate the possibility of danger, and some changes should be made in our otherwise excellent law limiting the amount of combustible material used in fire-proof buildings.

I cannot end this paper without touching on a subject most repugnant, but which should certainly be brought to public attention. I refer to sham fire-proof buildings—buildings that not only do not comply with the law for the erection of fire-proof structures but which have no fire-proof qualities whatever, except possibly, a veneer to deceive the eye, and yet are covered with signs advertising them as absolutely fire-proof.

I saw, some days ago, in a theatre—a fire trap, in a block of old buildings, with wooden floors and lath and plaster partitions, and on the programme this place was advertised as "absolutely fire-proof." When—and the thing must happen sooner or later—some unfortunate is lured into such a death trap and roasted alive, what verdict short of "wilful murder" can be found against the landlord who allowed the insertion of the advertisement?

HORSEMANSHIP IN CENTRAL PARK.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

THERE are to be seen in the bridle-paths and other roads of Central Park as many styles of riding as there are racial types in the metropolis, and besides these there are many more styles of a nondescript character which defy more definite classification than that known in the sporting world as "go as you please." Ten or fifteen years ago there were not nearly so many riders in the Park as now, nor was the horsemanship so good as at present. A critic competent to pass judgment in such matters, and without knowledge of what kind of riding was to be seen a decade and a decade and a half ago, would be likely to say, after spending an afternoon by one of the Central Park bridle-paths, that in his opinion horsemanship never could have been worse than it is now. But it was—it was infinitely worse. Fifteen years ago it was the rarest kind of a thing to see a rider of genuine accomplishments. Occasionally one would see a man who had obtained some notion of rough riding in the army during the war, and occasionally also, there would be a man from the South who rode with the skill of much practice, but with no idea whatever of good form. Now, if a spectator will take his stand near any of the more frequently used bridle paths, he will be apt to see in half an hour at least one young gentleman who rides excellently well, and in the course of an afternoon such a spectator is likely to see a score of young men and maidens who manage their horses with ease and skill, and sit their saddles with the graceful security which indicates long and intelligent practice, and that gift for the art without which supreme mastery is never quite obtained. But the great majority ride pretty badly, and to classify them one has to guess at what each is trying to accomplish.

There are to be seen in Central Park half a dozen definite styles among the good riders, and among the poor horsemen many riders who are evidently attempting these various styles. We see the English park seat, the English hunting seat, the American military seat, the military styles of both Germany and France, and every now and then a dashing fellow who has evidently learned to ride among the cow-boys of the West. Each of these styles is admirable in its way, though probably it will be conceded by most persons that in the park the park seat and style are to be preferred. In this seat what we understand by form amounts to more than it does even in the military styles. Park work is not expected to be so rough as hunting, and therefore the stirrups are let down a hole or two more than when the saddle is adjusted for the hunting field; but it is not what would be called a long stirrup, for which only the tip of the toe will reach when the leg is straight. There are men who ride in Central Park with their stirrups so lengthened, but they are usually mounted on "racking" or single-foot horses, and the gait is as smooth as a lonely life's rocking chair. The park rider's stirrup is short enough for him to get a good grip with the bent knee and still have his foot in the stirrup on a level, that is, with the heel and toe at the same elevation. And then this skilful park rider keeps his feet parallel with his horse, his elbows well in, but not glued to his side, and he does not balance himself by tugging on the reins. Of such as these there are scores who frequently ride in Central Park. But they are nearly all quite young fellows—either lads whose cheeks are innocent of bristles, or young gentlemen who are well on the callow side of thirty. To be sure, one occasionally sees a man whose waist has lost its early slimness, and whose years are evidently on the thither side of forty, sit his horse with consummate skill even in the Park bridle-paths, but this is so rarely the case that when such men are met with they have to be noted as exceptions to the general rule. Ten and fifteen years from now this will probably not be the case, for very many of these graceful young fellows who now trot and canter so easily along the roads will have become real men without having parted with all the nimbleness of early youth.

Of the riders who really seem to be trying to ride in any particular style probably nine out of ten endeavor in ways more or less crude to acquire this park seat. I think I have discovered why so few of them attain any degree of success. In the first place I think it most improbable that any man who takes to riding after he has reached manhood will, or indeed can, ever become a very accomplished rider. The knack has to be acquired at that period of life when bones and muscles are pliable, and can be adapted to whatever necessary requirement. A very great many of the Central Park riders never straddled a horse till after reaching manhood. From such, of course, we could not expect the very best and most accomplished riders to be made, but these gentlemen would without any doubt ride much better than they do were it not that they are incorrectly taught. A man, say of twenty-five or twenty-eight, finds himself well enough provided with funds to keep a saddle horse. He is ignorant of horsemanship. He therefore very naturally goes to a riding school for instruction and very naturally, too, believes every word the riding master tells him, while he does all he can to imitate the seat and bearing and manner of the master into whose hands he has fallen. This is very proper in the novice, and his course in so acting shows him to be a man of sense. But here is the difficulty—the master in nine cases out of ten does not himself know how to ride in anything like correct form. If a man begins to learn the art of riding at a time when the chances are greatly against his ever becoming really accomplished, how much are these chances reduced when his teacher is ignorant, and the model he copies hopelessly bad? That I believe to be the real reason that the generality of Park riders are so awkward in their seats, and so cruelly hard upon the unlucky backs wher do them a twice. Of all the men who trot or canter along the bridle-paths of Central Park without showing that they are in constant fear of tumbling off, the riding masters of the various riding schools are, in my opinion, the very poorest horsemen so far as good form is concerned. Notice the reproduction of the photograph of the young lady and little girl with a man riding between them. Now there is a typical riding master, with the back of his legs against the saddle, his toes turned out, and his balance secured by a tight clutch on both curb and snaffle. This is certainly a most admirable seat to be imitated by pupils, and copied as nearly as may be by ignorant admirers.

Then there are others who have taken no lessons but try to ride by the light of nature. If such a man have latent talent and he exercises some intelligence he is really likely to do much better than with the assistance of a riding master who would put him in the wrong road. There may be riding teachers in New York who are really masters of the art, and it may be due to the instruction of such that we see so many of the younger generation who know what they are about when in the saddle. But the majority of them, as they appear in the Park with their pupils, ride with no better form than a mill boy would display in taking a cart-horse to drink from the pond. For poor form on horseback, next to the riding teachers, the grooms seen in the Park must be awarded the medal. Some of these men may ride very well so far as sticking on is concerned, but they are, as a rule, hopelessly ungraceful, and appear to have no other idea than that of sticking on. The groom's idea of good horsemanship appears to be to clutch the horse with the back of the calf of the leg, rise in the stirrup, and preserve a balance by holding a tight rein. There is a picture of such a rider in this paper. A well trained horse ridden half a dozen times by such a groom would be ruinously spoiled and the horse's education would have to be gone all over again. But the grooms are not the only riders who appear to think that the chief function of bridle reins is to assist the rider in retaining his seat on the horse. The riding-teachers appear to put the reins to the same improper use, and also about nine out of ten of all the men and women seen riding in the Park. I used to think, before I had made many studies in Central Park, that the Southern darky, with his careless and happy go-lucky method of going "lickity-split" whenever he got astride of a horse, was about the poorest rider in the world. But I have amended this view and I now believe that as a horseman he ranks above both the New York riding teacher and the Park groom. I saw a typical negro boy cantering beside a Park policeman, and a comparison of his seat with those of the riding master and groom convinced me that even the negro rides with more correct form, and therefore with more ease, than either of the others. And the Park policemen, by-the-way, are very much at home in the saddle and they are also very severe critics of the riders who frequent the Park. I had a talk with one the other afternoon while the photographs were being taken to illustrate this article. He did not know the names of the men and women he saw so frequently, but he had a value, established by long observation, to put on the skill of each. There was one horseman whose riding he particularly admired. He described the horse, the man, and his dress with so much minuteness that there was no difficulty in recognizing the dashing figure of an eminent clergyman, who when he took holy orders felt no call whatever to give up those manly sports and exercises which contribute towards a healthy body and a wholesome mind. But the policeman expressed a regret that the reverend doctor could not find a more shapely horse to carry his weight than the ragged and rawboned beast that now does service. The mounted policemen are not the only critics among the Park officials. There was one old fellow in a blue uniform, which indicated, I believe, that he had something to do with the reservoir, and with him I had speech.

"Ah, it's a pity, it is," he said, "that Mr and Mrs. Rickity-Rick don't come along and have their pictures took."

"Rickity-Rick" that is a queer name," I ventured to say.

"Well, that's not their real name; that's the name I give 'em, because they always ride rickity-rick," and while saying this the old man spread his legs apart and bounced up and down as though the imaginary saddle beneath him were of India rubber, and he also of some other very elastic substance. "It is always the same with 'em," he added—"always rickity rick."

Among the notable riders in Central Park and along the Riverside Drive is a man as conspicuous by his way as the clergyman alluded to and "Mr. and Mrs. Rickity Rick." This is a tall slender man, a little past fifty years in age. He looks on horseback to be more than six feet tall. His horse is a shapely black, some what more than sixteen hands high, and a silk flowing tail. The rider sits very erect in the saddle, his legs perfectly straight, and his down reaching toes just touching the stirrups. A perpendicular line drawn from the stirrup would pass up his leg and through his thighs, body, and head. To one unaccustomed to such a seat it really seems marvellous that this gentleman should ride with so much ease and apparent security. But he really seems a part of his horse. Always when I have seen him he has been riding in a slow trot. He does not sit rigidly on the horse, and yet he does not rise to the gait. Of its kind it is perfect riding and it is likely that this gentleman was an officer in one of the armies of continental Europe. In the Park and on dress parade this kind of riding is admirable, but how would it be in the hunting field or in a cavalry charge? Lord Cardigan, he who led the famous charge of the six hundred at Balaklava, adopted such a seat and stirrup in the hunting field in England, and met his death by ignominiously tumbling over a stone wall.

Then there is another distinct type not before mentioned. This group is made up of stout gentlemen from thirty five to sixty-five, who have been advised to ride so as to counteract a tendency to corpulence. They hump along with much patience and suffering—suffering that their horses must share in a very large degree. Of these there is one man I have seen on the streets in New York any time these fifteen years past. He is a distinguished lawyer and was a soldier of note during the war. When he walks on the street he is a well set up fine figure of a man, but slightly disposed to over stoutness. I have no means of knowing whether he enjoyed his seat in his saddle at the head of his regiment in the days of the war but I am very certain that now he does not like his canter in the Park even a little bit. He rolls in the saddle, with lots of daylight always between him and his horse, on his handsome clean cut face there is a look of intense suffering. When he pulls his horse up from a canter, and during those two or three seconds of trotting before the horse comes to a walk, the gallant lawyer seems about to emulate the example of Antæus and get renewed strength by embracing Mother Earth. My friend the mounted policeman said that these men rode like bags of meal. In this I think he is entirely wrong, for bags of meal not more securely fastened on a horse than these riders would surely either fall off or burst.

In one of the pictures will be seen that of a gentleman who has evidently not been instructed by riding masters, but has acquired his skill by practice and the exercise of intelligence. He is to be seen almost every day, and he evidently enjoys his ride thoroughly. His form in the saddle is not as finished as that of some of the younger men and probably he would not acquit himself as well in the hunting field, but he is a notable instance of the self instructed rider who has learned how to ride with ease to himself and his horse. Of the ladies I do not feel competent to speak. Some of them evidently ride with ease and comfort, but the majority appear to keep their seats merely by hanging on to the pommels and to the reins. Ten years from now the visitor will probably find in Central Park as good horsemanship as that which is now the rule along Rotten Row in Hyde Park. Even now the average is better than that seen in the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne.

THE POETS.

THERE'S never a robin that pipes of spring,
Nor a stream that runs and leaps,
Nor a bee that dreams on drowsy wing
Over a perfum'd pool's deeps,
But has its rhymes and runes;
Its rhymes and runes,
Its subtle tunes,
Whose rhythm in silence sleeps.

There's never a star that spins in space,
Nor a leaf that falls to earth,
Nor a billow that wrinkles the ocean's face,
Nor a rain-drop brought to birth,
But has its rhymes and runes,
Its rhymes and runes,
Its mystic tunes,
Of sweet, untaught'd worth.

There's many a soul that throbs in time
With the robin, the leaf, or star
That may not voice the silent rhyme,
But some can hear afar.
And they, yes, they have rhymes and runes,
And they can sing the mystic tunes,
For they the poets are. W. J. HAMMERSON.

SWORD-FISHING OFF NANTUCKET.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

IT would not do to call a sword fish a mackerel glorified, but look at his body, minus his sword, and the resemblance to the scomber family is marked. In all the seas the weapon he carries, that prolonged snout, gives him his name. The sword fish is in Italian "pesce-spada," in Dutch "zwaardvisch," and the Spaniard calls him "espada." French fishermen know him as "espadon."

The sword fish carries a weapon, and knows how to use it. Whether he is pugnacious or not cannot be determined, but there are sword fish fishermen who insist that he is eager to attack. There is nothing like a litigation to prove a fact in natural history, and so in 1864, when the good ship *Dreadnaught* arrived in London, having been struck by a sword-fish, the court held that the vessel and cargo had been damaged to an amount represented by $2000 and the insurance companies paid that much because *Xiphias gladius* had made a hole through copper sheathing and oak planking.

The range of the sword fish is a wide one, from Jamaica to Cape Breton. On the European coast it is found from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. Just at this present date sword fish frequent our coast from Montauk Point to the Georges Bank. The first appearance seems to be about the 25th of May.

The presence of the sword-fish means that he is in the waters in quest of food. What he wants is a fair share of the menhaden and mackerel. Like the tunnie the sword fish is a predaceous fish. When he flies through the seas he has a way of exposing his high dorsal fin and the upper lobe of his tail, and when eager in pursuit will show a great deal of his body, exactly as Mr Bacas has drawn it. The speed of the fish is wonderful and Professor Owen described the blow it would give with its sword as the equal of a swivel shot.

As to the maximum weight of the fish authorities differ. An exceptionally large fish will weigh five hundred pounds. The average sword fish will turn the scales at two hundred pounds. The pursuit of the fish as practised by the Nantucket fishermen is the most exciting of sports. A day when there is a smart breeze with fairly smooth water is selected. There is a man at the mast head who has a keen vision, and at once signals the presence of the fish. The skipper, who is the cleverest of men, takes his station at the bowsprit, standing on a small platform called the "pulpit." The implement is known as "a sword fish iron", sometimes it is called a "lily-iron." It is a harpoon with a detachable head, and fastened by a socket to a hickory pole sixteen feet in length. The pole is secured by a light line to the vessel so that it cannot be lost. The harpoon weighs, wood and iron, eighteen pounds. The harpoon is not thrown, but pushed or jabbed into the fish. The skipper always strikes at a point under the dorsal fin. The fish being struck, the iron becomes detached from the pole. As may be seen in the illustration, there is one man with a line in his hand and another ready to throw overboard a float, which is an empty keg. The wounded fish may carry off one hundred fathoms of line, but cannot escape. Generally a small boat is lowered, and the sword fish killed with a lance. The flesh of the sword fish is excellent.

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—IN THE TERMINAL STATION.—Drawn by Nichols and Eaton.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—BIG GUNS IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT, GOVERNMENT BUILDING.—Drawn by Nichols and Eaton.

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE GRAND COURT AT NIGHT—ELECTRICAL ILLUMINATION OF MACMONNIES'S FOUNTAIN AND THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

IMPORTANT CONVENTION IN CANADA.

THE LIBERALS TO MEET AT OTTAWA THIS WEEK.

It shows the difference in the forms of government which prevail in North America that while political conventions occur in the regular order of events in the United States, in Canada an assemblage of party representatives of this character is unusual and hence an occurrence of great significance. The government of the people finds its earliest initiation in the United States in the choice of delegates to a body unrecognized in law, yet which has the power of creating law-makers. In the neighboring Dominion, while in fact the government quite as completely springs from the people, the practice has never yet prevailed whereby an unofficial expression of the people's wishes is made by a body voluntarily chosen, without authorization of statute, and having no real legal power to enforce its behests.

Hence the assemblage in Ottawa, Canada, during the present week, of the chief representatives of the great Liberal party of the Dominion from regions covering a stretch of country reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is an interesting occasion. It is an occasion of peculiar interest to the people of the United States, because the chief topic for discussion at the Convention will be the policy which shall animate the party, should it control the reins of government, in its relations with this country. Upon the wisdom which shall guide the conclusions of the Convention in this respect will depend the ability of the party at the next general Parliamentary election soon impending to secure control of the government. This control would result in a complete reversal of policy from that which, under a Tory administration, has for so many years prevailed in the Dominion. Instead of commercial hostility, restriction, isolation of one part of the continent from the other, and practical belligerency toward the United States, the desire of the new Liberal government, should it obtain power, would be of precisely opposite character. It would have for its policy the closest possible commercial relations between the United States and Canada and the utmost freedom of trade. A practical commercial union, if not in name, certainly in effect, would then be possible, long preceding and perhaps preventing the political union which so many hope for, but which is impossible in the present generation. Practically, so far as trade and profit are concerned, it would immediately bring about an equal result.

It will therefore be realized how important are the consequences to this country of the assemblage of the Canadian delegates which takes place in Ottawa this week. While the trade between the United States and Canada has hitherto been insignificant, and there is in the public mind a lack of apprehension of the importance of the Canadian question, nevertheless there are forces at work which make it more than ever incumbent upon this people to watch closely the trend of events in a country which is the largest and nearest customer for manufactured goods, the greatest source of supply for raw material and food products, and which affords to the coming generation an opportunity of profit in development equalled only by that which within their own borders their parents enjoyed. It will be realized, therefore, that the meeting at Ottawa is full of significance, and it is remarkable that it has not hitherto attracted more attention from both press and people of this country.

The Dominion has been governed since 1878 by the Tory party on the lines of what is known as the National Policy. These lines are rigid in their protectionist character, and in that sense resembled the principles which animated [illegible] Republican party in the control of the United [illegible] until recently. A reciprocity of trade having [illegible] years ago been found impossible, a reciprocity of [illegible] was supposed [illegible] be the next best thing, and [illegible] Macdonald's play up[illegible] these words epitomiz[illegible] the policy that has up to this time [illegible] in its relation to this country.

Not only in [illegible] to the tariff has the Canadian policy been one of commercial hostility, completely shutting out all American manufactures that it was possible within the Dominion to produce, but with respect to all other points of contact the same spirit of reprisal has prevailed. In relation to the fisheries, for instance, the policy has been belligerent and exasperating to the last degree. Still awaiting the settlement of a question unsettled for half a century, and greatly calculated to disturb the repose of both nations, between the two English-speaking nations of the world peace only is preserved by the constant annual payment by the United States of license or tonnage dues by American fishermen that make it more than ever difficult to set aside this practical admission of the justice and legality of Canadian claims to exclusive rights of enormous value. Equally so with regard to the laws relating to railway transportation, wherein bonding privileges through Canada by rail for a few quintals of fish are denied by the Canadian Tory government to American fishermen, while Canada enjoys at the hands of the United States privileges for the bonding of merchandise and produce to and from and through Canada in proportions so vast that to deny them would bankrupt the entire Canadian railway systems. So, too, in the relations of the Bering Strait question. The attitude of Canada has brought about the great assemblage in Paris of the court now arbitrating the points at issue, and the display of an amount of forensic ability rarely equalled in the history of diplomacy.

Meantime Canada languishes in the continental race; her development is arrested, and the exodus continues to this country of her youngest, the healthiest, the most vigorous, and the most adventurous of her population. Her debt, national and provincial, increases, her debt-paying power diminished, her canal and railway interests depending on this country are imperilled, and, last and worst of all, by the operation of the United States McKinley tariff, as the logical outcome of the reciprocity of tariffs, the Dominion is practically shut out from her natural markets. This has caused enormous loss to the vast majority of the people who have been hitherto dependent upon the United States for the absorption of what they produce. The decline in two years in exports of agricultural products to the United States has, in the bulkiest of articles and in the aggregate of the largest amount, equalled nearly seventy per cent., which in a country sustained by agriculture is an enormous proportion. Notwithstanding the increased trade with Great Britain, the loss to Canadians by their exclusion from the United States market has been very great. Had the agricultural section of the McKinley bill been specially framed for the purpose of spreading ruin over the largest possible area of the continent outside of the United States, among the classes most numerous and the industries most vital to the development of that area, it could not have taken a shape more exacting or more exasperating. The result is that among the majority of Canadians included in the five great classes of Farmers, Fishermen, Lumbermen, Miners, and Shippers, there is the greatest dissatisfaction at the existing conditions of trade between the two countries. The present Tory government, having inaugurated the national policy of reprisal, of isolation, and hostility to the United States, are blamed for the rigid retaliation of the McKinley bill. The demand is therefore imperative for a tariff reform in Canada, so as to get in line with the amended policy of the United States desired by the people in the election of Mr. Cleveland. The Tory party are feeling the pressure of this demand at every point, and are especially harassed by an important defection of an adherent exceedingly able and aggressive in the person of Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, who has been before designated as the wisest and ablest of Tories.

It is under circumstances such as these that representatives of the Liberal party assemble in Ottawa to decide on a policy for the future, and which by submission to the people at the coming general Parliamentary election will beget their approval, and enable them to obtain power. It will be admitted that the circumstances of their opponents in the Tory ranks are such that unless there be the greatest mismanagement or ill luck in the formation of that policy the Liberal chances for victory are uncommonly good. Hence the most intense anxiety prevails among those who apprehend the dangers of the hour that no mistake should be made.

The defeat at the last general election of the Liberal party on the question of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States has made it seem difficult for the leaders to insist upon the continuance of the particular form of appeal to the people. The election in the United States of the Democratic party has in the mean time relegated reciprocity as a Republican makeshift to the position of a back number, while the administration has made no demonstration of its tariff policy sufficient to give the Canadians the slightest clew as to what they may expect. Except on the general principles that the mandate of the American people last November meant the breaking down of barriers, the enlargement of markets, free admission of raw material, and cheapened food products, no expression exists by which the Canadian government can be guided. Yet this broad expression will suffice for general guidance, and it may be depended upon that a general policy will animate the Liberal party such as will respond in the largest degree to the expressed wishes of the American people.

The chief cause for the defeat of the Liberal party at the last Canadian election was the skilful use by the Tories of the cry of disloyalty to British connection, supposed to be involved in the desire for closer trade relations with the United States. The impression conveyed by the opponents of unrestricted reciprocity was that the commercial union thus created between the two countries would certainly lead to a political union between them. This impression in the public mind was confirmed by the admission on the part of the Liberals that as a price for the free entrance of Canadian products into the United States there should be an equally free admission into Canada of American manufactures of every name and nature, which implied a discrimination against British goods that seemed eventually fatal to British connection. The Liberals argued with great force that Canada should not be sacrificed to the interests of a few British manufacturers, and if the price to be paid for the free use of the American market was a discrimination against English goods, they were willing to pay it because the loss to Canada [illegible] greater than the gain to Britain. [illegible] even in the face of this cry of disloyalty, and [illegible] the whole question greatly misapprehended, the Liberals made great gains, and reduced the Parliamentary majority by which the administration was sustained from seventy to twenty votes. It is true that the by-elections since held have restored the ministry to its former strength, and that the Tories will go into the next electoral contest as powerful as before. Nevertheless, great changes have taken place since the last election. The object-lesson taught by the McKinley bill as to the logical folly of restriction has been bitterly learned, while the results of a protective policy in a small country like Canada have been manifestly disappointing even to its most ardent advocates. The disloyalty cry has largely disappeared because it is shown that if a real annexation sentiment grows at all, it is because of discontent and discouragement, and that a free-trade relation with the United States would completely dissipate any supposed existing desire for political union. Meantime, also, the American people have, by a mighty mandate, demanded a reversal of the commercial policy hitherto prevailing, and the Liberals therefore encounter conditions far more favorable for success than those which prevailed at the last election.

It will be interesting to observe how they will meet these changed circumstances. If they should boldly adopt a policy of tariff reform, applicable to the whole world, resulting in a reduction of revenue, that would demand the most rigid economy of administration and seek by direct or different forms of taxation some method of bridging the deficiency in revenue, they will be simply irresistible in their appeal to the country. A new and changed policy of government of half the continent, especially in its relation to the other half occupied by the United States, may therefore result from this assemblage.

ERASTUS WIMAN.

PRIVATE GALLAGHER'S DISTINCTION.

For fifty-eight out of the sixty days that elapsed between the paymaster's bi-monthly visits to the post, Private Gallagher was the best soldier in the command. When he marched on guard it was ten to one that he would be selected as "orderly for the commanding officer," an honor always given to the smartest soldier in the guard. The sleeve of his dress-coat was a mass of service and war chevrons; on his breast he wore the sharpshooter's cross with two bars, and the Congressional medal of honor, won by his cool valor many years before in Arizona, when finding himself cut off with a wounded captain and four cartridges by three Chiricahua Apaches he shot the three dead before they could pull a trigger. Service and war chevrons he had galore, but his sleeve was bare of the non-commissioned officer's stripes; and the reason of it lay in the occurrences of the two eventful days of the above-mentioned sixty. The ink of his signature on the pay-rolls was not dry before Private Gallagher was on his way to the adjacent town, there to exchange the crisp bills of the paymaster for the vile whiskey of the "Bucking Broncho" saloon. That night at check roll-call Gallagher was reported absent, and again at reveille, and next morning when the patrol sent after him marched into the post, the smart soldier of the day before would never be recognized in the battered and inert form that was carried into the guard-house.

Remonstrance and reprimand had first been tried by all the officers, from the Colonel down to the last graduate from the Point. Then the wheels of military justice were set to grinding, and again and again Private Gallagher stood up before garrison or summary courts martial to plead "guilty, sor," to the charge that, in the soldier's code, covers a multitude of sins—"conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline." At last the Colonel's patience gave out. One morning when, after a pay-day spree, Gallagher, looking as spruce and soldierly as if he had never seen the inside of a guard-house, knocked at the door of the Colonel's office, and announced, "Private Gallagher reports as commanding officer's orderly, sor," he was told that the next offence would bring him before a general court martial. Now a general court martial for a soldier with Gallagher's record of "previous trials and convictions" meant nothing less than dishonorable discharge from the army.

One afternoon, as the paymaster's ambulance and escort were disappearing down the road in a cloud of dust on their way to the railway station, Lieutenant Barker, the senior lieutenant of Gallagher's company, was hurrying towards the barrack for the daily drill, wondering how many men would be suffering from that tired feeling, the bacilli of which seemed to be generated in the air by the mere presence of an officer of the pay corps at the post. For the first few moments of the drill Barker noticed nothing unusual save a smile of far-off beatific content on Private Gallagher's face, and an inclination, hastily corrected, to execute "fours right" at the command "Fours left!" These vagaries the lieutenant was disposed to overlook, not wishing to be the means of bringing the old soldier before the general court with which the Colonel had threatened him. But matters grew worse as the drill went on. Finally, when Gallagher began to show a contempt for the interval between files of the new drill regulations, and his preference for the old "shoulder to shoulder" formation by leaning heavily against his neighbors in ranks, the lieutenant lost his patience and exclaimed, "Sergeant Murphy, take Gallagher behind the barracks and drill him there by himself!"

At the end of a half hour Barker brought his company to a "rest" and proceeded to the barracks to see what success Sergeant Murphy and Gallagher were having with their evolutions *à deux*. The picture that met his eye was not encouraging. The sergeant had evidently given the thing up in despair, while Gallagher was sitting upon the steps of the porch, his head between his hands, in an attitude of complete collapse.

"Well, Gallagher," inquired the lieutenant, "what's the matter with you now?"

"Oi'm sick, sor," replied Gallagher, screwing up his face into an expression of mortal agony.

"That story will hardly do," said Barker. "You're not sick, you're drunk."

"Indade, lieutenant, oi'm not dhrunk, sor."

"But I see plainly that you are, Gallagher."

For a moment the old soldier knit his brow in an apparent struggle to give fit expression to a great truth that was stirring in his brain, then in a triumphant voice, he exclaimed, "No, lieutenant, oi'm not dhrunk; oi may be lyin', but oi'm not dhrunk."

[illegible] Gallagher was never tried by general court martial, for Lieutenant Barker is still trying to fathom the full meaning of Private Gallagher's distinction.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Mr. Hammerstein has again embarked upon the troublous sea of opera—this time comic, coupled with ballet—and presented this week the *Talisman*, the latest opera from the pen of M. Planquette, of *Cloches de Corneville* fame, in connection with *Versailles*, a grand spectacular ballet. A first-class production in all respects was promised by Mr. Hammerstein. It will be remembered that similar promises were made in regard to the season of opera in English perpetrated at the Manhattan Opera-house earlier in the season. This same season should have taught Mr. Hammerstein a lesson that it takes money to make money, and that great cry and little wool, a pretentious production of rather less than average excellence, is not calculated to secure notable results in any way. Although *Nell Gwynne* was a charming work, which received scant justice when done in this country at the Casino, the two latest specimens of M. Planquette's art heard in this country, *Paul Jones* and *Captain Thérèse*, are not of a kind to inspire great hopes as to the *Talisman*, which, however, is reported to have been well received in Paris. Occasion will be taken to refer to this production later. Within a very few days the Casino will be put up for sale at auction—another and inevitable step in the *dégringolade* which has been steadily going on there for some time past. Comment is needless, the facts speak for themselves. There was a time when under proper management the Casino might readily have been made, in a way at least, the Opéra Comique of this city and country, but that time and that opportunity have vanished. New men and new measures are needed to bring about a result which is certainly desirable for New York as a metropolitan city, and now that the Casino reign is practically at an end, what is to take its place? As a result of the recent litigation the management has once again come out ahead of the stockholders, who, when the general wind-up occurs, are likely to come out at the very small end of a very small horn.

The annual summer theatrical interregnum and present dulness in things dramatic will not this year remain long unbroken, as, according to present indications, next season will start in very early. A number of August openings are promised. At the Standard that one of Mr. Frohman's company which lately appeared in *Jane* will open the season with a new comedy from the pens of Messrs. Sims and Raleigh, entitled *Fanny*, which, it is said, is built upon the same lines and general plan as *Jane*, and is intended to be a *replica* of that most amusing piece. Mr. Sothern will begin his annual season at the Lyceum early in August with a new piece as yet not announced, and the original French company will produce the celebrated musical pantomime, *The Prodigal Son*, at Daly's Theatre, and give us the real Simon Pure original of the many "Prodigalities" which have appeared on the dramatic stage since the success of that piece. It is rather curious, and speaks well for Mr. Daly's lack of prejudice and liberality, that he should allow another company to appear at his own theatre in a piece in which his own company had a distinct and dismal lack of success. *The Prodigal Son*, as interpreted by the artists who

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created the parts, is certainly one of the most delightful and original theatrical entertainments which have been offered to the public in many years, and should prove a revelation to the American public as an exemplification of the art of pantomime—an art which lies at the basis of all acting, and of which both American actors as a class and the American public are wellnigh entirely ignorant. The piece, as interpreted by this company, put up originally to fill an interregnum of two or three weeks at the Bouffes, ran for over two years, and became at once the rage in London when produced there. It will be interesting to notice from this production whether the previous lack of success of the piece in this country is to be attributed to our national lack of artistic appreciation or to the deficiencies of the company which originally presented it here.

On the 27th of this month, if proposed arrangements are carried out, Mr. Daly will open his theatre in London with an address by the eminent dramatic critic Mr. Clement Scott and a brace of familiar plays, and will then certainly experience something like the feelings of a general who has effected a lodgement in an enemy's country. Should Mr. Daly procure and successfully produce in London an original American play, in the proper sense of the term—that is, one not merely by an American author, but one dealing with a typical American subject, readily recognizable as such—he will have done as much for American dramatic art in England as he has now done for Mr. Daly; for up to the present time, with the exception perhaps of Mr. Bronson Howard's *Saratoga* and *The Banker's Daughter*, which were Anglicized for the occasion, no American play has ever succeeded in making in London any decided or lasting impression.

But, after all, why Mr. Daly's theatre in London except as a matter of personal and managerial pride and enterprise? Would we not look upon it somewhat in the light of an intrusion, to say the least, if an English manager of equal eminence were to come over here with a purely English company and settle down in our midst with the obvious intention of remaining foreign? Would we be likely to accord to such a manager or such a company as cordial a reception as has hitherto been accorded to Mr. Daly in London? Naturally it would be best for the English speaking stage to recognize no purely national boundaries; but here an inevitable national feeling, more strongly marked in England than even in this country, steps in to re-establish the dividing lines. If Mr. Daly's new enterprise should succeed to any appreciable extent in obliterating these he will have done much for international dramatic art.

Reports which come to us from Vienna indicate the falsity of previous rumors to the effect that Verdi's *Falstaff* had not been well received there. As a matter of fact, the opera has been received with the utmost favor by Viennese critics, although one, the eminent Dr. Hanslick, seems to think that the popularity of Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor* will interfere somewhat with the general acceptance of the work by the public. Maurel, who thought better of his previously expressed intention and appeared in the title-rôle, made an immense personal success, and the Viennese public is at present wild over him, to the great disgust of the other eminent and local baritone, Herr Reichmann. A recent important operatic production abroad was that of *Phryné*, styled in the bills "an antique comedy, with light music, by Camille Saint Saëns," which was produced with much success at the Opéra Comique recently. Miss Sibyl Sanderson took the rôle of the beautiful Phryné of the familiar legend, but at the critical moment—in the trial scene where the fair frail one is unveiled in unclad beauty before the eyes of the judges—when every one was waiting, opera-glass in hand, the place of the lovely prima donna, whose radiant beauty was said to be one of the events of the evening, was taken by a statue. An eminent critic characterizes the opera as being of a delicious and refreshing archaic simplicity, full of grace and delicacy, light, facile, and melodious. One hardly, it is said, recognizes the classical hand of Saint Saëns in the dainty, fluid frolicsome score. Another critic remarks, apropos: "When on reviewing the majestic profundity of the *Valkyrie* one finds one's self face to face with an amiable little work like *Phryné*, one is astonished to find that the German ogre has not yet quite devoured French art. The traditional French *chanson* still holds its place beside the philosophic and inward Lied; there are still people who can and will write French music in France." The *Valkyrie* at the Grand Opera-house, *Phryné* at the Opéra Comique, and both enormously successful—surely extremes meet in a most surprising way. Further news from Paris is that Adolph Adam's opera, the *Toreador*, is shortly to be revived at the Opéra Comique, and that the celebrated Russian composer César Cui is now in Paris making arrangements for the production at the Grand Opera-house of his operatic work, *The Filibusters*.

A musical event of most unusual and notable interest was the first production in this country of Leoncavallo's much-discussed opera *I Pagliacci* (the Clowns), by the company directed by Mr. Hinrichs, which marked last week, from a musical stand point, with a white stone. The story of the opera and some account of the critical estimation in which the work is held abroad were given in this department last week; it will therefore suffice now to say that for once expectation was not disappointed, and that, taken as a whole, *I Pagliacci*, as regards what it actually achieves and even more in what it promises, must be considered one of the most important bits of operatic work done since Wagner. While one is inclined to doubt whether *I Pagliacci* will achieve the immediate popular success obtained by its prototype, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, there can be no question that in broad emotion, directness, sincerity, and self-evident truth to nature, *I Pagliacci* cannot fail to impress not alone the amateur and critic, but also the general public. As a composer, Leoncavallo is essentially cosmopolitan, and, as seen in his work, impresses one as a man of large ideas, broad sympathies, much innate refinement, and nobility, and lofty aims. If *I Pagliacci* be not a really great work, as has been said, and one which perhaps just misses being absolutely convincing, it is nevertheless a work of great musical beauty and power, and one wherein the originality and marked promise exhibited by the composer give ample grounds for the greatest hopes for his future. *I Pagliacci* is a music-drama in the true sense of the term, in that words and music form a complement to each other, and are indispensable parts of a dramatic whole.

Although the *leit motif*, properly speaking, is not used at all, the treatment of the score is Wagnerian in spirit, and while distinctly original—markedly so, indeed—the composer to a certain extent reflects the thought and experience of those who have gone before him in a thoroughly eclectic spirit. There is less of well-defined vocal melody in the score than one would have expected from an Italian, and the composer appears at his best when not, as in some cases, with evident intent seeking an effective tune. The production as a whole, while evidently perfunctory as regards *mise en scène*, was certainly adequate enough to enable one to justly estimate the work, and reflects much credit on Mr. Hinrichs, who conducted with great intelligence and appreciation, and on Messrs. Campanari and Montegriffo, who as Tonio and Canio respectively, both vocally and dramatically, exhibited real power. That Madame Kronold-Koert was hardly convincing as Nedda was in a measure due to the fact that the composer has made his principal female character a heartless coquette, who enlists neither the sympathy nor the interest of the audience. It is to be hoped that further opportunities of hearing this most interesting work will be afforded us in the near future; meanwhile, one acknowledges with pleasure a debt of gratitude due to Mr. Hinrichs.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

THE NOBLES OF THE MYSTIC SHRINE.

THE nineteenth annual session of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine A.·.A.·.O.·.N.·.M.·.S.·. for North America was held in the city of Cincinnati, beginning Monday, June 12th. The Order, which dates from the time of Mohammed in the East, was founded in this country in 1871 by the actor W. J. Florence and Dr. Walter M. Fleming. Mecca Temple, in New York city, was the first lodge instituted in America, and the Order has grown so that now there are 65 Temples and nearly 25,000 Nobles. The Syrian Temple Oasis of Cincinnati, where the Imperial Council met, has been organized a number of years, and is presided over by William B. Melish, who was one of the originators. Mr. Melish, whose portrait is given herewith, has been a member of the Imperial Council since 1886, and was elected Illustrious Imperial Potentate of North America in 1892. His successor to the latter office is Thomas J. Hudson, assistant postmaster at Pittsburg, who was chosen June 14th. The preparations made by the local Nobles of the Order were elaborate and extensive, and many of the visiting Shriners were accompanied by their wives. The first day was devoted to the escort and reception of visiting Temples, concluding with the opening of the Syrian Temple's "Well in the Desert" at the Grand Hotel in the evening. The Imperial Council met in secret session at the Scottish Rite Cathedral on Tuesday and Wednesday, while the other Nobles were entertained by the reception committee of the Syrian Temple. On Tuesday evening all the Nobles were reviewed in parade by the Imperial Potentate, and a large number participated. The uniform consisted of evening dress, with Oriental fez and the jewel of the Order, which is a tiger's claw mounted in silver and suspended from a silver cimeter. The route of the procession led from the Grand Hotel to the Music Hall, a distance of twelve blocks. After the review a special entertainment was given in the latter place, called "The Secret of the Sphinx," to which only the Shriners and the ladies accompanying them were admitted. The street decorations along the avenues where the parade was held were particularly striking. In addition to the bunting and house decorations, more than ten thousand glass globes of all colors lined the street on either side, lighted by gas. Several arches of gas jets were also erected along the line of march, and the Syrian Eagle and appropriate words of welcome in brilliant lights added to the display. Fireworks at different points heralded the arrival of the procession, and the affair was altogether most successful. Elephants and camels were

WILLIAM B. MELISH,
Past Illustrious Imperial Potentate of North America.—After a Photograph by Landy, Cincinnati.

led by the Nobles, and gave an Oriental coloring to the caravan. Temples from all parts of the country were represented, and immense crowds witnessed the affair. About 2500 Nobles were in line, headed by Great Sheik Hickenlooper. Wednesday, June 14th, was also given over to the entertainment of the guests while the Imperial Council was in session, ending with a farewell reception at the Grand Hotel and a summer-night fête at the Zoölogical Gardens.

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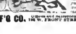

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THOSE who visited the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia seventeen years ago will remember with anything but pleasure the struggle that had to be made to go to Fairmount Park from the city, and to get back towards nightfall. Many ways of going to the great show had been provided, but they were entirely inadequate every day of the six months that the exhibition lasted. The fair site at Jackson Park is farther from the centre of Chicago than the Centennial site was from the heart of Philadelphia, besides this there is a very reasonable expectation that the visitors at Chicago will greatly exceed those in Philadelphia in numbers during the months to come. The increased distance and the increased numbers necessary to provide for combined to make the transportation problem more difficult of solution.

In a previous article in this paper I touched upon another factor of the problem—the carrying of passengers by water. The water route, unless the boats be over crowded, is the pleasantest way to go. The fleet of boats, of which the great whaleback steamship *Christopher Columbus* is the flag-ship, has a capacity to take to and from the fair 15,000 passengers an hour. The boats are chartered to carry even greater loads, so it is probably safe to say that 15,000 an hour can be taken with comfort. Of the railways running to Jackson Park, the one with the most ample facilities is the Illinois Central, which runs along the front of Lake Michigan well into and even beyond the centre of the hotel district. During the building of the fair this was almost the only means of getting to Jackson Park, and the accommodations were most shockingly bad. The cars were dirty, and either too hot or too cold. This road has eight main tracks passing the grounds. Four of these are used to take passengers to and from the park, and the capacity is said to be 30,000 an hour each way.

The next most important route is by the elevated road—the Chicago and South Side Rapid Transit Company. This road runs a five-car train every two minutes, and has a capacity of 20,000 per hour. The cable-cars of the Wabash Avenue lines run to the Fifty-seventh Street entrance at intervals of one minute, and it is estimated that this line has a capacity of 15,000 per hour. The State Street Cable Line also has a capacity of 15,000 per hour, and runs on two-minute intervals. Mr. George H. Wheeler, the president of the South Side Cable System, says that each of the cable lines during the rush hours of morning and evening is able to handle 20,000 persons. The Baltimore and Ohio and the Northern Pacific run trains to the terminal station inside the grounds, and these two roads are able to carry 5000 passengers an hour.

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It will be seen, therefore, that by the various methods of getting to Jackson Park, and according to the estimates of the officials, 125,000 persons can be taken back and forth each hour.

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AMATEUR SPORT

IT IS NOT OFTEN we give space to the letters of this nature that are received, but the one printed herewith sounds the keynote of the modern situation so distinctly, and is so thoroughly sportsmanlike in its tone, that we cannot resist the temptation to publish sentiments with which this department is so entirely in accord:

June 14, 1898.

MY DEAR SIR,—Let me thank you for what you said in the last WEEKLY about the Harvard-Princeton game. It is difficult to understand how a company of young men, receiving the best education the country affords, can invite six or seven thousand persons out to see them play a game, and then keep them waiting while they wrangle. The professional players who lay no claim to breeding would not dare do such a thing.

Every year these unmanly wrangles occur, and they disgrace us. Last year Yale and Harvard could not play a third game, and this year they have barely agreed to a third game. The schools follow suit, and Exeter and Andover cannot play together.

The true sportsman, it seems to me, should be actuated only by the desire to arrange a meeting and a friendly trial of skill. His chief anxiety should be that the meeting should be on absolutely equal terms, and that no suspicion, or possible suggestion of advantage, should adhere, at least to his side. Eagerness for the meeting should so possess the teams, crews, and nines, that questions of detail should seem impertinent to them.

Instead of this, they fill the newspapers year after year with accounts of their contemptible schemings for advantages of dates, grounds, etc. Instead of entering the lists or getting into a contest with an advantage, they plan to get it, and the public opinion of the college applauds. If one gentleman asks another to his house to play a friendly game, will he not give him his choice of light, or rose, or what not? Would he not deem himself ill-bred if he took the advantage in any such particular? Why does not this law apply to the aggregated gentleman in college athletics? Why should he feel bound to become a sharper and a trickster?

Yours truly, ——, Harvard '73.

NOR COULD THE LETTER HAVE COME at a more timely moment, when the two nines of the preparatory schools—Exeter and Andover—have finally agreed to disagree after a season's wrangling. That these schools should be unable to come to a sportsmanlike understanding on the baseball situation, after fighting over it for several weeks, shows unmistakably what the baneful example of the universities will do. Boys at school invariably tread in the footsteps of the older boys at college—good, bad, or indifferent. The example set at college is certain to have its influence at the preparatory school. This is why such stress is always laid in this department on the necessity of keeping all college sport honest and clean. If the boy sees unfair and unsportsmanlike measures resorted to in the university football or baseball game, you may be sure he will introduce the same at his school, and *per contra*, if boys at their preparatory school countenance dishonesty in their sport, they will spread it through the ranks of whatever college they afterwards enter.

On the other hand, if the boy sees that all such unsportsmanlike conduct is discountenanced, he will take the lesson to heart and act accordingly.

The school is the place, above all others, where the seeds of sportsmanship should be sown. Every teacher in such schools, every head master, and every father has a responsibility in this direction, the gravity of which is second to none.

The boy who is honest and sportsmanlike in his baseball and football is the one who will be honest in his profession. A man or boy dishonest in sport need simply the opportunity to be dishonest in his business.

This wrangling over dates would be stopped if university faculties and school head masters forbade a game between the belligerents for say a season.

ALL THAT NOW REMAINS of the college baseball season is the struggle between Harvard and Yale, and this promises to be more than usually exciting and evenly played. Though both Harvard and Yale have been defeated, yet the game each has put up proves beyond a doubt that the championship rests between them.

Harvard began with the best material a university ever had in one season. All her men were tried and able ball-players, and Captain Frothingham's work consisted in chiefly getting them to so understand one another that team play would result. Harvard has not shown the team play one would expect, and most of her games have been won by a series of strong individual efforts, and not by that careful combination which would put them in the lead of all college teams.

Yale, on the other hand, began with rather a forlorn hope, and had it not been for the master work of Carter in the box would not be Harvard's true rival to-day. Only one or two experienced players, such as compose Harvard's nine, were to be had, and the new men found it hard work to keep up the pace expected of them. Yale had to develop a whole team and Harvard's nine simply needed practice; so, at the start, Harvard had a clear advantage. But whether this advantage will be apparent on the 23d, when the teams meet for the first time this year on Holmes Field, is very doubtful. In Carter lies Yale's strength, and this much cannot be said of Highlands. Harvard's strength is in her batting and base running, and if Carter can check these, Yale's chance to win is good. Yale will probably not try to hit the ball hard, but, as last year, be content in making Highlands not only pitch every ball, but also field every ball.

With Rustin on third base, and he will be there when his team meets Harvard, Yale has a strong in-field, and her outfield compares favorably with anything Harvard can produce, yet Harvard's men have had more experience, and may play better ball at critical moments. If Yale succeeds in winning the series, it will be a triumph of good pitching and dash over what ought to be the best team in the college league; but the chances must be considered slightly in favor of Harvard, because of their surer hitting and sharper running.

HARVARD HAS SHOWN IN THE GAMES of last week that her team is not only retaining but increasing its strength. The University of Pennsylvania series was captured without much difficulty—the first game, 10-4, the second, 14-8—and in each the Harvard batsmen proved their superiority over those of any other college team in sure hitting. In the first game they hit Bayne, who is one of the cleverest pitchers of the day, at will, making seven singles in the first two innings. On the other hand, Pennsylvania, which has at times batted heavily, could not hit Highlands at all.

The first few innings of the second game demonstrated how far short of their proper form men can fall when they start in with the idea that it is all over but the shouting. Highlands's work was poor; he was wild, and Pennsylvania batted him all over the field. Highlands is an uncertain man, and it is his condition on the day of the Yale-Harvard games that will cut a very large figure in the result. He has yet to prove himself equal to the emergency in a close, exciting Yale game. His hitting is stronger than ever this year, and his stick-work in the last Pennsylvania game brought in five runs. Mason is also doing fine stick work, and pushing Hallowell on base running.

On the 15th, won from the Vermont University team, 12-2, but not against its star pitcher, Pond, although he was good enough to strike out Highlands. Harvard did some heavy hitting, and stole bases in rapid succession.

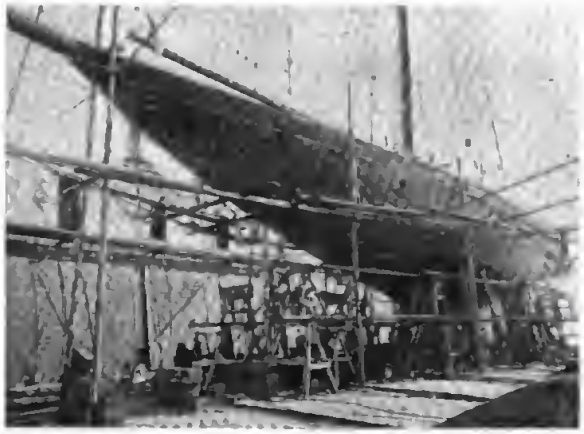
Yale's was beaten on the 13th 4-3 by this Vermont team, but they had their crack pitcher, Pond, on the box. The defeat rather emphasizes the lesson learned last year—that Pond and Kinsella are too good a battery to trifle with if they care about winning. Davis's eight bases on balls and inability to hit Pond told the story. These defeats take that unquestionable superiority from Yale's baseball honors which characterizes her football prowess.

PRINCETON DESERVES her third place in the race, for the last games played have been good ones, though her form at first was disappointing. The greatest victory was in winning the series from the University of Pennsylvania, whose strong team has made anything but a game finish. By yielding to Cornell and Priest's clever pitching, Pennsylvania must be classed below the Ithaca team, although at the beginning of the season it looked as if the nine would finish much nearer the leaders. Cornell ends the season with an excellent record. Out of nineteen games played, fifteen have been victories, defeating University of Michigan twice; Lehigh, twice; Williams, twice; Georgetown, once; and Pennsylvania, three straight. Brown has not played either Pennsylvania, Cornell, or Princeton, but they have shown form that would put them ahead of both Cornell and Pennsylvania, and it would have to be fought out with Princeton. Brown has won a game from both the Harvard and Yale nines, while Princeton has lost to both. A game between Brown and Princeton would be a very interesting and close one.

THE AMHERST NINE IS CLOSING its season at a great pace, which had it got into at the time of the Williams game might have saved them the lead in the New England College League. As it is now it looks as if, after all, they would carry off the pennant. On the 7th they put up a great game against Brown, winning by score 6-2. Gregory, the Amherst pitcher, did fine work, holding Brown's heavy bottom down to one hit until the seventh inning.

On the 9th and 10th the team and Colby's masterly pitching defeated Dartmouth, by the scores 6-3 and 5-3, and put

LAURIE BLISS,
Captain Yale Nine.



ROYAL PHELPS CARROLL'S "NAVAHOE"
Gone to England to sail for the Cape May and Brenton Reef Cups.

L. G. FROTHINGHAM,
Captain Harvard Nine.

C. J. DARE,
Captain Cornell Varsity.

WALTER S. THOMSON,
Captain University of Pennsylvania Nine.

HARRY L. E. GRAW,
Captain Cornell Freshman.

FRANK CRAWFORD,
Captain University of Michigan Nine.

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the New Hampshire nine out of the race. At the same time Williams was winning an errorless game, 8–6, from the Yale Law School team. Williams is playing a strong game, and Hollister's work in the box is far better than it has been for the past two seasons. The games in this league have been well contested, and show fully as much team work as the larger university nines. The playing of Williams and Amherst has been all that their alumni could ask. Amherst in particular has done well against Harvard and Yale. She won a decided victory over Yale, 5–1, with Carter in the box, and came near winning from Harvard. Stearns, the captain of the Amherst, is one of the best second-basemen of the season.

This complimentary comment on Amherst was written before the game with Brown, which was the most miserable exhibition of fielding ever given on the Providence grounds. Amherst made 12 errors, of which its short stop made 5, and its crack second-baseman, 2. Brown had no difficulty in winning, 10–1.

IN THE FIRST PAGE of this department had not already gone to press we should be tempted, after the miserable ball playing on Saturday, to cut out the paragraph giving Princeton third place. Captain King and his men may certainly feel they have achieved distinction—that of giving the most wretched exhibition of fielding any college nine ever gave in this city. Yale beat them easily, 14–7, and that too, with a substitute pitcher, Carter retiring after the fourth inning, at which time the score was 7–0 in Yale's favor. With the exception of a brilliant catch by Payne, Princeton's playing was wretched. They made *fourteen* errors, Otto and King dividing the honors with 4 and 3 respectively. Instead of being the recipients of a dinner in the evening the team should have had a good sound lecture from its graduate advisers. There is no disgrace in defeat after honest effort, but Princeton did not do its best on Saturday, and by just such work is giving Harvard and Yale cause for consideration of a dual arrangement.

Yale played an excellent game—Arbuthnot doing especially well at third, and Murphy giving promise of getting into form before the Harvard game. With the exception of the sixth inning, when Beall, Speer, and Kedzie bunched errors, and Princeton made four runs in consequence, their play was steady. Such a break against Harvard would certainly lose the game.

THE POLO SEASON, which opened May 27th with the Association Cups tournament at the Country Club of Westchester, was started off brilliantly by the Independence team and has been kept brilliant by that team ever since. Not for several years has there been such interesting play, and never was so pat an illustration provided for polo men of the necessity of developing the second class men in order to maintain the club standard of play, of the value of team-play, and the advantage of widening the intervals between important match games. All these subjects are familiar to the readers of this department, as many a paragraph has been written on them. Sportsmen who are really interested in the advancement of the game in this country will thank Messrs. George Lord Day, Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., George P. Eustis, and Benjamin Nicoll, who constitute the Independence team, for the lesson they have given their polo associates in these first few weeks of the season. They have shown what intelligent team-work and practice will accomplish, and, more than all, laid absolutely bare the great weakness of our club teams, viz., the dependence on a few cracks.

PHIL KING,
Captain Princeton Nine.

POLO WILL NEVER GET BEYOND its present standard over here until the policy of big 1 and little 1 ceases to be the dominating one on polo club fields. In two or three clubs particularly there are players who appear to believe themselves possessed of a heaven-born right to absorb all the attention of the spectators during a match. Team-play under such conditions must suffer greatly. This same egotistical spirit unfortunately does not stop on the field nor confine itself to an occasional individual; it seems to be carried into the very club councils, and raises up the cry, Anything to win—to the deuce with the development of polo. Knowing of this sentiment, it is easy to understand what has prompted the vigorous protest recently made at the Association meeting against the further playing of the Independence team. The Meadowbrook Club misses Mr. Hitchcock's brilliant work and steadying influence, the Morristown Club cannot replace Messrs. Nicoll and Day, and Myopia has developed no one able to play Mr. Eustis's position.

These protesters care nothing for the improvement of polo itself. They consider nothing but their own selfishness. They want to win—quite a natural desire to be sure—but instead of buckling down to the game and developing men—and there are plenty of them—and playing a *team* game, they do the baby act, and protest against men who have beaten them and show a good sportsmanship and a proper conception of the way the game may be improved. If the Independence team had not been the victor in its matches, there would probably not have been a whimper against their playing. A very large number of the polo men around New York need an infusion of sporting blood in their veins.

THE FIRST MATCH FOR THE ASSOCIATION CUPS brought Independence and Meadowbrook together on the grounds of the Country Club of Westchester, and the former administered its first in the series of object lessons it has continued giving on the value of team-work. Meadowbrook played Bird, Collier, George Eustis, and Roby, and made a poor showing, earning but one goal throughout the three periods of twenty minutes each. In the game with Rockaway, the latter team comprised Cheever, Tower (A. C.), L. Francke, and R. La Montagne, and Meadowbrook, Belmont, Bird, R. D. Winthrop and J. L. Kernochan, which, substituting Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., for the latter, is the regular team it has been playing for several years. Yet, notwithstanding that fact, it could not win from Rockaway even with Keene and Cowdin missing, and the match went to the Cedarhurst players, 11 goals to 7½. Neither Belmont nor Winthrop is playing up to form, nor up to his present handicap. They want practice badly. Bird has put up a strong game this season, and Kernochan improved in his play, but his efforts are all confined to individual work, and he could make himself infinitely more valuable if he would pay some attention to team-play. Cheever always rode well, but this year, being mounted on Cowdin's ponies, he is doing better than ever, and hitting the ball in much improved style. Both Francke and La Montagne are also playing good game, for this early in the season. In the Meadowbrook match Rockaway played very good polo, but in their next contest, against Independence, Tower got a trouble which laid him up, and the team with a substitute went to pieces and could not make a single goal, while their opponents got 14.

IN THE FINAL FOR THESE CUPS Independence met Country Club of Westchester, and had somewhat of an easy win, earning 10 goals, allowed 4½, to Westchester's earned 4 and allowed 2. It was not a very good game. Day and Nicoll playing in the poorest form they had shown in the tournament, while the Country Club had in a substitute, Reynal, whose forte is not polo, and backed Potter's strong work at back.

The entries in the Philadelphia Country Club tournament last week for the Kuhn Cup brought out, besides the home team, that of Country Club of Westchester, which won the cup last year and year before, and the Independence.

Philadelphia and Westchester met in the first day's play, and on-lookers thought it one of the hottest games ever seen on the club grounds, until the one later in the week between Westchester and Independence, and then they declared it tame. Philadelphia played Altemus, Conover, H. C. Groome, and McKean, Westchester putting Bates, Havemeyer, Beechman, and Potter on the field. Furious riding was the feature of the afternoon, and Philadelphia held its own well in this respect, but was much behind in team play. Conover and Altemus are new men on this team, and have much to learn, the latter in a hard rider. Groome did the best all-round work, but the men should practise together; they need it. Havemeyer played a fine game, and Bates filled his position well. Beechman was doing good work until a collision, and afterwards he was somewhat at sea. Potter gave the Philadelphians an exhibition of how valuable a back can be. Westchester won by 4 goals.

SATURDAY'S GAME, HOWEVER, WHEN THE KUHN CUP was won from Westchester by Independence, was the most notable match not only of the week, but of the season, up to date. Independence gave Westchester 8 goals, and in the first twenty minutes made up their handicap and 1 goal over, the score at the end of that period standing Independence, 4 earned goals; Westchester, 3, allowed by handicap. Afterwards the play was more even, and although Independence constantly had the ball in the Westchester territory and got shot after shot for goal, the ground was hard and rough, and there was always a bunch of men and ponies around the goal-post, so that, although there were a number of attempts at goal which only missed by two or three inches, it was very difficult to score. During the other two periods they only scored 1 more goal than Westchester. That is to say, Independence scored 8 and Westchester 7. One of Independence's goals was very close, and although the referee allowed it, Westchester thought otherwise, and in order to avoid all possibility of dispute, Independence agreed not to consider it a goal, which made the score for the second and third periods 7 goals each, and the total at the end of the hour—Independence, 11 earned goals; Westchester, 7 earned goals, and under the handicap, 3.

Westchester, individually, played as good polo as Independence, but their team play was much inferior. Westchester No. 1, Bates, hit, if anything, better than the Independence No. 1, Day, but did not stick so closely to his position. Havemeyer, the Westchester No. 2, played a brilliant game throughout, and there was absolutely no criticism to be made on him, yet he was unquestionably outplayed by Hitchcock, who also did very brilliant work. At No. 3 neither Eustis nor Beechman was quite up to the mark. Of the two, Beechman was decidedly the better. At No. 4, Nicoll outplayed Potter, keeping his position better, and hitting surer and harder, the chief advantage being in the way he stuck to his position.

SURELY ILL LUCK HAS FOLLOWED the *Navahoe*. Early Monday morning she was in collision with a pilot-boat off the Georges, in a fog, and she now lies at the Atlantic Works, East Boston, her topmast gone, mast sprung, rigging carried away, forward frames and plating bent. She arrived there under sail Thursday morning, having made slow time after the accident under small sail and with light wind. A gang of men immediately began to remove the damaged plating, and nearly a week must elapse before she will be able to start again. It is discouraging to Mr. Carroll after the delays to which he has already been subjected. Up to the time of the accident the *Navahoe* had been doing some great work, having run off forty-eight miles in three hours and fifty minutes—a fine burst of speed, and Captain Barr speaks of her in terms of high praise.

Mr. Carroll certainly has had his share of misfortune, and it is to be hoped that the rest of the trip may be as successful as up to the present time it has been unsatisfactory.

The impression is gaining ground that the *Navahoe* has a good chance to win on the other side, notwithstanding the large margin by which the Watson boats are beating *Iverna*; and indeed there seems to be no reason to assume that our opponents have advanced more rapidly than have our own designers. The British designer has clung to the keel-boat, upon which he has so often depended in the past, while America holds fast to the centreboard, which has heretofore proved worthy of the trust; and if *Valkyrie*, *Britannia*, and *Calluna* are faster than the *Thistle* and *Iverna*, it is just as certain that *Navahoe* is an improvement over *Volunteer*, and it is not unlikely to prove true again that a fast centreboard boat is faster than the best keel.

TWO OF THE "AMERICA'S" CUP defenders, *Vigilant* and *Pilgrim*, have been launched the past week, and very probably by the 1st of July we shall know something of the capabilities of each. The Rogers' syndicate boat, *Colonia*, had her first trial on the 12th, and a very satisfactory one it proved to be, for in a light wind she went through the water quietly and swiftly and proved to be fast in stays. She is very like the *Navahoe*, but has begun her career more auspiciously.

The Stewart and Binney boat *Pilgrim* went overboard Monday the 12th, and was immediately towed to Brooklyn, where in a dry dock she is at present receiving her 17-foot fin. She is 120 feet long over all, 85 feet l. w. l., 23 beam, draught of hull, 5 feet; fin, 17 feet; total draught, 22 feet. She is very buoyant, and looks every inch a racer with her small displacement and fine under water body. She has no keel, but instead the 17-foot fin and two smaller fins, one of which is about 7 feet deep, and will act as a centreboard. Probably there is greater interest in what this curious craft will do than in any other of the new boats.

The *Vigilant*, the Morgan-Iselin New York syndicate yacht launched on the 14th, probably comes second in public interest as to her possibilities. She has been built, literally without regard to cost, of steel and Tobin bronze, the latter metal constituting the keel. It gives her a marvelously smooth bottom, and yachtsmen are anxious to see how great a difference it makes in her speed. She is the largest of all the cup-defenders, being 130 feet length over all, 85 feet water-line length, beam, 26 feet; draught, 14; and will carry an immense spread of canvas, as may be imagined from the fact of her having a 98-foot boom. She is a big bodied boat, with rather full water-lines but a characteristic Herreshoff bow.

C. J. MARSHALL,
Captain U. of Penn. Varsity Crew.

There is left now only the Paine boat, and all the prospective cup-defenders will be in the water.

The English yachts have been chiefly engaged the past week in colliding with one another. *Valkyrie* seems to hold the lead.

THE MOST PROMINENT features of the New York Yacht Club's regatta last Thursday were the disappointing showing of J. Rogers Maxwell's new schooner *Emerald*, and the astonishingly good work of that stirring two sticker *Iroquois*. That this schooner, by no means built for a racer, should cross the finish line only about 40 seconds behind *Lasca*, an up-to-date (built last year) racer, shows just how good a boat Mr. R. N. Ellis owns. This year she is chartered to Mr. Iselin, and therefore not eligible to the N. Y. Y. C. races. It was *Emerald's* first race, but as she has just been built with an idea of being a flier, something better than nearly eight minutes behind *Lasca* was expected. *Lasca* did better work than last year, and was well handled.

Other than these features, the regatta was uninteresting, and only a small number of spectators turned out. All interest is centred on the cup defenders, and until they appear yacht-racing is likely to be tame.

THAT THIS IS TRUE the schooner-race of the Corinthian Yacht Club (of New York) on Saturday proved beyond a doubt. What should have brought out at least a dozen two-stickers actually attracted only four—*Ramona*, *Dauntless*, *Yampa*, and *Coronet*. *Iroquois*, *Emerald* and *Lasca* were entered, but the first two failed to appear for one reason or another, and Mr. Brooks, who was on hand, naturally had no desire to accept a prize on a walk-over with *Lasca*. *Emerald's* absence was especially regrettable, since the strong wind and rather heavy sea would have given her an excellent opportunity to show what she could do. It would have been a great day, too, for *Iroquois*, which is considerably at home in half a gale, or a whole one, for matter of that. As it was, the race turned out to be considerable of a farce because of the stupid interpretation by the captains of the *Dauntless*, *Yampa*, and *Coronet* of the sailing instructions plainly set forth on the Regatta Committee's circular. The *Dauntless* did get on to the right course after a time, but not until the *Ramona* had secured such a lead that the affair had become a procession rather than a race.

AS THE DAY OF THE YALE-HARVARD boat-race draws near, the probability of a close hard struggle becomes the more apparent. Harvard is doing infinitely better work than last year at this time, while Yale's eight has not yet reached the form of last year's winning crew. There is not that confidence in the Harvard, nor that dejection in the Yale quarters that reports would make us believe. At least I saw no material signs of it on the Thames last Saturday, and there is no occasion for it on one side or the other. The Harvard crew has improved considerably since it went to New London. Francsay is setting a good stroke and holding it. Cummings has bettered his work considerably, and although not yet a perfect time keeper, is doing good enough to warrant the belief that there will be no break this year between stroke and 7. Vail has had stomach trouble, and is just back in the boat. Fearing is in good shape again, and every man now is in the best of physical condition and spirits. Both Newell and Burgess have improved their form, and though neither will ever make a graceful oar, they are strong and can last. The crew is reported to have been doing some very fast work, but the nearest verification I could get was a half. I timed them in 2.43 with a strong tide, which is certainly not remarkable.

THE YALE CREW I saw at work Saturday evening certainly did not look as though it were the cause of very much disquietude at Galer Ferry. There was evidence of work yet to be done by the coachers. No 2 was still a bit slow, and 4 not certain on his time, and 3 is getting his hands away better from his body. But the blade-work was clean, the oars going in and coming out of the water together, the catch hard, the stroke rowed straight through, and the shell kept on going between strokes. This is where the Yale crew is superior to Harvard. Harvard is doing more work forward of the pin than ever, and sitting up well on the recover. They get in a powerful drive with their legs, but have not yet mastered the recover well enough to keep the boat from a perceptible check between strokes, nor do they pull the stroke straight through so well as Yale. If they can perfect these in the next ten days Yale will have a close call, if not defeat, for there is a lot of strength and go in the Harvard boat even now. Yale men say their eight do not hold their form after a half-mile or so. This seems improbable, and would be curious for a veteran crew, as well as disastrous, and cannot be commented on until next week, after following them several days. CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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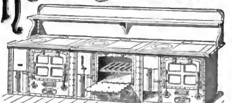

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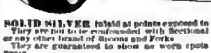

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVII.—No. 1906.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1893.

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—DEDICATION OF THE GERMAN BUILDING—LOOKING FROM THE PORTICO

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP, AFTER A SKETCH BY T. DART WALKER.—[SEE PAGE 618.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 1, 1893

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY. $4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

WHAT IS REFORM?

A READER of this journal writes us from Bethel, Berks County, Pennsylvania: "The CLEVELAND administration is allowing postmasters whose terms have expired to remain in office if no charges are preferred against them, calling it civil service reform. Your paper is a strong adherent of the principle. All right and good so far as it goes; but Mr. CLEVELAND was elected as a Democratic President, and why allow the larger part of these offices to be held by the opposite party? I am an advocate of civil service reform, but this is an injustice, because it favors the Republicans. I call that civil service reform which puts the best men into office. This is far from civil service reform. I call it a wrong, a gross wrong, to the Democrats."

We assume the writer of this letter to be a well-meaning citizen who wishes the public service to be carried on honestly and efficiently. He thinks that, the Democratic party having won at the last Presidential election, the offices of the government should be taken out of the hands of Republicans and put into the hands of Democrats; that able men for these places may be found among the Democrats as well as among the Republicans; and that if the ablest Democrats found are put into the offices, all the purposes of civil service reform will be satisfied. He therefore calls himself an "advocate of civil service reform." He furnishes, in fact, a striking illustration of a serious misconception of the true purposes of the reform which is prevalent among a large class of the friends of good government. It is that civil service reform aims merely at an improvement in the practical conduct of the service, that the methods of examination preceding appointments to office it advocates, and its protests against arbitrary removals, have only this purpose in view, and that if this can be accomplished while keeping the offices in the hands of the dominant party, civil service reformers have nothing more in reason to ask for.

That civil service reform aims at an improved conduct of the public business is true. But even if it aimed at nothing beyond this, it would have to reject the partisan principle in making appointments and removals, on the ground that this principle involves sweeping changes in the *personnel* of the service with every change of administration: that with these changes the benefit of accumulated experience will be lost; and that, in spite of the best intentions, under this system men will be selected more on account of their party standing or political service than according to their fitness for the duties to be performed. The object of improving the service can, therefore, not be attained, or be attained only in a very small measure, so long as appointments and removals are made mainly on partisan grounds.

But the ultimate end of civil service reform is something far more important than a mere improvement in the machinery of administration. It is to elevate the character of our political life by eliminating from it as much as possible the demoralizing elements of favoritism and of mercenary motives which under the spoils system have become the moving powers in our politics. It is to rescue our political parties, and in a great measure the management of our public affairs, from the control of men whose whole statesmanship consists in the low arts of office-mongering, and many of whom would never have risen to power had not the spoils system furnished them the means and opportunities for organizing gangs of political followers as mercenary as themselves. It is to restore ability, high character, and true public spirit once more to their legitimate spheres in our public life, and to make active politics once more attractive to men of self-respect and high patriotic aspirations. To this end public offices must cease to be party spoils, and the reign of political favoritism must come to a close; and toward this end civil service reform is working. Men who look at the matter superficially sometimes express surprise at the great stress civil service reformers lay upon open competitive examinations prior to appointment to office, arguing that the fitness of candidates for official position might equally well be tested by other methods. The answer is that if this were true, there would, however, be no other method as effective in excluding favoritism from appointment to office as that which makes appointments dependent upon the result of open competitive examinations, and that the exclusion of favoritism is even more important than the certainty of finding in every case the fittest man for the position to be filled.

Looking at civil service reform and its true aims in this light, one correspondent will admit that Mr. CLEVELAND is not to be blamed by civil service reformers for allowing postmasters whose terms have expired to remain in office if no charges are preferred against them, but might be blamed for not making this a general rule applicable to all offices. We cannot repeat too often that the practice of permitting officers to serve out the terms for which they were appointed, or of assuming, in the case of offices not covered by the four years' term law, that four years is about long enough for even so good a public servant to hold an office, and that then he should make room for a member of the dominant party, may be an improvement upon the more brutal practice formerly prevailing of a rapidly executed clean sweep, but that it will before the end of the administration, after all, result in a total turning over of the offices from one party to another, in other words, that it may be a mitigation of a great abuse, but is not reform. It will be a clean sweep gently executed, a clean sweep showing in the manner of its execution that those who make it are ashamed of what they are doing, but a clean sweep for all that, to be followed by another clean sweep as soon as the opposite party comes into power. It will be, in effect, the continuation of the spoils system. An administration following such a policy might perhaps soothe its own conscience by making a somewhat better outward appearance than some of its predecessors, but as to the main object of reform it would accomplish little for the future, and therefore not earn for itself the title of a reform administration.

CURRENCY AND CAPITAL.

THE silver agitation arises from a combination of very diverse elements, some good, some bad, and some neither good nor bad. The silver producing States have an interest, mainly of a selfish sort, in keeping up the price of silver. Economists of rank advocate the principle of bimetallism, and advise, if not free coinage in the United States, active steps toward the wider use of silver. Finally, the people of most of the younger States of the West unite in demanding more abundant currency. They want free silver, not so much from any special predilection for silver or for the bimetallic cause, as from a conviction of the need of more money on general principles. It is this last element in the silver situation which has the greatest political importance, and needs the widest and freest discussion.

The free silver feeling in the West is, in its essence, a very old phenomenon. It is simply the latest phase of a feeling which has shown itself throughout our history in the new parts of the country. Every section of the country has gone through the currency craze in its early stages of settlement and development. In the Colonial period, and especially in the eighteenth century, the communities of New England tried their experiments with paper money, and suffered the inevitable consequences. By the beginning of the present century New England had reached a comparatively stable condition, and since that time has had a strong public opinion against currency tinkering. In the early years of the century the Middle States went through the inflation stage, and did not reach completely stable conditions until the middle of the century. The States in the eastern part of the Mississippi Valley went through their currency craze in the second quarter of the century, and were beginning fairly to settle down in the decade 1850–60. The inflation movement in the Granger States during the years immediately after the war is too fresh in our memory to need to be recalled; and it is a striking proof of the great development which has taken place during the present generation that States like Ohio and Illinois, formerly the strongholds of inflation, may now be reckoned, on the whole, as safe on the currency question. The cry for plentiful money has made its way westward to the States beyond the Mississippi, and to those Southern States which have only begun to feel the pulse of modern development since the abolition of slavery. These are now the new States: they are now in the stage of development in which Ohio and Illinois were thirty and forty years ago, Pennsylvania and New York eighty and a hundred years ago, and the New England States a century and a half ago. They demand more money and more currency: and it is only the accident of the great fall in the price of silver that causes them to favor just now the unlimited use of that metal.

The steady recurrence of this movement shows that it must be due to permanent causes. We are sometimes told that the demand for free silver or other forms of cheap money is due to simple dishonesty—to the desire of the debtor communities to get rid of their obligations on easy terms. But the steadiness of the phenomenon shows there must be some other explanation; for it can hardly be that the people of all sections have been successively affected by moral lapses, from which they have promptly recovered with the attainment of a further stage of industrial development.

The real causes of the phenomenon are twofold—partly a real need, and partly ignorance as to how the need is to be met. The need is of capital; the ignorance is as to the relation of capital and money. Communities in the first stages of the development of abundant natural resources need capital. They are regularly debtors. They want machinery, materials, buildings, labor, and the means to pay labor—all the apparatus of civilization wherewith to unlock nature's stores. The concrete form in which every individual in such a community wants capital is money. It is not surprising that he should fail to see that the need of the community is for an abundant supply of real capital and an abundant production of wealth, and that these cannot be secured by an unlimited supply of currency. Consequently a young country, left to itself, rarely resists temptation to issue money to excess. The over issue, it is true, results before long in checking that very inflow of capital which it is meant to promote. Depreciation begins; the older communities, from which the real capital must come, lose confidence; a crisis sets in, followed by a long period of depression, from which recovery takes place only when stable monetary conditions have been restored.

Simple ignorance of money and monetary phenomena promotes the confusion. The notion that money alone is wealth, or is a peculiarly valuable form of wealth, dies hard. To the minds of untrained men, however intelligent they may be, the old fallacies of the blessings of plenteous money appeal almost irresistibly. In a new and raw community, while the average of native shrewdness and intelligence may be high, trained and experienced thinking is rare. But as time goes on the community develops, and its need of capital from outside becomes less; on the other hand, general education and sober thought are more widely diffused. Gradually it works out of the pioneer stage, and gets rid of the delusions which that stage generally brings. Meanwhile it may think itself fortunate if, as with our young States of the West, political federation with older communities prevents it from following its natural bent to juggle with the currency.

EDITOR STONE'S CASE.

In his valedictory remarks on the close of a long and honorable career as the responsible head of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, Editor DAVID M. STONE permits himself to note that he has given forty-four years of his life to the service of his paper without a single vacation. It is a grave admission, yet Editor STONE makes it without a blush, and even seems rather to glory in it than to be ashamed. For the last four years, he says, he has had no assistant, and has written with his own hand all the "brevier" that the *Journal of Commerce* has used, to the extent of not less than three hundred leading editorials a year. All readers of Mr STONE's paper know that his leading articles have made good reading. The experience, learning, sagacity, and piety of their author have gone into them in liberal measure. A good many of them would make good tracts. Many of them have already been collected and preserved in permanent form. Yet Mr STONE says they were all written without the refreshment of so much as a single vacation.

It has come of recent years to seem almost sinful for a man who can possibly get a vacation to work on without it. Hardly any great moral truth has been so persistently aimed at American brain-workers as the assurance that they worked too hard and too continuously, and needed more vacations and longer ones. They have been assured that they could not hope to live their lifetimes out, and continue to do good work, unless they refreshed their energies from time to time by vacations. Yet here is Mr STONE, who says he is seventy five years old, and who has nothing the matter with him, and has worked particularly hard the last four years, and yet has taken no vacation within the memory of middle-aged men. What is the matter with the vacation theory? Has Mr. STONE proved that it is wrong?

Probably not. More likely Editor STONE is the exception that proves the rule. He has done very well without vacations, though of course there is no telling what new light might have shone out of the *Journal of Commerce* brevier if Mr STONE had sometimes stopped writing long enough for a new inspiration to reach him. One objection to continuous brain-work, especially literary work, is that the writer is in danger of getting into a rut, and of working over his original stock of impressions without getting any new ones, until his individuality becomes exaggerated, his work becomes deficient in variety and breadth. It is the same sort of objection that is made to the marriage of cousins, and it may be met by the same sort of reply. For as it is averred that if the stock is only sound enough cousins may marry with impunity, so in the matter of writing it may be said that if only the author is sound enough he may go on spinning literature out of his own head indefinitely without stopping to look around, and no harm come of it. Editor STONE must be one of those exceptional writers, for he finds himself able to say that since he has been a newspaper writer he has not written "a line that could bring a blush to any honest cheek," or which he would wish to recall as untruthful or insincere. It is suspected that a chief use that ordinary newspaper writers have for vacations is to give them due opportunity to repent of all the faulty things they have written in their terms of labor. So of course a man who has written nothing that he is sorry for has much less need of rest than his fellow, who has devoted a considerable proportion of his busy moments to works meet for repentance in his hours of ease.

Another thing that has been in Editor STONE's favor as a

continuous worker has been that he has had a country home in Brooklyn, which he has dwelt in all the year round. Another thing is that his newspaper has never published a Sunday edition. Another thing has been his professional association with Mr WILLIAM C. PRIME, one of the most confirmed vacationers of his time, who for many years has usually been fishing somewhere, or botanizing, or off on a driving tour, and who has gathered news in all quarters of the world and habitually shipped it by mail to Mr STONE'S paper. It can hardly be supposed that Mr STONE could have got on so well without leisure if Mr. PRIME had not ministered unto him. His case, therefore, though fit to excite admiration, is modified by too many exceptional circumstances to weigh very much against the popular belief that continuous labor makes Jack a dull boy, and that occasional vacations are good.

AT NEW LONDON.

THERE is more or less dispute among the doctors as to whether college boat-races pay. There are learned persons, who claim something like a monopoly of wisdom, who insist that the time and strength that the young gentlemen of the universities devote to intercollegiate contests avail nothing for the advancement of education. Such censors maintain that a college lad's business is with books, and that most of the energy that he expends in trying to make one boat go faster than another is wastefully and feloniously diverted from its proper destination.

The weak point of this theory of boat-racing is that it is held almost exclusively by men who do not row. The men who do row don't complain. They like it at the time, and even long after a university or is out of college, and has buckled to the serious concerns of life, it is usually hard to get him to regret the time he put in at the end of a sweep. Men have avowed in doubtless verse that the time they lost in wooing has been detrimental to some of their most precious interests, but with rowing it seems not to work that way. The veterans are only too glad to remember that they were once young and vigorous enough to be entitled to a seat in an eight-oared shell. Hard work with the body has a certain exhilaration about it. Wisely undertaken, it is good to do and very good to look back upon.

And it is admirable to watch. The annual Yale Harvard race on the Thames is a spectacle worth going far to see, and worthy of all the attention it excites. It is a great show of rowing, for one thing. An eight-oared shell, propelled as an eight-oar ought to be, is a more inspiring machine than any that you will find in Machinery Hall at the fair. It has life, brains, and method in it. It represents effort, self denial, and the carefulest instruction. To an eye that can appreciate it, a great ship under sail is not a more glorious sight. And what a moment it is when the two long boats pull into line! Nine hearts beat fast in each, and twenty thousand hearts on shore thump against their owners' ribs in sympathy. They are off! By the time this reaches the reader's eye he will probably know which got there first. But that is of minor importance. The race is the thing. Which wins does not so much matter. That one crew must lose is a necessary evil that is part of the price of a great show. Nor is it an exorbitant price, when the quality of the show is considered.

The spectators are a very important part of the spectacle. The Yale-Harvard race is the foremost event at New London, not so much because it gives the finest show of rowing as because the hopes of more on-lookers are wrapped up in it than in any of the other races. To be one of a crowd that is profoundly stirred by the same interest is a luxury of emotion, and the bigger the crowd, and the more breathless the interest, the more luxurious the emotion is.

And besides the excitement of it, what a pretty scene it is! The green banks of the river; the harbor packed full of yachts, the exuberant undergraduate in his picturesque summer garb; the swarms of blooming damsels in *their* distinctive summer raiment and their blessed head gear. Surely no one whose blood runs in an unimpeded course can feel that *all* the luxuries of the season are within his reach unless he can manage to get to New London this week and see its races, and make one of its enthusiastic and rejuvenating crowd.

COMMENCEMENT.

COMMENCEMENT is like spring in that it is new every year, and that familiarity with it breeds only increased appreciation. It grows on the participator as his years accrue. It is a good day for the hopeful youths who graduate and march at the head of the line. It will seem good to them next year when they come back after a twelve months' separation, and lobnob with one another over their class punch, and presently get in line at the very tail end of the procession, so far off from the band that they can scarcely catch the music. But in ten years' time, when they have moved up ten places nearer to the band they will feel it dearer still. Then it will have begun to assume its true properties as the day of all the year that brings back the youth that is already slipping from them, by taking them back to the scenes of their untrammelled adolescence and rubbing them up against the men who were young with them when they were young. Life brings great prizes to the diligent and the lucky. To the average college graduate of fifteen years' standing it has brought a wife and children, a certain foothold in the world, and a definite prospect of respectable achievement. But it is better at bestowal than at replenishment. It brings him new things, but it does not fit him out with fresh supplies of the treasures that he had. There is only one set of the men who were young when he was young, and it cannot be duplicated.

If he is wise and the cockles round his heart do not get too stiff, he is very careful of that dwindling set of associates, and the fewer there are of them, and the more he realizes the impossibility of replacing them, the greater pains he takes to go back to Commencement and take account of stock.

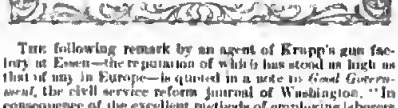
A strangely impressive spectacle is the forming of the line of graduates that marches to the Commencement dinner of an old college. First comes the graduating class; then the alumni by classes in order of seniority. "Class of 1820!" cries the marshal. Perhaps there is no response. "Class of 1821! Class of 1822! Class of 1823!" Presently, as his class is reached, the oldest graduate present steps out, a venerable man, perhaps the sole representative of his year, and takes his place, amid the cheers of the spectators. Then for a dozen of a score of classes, as the marshal calls the year, one or two or four or five old men walk by, arm in arm, supporting one another's steps. Then, as the list gets into the forties, come gray-haired men, but vigorous, and not yet of the loun and slippered period. And then in larger companies the men of middle age, and then the younger men, and finally a boisterous crowd two hundred strong of lusty youth who cheer for "'92." A marvellously vivid panorama of human life is the Commencement procession, from "*Morituri salutamus*" at one end to "Life let us cherish" at the other. Dull must be the spirit that is not stirred by it. And yet it is a cheering sight with all its pathos, so much good fellowship it shows, and sympathy, and joyous greeting when old companions meet.

AS TO THE NATIONAL AIR.

AN esteemed correspondent writes to the WEEKLY to complain, or, rather, to lament, that the United States has no single recognized national air. With three candidates for the place, he finds that we are unable to choose between them, and are consequently the only considerable nation on earth which has not fixed upon a single representative tune. There are "The Star-spangled Banner," "Hail, Columbia," and "America" (not to mention "Yankee Doodle"), all of which have played indiscriminately whenever occasion calls for the national music. Of these three tunes, one, "America," belongs to England, where it has been long known and cherished as "God Save the Queen." That one, at least, is stolen property in the United States, and can never with propriety be claimed as ours. Of the other two airs our correspondent says that both have had official recognition in the navy, the practice having been to play "Hail, Columbia," at morning, and "The Star-spangled Banner" at evening "colors." The new navy regulations, however, order the latter tune to be played on both occasions, so that the navy has one recognized national air at last.

This is an interesting precedent, and the WEEKLY is glad to note it. It probably comes as near to the choice of a tune by governmental action as we are likely to get. Congress is hardly likely to legislate on the subject of a national air, nor is it probable that the President could be induced to name one by proclamation, but if the Army and Navy departments can agree on a tune, they can enforce their choice upon the army and navy bands, which should go far toward settling the fashion and bringing the matter to settlement.

Once the choice of the tune is settled, it could be taught in the public schools. That would happen naturally in most schools where the pupils are taught to sing at all, and it would be sure to happen in the public schools of this and some other States, where at present a systematic effort is being made to cultivate in the pupils a sentiment for the national flag.



THE following remark by an agent of Krupp's gun factory at Essen—the reputation of which has stood so high as that of any in Europe—is quoted in a note to *Good Government*, the civil service reform journal of Washington. "In consequence of the excellent methods of employing laborers and the close personal inspection by military officers, you get at Washington better results than at any other gun factory in the world." The bearing of this testimony from so high an authority is not in its testimony to American efficiency. We are all of us fairly confident of that. It is in the way in which the government is able to command efficiency in this particular work. That is done through laborers who have been taken out of the spoils system, and through army officers who never were in it. Five years ago the navy-yard laborers were of a very low order of character and ability, simply because they were employed at the dictation of politicians, their wages being a thinly veiled bribery fund for buying votes for the party in power. Under Secretary Tracy politics was banished from all civil departments of the naval service. The military or naval inspectors, of course, were always independent of politics. Now it is as plain as that two and two make four that the same reform applied to the whole civil service would produce the same sort of results. If the men and women employed to collect the revenue, distribute postal matter, and perform the other necessary work of the service were employed solely for their fitness, and their work were supervised and inspected by men secure of their tenure so long as they were faithful and competent, we should have a service, in all its branches, equal if not superior to any in the world. That is a wish which Mr. Cleveland can do before 1897, if he really wishes to do it, and none other would leave him so bright and lasting a name in American history.

The tradition that living is very much cheaper in Europe than in the United States is likely to vanish under the influence of destructive statistics, so far as the cost of food is concerned. The English government has just published a series of reports from its consuls giving the retail prices of certain common articles of food of medium quality in various European capitals. It states that "prime" beef—by which is not understood the finest cuts, but such as steaks from the round—costs in Prague 14 cents per pound, in Vienna 16 cents, in Rome 17 cents, and in Paris from 24 to 32 cents. These prices are from 25 to 100 per cent. higher than those obtaining in New York. White sugar is reported at from 7½ to 15 cents in Rome and Florence, the latter price being simply incredible to a New York buyer of moderate means. Flour is reported 2.2 cents per pound in Buda-Pesth to 5 cents in Paris. The former is equivalent to $4.21 a barrel, and is not far from the American rate. The latter is $9.90 per barrel, and is fully twice as high as in New York. Coffee ranges from 33½ cents in Berlin—not far from the price here—to 80 cents in Paris, which would seem extortionate in New York. These differences are not easily explained, whether as between other capitals and Paris or as between Europe and the United States. Of course there will remain the elements of rent, service, light, fuel, furniture, bedding, and clothing, which in the total count for much more than the food, and these are in most European cities still very much lower than here. In some respects, we may add, they are worth much less.

The history of the relations of Dr. McGlynn to the Catholic Church is one that will probably never be fully made known to the public in his lifetime. He returns from Rome, after some six years of suspension from his priestly functions, restored fully to all the rights and privileges of his office, and is likely to be assigned to an important parish in this city, or to some station of equal dignity and influence. Dr. McGlynn himself has stated—as nearly as an outsider can correctly interpret his language—that he has made no recantation of the views which were supposed to be the occasion for his discipline. Those views, it will be remembered, were substantially those of Mr Henry George in regard to the ownership of land. They were certainly much more extreme than the Church could approve or disseminate without grave offence to a large part of its members. Has the Church concluded that it can allow them, if it cannot approve of them? Has Dr McGlynn consented to forego the advocacy of them without recanting them? These are questions which cannot now be answered. But the Church may well be congratulated that the service of a man so pure and able as Dr McGlynn is retained for it, and the Doctor that he is restored to a career in which he had entered, and in which he had long labored with such devotion. The settlement is another instance of the profound sagacity with which in the long run the authorities of Rome discharge their great and delicate function of adjusting the Church to the inevitable.

There is something exquisitely cruel in the rash tendency of the average mind to give an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of persons on trial for conspicuous crimes. After the prompt acquittal of Miss Borden, at New Bedford it was a not infrequent remark to hear, "I believe she was guilty, all the same." From an utter stranger, ignorant of the facts save as they could be gathered by a hasty perusal of imperfect newspaper reports, this is, of course, only a wrong to the intellectual integrity of the thoughtless author of the remark. But one shudders at the conception of what a like disposition in the dwellers of a little town, the home of the accused, might inflict in the way of torment. It is all the worse because most of this feeling is generated by stories of family quarrels in the Borden home. It is in no sense the expression of what can fairly be called an opinion; it does not rest on painstaking study of all the facts. It is a vague, mischievous sentiment of resentment for reported "oddness," or a still more mischievous manifestation of that mental bloodthirstiness which seems to lie almost as near the surface of the average American man or woman as the Tartar does in the scratched skin of the Russian.

Mr Gladstone has not forgotten the journalists of the Liberal party. On the 3d of June, which is the "official birthday" of the Queen, among the honors distributed were two baronetcies and four knighthoods to editors and proprietors of Liberal papers, besides two baronetcies offered and declined. In this the Premier is only following the example of Lord Salisbury, though he goes fully twice as far. If the Conservatives come in at the next election and the same policy is pursued, it will probably become a settled one. We cannot regard it as a sound one. It is, perhaps, not quite so bad as the American habit of giving offices to editors, but it is in the same line. In one case, however, the editor goes out of office in due time, and has a chance to resume such independence as he may be capable of. But once a baronet or a knight, the English editor is fixed, and the title is for more coveted—as, in fact, a much bigger reward for party service than any office within the gift of the President. English journalism has been, in the main, curiously sturdy, fair, and impartial. It will not be made more so by the habit of dangling titles above the editor's desk. We note, however, in justice to Mr Gladstone, that he has knighted John Tenniel, of *Punch*. That is a generous and right thing to do—right, because there is no man of greater distinction in his calling, and generous because some of Tenniel's keenest shafts have been aimed at Mr. Gladstone, and have gone to the mark.

It is hardly to be expected that a police sergeant will be a model of impartiality and courtesy combined. He has a rough class to deal with, and he acquires the habit of roughness. But the officer who locked Captain Anderson, of the *Viking* in a cell, with four of his men, on Monday night in Brooklyn, and refused to take cash bail for their appearance in court, is a Dogberry doubled with a donkey. Captain Anderson is the guest of the city of New York, he is also a former resident of Brooklyn, and known there as a reputable citizen. The charge against him of public intoxication and riotous behavior was, on the face of it, extremely improbable; but even had it been proven to the sergeant, there was no reason why the accused should not have been released on bail. In the nature of the case the Captain could not, if he wished to do so, "cut his bail." If the Police Commissioner of Brooklyn does not discipline the men responsible for this outrage, the Democratic machine will lose from the Scandinavian voters this fall. That is not a high motive to appeal to, but it is a strong one. As for the disgrace to the city and the nation, we have no reason to suppose that the machine cares a cent for that.

The appointment of Mr William Henry Bishop, the well-known novelist and writer, as instructor in French and Spanish at Yale University, is one on which that ancient and vigorous institution is to be congratulated. Mr Bishop has resided for some years in Europe, chiefly in France, but part of the time in Spain, and he has travelled and studied in Spanish America. Our readers will remember his charming book of observations, *Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces*, published by the Harpers, and the same firm have now in press *A House Hunter in Europe*. Mr. Bishop, apart from his careful culture and unusual literary gift, has the qualities valuable in a teacher, unflagging conscientiousness and a keenly sympathetic nature. We tender to the students who may come under his influence the assurance of our congratulations, tinged with a slight feeling of envy.

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A VETERAN EDITOR'S FAREWELL TO JOURNALISM.

Mr. David M. Stone, for many years the able editor of the *Journal of Commerce* of this city, has retired from his labors covered with honors. He is in excellent health, erect in body, and gives promise of living many years longer. His sight is undimmed, and he boasts that he has never worn glasses, and that he can read the finest print, and see to thread a candle needle. His valedictory as published in that paper of June 10th was as follows:

"A controlling interest in the *Journal of Commerce* has been owned for the lifetime of a generation by William Cowper Prime, LL.D., and myself. After Dr. Prime gave up to me his position as editor-in-chief he continued his connection with the paper, not only as a most interesting correspondent but also as counsellor and adviser in its general management. Of late we both became somewhat wearied with the burden which advancing years made more and more onerous, and have sought for a purchaser to assume the charge we desired to relinquish.

"The opportunity came a few weeks since, and not only our interest, but the entire ownership of the establishment has been sold, and the paper has been consolidated with the *Daily Commercial Bulletin*. The new issue will be known as the *Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin*, and will retain the principal features which have made this paper so acceptable to its subscribers.

"I have been in the harness since 1849, and have given forty-four years of my life to the service without a single vacation. For the last four years I have had no editorial assistant, and have written with my own hand every article set in brevier type which has appeared in any edition of the paper, making over three hundred leading editorials in each of the twelve months, besides attending to much other work in the conduct of the business.

"I have passed my 75th birthday, and it is time for me to lay down my pen and seek a needed rest.

"It is a comfort to me in the retrospect that since I began this ministry I have not written a line that could bring a blush to my honest cheek, or which I now wish to recall as untruthful or insincere. I have had no personal quarrels with any, and have never printed an unkind word of others, whether in or out of the same profession. The tone and spirit and effect of my life work I commit to the candid judgment of the many who have listened to me.

"Those who are to succeed me are already too well known to need my commendation to the public confidence. I hope that my friends and the larger circle to be addressed in the new issue will find their needs fully met in the conduct of the united journals, now presented for their acceptance and patronage.

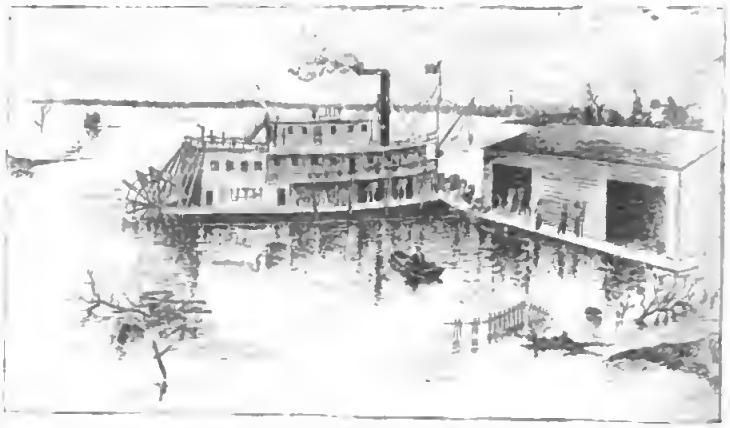
"I have had most encouraging messages in all the past from a host of readers who have become my friends, most of whom have never seen my face, and I feel a wrench at my heart as I turn away to address them no more. I bid them and all who have taken any interest in me and my labors an affectionate farewell."

DAVID M. STONE.

ONE END OF LARGE CREVASSE SHOWING EXPOSED SIDE OF LEVEE PLANKED UP FOR PROTECTION AGAINST WAVE WASH.

DISCOVERING A LEAK IN A LEVEE.

CABIN SURROUNDED BY WATER FROM A BROKEN LEVEE.



PUTTING OFF SUPPLIES FOR OVERFLOW SUFFERERS—LEVEE IN DISTANCE.

LEVEE IN FRONT OF A MISSISSIPPI TOWN.

THE FLOODS ON THE MISSISSIPPI NEAR VICKSBURG.—From Sketches by William Chamberlain, Jun.—[See Page 619.]

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THE OBI MAN

By

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

HIDDEN in the heart of a tropical tangle of tamarind and mango, palm and plantain, perched on the lonely apex of a lofty hill overlooking the Caribbean Sea, stands a hut beside a scanty patch of cleared land. The hut is thatched with dried cane-tops and the broad leaves of the palm, the sky is very blue above, hot air dances and shimmers against the baking earth and the dark green and orange tawny of the forest beyond; a narrow strip of thorny cactus hedge fences the cultivated land. Here a cocoanut-palm or two rear their heads, here a clump of bananas, their broad leaves all frayed and tattered by sea-breezes, bend beneath giant clusters of fruit. A goat is tethered to a little pomegranate-tree in the garden; over the cleared soil itself grow vines of the sweet-potato.

This lonely habitation, situate on a mountain-side in the West Indian Isle of Tobago, belongs to a time worn fragment of Ethiopian humanity—a disciple of mystery, a priest of Obeah.

Glance twice at his secluded, ragged hut, and signs of exceptional character and significance become instantly apparent. It lies very far removed from all other dwellings, for no black man would care to pitch his own home within sight or sound of it. The situation is silent and mysterious, the spot is adorned with strange fragments of things dead. Two eyeless bullocks' skulls ornament the entrance of our Obi Man's dwelling, and his land is fenced with a fantastic ribbon, whereon hang empty bottles, bright feathers, and fragments of gaudy rag. Within this weird zone no man may enter uninvited, and certain it is that no black man would do so, for Obeah is a real, terrible business still—a creed beyond the power of missionary to shatter or destroy; and the African negro would no more speak disrespectfully of it than of his own grandparents.

Enter this hut and look round it, gradually observing the monstrous matters hidden in the gloom as your eyes become accustomed to the darkness. Dried mummies of beasts and men haunt the place, hang against its walls, and sit propped in corners, with a loathsome semblance of living about them. Festoons of birds' eggs and curious seeds and empty bottles hang across the roof. Skins of animals and birds litter the floor, strange malodorous smells greet the nostrils. There is a piece of red glass in the roof, and, thrown down through this, falls a round flinding rye of light. The illumination centres upon a little three-legged table, scattered over which lie strange, uncanny-looking fragments. Filth and mystery and darkness blend in grim combination here. Across one angle of the hut hangs a curtain which hides Arcanum—the Chamber of Horrors, or Holy of Holies, whichever your attitude towards Obeah inclines you to call it.

Jesse, the mystic himself, was in his garden. A great snakegourd trailed and twined over a pile of rubbish at one corner of the property, and here, hidden under the shadows of citron and lemon trees, the Obi Man worked.

He appeared very ancient. His old ribs made a gridiron of his lean breast, his limbs were skin and bone; his scanty wool was gray; a tangled net work of furrows and deep lines scarred and seamed his face in every direction, and, curiously wide apart, on either side of a flat Ethiopian nose, the man's eyes gleamed from his withered head-piece like the eyes of a toad or other reptile. Jesse was in extreme undress that afternoon. Only a few fragments of a pair of trousers covered his loins, and a band of red cloth circled his wrinkled throat. Despite his evident age no little physical strength remained to him. Indeed, his present task sufficiently proclaimed the fact, for it was no simple agricultural operation. In fact, the chance observer would have said that Jesse must be digging a grave under the shadow of his citron and amongst the roots of his great snakegourd.

As he worked, getting deeper and deeper, running the broad wooden spade home with his horny feet, and rapidly increasing the pile of earth at his side, Jesse sang to himself in a piping old man's treble, with the usual plaintive West Indian whine. A blue bird sat on a thorn and put his head upon one side to hear the song; a green lizard, with eyes as bright as Jesse's own, rustled out from under the cactus fence and stopped, with palpitating, tremulous motion of his front paws, to listen also. Then the bird flew and the reptile fled, for neither enjoyed the song overmuch.

This is what Jesse sang:

Low him lie; low him lie,
In de light oh de moon and de twinkling sky;
But only de root oh de snakegard know
How him come to de hole so black, so low.
Obeah—dis—Obeah—Obeah—do,
Obeah—dis—Obeah—Obeah—do.

Low him lie; low him lie,
Under de light oh de moony sky;
But nobody see what de snakegard grow,
Twining him roots far down below.
Obeah—dis—Obeah—Obeah—do,
Obeah—dis—Obeah—Obeah—do.

Low him lie; low him lie,
Where de worms dey crawl to do white man's eye;
But only de snakegard and Jesse know
Where him sleep so still in de hole so low.
Obeah—dis—Obeah—Obeah—do,
Obeah—dis—Obeah—Obeah—do.

The song rose and sank and seemed to hang in the trees and creep about like a live thing, while its last penetrating notes were answered by the crisp chirp, chirp of great winged crickets. Jesse's uncanny melody truly fitted the place, the man, and his task.

He worked on steadily, only stopping once, like Shakespeare's grave-digger, to address a fragment he suddenly exhumed. It was a flat-browed negro skull with low receding forehead; and Jesse set it before him on the grave's edge and spoke to it.

"Who was you, sar?" he asked, and gravely waited for a reply, which naturally did not come. "You no answer, sar—den you most rude, 'pertinent fellow!"

Whereupon he playfully smacked the empty brain pan before him with his spade, and laughed—a cracked laugh—a horrible sort of chuckle which greatly frightened the goat tethered at hand.

Then the Old Man grew suddenly sober and spoke to his skull again:

"You larf, too—eh? *You* larf! Me Gard! I dun'no' what *you* got to larf for. You's Jephson; dat's you; I 'member Jephson. Massa Ford, him want Jephson 'ruk out,' and send him wid message to Jesse. Ah! an' now him want white man 'ruh out'—why, Jesse, him berry bal'ble to Massa Ford. He, he!"

He labored in silence and dug on until his pit extended five feet underground. His next task was to conceal every sign of the aperture, and he set about hiding all traces of it with most artistic neatness. He buried the pile of damp earth under dead palm leaves, broken wood, and rubbish. Then he trailed over it a straggling shoot or two from the snakegourd. After that he covered the hole with thin planks and piled earth upon these, until the entire concern looked to be nothing but a newly turned furrow in the aforesaid patch of sweet potatoes.

Having made an end of the business, Jesse sought his outer gate, and posting himself there, screened his face from the glare of the sunshine and looked out, with his bright toad's eyes, down the steep hill before him. A magnificent tropical panorama, of savage forest, distant snowy beach, and wonderful sea, spread below, and winding up through the woods, struggling as it were with difficulty, through dense undergrowth and narrow places full of thorny cacti and trailing weeds, there ascended a bridle-path, flanked by bewildering tangles of foliage, and mighty tree, and volcanic bowlder. Here and there the flaming flowers of *bois immortelles* lighted the woods with crimson brightness, at other points, all festooned and linked together with twining and climbing parasites, or gray curtains of lacelike lichens, arose palmetto and palm and notable forest giants, some gleaming with wondrous blossoms, some bending under great wealth of varied fruits. And through the mingling draperies of green and brown, olive and gold, under the feathery crown of the bamboo, amongst the little green blossoms of the mango, or hovering before more brilliant flowers, flying like liquid gems in the prodigious glare of the sunlight, did humming birds, with breasts of emerald and ruby, flash and dance. Every step or terrace in the steep acclivities of the hills was crowned with cocoanut or cabbage palm, and from point to point arose the gaunt bleached arms of some arboreal corpse, waiting for tempest to lower its dead limbs and blot it out from the great living hill-side. Far below glimmered a white beach, and through the woods, all silent in the great heat, arose a sigh of surf breaking—surf that, even from this elevation, could be seen lying like a band of silver between the gorgeous many tinted sea and the pale shore.

Far away, on the western side of the hills, extended long, undulating fields of bright green vegetation. In their midst arose a building, with metal roof, flashing under the sun, and a tall black chimney. It was the Pelican Sugar Estate, an important and prosperous concern that stood, like an oasis, in a great desert of stagnation. For Tobago was a languishing island just then, and not a few different factors combined to depress and trouble the place. There was but little money moving, while black labor became harder and harder to command. Sugar culture, indeed, threatened to grow a played-out, futile industry, as had cotton growing before it, and folks spoke hopelessly of the Island's future, unless some new enterprises should soon be hit upon, and capital from fresh sources speedily flow in. But John Ford, overseer of the Pelican Estate, laughed at this universal lamentation, and pointed to his concerns as a standing refutation of the accepted fact that no good thing could now come out of Tobago.

Touching this man, and for the better understanding of what follows, a brief word must be spoken. He had labored here twenty long years on behalf of his uncle, one William

"FORD SENIOR THEN FELL FORWARD AT JESSE'S FEET."

"A LINE OF FOOTPRINTS RAN DOWN TO THE EDGE OF THE WATER—THAT WAS ALL."

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Ford, merchant, of Thames Street, London. He had toiled zealously, made handsome profits for his relation, gained that old man's good will, and won from him a promise that when the said merchant should depart this life, and leave his goods to other hands, the Pelican Sugar Estate would be bequeathed to the present able overseer of it.

Upon the strength of which promise John Ford married a Creole girl, begot a large family, and prayed his uncle would make an end of living as soon as possible.

Time rolled on, the estates prospered, and their owner, instead of passing away, turned his London business into a company, and wrote informing his nephew that he designed to spend a portion of the coming winter in the West Indies.

John Ford, a man who was honest because he deemed honesty the best policy, and for that reason only, awaited his wealthy relation's advent with some interest, and discovered, when he presently arrived at Tobago, that Mr William Ford was a pompous and powerful bachelor, hale in mind and body, sound at every point, clearly without any immediate intention of joining his ancestors. Uncle and nephew were extremely friendly however, the elder man highly commended his overseer's conduct of affairs, and repeated his assurance that the Pelican Sugar Estate should in the future become the property of him and his heirs forever.

John Ford returned thanks with humble gratitude, and lavished upon the old man such West Indian hospitality as Tobago is justly noted for. But, privately, the overseer grew glum and grim. He yearned for the green plantations; he was tired of making money for other people, he desired to send his growing lads home and give them the benefit of English educations. These things grew further off than ever now. His uncle cared nothing for growing lads; the old man proved, in fact, to have distinctly miserly instincts. He had even desired to cut down expenses on the estate at one or two points. And John Ford felt that Uncle William was a distinctly undesirable individual—a man whose decease must unquestionably tend to better the prospects of the entire community. He also recollected that life in the tropics is an uncertain matter, and prevailed upon Mr Ford senior to extend his visit.

But when May came the old man found that the West Indies were getting too hot to hold him, and upon the afternoon of this narrative only two days further sojourn remained of his stay in Tobago. Then the Royal Mail Company's "fast and commodious" packet *Solent* would sail for Barbadoes, and William Ford was going in her. About which time his nephew began to feel that desperate troubles need equally desperate remedies.

Jesse saw no sign of man or beast approaching his lonely den. He left the gate therefore, went into his gruesome hut, and proceeded with preparations for coming guests. His own attire appeared to be the main and most important matter. Disappearing behind the curtain which screened his sanctum, the Old Man entered upon the most weird, bizarre, unlovely toilet it is possible to imagine. On his head he placed a fur cap with long black horns, between which hung tinkling trophies of empty medicine-bottles and beads. Over his lean body and legs he drew hairy garments, coarsely painted with daubs of crimson and white. These things were girt upon him with a waist belt of feathers. His lean black arms remained bare, but upon wrists and ankles he tied links of snake skin and elaborate bracelets of red and black "crab's-eye" seeds. About his neck he festooned a chain of human teeth, and upon his breast he fastened a loathsome amulet—a shrivelled-up human fœtus—the hideous ghost of a thing that had never lived. He next painted sundry blue hieroglyphics over his wrinkled face, and then gazed at the general effect in a scrap of looking-glass. The sight evidently gave him unqualified pleasure.

"Yes, Obi somebody dis day," he said to his goat, and the beast was constrained to admit it.

If he looked uncanny in his own dim dwelling-house, Jesse's appearance under the sun's fierce eye was not less so. The brilliant scraps of cloth and daubs of paint now gleamed like fire, the glass bottles on his crest danced and jingled and flashed, a thousand fantastic trifles amidst his accoutrements, not before visible, now became painfully apparent. He had secured strange bribes from sailor clients in the past. Civilization in the shape of a big jack-knife and a little brass-bound Bible hung round his neck. Probably the Word of God never dangled in such strange company before. The horrid thing on his breast had yellow eyes stuck in its head, and now they glimmered with a sort of life, whilst its shrivelled little arms clung about its master and hugged him.

Then, down in the hot haze of the distance, partially hidden amid trees and rocks, our human monster saw indications of a small cavalcade struggling up the hill. A row of horsemen in single file were wrestling with the slippery, tortuous path, and Jesse could catch glimpses of white garments and brown horses, and hear the thud of hoofs and the sounds of human voices, raised in laugh or oath as one or another slipped and stumbled, or sat secure and watched others do so.

Then, again entering his home, he did all that remained to be done. He stooped low, routed amid *débris* in a corner, and, from a box hidden beneath it removed a second smaller box, which was carefully wrapped up in paper. It contained a thick, glutinous, gray substance about the consistency of birdlime.

Taking some of the stuff upon a skewer, Jesse pulled back the ball of his left hand middle finger until a space was left beneath the nail. Into this he carefully plastered his compound from the box. All his nails were particularly long and dirty, so this strangely anointed middle finger was not calculated to attract the least attention. Then he polished up the edge of his nail, hid away the box again, and disappearing behind his curtain, sat quietly down and waited for the coming party.

Presently the horsemen arrived and drew up before Jesse's gate. There were three of them—a lad, a man in his prime, and an elderly gentleman, the last very hot and very exhausted.

"I fear he's out," said the adult, looking about him. It was John Ford, a tall, brown individual, dressed in white, with a Panama hat on the back of his head. Twenty years of tropic sunshine had tanned him dark, had streaked his black hair with gray, had killed his conscience, but, thanks to his own temperate habits and fine constitution, had left his liver sound as a bell. The lad was John's son, and the elderly personage his uncle.

"Jesse! Jesse!" called out John Ford, and Jesse, who knew his visitors had arrived, and only waited their summons, now appeared and bowed low, while his finery made wild music.

"By Jove, we're lucky!" exclaimed the overseer; "I told you that you should see an Obi doctor, uncle, but I never thought he would have all his war paint on."

"Tell him to get out of sight while I dismount," answered the old man. "No horse alive could stand a thing like that."

"Gib you good-day, Massa Ford, an' gib you good day, Massa Jack, and gib you berry good day too, sar," said Jesse, bowing again and again.

"This is my uncle, Mr William Ford, owner of the Pelican plantations, Jesse."

The Old Man bent respectfully.

"Wonnerful estate, massa—wonnerful cane on de Pelican land, sar. Come in, genmen, I's proud to see you har."

They dismounted, tethered their horses, and followed the negro into his hut.

Jesse brought fruit and a bottle of rum, and directed Master Jack Ford, with whom he was on great terms of friendship to get some calabashes from a corner.

"Wish I'd knowed ob dis har visit, sar; den Jesse 'd hab t'ings ready," he said.

But from what has passed we can only suppose this was a little bit of humbug on Jesse's part. He did "hab t'ings ready."

Mr. Ford senior sat and mopped his brow and breathed heavily. His climb in the hot sunlight had exhausted him a good deal. The overseer ate an orange then lighted a cigar and began to talk. He was wonderfully cool for the time of day.

"You've got to thank Jesse, I can tell you, Uncle William," he said. "Why, he's been worth pounds and pounds to you. At one time a tremendous deal of sugar cane was stolen here. The black thieves came by night—"

"He, he! black tiefs come by night," interrupted Jesse.

"And simply took tons of stuff," continued John Ford. "I placed the matter in the hands of the parson and the police, but they could do no good. Then I came to Jesse, and he had things right in no time."

"T'ings right in no time," echoed the old negro.

"You see, Jesse put your lands under Obeah, Uncle William. Of course I don't believe in all that rubbish any more than you do, but Obeah is a real terrible thing to the niggers. Our friend here just threw a spell over the place, and hung red rags and empty bottles and feathers about on the skirts of the plantations, and devil another cane went."

"Debble anudder cane go—he, he!" sniggered Jesse.

Presently it transpired that this was William Ford's last excursion in Tobago. He and his nephew and the boy Jack had ridden up from the Pelican Estate below to see Jesse—one of the greatest curiosities in the island. Having spent half an hour in his company, the party intended to go down to the beach and enjoy a bath before returning to Scarborough, the seaport town.

John Ford knew Jesse pretty well, perhaps better even than people supposed. Curious things had happened in Tobago once or twice, and recalcitrant colored gentlemen from the Pelican Estate had been unaccountably missed. But, of course, individual Ethiopian lives did not command much attention, and because a man disappeared it by no means followed that ill must have befallen him. There was plenty of room in the island.

"Seen any turtle on the beach lately?" asked Jack.

"Plenty turtle, sar. I takes walk on moony nights, and see de sand all 'libe wid turtles."

"And the sea with sharks, eh?" laughed John Ford. "We're going for a dip before dusk," he added, "but not in the open water. There's a little natural bathing-place below, hemmed in with rocks. I've had the sea hedgehogs cleared out of it, and now it's perfect. You know it, Jack?"

Mr William Ford presently declared that he felt much better and completely rested. Then the entire party walked round Jesse's garden, and he showed them the objects of interest.

"Dat snakegard, massa, and dem creepy gards like snakes, dey grow 'libe at night and crawl 'bout. And dat tree dar, silk-cotton tree—de Obeah tree, sar—what 'loogaroo' put him skin under when him go out."

"A loupgarou is a sort of vampire," explained Jack, "he's a terrible chap, Jesse, isn't he?"

"Oh, him terrible bad fellow, sar," admitted the Obi Man.

Presently our visitors, having seen all Jesse's wonders, were preparing to depart. As they proceeded to his gate their host stopped suddenly with evident dismay. "Gemmen," he exclaimed, "why, you no drink wid me?"

"Then we certainly will do so," answered the elder Ford, good naturedly. And this he said because, as they ascended the hill, his nephew had casually mentioned that to refuse liquid refreshment from the mystery man was a terrible affront in his eyes.

They returned to the hut for a moment, and Jesse directed Jack to rouse out four split calabash bowls while he drew the cork from a stone bottle of rum.

"Make Master Jack's a very weak, please, Jesse," said the overseer.

Then the negro, endeavoring to get a look of cheery hospitality into his bright toad's eyes, poured out four bowls of refreshment. He handed one to each guest, and reserved the fourth for himself. A very acute observer might have noticed that the long bony middle finger of Jesse's left hand rested for a brief while in one of those calabashes—that destined for Mr. William Ford.

The boy, draining his weak rum and water, went out to the horses, and a minute later his father followed him.

"Uncle has changed his mind about that bathe, Jack," he said. "The old gentleman is going to rest a little longer, and then follow us. We have arranged to meet at the gate of the estate and ride home together. I'm not sorry he's given up the idea. Come along."

And in the mean while Ford senior had drunk half his rum and water, and then suddenly fallen forward at Jesse's feet.

"Where's my nephew?" he asked, feebly; "there's something wrong with me. I cannot see."

"Massa Ford back in a moment, sar. Hot sun, sar. Dam hot sun. Drink, sar, quick. Jesse put you right."

He handed the old man his calabash of spirit and water, and again a long black finger touched the liquid in it.

Then the Obi Man went out and looked down the hill. Jack's boyish laughter echoed away in the woods. Presently it grew faint and ceased. There was no further sound save Mr William Ford's horse tethered at the gate. Sometimes it stamped its hoof or dragged at its bridle to reach fresh grass, while with unceasing swish, swish, swish from side to side its tail kept the flies off.

Then the day drew to a close, and the glorious gold and crimson of a tropical sunset flamed over the hill side and painted the sea below; while Jesse took off his insignia of office and donned the scanty remains of a pair of trousers again and busied himself with sundry matters.

John Ford and his merry boy enjoyed their dip in the Caribbean, and afterwards rode as arranged to the entrance of the Pelican Estate, there to meet the owner thereof. But he did not come. Then, the hour growing late, the scant twilight having nearly sped, they suspected their relation, tired of waiting, had proceeded alone towards Scarborough.

"His road lies straight before him; he cannot miss it. We will hurry to overtake him," said John Ford.

But father and son overtook nobody, and were in some consternation on reaching home to find that Uncle William had not arrived.

Jack was instantly sent off to rouse the authorities, while John Ford, with a friend or two, rode back to the Obi Man's hut. It was a trying matter, struggling up the hill in blackness, but they managed it. The tree frogs raised their little voices in the palms, bigger batrachians boomed up from the marshes, fire-flies spangled the darkness; strange sounds and rustlings of nocturnal life were audible everywhere. But to West Indians such concerns appeared no more remarkable than at home the gleam of a gas lamp or the rattle of a cab in deserted streets at midnight. The only thought in their minds was to reach Jesse's hut with all possible speed, and this they presently did.

"Massa no come! Why, Jesse walk down de hill wid him. He went eber so soon after you, Massa Ford. He said he catch you and go bade. He make up his mind to bade, sar."

"Bathe! I hope to heaven he didn't," said the overseer uneasily. "There's only one safe spot on the beach—where I went with Jack."

His friends soothed his alarm. They opined that an old man of sixty at the least would hardly be likely to have gone bathing alone, but time proved John Ford's fears to be well grounded, and showed that Jesse had told the truth.

No sign of Uncle William appeared that night. At dawn upon the following morning, however, a brown horse was found tethered to a cocoanut palm on the shore, and near the animal lay a pile of clothes.

Uncle William had taken the wrong turn, and evidently making up his mind to enjoy a bathe at all costs, had done so. It was a wonderful performance, even for such a hale, hearty man. Doubtless the Tobago sharks could tell the sequel to it. His watch was in his pocket, his money also; nothing had been touched. A line of footprints ran down over the dry sand to the edge of the water—that was all.

John Ford appeared to be terribly prostrated. The fact that the Pelican Estate presently became his own property, and that his young sons would now be able to enjoy English educations, gave him very little pleasure. He blamed himself bitterly, and would not be comforted either by his wife or his friends for fully six months. Then he cheered up a little.

Harmless old Jesse continues to be a great institution at Tobago.

He tends his garden, and sometimes sings snatches of that curious song, in the piping voice of extreme age:

Low him lie; low him lie,
Where de worms dey crawl in de white man's eye;
But only de snakegard and Jesse know
Where him sleep so still in de hole so low.
Obeah—die—Obeah—Obeah—die,
Obeah—die—Obeah—Obeah—die.

GERMAN DAY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

There were some special reasons, apart from international comity in general, or even the good will between Germany and the United States in particular, why everybody interested in the success of the World's Fair should also have been interested in the success of the celebration of German day. During the exercises of the day Mayor Harrison boasted himself to be the Mayor of the third German city in the world—a claim which might perhaps be contested by New York, but hardly by any city in Germany itself. But the particular reason why Germany should be honored at Chicago just now is the magnitude, extent, and costliness of the German exhibit. It is impossible to enter any department without being impressed with the conviction that the German display is out of proportion to our present commercial relations with Germany, as compared with other countries. Moreover, it is believed and said in Chicago that the greatness of the German exhibit is due to the direct exertions of the government, and this in turn to the personal interest the Emperor has taken in the exposition. Since Germany was not invited to Paris four years ago it was natural that Germany should strive to be particularly well seen at the next international competition that occurred thereafter, and this happens to be at Chicago. Herr Krupp has made upon the exhibition of his bellicose monsters of cannon an outlay actually exceeding the appropriation of any State of the Union excepting Illinois, and this exhibit must be a source of wonder to those who consider how slender a market the United States offer for Herr Krupp's wares. It cannot be explained on commercial grounds, but it is very plausibly explained by the relation that the Emperor on a visit to Essen, personally requested the great gun-maker to exhibit at Chicago. There is doubtless a commercial motive underlying the manifestly extraordinary efforts of Germany, and that is the hope of an extension of trade with South as well as with North America. This purpose, with some others, seems to be attested by the fact that many of the German exhibits are labelled in English, German, and Spanish, but not in French. It is agreed also that in the completeness of the German exhibit there are seen the results of great ability, energy, and tact on the part of the German Commissioner, Herr Adolf Wermuth. The German building erected under his direction is not only one of the most interesting pieces of architecture on the grounds, but it is also by far the most nationally typical of any, being a really delightful example of the half-timbered châteaux or schlösser, which at the time of the German Renaissance succeeded the feudal castles, and in it is housed the educational exhibit, which is one of the most creditable and interesting of all the German displays.

About the complete success of German day there can be no question at all, since it was by far the most successful day the fair had thus far enjoyed. The attendance, which upon the opening day was 128,000, and upon Memorial day 143,000, rose on German day, far beyond precedent or expectation, to 193,000. A procession, comprising 16,000 members of German organizations, formed in the city in the morning, and paraded the streets before making its way to the grounds. Here the centre of attraction and congestion was the German Building, which occupies a very eligible and roomy site near the Lake Front. The day chosen was the anniversary of the accession of the present Emperor, and it proved to be absolutely perfect in point of weather, with the exception of a brief but brisk little shower at the

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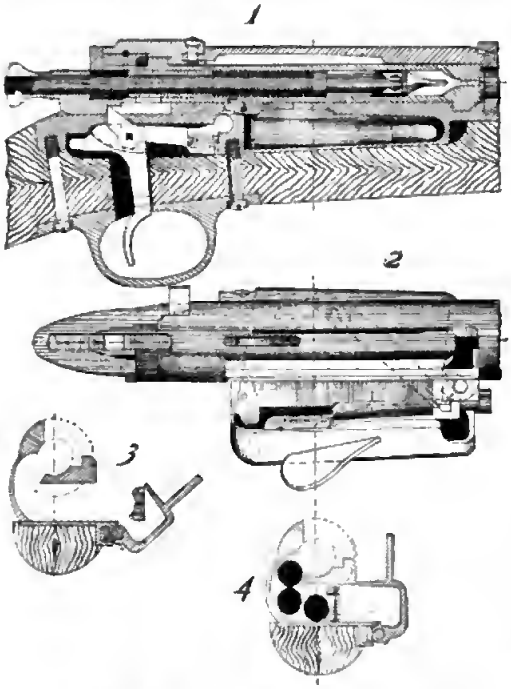
close of the exercises, which somewhat curtailed the eloquence of Mayor Harrison. Native Americans must often envy the Germans their capacity for pagant making, and given the crowd and the weather, it is needless to say that the exercises were highly successful. They consisted in speeches, of which the chief was the sober, thoughtful, and eloquent address of Mr Carl Schurz, and in music, choral and instrumental of which a pleasant feature was the performance of the "Wacht am Rhein" by the Saragossa band, which the Spanish Infanta left to represent her at Chicago. Afterwards there was another and more limited demonstration at the Festival Music Hall with speeches by officers of the expedition, and music by a German chorus and the Thomas Exposition Orchestra, the formal festivities being concluded with an athletic exhibition by the Turners at the Live-Stock Pavilion, and the informal festivities spreading all over the fair grounds and the Midway Plaisance, and lasting until nearly midnight.



1. Longitudinal Section of Breech and Magazine Mechanism in Firing Position. 2. Plan View, with Bolt removed, of Receiver and Magazine—Gate open, ready for insertion of Cartridges. 3. Cross section corresponding to Fig. 2. 4. Cross Section of Receiver and Magazine, which latter partly lost.

THE UNITED STATES MAGAZINE RIFLE.

BY CAPTAIN STANHOPE B. BLUNT, ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT, U.S.A.

At the period when the present century was passing through its central decade the soldiers of our service were provided with a small arm capable of delivering about two shots per minute, and having a range of about 200 yards. Twenty years later, the muzzle-loading smooth bore having given place to the rifled breech loader, the number of shots and the effective range were thereby increased tenfold, and now the lapse of another twenty years is about to witness a further great advance, as the new magazine rifle for the United States army, which will soon be turned out at the Springfield Armory, is capable, in expert hands, of firing nearly forty shots per minute, and has a range of about 4000 yards.

This summary expresses succinctly the progress in military small-arms that has occurred within a short lifetime. The details of the movement are as interesting as its entirety is marvellous. In the various steps, besides the substitution of the rifled barrel for the smooth bore, the magazine principle for the single action, and the introduction of the metallic cartridge, have also been included a gradual reduction in the calibre of the piece, with the consequent decrease in the weight of ammunition, and of late years the adoption of smokeless powder in place of the gunpowder in use for centuries.

In fact, magazine arms, small calibres, and smokeless powder now appear as a combination in which each feature is an adjunct necessary to the other and to the complete success of the soldier's weapon.

As magazine systems were gradually developed, the necessity of meeting the increased expenditure of ammunition by giving the soldier a greater number of cartridges became evident, but as he was already loaded to the limit generally considered possible, this could only be accomplished by diminishing the weight of the single round. To do this the bore of the barrel was changed from the 0.40 or 0.45 then in use in Europe and this country to a calibre of about 0.30 which, to borrow an illustration frequently employed, is about the diameter of an ordinary lead pencil.

The large amount of fouling incident to the gunpowder charge so clogged these small barrels as to impair their accuracy and led to the perfection of the ultra or popularly so-called smokeless powders, which leave very little unconsumed residue on discharge, and also possess the advantage of giving a vastly greater velocity to the bullet. This increase in velocity, very desirable in itself, brought, however, an added complication in the necessity for a sharper twist to the rifling which gives the rotation that maintains the bullet point on its flight, but the old lead bullet, instead of following this new twist, would strip through it without properly revolving, and to secure the rotation—an essential to accuracy of fire—it became necessary to coat the lead with some harder metal, so the present small-calibre bullet is now composed of a jacket of copper, nickel, or steel covering a slug of lead.

The complicated cartridge is slightly over 3 inches in length and shaped like a bottle. It has a bullet weighing 220 grains (instead of the 500 grain ball that the soldiers now fire), to which a charge of about 37 grains of smokeless powder gives a velocity of 2000 feet per second, causing the trajectory or path the bullet follows in flight to be much flatter than with the old Springfield rifle built, and up to 600 yards not further from the ground than the height of a man. An extreme nicety in the determination of the distance of the objective is therefore no longer so necessary to accuracy of fire, nor are small adjustments of elevation so important. This, with the increased penetration of the bullet, which now would reflect a wound upon three or four men in column, added to the number of rounds carried by the soldier—175 of the new cartridges weighing the same as only 100 of the old—makes the coming rifle a vastly more effective weapon in action than the Springfield single loader of the present day.

The magazine rifle to use this ammunition, for whose manufacture preparations are now being pushed at the government armory at Springfield, Massachusetts, was selected from about fifty other weapons by a board of army officers first convened in the fall of 1890. This board examined and tested not only the rifles now in the hands of the troops of Austria, Belgium, Denmark, England, France, Germany, Japan, Portugal, Roumania, Russia, and Switzerland, but those presented by the leading gun-inventors of this country and abroad. Subsequently, before another board, the question was reopened and more guns examined. The arm finally chosen is upon the Krag-Jörgensen system, so named from its inventors, Captain O. Krag, director of the royal small-arms factory at Konigsberg, Norway, and Mr. E. Jörgensen, an armorer there employed. Another weapon, upon the same general system, is now in use in Denmark, but the new United States rifle only distantly resembles that arm having many important modifications and additions or omissions. Its design is not generally known abroad, and has never been tested there. It is the most recent weapon to be introduced in any army, and is superior to any now in service or known here or in Europe.

The accompanying drawings show the action of the breech and magazine mechanism. The magazine belongs in the chain located centrally the cartridges, five in number, lying below the receiver. They can be held in reserve in the magazine by a device called the cut-off, while the gun is used as a single loader, and can be thrown into action by a touch of the finger. Auxiliary chargers or quick loaders can be used in filling the magazine, or the cartridges can be introduced singly from the soldier's belt or box, and this can be accomplished whether the cut-off is open or shut, whether the breech bolt be pushed forward or back, or whether the magazine is entirely empty or partly full. These important considerations thus fulfil the requirement that the mechanism of the arm be susceptible of use in any condition, no matter how it may have been first placed by the soldier under excitement of action.

The gate or door of the magazine turns on a hinge nearly parallel to the bore, and when opened affords a passageway for the introduction of the cartridges, closing the gate, the magazine spring comes into bearing upon the cartridges, and tends to push them successively around under the receiver, and finally into it from its left side. This spring, when the gate is opened, is, by a very clever arrangement peculiar to the system, retracted within the gate, thus clearing the passageway.

Like all the best small-arms of the present day, the breech system is upon the sliding bolt principle instead of the revolving block of the Springfield or Remington. It is manipulated by turning the handle upwards and to the left, and subsequently drawing it directly to the rear, reversing these movements closes and locks the mechanism, a lug on the forward end of the bolt taking into a recess in the bottom of the receiver, and aided by the turn of a guide rib on the bolt itself sustaining it under the shock of discharge. By the earlier movement of the handle the firing pin is slightly retracted from the head of the cartridge; as the movement continues, the bolt, besides revolving, moves slightly back, starting the empty shell in the chamber, and also, through the intervention of inclined surfaces or cams on the rear of the bolt body, partly compressing the mainspring. Then drawing back the bolt brings out the empty shell, which by the ejector is thrown out to the ground.

A cartridge can now be placed in the receiver in front of the bolt, or if the cut-off is arranged for magazine fire one will rise from the magazine; in either case advancing the bolt pushes this cartridge into the chamber, where it is fully seated, the bolt locked, and the compression of the mainspring completed by the final rotation of the bolt, a pull upon the trigger then discharges the piece. It will be observed that the greater part of the work is accomplished as the bolt is revolved and when its action is aided by powerful cams, operated without bringing any undue strain on the soldier's hand, the manipulation of the piece does not therefore so much fatigue him as with arms not having this quality, and as the recoil is less than with the present gun, the man is able to sustain the rapidly repeated shocks of discharge. As the smokeless powders employed rapidly heat the gun barrels, a short wooden covering is placed over the rear of the barrel to protect the soldier's hand when aiming or when carrying the gun.

Our new weapon weighs about 8¼ pounds, and is exceedingly pleasing and symmetrical in appearance, the barrel is 30 inches long, rifled with four grooves, each three times the width of the lands, and making one turn in 10 inches; the calibre of the bore is 0.30.

For the triangular bayonet of our last and many preceding wars a knife bayonet has been substituted, having a blade 12 inches long. It can be readily adjusted to the gun when required as a bayonet; or when detached can be used for cutting brush, or with fair success as a hasty intrenching tool.

The Springfield now about to be replaced by the new weapon has given general satisfaction to the army and the national guard of the majority of the States. It is undoubtedly a good gun, but the inevitable progress of the passing years has at last produced a weapon more efficient as a single loader, and possessing the added advantage of a simple and convenient magazine, holding its reserve of ammunition for the supreme moment of an action, and then capable of great intensity of fire. To this younger rival our old friend must yield, and in laying it aside we all hope that its successor will as fully meet the new conditions of modern warfare as the old arm did those prevailing in its day and generation.

DISASTROUS FLOODS.

The great flood wave that is now passing out of the Mississippi has done its worst in that portion of the great valley between the Arkansas and Red rivers, and it is now possible to present some idea of the mischief it has done. So far it ranks among the most destructive floods of the present decade, even though the long line of levees protecting the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta remains unbroken, and only a small proportion of its 4,500,000 acres is at all affected. The west bank of the river has suffered heavily, however, and at this moment a large part of its population is dependent on charity for subsistence. Arkansas's losses are great, but the northeastern parishes of Louisiana have been visited with especial severity. Seven interior parishes, comprised in the Tensas basin, have a large area overflowed, while fifty per cent. of the cultivated lands of East Carroll, Madison, and Tensas parishes are now inundated. These three parishes alone will suffer a diminution of their cotton crop approximating 60,000 bales, valued at $1,800,000. The loss in other crops is also very large. The river is falling very slowly at Vicksburg, and consequently the prospect for growing food crops on the lands now flooded is extremely doubtful, not to say desperate. The aggregate loss within a radius of 100 miles of Vicksburg is scarcely below $5,000,000. Warren County, in which the city is situated, suffers ten per cent. of this loss. Wily's Crevasse, which is chiefly responsible for the destruction of crops in the three parishes named, is now fully a mile wide.

J. F. DAYTAILE, Vicksburg.

MEDALS FOR NEW YORK FIREMEN.

Four gold medals were awarded to New York firemen recently, in recognition of heroism on the part of two of them, and of good discipline on the part of two others who were captains of companies. The men who won the medals for heroism were both common firemen.

The presentation was made by the Mayor of the city at a stand erected on Riverside Drive, overlooking the Hudson. Chief Bonner pinned the medals to the breasts of the brave winners.

This ceremony was followed by a parade, and a very pretty and spirited exhibition, in which ten fire-engines and two hook-and-ladder trucks were made to answer an imaginary alarm of fire. They went dashing at full speed past the thousands of spectators gathered near the stand, the horses tossing their heads and manes, the apparatus swaying from side to side and spitting clouds of smoke and sparks, bells clanging, whistles shrieking, and firemen clinging on mysteriously, like flies.

The awarding of these medals takes place every other year. Medals for two years are then due, for it is a singular thing that in the Fire Department of this great city there are only two rewards open each year to competition, and of these only one is for the encouragement of heroic endeavor in saving fire imperilled human life.

Patrick F. Lucas, a fireman of Engine 24, won the Bennett Medal for 1891 for bravery at a tenement house fire at 52 Doubleick Street. Firemen brought thirty persons out of that fierce blaze. Two of these were unconscious. Two others were dead.

Lucas climbed up the front fire-escape. There were persons in a window on the fifth floor, but he could go no further than the fourth. So he placed one foot on the railing of the fire-escape, and leaning far out to one side, rested his other foot on a window-sill. Bracing himself with one hand, he reached up the other and helped four persons from the window. It was a deed of strength and daring.

The Bennett Medal for 1892 went to Patrick H. Aspell a fireman of Hook and Ladder 4, for an act of heroic daring which has had few equals. He was on top of a swaying ladder which fell short by a whole story of a fifth floor window from which Miss Julia Knapp was leaning. Fire and smoke were behind her, and there was no time to descend and get a longer ladder.

Aspell twisted one leg about the top rung of the ladder, and supporting himself with his other leg, leaned out at a sharp angle. This required great strength. The ladder swayed fearfully.

"Jump!" shouted Aspell.

The woman jumped, and the fireman caught her. There was a moment when this sudden addition of weight made the escape of both from an awful fall a fearful improbability. Then the man's nerve and strength came to the rescue. Slowly he recovered his balance, and carried the woman down amid cheers. This was real heroism.

This Bennett Medal was established in 1868, by the late James Gordon Bennett, the founder of the New York *Herald*. He wanted to recognize the gallant work of the firemen when his own house was burned, and to offer some encouragement for saving life. He gave $1500, the interest of which purchases one gold medal each year. It is the only reward in the department for heroic conduct.

It seems very strange indeed that the Fire Department does not provide some adequate rewards for bravery, such as this gift of a private citizen. There is a Roll of Merit, but a place on that does not necessarily signify bravery at life-saving. Each year many heroic deeds are done by our gallant fire-fighters which win no fitting recognition.

The two other awards were the Stephenson medals for 1891 and 1892. They are purchased with the interest of a small fund established by John Stephenson in 1883. They are of gold, and much smaller than the Bennett medals. They are for the encouragement of discipline and efficiency in companies, and are open to competition by captains.

Captain Joseph P. Byrne, of Engine 18, won the Stephenson Medal for 1891. Captain Patrick F. Ryan, of Engine 57, was the winner for 1892.

ROBERT STERLING YARD.

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AT THE "LOOP"—SOUTHWEST OF THE WHEAT FIELD
Near this spot the First Brigade of the Third Corps formed for the final assault on the afternoon of the second day. The uncompleted cut is shown in the foreground.

THE BIG FILL IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH AT PLUM RUN, BETWEEN THE DEVIL'S DEN AND BIG ROUND TOP.

IN FRONT OF THE "BLOODY ANGLE."
All the rocks in the foreground have been blasted away, and a cut two feet deep runs along here. The line of bushes marks the famous stone fence over which Pickett's Division of Confederates charged. The monument in the left background, with the bronze figure of a soldier swinging a clubbed musket, is that of the Seventy-second Pennsylvania Regiment. The "Copse of Trees," the high watermark of the Rebellion, just in rear of monument.

FILL AT ZIEGLER'S GROVE, EAST END,
The white streak in centre is continuation of the 63. The National Cemetery and gateway to same in the distance.

THE DESECRATION OF GETTYSBURG BATTLE-FIELD.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[See Page 622.]

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WALTER BESANT.

THE LATE LELAND STANFORD.
United States Senator from California.—[See Page 622.]

WALTER BESANT.

MR. WALTER BESANT is one of the few men of the day who may fairly lay claim to a high degree of success in at least four different lines of intellectual effort. As a novelist he is widely known on both sides of the Atlantic, and by no class better known or more kindly esteemed than by the readers of Harper's periodicals. As what may be called, for want of a better term, a social reformer, his title rests on that interesting and remarkable institution, "The People's Palace," which had its origin in his book, *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*. Mr. Besant still being one of the trustees of the Palace. For more than twenty years he has been an active and efficient worker in connection with the Palestine Exploration Fund, of which organization he was for a long time the honorary secretary. In connection with Professor Palmer, as far back as 1871, he wrote a *History of Jerusalem*, and has since been editor of the *Survey of Palestine*, and one of the founders of the Palestine Pilgrims' Society. But what, to the student of literature, gives Mr. Besant one of the strongest claims to admiration is the appreciative work that opened his literary career. This was in the field of early French literature. His first book—in 1868, when he was but thirty years of age, and had but recently resigned a place as senior professor in the Royal College of Mauritius—was *Studies in Early French Poetry*. In 1873 appeared his *French Humorists*; in 1877, *Rabelais*; in 1882, *Readings from Rabelais* (in "Ancient and Modern Classics); and in 1879, *Coligny*, in a biographical series. It was all sound work in a rich but difficult field, and it afforded excellent training to a mind at once studious and imaginative.

There is not space in this brief notice to trace in detail the peculiar and fruitful partnership between Mr. Besant and Mr James Rice It began almost by accident in 1871, and lasted for ten years, until the death of Mr. Rice in 1881. In all there were some dozen novels written by them in this time, besides a number of short stories. Perhaps the most popular of the joint novels was "The Golden Butterfly," written for Edmund Yates's *World* in 1876. Since the death of Mr. Rice, Mr. Besant has attained a wide repute by the product of his own pen. The most known of his books are *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, and *The Children of Gibeon*, which related especially to the life of the poor in that urban nation, London. But *Dorothy Forster, a Tale of the Days of the Pretender*, a historical novel, is a very strong work of a most trying type, in which the author's close study of the early days bears fruit. Mr. Besant is in the United States as a delegate to the Authors' Congress in Chicago, which meets July 10th, and is to present his views of the relations of authors and publishers—views that are very firmly held and vigorously advocated. He will previously visit New England. A novel by him, "The Rebel Queen," is now running in *Harper's Bazar*.

THE BRITISH BATTLE-SHIP "VICTORIA."
Sunk in Collision with the *Camperdown* off Tripoli, June 22, 1893.—[See Page 622.]

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THIS BUSY WORLD

What will the experts in psychology say to the suggestions submitted by Mr. Thomson Jay Hudson in his new book about *The Law of Psychic Phenomena?* Mr Hudson explains all the psychical mysteries, including spiritism, telepathy, hypnotism, mind-cure, clairvoyance, and haunted houses, by the hypothesis of a subjective mind, which is capable of being directly impressed and informed without its proprietor's consciousness. He says that most of the people who ought to know are convinced that there is a dynamic force residing somewhere which can move ponderable objects without physical contact, and which possesses an intelligence which makes it clear that it must emanate from the spirits of the living or the dead. He finds satisfactory reason for believing that it emanates from the spirits of the living He finds much that is edifying in the phenomena of spiritism, but nothing that seems to him to prove any communication with the spirits of the dead. He contends that two subjective minds whose bodies are far apart can communicate during sleep, and cites remarkable examples of such communication. He has experimented in psycho therapeutics, and tells of more than a hundred cases of cures by suggestion, in most of which the patient did not know that he was being treated In many of these cases, too, the experimenter and the patient were separated by long distances Once he cured a relative of a desperate nervous disorder accompanied by rheumatism. The invalid did not know of the experiment, but two other persons did. The improvement began when the treatment began. While the cure was going on the patient and the healer were a thousand miles apart. This is a stiff story, but Christian scientists claiming to be both sane and truthful, tell just as stiff ones in very great variety.

Judgment cannot here be given on the merits of Mr Hudson's hypothesis. It is for the experts, like Professor Jastrow, to say whether it is a good one or not It may not be unduly presumptuous for a layman to remark that the matters which the hypothesis attempts to explain offer an exceptionally inviting field for explanation There are a whole set of phenomena that people who have prided themselves on their reality have been used to explain by the hypothesis that all men are liars, but that method doesn't work as well as it did Hypnotism, for all it is so queer, has become an scientific and is treated with so much deference by the learned, that general doubt isn't as good a tool to use on mysteries as it was It is an embarrassing time when a man who desires nothing better of his mind than that it shall hold respectable opinions on all subjects is hard put to it in many instances to find out what the cheapest and most desirable opinions are. When a well meaning person commits himself to the belief that telepathy is humbug, or that haunted houses are rats, or that cures by suggestion are incredible, and then goes out and discovers that there seems to be better value in some other view, it mortifies him and lowers his self-esteem.

There is the superstition about unlucky houses, of which the Blaine house in Washington is just now the most notorious example, and which is enough to make a conservative common-sense real-estate agent pound his head against the bricks. The proper commercial spirit in which to meet that superstition is embodied in the sentiment, "Give me good plumbing, and I will risk the luck" But Mr Hudson thinks it conceivable that the emotions of persons who suffered unduly in particular houses may somehow stick around the premises and bother impressionable tenants who come after He tells of a London lady who hired a house and was straightway seized with a persistent longing to study art. She did so, and became proficient, and did not find out until afterwards that the tenant who had preceded her had been an enthusiastic devotee of art. The same lady hired another house years afterwards, but had to leave it because of its depressing influences. Inquiry brought out the fact that the house had once been occupied by a cruel husband, who had abused his wife and finally abandoned her, and that no tenant had been able to live comfortably in it since A recent contributor to *Notes and Queries* tells what he knows about three unlucky London houses. He has observed them for several years. In one of them, in spite of the best sanitary apparatus, three tenants have died in six years In another no tenant has stood more than twelve months, yet within six years two of its tenants have been financially ruined The third house, though most desirable in situation and attractive in appearance, has been to let for sixteen years without attracting a tenant

There is no lack of data about unlucky houses. If Mr Hudson, or some one else, can find a theory that fits the facts, he may be able to devise a cure that will substantiate the theory. Meanwhile it is hardly necessary to say to thrifty householders "If you must beat your wife or struggle the baby, don't do it at home Go out and hire a hall."

The concerned newspapers have not yet got through talking about the dress coat that Mr Higginbotham of Chicago wore to the breakfast given to the Infanta It is true that it is not customary among polite people to wear swallow-tailed garments before six o'clock, but it is a mistake to suppose that Mr Higginbotham is the first distinguished American that ever did it Persons who are still young may remember to have seen so accomplished a gentleman as our present ambassador to England marching in full evening dress at the head of a Phi Beta Kappa procession around the college yard at Cambridge. To be sure Mr Bayard was the orator of the day, and wore his evening clothes to speak in, but it remains obvious that there are daytimes when evening dress goes and that, after all, dress coats are not so incurably nocturnal as night shirts.

If one may borrow the language of the small boy to comment on a large event, one may permit himself to say that the Royal Institute of British Architects has done itself proud in bestowing the Queen's gold medal upon Mr Richard M Hunt. The medal is one that is rarely conferred, and its possession is a distinction that is coveted by the foremost architects in the world It has been given to Mr Hunt in recognition of the merits of his work on the exposition buildings at Chicago That Mr Hunt was glad to have it appears from the report that he went all the way to London expressly to get it. Mr Hunt's countrymen will be proud to have him honored, and proud to have this new stamp of high professional commendation put on the World's Fair buildings, but not even the approval of the British architects can make them any prouder of the buildings than they were before. So profound is the popular conviction that the buildings are superlatively admirable, that the tendency is rather to measure the discrimination of foreign architects by their opinions about the buildings than to measure the merits of the buildings by the opinions of the wise men across the seas. So, while Mr Hunt's medal may not make us think any better of the White City, it gives us a most favorable impression of the gracious discernment of the British architects, and of their ability to form just opinions of things a long distance off.

Word comes that the citizens of Paris are contemplating an expenditure of three or four hundred million francs upon the improvement and beautification of their town Is this another sign of the influence of the Chicago Fair? Is it possible that the achievements at Jackson Park have given even the Parisians a pointer, and impelled them to take measures by wholesale to bring their venerable city up to date?

That interesting boulder, a continental reputation has lately accrued to a new man. His name is Robert Chatfield Taylor, he lives in Chicago and he was lifted out of the condition of a local celebrity into the ampler field of national notability during the recent visit of the Spanish Infanta to his town. Being the Spanish consul at Chicago Mr Taylor had an official standing with the Infanta, which the amplitude of his means and his personal talents enabled him to improve. He is a graduate of Cornell, and a young man of original ideas, diligent and enterprising He is at least an native, at least as spontaneous, and at least as good an American as our Mr Oliver Sumner Teall He has bounded with one skip from the rank of a person to that of a personage, and hereafter not to know him will be to argue one's self obscure. E. S. MARTIN.

THE GETTYSBURG DESECRATION.

BY JOHN REED SCOTT.

WITHIN the last few weeks a storm of protests has broken upon the heads of those who are responsible for the scheme of running an electric railway over the famous battle-field of Gettysburg It is thirty years since Meade and Lee decided the issue between the North and the South at that little town, within seven miles of the Maryland line. Since then the veterans of the blue have regarded as holy the scenes of the three days' awful struggle, and Gettysburg has become known the Union over as the "American Mecca" With a reverence unappreciable by the ordinary civilian the veteran has journeyed back to it, and standing bareheaded on some hallowed spot, has recalled with mental vision the awful carnage that swept from the Round Tops to the Cemetery The imagination was not taxed greatly to reproduce the scenes, for the field has remained mainly as it was in 63, and the conditions that existed then have been preserved by the gratuitous efforts of the Memorial Association, aided by the various States that were represented in the Army of the Potomac.

The battle field of Gettysburg covers twenty-five square miles, the first day's engagement having occurred to the north and west of the town and that of the second and third days to the southward It is over the second and third days' field that the electric railway has run its desecrating track, ploughing, hacking, blasting and destroying everything that impeded its progress, and shattering with vandalistic completeness all the sentiment that has hung over the blood-stained ground

The trolley goes out the Emmitsburg road—that runs about midway between Seminary and Cemetery ridges, upon which the two armies were stationed—to the Peach Orchard. Here it turns to the left, and pursues the narrow lane leading to the Taneytown road. Just before reaching the Wheat Field it deflects abruptly to the right, making for the Devil's Den region.

The Memorial Association has from the first opposed the electric railway, and scorned their request for a right of way over its land and avenues. Consequently the trolley pur chased from private parties the necessary privileges, and wherever possible it has run its route along the line of the Memorial Association's land

Below the "Loop," at the southeast edge of the Wheat Field, there is a three-foot fill directly on the ground over which Brooks's brigade charged against Longstreet's column on the afternoon of the second day. Back of the Devil's Den there is one cut twelve feet deep, that has destroyed that locality beyond reparation, and made it an eyesore to the tourist and stranger.

A group of granite rocks seventy-five by twenty five feet that formed a portion of the defences in front of the left of the Third Corps have been blasted for material to fill a swampy portion of the track The boulders that covered the combatants in the desperate engagement between the Fourth Maine and Fortieth New York and the Forty fourth Alabama and the right of Benning's Confederate brigade have also been put to the same use

In the words of Colonel Bachelder, of the United States commission, "For the distance of over one mile before reaching this locality the road cuts through the scene of some of the most desperate encounters of the battle, in which De Trobriand's, Tilton's, Sweitzer's, Zook's, Kelly's, Cross's, and Ward's Union brigades, and Kershaw's, Simmes's, Wofford's, Anderson's, and Robertson's Confederate brigades, contended for hours The railway cuts straight through lines of battle, forest trees are levelled, bowlders and ledges blasted, streams are bridged, and the whole character of the field is changed."

After curving around to the southward of the Devil's Den, the trolley swings abruptly northward and tears its way toward the "Valley of Death" This was the most romantic portion of the battle field This is heavy plum, making in their density a solid wall of verdure, lent a magnificent impenetrableness to the region between the Den and Big Round Top. Down the very centre of this locality the trolley vandals have hewed their course of destruction, and all the pristine beauty is gone forever, the victim of corporate greed.

But it is through the "Valley of Death" itself that the desecration rules supreme. Over this ground General Crawford led his division of Pennsylvania Reserves against Hood's Confederates, and sent them headlong from the Federal front Huge bowlders litter the valley, every one of a kind sheltered a soldier and afforded a rest for his musket. The place won its sanguine name honestly Plum Run ran red with blood, and the turf was carpeted with the bodies of the blue, blue and gray, that lay side by side where death had found them in the struggle But all the sacredness of such associations has been as naught, and with a ruthlessness that resembles the ruthlessness of the Vandals that King Attila led, the trolley has blasted the bowlders asunder, piled the fragments into a road bed, and run the hideous track right down the centre of the "Valley"

The railway then climbs around the western and northern faces of Little Round Top, disfiguring the landscape by cuts and fills of from ten to twelve feet, and then effects a junction with the Reading Railroad branch At this portion of the line a few days ago one of the gangs unearthed the bones of some of McCandless's Pennsylvania Reserves. Without a moment's hesitation they were tossed into the cart with the dirt and dumped away with it. A citizen of Gettysburg, however, sickened by such wantonness, gathered as many of the bones as possible and gave them decent burial.

The Reading tracks are followed toward the town as far as Hancock station Here the trolley turns to the right in front of the line of battle of the Second Corps If there is one spot on the battle field that should be sacred it is this stretch from where Hancock fell wounded to the Brian House along which Pickett's division of Virginians beat in vain in the grandest charge of the century, and which has gone into history as designating the "high water mark of the rebellion."

The trolley sandals have run directly across the line of Stannard's Vermont Brigade, over the position of Battery C (Wier's), Fifth U. S. Artillery, over the advanced positions of thirty-eight Confederate regiments, which comprised Pickett's command, right along in front of the "Bloody Angle," and the spot where General Garnet died is buried beneath the electric road bed.

From the Brian House the trolley passes along the north side of Zeigler's Grove over a huge fill, follows the Taneytown road to the field south of the Soldiers' National Cemetery, and turning to the left, skirts the cemetery wall to the Baltimore Pike and thence returns to the town, passing the place from which General Howard directed the Federals into position after their retreat of the first day

The railway through its entire length is a piece of absolute vandalism, without excuse or purpose beyond the destruction of the greatest battle field of the continent, for the sake of an investment that is now shown to be hare brained in the extreme The veterans who visit Gettysburg and see the extent of the desecration are filled with indignation. The Commander in Chief of the G. A. R. has appointed a committee to take whatever measures may be deemed within the power of the order. The United States has expressed its determination to acquire the entire battle field, and make of it a national park and a regular army post The power to take the battle-field has been delegated to the general government by an act of the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1889, and the sole means of preserving the field from further desecration now lies in the prompt action of the War Department The government commissioners have recommended immediate action, and there is nothing now but to wait and hope.

THE "VICTORIA" DISASTER.

THE lamentable disaster which has resulted in the loss of Great Britain's well-known battle ship *Victoria*, and the loss of more than four hundred of her crew and officers—among them being Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, commanding the Mediterranean squadron—in collision with the battle-ship *Camperdown*, also of the same fleet in evolutions off Tripoli last week, must impress every one anew with the terrible power for destruction in one way and another that a modern man-of-war possesses. This disaster was caused solely by the *Camperdown's* ram. The ram in all modern war vessels is in the shape of a sharp chin The bow beneath the water, and oftentimes above it, is protruded instead of being cut away as in merchant vessels. This accident resulting from the ram is a vindication of American foresight, for the United States is the only nation that has yet constructed a vessel for ramming purposes alone Although this country is far behind in quantity, it already leads the navies in quality No other nation, for example, has built a dynamite cruiser, and it is now easy to see that with such auxiliaries as the Ammen ram *Katahdin*, and the dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius*, any foreign fleet would hesitate to engage one of our own in battle.

Moreover, the *Victoria* disaster emphasizes the fact that no war ship has yet been built that can withstand the powers of its own destruction. These two vessels, *Victoria* and *Camperdown*, were practically of the same size and speed, although the *Victoria* was armed much the heavier. The *Victoria* was 10,470 tons burden, and the *Camperdown* 10,600 tons. The highest speed of each vessel is put down as 16 75 knots. The *Victoria* had 14,000 horse-power and the *Camperdown* 11,500 It is probable that they were maneuvering at from 10 to 12 knots speed.

A singular thing is learned from Admiral Markham's report to the Admiralty on the disaster. This says that the *Victoria* turned completely over, and lies bottom uppermost It is possible that she was top-heavy with armor. For one-third of her length amidships a belt of armor extended, 18 inches thick and about 8 feet wide At the forward end this belt was built up into a redoubt and a turret, in which were two monster 110 ton guns of about 16 inch diameter These guns are much heavier than are being used in the latest designs, experience having shown that 13-inch guns are the largest also available for satisfactory warfare The *Victoria* may therefore have been over weighted forward She had no aft turret, as most battle ships have Forward she was here of small or medium-sized guns, these being distributed aft. She was struck forward of her turret, and the despatches say there was no time to close her water tight compartments There must have been 400 of these in the vessel, but the need of constant communication from one part to another in a man of war is such that except in time of engagement compartments are almost never closed. The water rushing in forward with the heavy weight of armor there, and no after turret to balance the ship, may have caused the vessel to dive almost perpendicularly. Whether she turned a somersault is going down, or a better she turned over after she struck bottom owing to loosened machinery or inequalities of the bottom, is not indicated at this writing, at any rate the special lesson to be learned in this dire disaster, whether it be the construction of ramming vessels, or the better balancing of vessels, or the construction of absolute water tight compartments, such as the latest merchantmen have, will be quickly applied by naval constructors, and by none more quickly than those of the United States.

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THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.*

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

IX.

McDOWELL'S defection from the Underground was presently followed by an addition to the working force. One morning, a month or so later, Ogden, in an interval of leisure, glanced across to the window before which Burton Brainard had smiled in his desk, and saw a young woman within the enclosure. She sat there alone, before a desk of the peculiar kind that has been contrived for the type writer, and her effect at the moment was that of leisure finally and elegantly achieved.

He was at once struck by her peculiar facial expression: she had one eye open and the other shut. All at once she effected an instantaneous change which closed the open eye and opened the closed one. Then she opened both and gave out a smile of recognition, surprise, and pleasure, which he now perceived to be the work of the features of Cornelia McNabb.

"Here we are!" she seemed to say.

She had followed Burt's elevation to the vice-presidency, along with the new desk and the handsome rail-work enclosing it. Burt's concerns, despite his rise in rank, were now, as heretofore, largely outside the bank proper; he did something in stocks now and then, and he kept the run of things on the Board of Trade. But he was like his father in looking upon the bank as a personal and family matter—a point of view which the action of the body of stockholders somewhat justified; as a general thing they made up a chorus that huddled in the wings, several of them declining to come "on" even for the election that advanced Brainard junior, to the second place. So he saw no very good reason why the bank generally should not foot the bill for his own clerk hire.

"Why can't you use the man we've got here already?" his father had asked him, however. "Ain't one enough?"

"No. Somebody else has always got him. If I could have one for myself just for an hour or so, it would be a great help."

"Why don't you get one of those girls that circulate around upstairs? I hear there's one or two of 'em."

"I believe I will." And thus Cornelia McNabb came in for a brief daily attachment to the Underground.

She sat in her place quite unoccupied for an hour or so, looking about inquiringly, fidgeting a little, and watching the clock. Ogden glanced over to her direction once or twice. He saw that she had contrived to express her rise by several subtle alterations in her dress, and that she had succeeded in enveloping herself in a promising atmosphere of gentility. She, in her turn, kept an eye on him, and contrived to time her own luncheon along with his. She thrust her hat-pin into place just as he buttoned on his cuffs, and she drew a black dotted veil across the tip of her nose just as he was reaching up for his hat.

They sauntered out separately, but came together in the hallway.

"Do I look nice, or don't I?" she asked him as she passed one of her gloves over the smooth surface of the massive marble balustrade. "You needn't think the Pewaukee girls are jays; they're too near Lakeside and Waukesha for that."

"You do indeed. But where are the chains and rings?"

"Fiddle! I hope I know better than that, now."

The elevators were sliding up and down behind their gilded *grilles* with great rapidity, and hundreds of hungry helpers were stepping out of them in search of brief refreshment. Some of these stopped in the basement vestibule, and our young people, looking over the balustrade, saw them buying packages of cigarettes or the noon papers. There came to them, too, the voice of the man who stood at the foot of the elevator shafts and who regulated the movements of the various cabs by calling out their numbers with a laconic yawp. He wore a blue uniform with gilt buttons, and he had a gold band on his cap. He was as important as Ingles himself—perhaps more so.

"I believe I'll go up to the restaurant to-day," said Cornelia, with a precious little intonation. Her mincing tone intimated a variety of things—altered conditions among them.

"I go up there occasionally myself," said Ogden. "You have entertained me several times downstairs, and you ought to give me my chance now, don't you think?"

"Quite happy, I'm sure," she murmured, demurely.

"Up!" called Ogden, and up they went.

"Well," said Cornelia, a few minutes later, taking off her gloves with a self-conscious grace, and pushing aside her tumbler so as to find a place to lay them, "I can't say I've been overworked *this* morning. I haven't seen my new man at all."

"He's out a good deal."

"But the old one was on deck."

"In what way?"

"Oh, he put me through a regular drill. Made quite a number of remarks. I shouldn't care to take *him* down. May have to, though, if he gets too bossy. Eh?—oh, well, I don't know that I care for so very much, thank you. What are *you* going to have? Chicken soup?—all right. Yes, chicken soup, John."

She leaned back in her chair with a genteel grace, and looked out of the window down on the snow-piled roofs below.

"Do you know, I used to think I was a pretty smart girl, but I begin to believe I'm a good deal of a dummy, after all. That man has been in the building all this time, and I have just found it out."

Ogden's eye involuntarily followed the waiter.

"Not that black man—mix. But how could I be expected to spot his name among all the 'steen hundred on that bulletin by the door? I did see it there this morning, though—just by accident."

"Whose?"

"Oh, Ingles's. Arthur J. Ingles. Think of his being in this very building all this time!" She put the rim of her tumbler up under the edge of her veil.

"In it?" repeated Ogden. "He owns it."

"He does? Great Scott!" She choked and spluttered, setting her glass down suddenly. "Well, I'll be switched!"

She gave another gulp. "I suppose his father willed it to him?"

"No; he put it up for himself; I heard him say so."

"And you know him?" A new light shone in her brimming eyes.

"Yes."

"Well," she declared, with emphasis, "now I see my way. He's got to have me do short-hand for him, and then I shall see—her."

"Ah!"

"Yes. Can't you tell Mr High-and-mighty that you know a respectable girl who is trying to make her own living?" She ran her fingers over the edge of one of her cuffs, which was slightly frayed. "You see how poor I am."

George laughed. "The laundries *are* pretty rough, for a fact."

"How mean of you!" she exclaimed, and laughed too.

She thrust back her soup.

"I don't want it. I don't want anything. I can't eat a mouthful. Then I was wrong about his being a society dude?"

"Completely."

"And how is she? S'posing I've made a mistake about her, too?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I've never seen her."

"You're telling me a fib."

"No, truly, I never have. I don't believe there's any such person. I think she's somebody that the papers have just made up. How many people have you found to work for?"

"Oh, three or four. But time for more. Rhyme, isn't it? I'm trying for the Massachusetts Brass, but I'd rather get Ingles. She gave a dance at Kinsley's night before last."

"How many words can you do?"

"About ninety—enough for business, of course I couldn't manage courts or banquets or sermons. I expect she comes down to his office for a check every now and then. Why don't she ever have her picture in the Sunday papers?"

"Oh Lord! I hope they're above *that!*"

"What's the objection? I'd have mine there quicker'n a wink if I could. I will some time—bet you. And not in any office togs either."

"But don't dream of rivalry. She isn't real, she's only a beautiful myth. What will you take next—roast beef?"

"I don't mind: yes. When I'm alone I usually skip right from soup to pie—or pudding. But I guess I will take something a little solider this time, nothing makes me tireder than sitting still and fidgeting." She tapped her toes on the mosaic pavement, and gave a hitch and a pat to the dimity curtain alongside her. "I squirmed around for an hour, with a whole lookful of other people's notes that I might have been writing out. What sort of a young fellow is he?"

"He has his own way."

"Only child, I suppose?"

"N—no."

"Only son?"

"No—yes—I don't know. How do you like your work?"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1968.

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CAPTAIN S. R. IVES (YALE, '94, No. 7.
Age, 22 yrs.; height, 6 ft. 3½ in.; weight, 174 lbs.

HARVARD QUARTERS.

F. A. JOHNSON (YALE, '94, S.), BOW.
Age, 22 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 11 in.; weight, 162 lbs.

E. L. MESSLER (YALE, '94, S.), No. 2.
Age, 19 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 9½ in., weight, 174 lbs.

A. T. VAN HUYCK (YALE, '93, S.), No. 1.
Age, 22 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 7½ in.; weight, 172 lbs.

J. McD. [illegible]
Age, [illegible]

G. E. BURGESS (HARVARD, '94), BOW.
Age, 23 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 7 in.; weight, 154 lbs.

W. S. JOHNSON (HARVARD, '94), No. 2.
Age, 21 yrs.; height, 6 ft. 11 in.; weight, 165 lbs.

M. NEWELL (HARVARD, '94), No. 3.
Age, 22 yrs.; height, 6 ft. 7½ in.; weight, 173 lbs.

L. [illegible]
Age, [illegible] yrs.; height [illegible]

WATCHING THE RACE FROM THE OBSERVATION TRAIN.

THE HARVARD AND YALE VARSITY E

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YALE QUARTERS.

CAPTAIN D. R. VAIL (HARVARD, '93), No. 6.
Age, 22 yrs.; height, 6 ft.; weight, 168 lbs.

YALE, '90, No. 4.
... in.; weight, 178 lbs.

J. M. GOETCHIUS (YALE, '93, S.), No. 5.
Age, 20 yrs.; height, 6 ft.; weight, 167 lbs.

RALPH PAINE (YALE, '90), No. 6.
Age, 21 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 11½ in.; weight, 187 lbs.

E. F. GALLAUDET (YALE, '90), STROKE.
Age, 22 yrs.; height, 6 ft.; weight, 162 lbs.

D, '91, No. 4.
... in.; weight, 175 lbs.

G. R. FEARING, JUN. (HARVARD, '90), No. 5.
Age, 22 yrs.; height, 6 ft. ⅝ in.; weight, 170 lbs.

C. E. CUMMINGS (HARVARD, '90), No. 7.
Age, 22 yrs.; height, 6 ft. 1 in.; weight, 178 lbs.

E. H. FENNESSY (HARVARD, '90), STROKE.
Age, 20 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 10½ in.; weight, 164 lbs.

ON THE RIVER AT THE FINISH.

EWS AT NEW LONDON.—[SEE PAGE 627.]

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"Middling. I'm terrible enterpising, but I guess I was never meant for a drudge. Say, what does a patroness really do?"

"Oh, nothing much; she just has her name on the list. Sometimes they don't even go."

"I notice that your Mrs. Floyd is beginning to be one: I've seen her in the papers two or three times."

"She doesn't like it, though; sometimes names get put on just to fill up. 'My dear Mrs. Floyd, we thought you wouldn't mind; you don't, do you?' they say. 'But my name in the papers!' she objects. 'You are too sensitive,' they reply. 'You've had your name in the papers at home,' her husband reminds her. 'Yes,' she answers, 'but—here!' She hates the town."

"Well, if I was a patroness I guess I'd have some say—no figure head for me. I wouldn't be put on, either, I'd put the others on."

"I see you were cut out for a 'society' career."

"I guess you've about struck it. I went to a dance a week ago to-night—Periclean Pleasure Party."

"Like it?"

"Twa'n't much. And I was invited to a firemen's ball—such impudence!"

"Right—don't cheapen yourself."

"I guess I understand that."

Meanwhile a meeting of a different character was going on in the directors' room of the Underground. This is not to be taken as indicating that the green baize plane of the long centre table was littered with reports and memoranda, and that the high backed, leather seated chairs were filled with the solid figures of a dozen solid men. No; the aspect of the room was that of Sunday-like disoccupation, and the only people in it were an appealing young woman and a stubborn old man.

"Let her come in, father, please do."

"Take care, Abbie. You know what I think of you, but you make a mistake when you try this."

Abbie Brainard passed her handkerchief across her tearful face. Her father stood before her with his legs spread wide and his feet firmly planted, he had his hands thrust deeply into his trousers pockets. His jaw was set, and his shaggy brows were drawn down over eyes that glared fiercely at nothing.

"Then meet her out in the hall somewhere, just for a minute." She laid her hand tremblingly upon the old man's arm. He moved, as if to shake it off.

"Then just walk by outside, she can see you from the cab."

He turned his eyes upon her, half in expostulation and half in threat. "Abbie—"

"Then, father, just step here to the window; she'll see you and know it's all right. Come." She caught hold of a fold of his sleeve. "You won't keep her waiting out there such a cold day as this?"

Brainard moved his feet, but he turned his back on the window and fixed his eye on the fireplace. His daughter's light touch was quite powerless on his huge bulk.

"Father, you know Burt says—"

"Abbie," he interrupted sharply, "don't you say a word to set me against Burt. I won't hear it. Don't drag him in, or you'll be sorry for it."

"But, father, don't you understand? He *struck* her; there's a mark on her face now."

Brainard's great frame shook but he made no other sign. This quiet she took as a favorable symptom. She would have done better in perceiving that he was between two contending forces so nearly equal as to hold him almost in equilibrium. The wretch had struck his daughter—a brutal, fateful thing as regarded his daughter, or any daughter, or any other woman, but his daughter had defied him, over ridden him, and the man whom she had chosen for a master was now the instrument of her punishment. The accounts appeared to balance. However, figures do lie, and his own agitation indicated that the *x* of human emotion had not been completely eliminated from his problem.

He cleared his throat. "She has made her bed, Abbie," he said, in a husky tone, "and now she must lie on it."

"No, father; you must hear what Burt says. He has had to go up there and—"

"Burt? Is that where he has been this morning? Has he turned against me too? Good God! what have I done to deserve such treatment as this? First it's Mark, with his drawing and his trying to play the fiddle, and then it's this pen pusher that puts on those things Sundays and marches around singing songs, and now it's Burt, who's had every chance to make a good business man of himself, and every thing done for him. It's too bad; it's too almighty bad."

Abbie steadied herself against the corner of the table. Her breast heaved with tearfulness: she had never before openly protested to her father against himself.

"Why haven't you done anything for the others? Why didn't you give Mark an education?—the kind, I mean, that would have helped him, and the only kind. Why haven't you taken this Mr.—Mayme's him—this man and made the best of it, and found something for him to do?—he can work in an office. Oh, father," she moaned, with a softening note of deprecation, "you have made it pretty hard for all of us."

"Abbie," he gasped, "are you turning against me too? Abbie, I've always thought so much of you, and I've done well by you. But I want you to go away—I won't see her—I won't. She must go away, and you too."

He caught her by the arm and tried to move her towards the door—gently, as if she might go of her own accord.

Ogden, on coming in from lunch, found himself interrupted by Freddy Pratt. This youth had a few moments' leisure, and he assailed Ogden between the wardrobe and the wash stand.

"I went over to see the Viberts again last night," he communicated. "Poor Mayme—I wasn't going back on her, if others did. She was sitting there all alone in the dark. I guess she had been crying. Anyway, when I lit the gas her eyes looked red. She wouldn't say much—"

"Good plan."

"And after he came in she wouldn't say hardly anything at all. Slow work talking to *him!* He wasn't drunk exactly, but he had been drinking, didn't need a light to tell that. I wasn't doing anything at all, and all of a sudden he blurted out, 'I say, you young fellow you, what do you mean by coming here and destroying the peace of a man's family?' You can bet I was taken back. Then he got up and came towards me—he looked big, too! 'You get out of here'—that's what he said."

"And did you?"

"Oh yes, I got out," responded Freddy Pratt, with a meek complacency.

"You surprise me. You showed sense."

Freddy looked at him doubtfully. "I heard this morning that he had just lost his place with those insurance people," he resumed, cautiously. "That was what was the matter, I guess."

"Possibly," said George, who had heard from Brower that something of the kind was likely to occur. The fellow's work had been done indifferently of late, and he was far from being worth the increased salary he had asked for.

As Ogden passed up to the other end of the office Brainard appeared in the doorway of the directors' room and beckoned to him. His face was pale and disturbed, the veins in the end of his nose showed redly; his eyes burned with an appealing fierceness.

"Ogden," he said, in a loud, hoarse whisper, "where is that type writer girl? Tell her to bring some water here as quick as she can."

"She isn't here, sir; she has gone back up stairs."

"Then you get some yourself. Here, take this tumbler. Be quick, and don't make any fuss."

Ogden hastened to the wash stand near which Freddy Pratt had detained him. Returning again, he saw through the hall open door that Abbie Brainard was lying back in one of the big chairs, with her lace pallid and her eyes closed.

Her father dipped two of his great clumsy fingers into the glass, and made an awkward attempt to sprinkle her face. "My poor girl has fainted," he said.

The girl's eyes half opened; she seemed to see Ogden standing just outside.

She clutched both arms of the chair and raised herself half up. Her bosom heaved, her mouth was drawn tensely.

"Fainted?" she tried to say, "not at all!" She gasped once or twice, and rose to her feet. "I never fainted in my life," she said, grandly; "I never should think of doing such a thing!"

She reeled; her eyes closed. George rushed forward to catch her. Her hand dropped numb on his arm, and her head fell heavily on his shoulder.

X.

Ogden and his mother were now beginning to have frequent conferences with regard to the management of the property and to McDowell's connection with the matter. Perhaps the word "conference" puts, however, too set and formal a stamp on the brief, haphazard interchanges of ideas that took place, as chance permitted, within McDowell's own house—a few words after a Sunday dinner or at the front door late at night. And besides being handicapped as to occasion, they were further hampered by McDowell's new relation to them and by their own presence under his roof. Besides, Mrs. Ogden, with a multitude of small experiences, had no ability for grasping things in a large and general way, while George, with a breadth and more comprehensive outlook, was embarrassed by a lack of experience in the actual details of business transactions. Added to this, he was a new-comer, under all a new-comer's disadvantages; he hardly knew where to turn for the proper agents, legal or financial, that might have been employed, while many of the agencies—courts, for instance—were different in procedure and even in name from anything he had known in East.

"All the same though," he said to his mother, "things ought to be in different shape for you. I'm bound hard and fast in that bank—no time or thought for anything outside. I don't know but what you'd better put everything with some good real estate firm, and let them look after repairs and collections and rates."

His mother fixed a pair of anxious eyes upon him, and the wrinkles of perplexity appeared on her forehead.

"Eugene is real-estate."

"Or those lawyers," he went on. "Anyway, you ought to have an account as administratrix with some bank. I believe I'll open one to-morrow. Something has got to be done to make things quicker and clearer."

He presently took upon himself the delicate task of intimating to McDowell that a simpler and more regular way of doing things was desired.

He went up to McDowell's office in the latter part of the afternoon. As he entered, a tall dark man was standing in the middle of the room. There was a sinister look in his eyes and a contemptuously sarcastic smile on his heavy red lips. He gave a fast fold to a small piece of paper that he held in his hands and thrust it into his vest pocket. It was Vibert.

"It's pretty near four now," he was saying to McDowell, "so I can't try again to-day, but I expect to find this all right after ten to-morrow morning."

He gave his hand a barely flip across one side of his dark mustache and passed out. McDowell looked after him sourly. "Damn the brutal!" he muttered.

"HE LOOKED STEADILY ON VIBERT FROM UNDER HIS HAND."

As Vibert's words implied, he had been in McDowell's office once before on the same day. His salary at St. Asaph's now meant more to him than it had meant a month ago and he had called with reference to it and to the delay in its payment. Hitherto the financial arrangements of the church had gone on with the same precision as its anthems and its processionals. In the present condition of things delay to Vibert was more than a surprise, more than an embarrassment; it was an exasperation.

"I don't sing for glory," he had declared, with an offensive brusqueness. "It's the here and not the hereafter that I'm busy with."

McDowell looked at him uneasily. "I'm going to fix up all the salaries next week in one batch. I don't see why any particular man should be favored."

"Favored!" repeated Vibert, with a loud insolence. "I should say not. I don't feel favored in running my legs off for money three weeks overdue. We can't live on air. We have bills to pay. We ain't singing for the pleasure of it."

McDowell contracted his eyes to a critical narrowness. "You may not be singing much longer for anything else, either."

"That's another matter; it isn't you that put the choir together."

McDowell tapped his fingers on the yellow varnish of his desk. "I don't know about that. From what I hear, you're not making the sort of record for yourself that's useful in a church."

"My private life is nobody's business. I sing; I'm worth the money."

"That may work on the stage; it won't work quite so close to the pulpit. Come, now; I know a little something of your daily doings. Plenty of men sing who don't hang around race-tracks and loaf in pool-rooms. And, from what I hear, you're helping that young Brainard along at a good gait too. You'd better wait—along with the others."

"Waiting be hanged! I'm here for money—money that's mine. If I can't work it with the man who pays out the loaves and fishes, I'll try one of the men that contribute them in the *first* place." He tossed his head insultingly towards the door that led into Ingles's office.

McDowell's elbow rested on the edge of his desk (his thumb on the tip of his ear and his middle finger rubbing his farther eyebrow) as he looked out steadily on Vibert from under his hand. "Joseph," he called to his clerk, "bring me that check-book."

The man opened a lower drawer and brought out a book whose covers enclosed a number of stubs and three or four blank checks.

McDowell wrote and passed the check to Vibert, who went out, with no further words on either side.

McDowell did some figuring and saw some people, and somewhat later Vibert returned. He threw his check on McDowell's desk contemptuously. "That's no good."

"How's that?"

"No account with 'em."

"No account—Oh, I see. We've changed banks, and I forgot to change the name in the check." He picked up a ruler and drew the red-ink bottle a little nearer. "I'll fix it. Sorry to have troubled you. We want to look out for this, Joseph."

Vibert withdrew, speaking the words that Ogden had heard on his entrance—words that would have been the reverse of assuring if he had fully understood them. "Bad egg," said McDowell to him, wagging his head in the direction of the just closed door.

George looked at him studiously. He appeared to be in a state of extreme nervous irritation. His whiskers moved up and down stiffly as he fell about with his teeth for the inner membrane of his lips. His long lean fingers were interlaced, and a clicking sound came from his snapping lit finger nails together. It was clearly no occasion for more than a partial statement of Ogden's matter, and this was the most that he permitted himself.

But McDowell was in the sensitive state of mind when one word does the work of three, and in the irritable state of mind when talk is such a relief that three words evoke thirty in reply. He met George's brief and modest suggestions with a hitching of his shoulders, and answered them in a harsh and strident tone.

"The first thing in doing business," he said, "is to have an office to do it in." He looked about his own—his desks, his cashier's window, his letter press. "And the second is to know how to do it." He looked out of the window in a wholly impersonal way, but his words had a more personal slant than he would have given them at almost any other time. "God knows I've got enough to do already. But Kittie's affairs are mine. She has equal interests with the others, and she seems to feel that I am able and willing to look after them."

He spoke with some show of reason, and George was obliged so to concede.

"There's taxes, for one thing. Or take special assessments alone; they're almost a business by themselves. Say you've got ten acres or so just beyond the limits. Some fine day it's six hundred dollars or more for half a mile of sidewalk—a sidewalk that won't be walked on by seven people a week. What's the reason? Oh, some one of those township politicians or other has got a friend that's a carpenter. Now who's going to tackle the boards and stave off such things?"

George looked at him silently.

"There's tax sales—I guess you never went to one of them. You'd strike a bloodthirsty crew if you did. Supposing you've got a mortgage, and the mortgager don't come to time with his taxes? You've got to buy 'em up to protect yourself. And you've got to get there first. Last year I fought this point for a week with one of those tax sharks. And so it goes. Real estate is no kindergarten business, I can tell you."

The truth of this view was becoming more and more apparent to Ogden. He withdrew, after some further parleyings, in a confused and inconclusive state of mind—well convinced, however, of McDowell's abilities and more fully conscious of McDowell's position as the husband of his father's daughter. Never did the town of his adoption seem less, indeed, like a kindergarten than when he took his way northward to dinner, or when, later in the early evening, he made his way over to the West Side to call at the Brainards. The thousands of acres of ramshackle that made up the bulk of the city, and the tens of thousands of raw and ugly and half-built prairie that composed its en-

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vinces, seemed together to constitute a great checker-board over whose squares of "section" and "township" koeuness and rapacity played their daring and wary game. And through the middle of the board ran a line, a hinge, a crack—the same line that loomed up in all those various deeds and abstracts of his with the portentousness and uncapability of the equator—the "line of the third principal meridian."

The Brainard house reared itself in the same frivolous aginess that we have already viewed, but an excess of light came through the front parlor windows, and Ogden was prepared to find that at least four of the eight burners in the big chandelier were lighted. This turned out to be the case. It was as great a tribute as the family ordinarily paid to society. The family he found represented by Brainard, his wife, and his elder daughter; society was present in the shape of a young couple who were called Mr. and Mrs. Valentine.

The elder daughter received him with a quiet and simple cordiality. He could not help looking about furtively for the possible presence of the younger. He had not remained ignorant of her half hour wait in a cab outside the bank, but he might have surmised the inflexibility of her father's will. The old man had refused to see her or to let her see him, the most that he would yield was a species of non-committal communication through Burt.

Mrs. Brainard presented herself to Ogden as a peculiarly faded and ineffective person, it was easy enough to grant her an abysmal incapacity. Her husband, in fact, had fallen upon her crushed her, absorbed her—as a heavy blotting pad falls on a page of light and delicate writing. Except for one thing she had no aim, no occupation, no diversion—beyond her ills and remedies. This was a penchant for chess. To those who object that chess is an intellectual game one may simply put the question, have you ever seen it taken up by an elderly, invalided female who has rested content with a mere learning of the moves? It was thus with Mrs. Brainard; she played a good many games with herself every day, and they really soothed and rested her.

On the social board, however, she had hardly learned the first "opening," and the entertainment of the brilliant young couple now in her house fell almost altogether on Abbie, for the girl's mother sank back into a passive silence, while her father toured through the rooms occasionally, and threw out remarks, *à propos*, in a gruff and abrupt fashion peculiar to himself.

His manner with young men had simply closed the house to them. To him it was an inexplicable and harassing thing that a young fellow of twenty five should not possess the capacity, experience, and accumulations of a man of thirty-five or forty. He regarded every intruder in the light of a potential son in law, and no more potential than undesirable. Most of these callers would gulp down once, with such smile as they could muster, the old man's abrupt ways and disconcerting comments; then they got out of the house in good order and never came back. However, at the present juncture he did not appear to resent Ogden's appearance—notwithstanding the young man's share in the episode at the bank; perhaps he looked upon him as a serviceable prop in another bad quarter of an hour.

"Yes, Mr. Brainard," Mrs Valentine was saying as George entered, "it's just as I have been telling Abbie, you ought to move over on the North Side, too."

Brainard happened to be passing through the room. It had occurred to him that he might turn down one of the side burners in the back parlor.

"Um, no," he said in an off-hand way; "too near the lake fog, damp, rheumatism."

"And pneumonia, too perhaps," his wife suggested, feebly.

"I'll risk it!" cried Mrs. Valentine, vivaciously. She had an expansive and affluent effect; she appeared mettlesome, decisive, confident. "It seemed to me that, so long as I was going to build, I might as well make a clean sweep—an out-and-out break. I've always had a fancy for that part of town. So I sent Adrian around to the different offices—" she threw a look of passing reference towards her husband, who made a little bow in return—"and I had the good luck to get a lot on Bellevue Place, and only a block from the Lake Shore Drive. Then I went to Mr Atwater, and he has made my house a perfect little dream! I thought it best to have him to dinner once or twice and I'm glad I did—he's been so interested all through. There hasn't been the least hitch to speak of, and I expect to get in within a fortnight. This," she went on, turning to Ogden with an undiminished vivacity, "is really my P. P. C."

Ogden glanced at the husband of the lady whose use of the first person singular was so frank and continuous. He was a young man with a pleasant and amiable face, and that face was set in a weak little smile, from whose forced lines the element of deception was most painfully lacking.

"Yes, Abbie dear," Mrs. Valentine went on, "I'm afraid it's good by—or nearly the same thing." She took the girl's hand within her own and gave it repeated pats in a rather careless and self absorbed way. "I shall try to see you often, of course, but it will be so far. How nice it would be if you could only come up there and settle down right next door to me!"

Ogden sighed unconsciously. He had fancied the first rays of social illumination as falling upon this benighted family, but it was only the last faint glow of a speeding twilight, after all.

Abbie withdrew her hand with a quiet dignity, she seemed to put but a moderate value on these protestations.

"I believe we are satisfied where we are, Fanny," she said, in a low and even tone. "We have always lived here; we feel more at home in this house than we could anywhere else. All our—all our—friends are near us"—a desolate little blush came in here—"and then there's the church and everything. I've heard my sis—I'm told that the North Side is very pleasant on some accounts, but I don't think we are likely ever to change."

"Change!" called her father, suddenly. "I wouldn't live anywhere else if you paid me to. What's better than this?"

"So attached," murmured her mother, vaguely.

Mrs. Valentine continued for some time further to flutter her hands, her clothing, and her conversation, but she was very slow about getting up and fluttering away. She was a neighbor, and her return home was a matter of three minutes. Ogden's return was a matter of nearly an hour, and he left first. He carried away the discontented feeling of a young man whose aim in the direction of a young woman is frustrated by the presence of unsympathetic elders and irrelevant outsiders. He had been quite certain of his ability to meet Abbie Brainard after the bank episode without any particular embarrassment or restraint; certainly he had come to view with more interest a girl whose hand had lain in his and whose head had rested on his shoulder. There had been no embarrassment in her greeting of him, her manner had been as straightforward and sensible as it always was. But never mind; he should try again, he was only too certain of soon finding her alone.

He took his hour through the clamor and the slime of the public ways. He escaped from these by his talismanic night-key, and stumbled up thoughtfully to his room.

There was a light burning in it, and the fireplace showed the faint red of dying coals. A valise, open and half unpacked, stood in the middle of the floor, and sitting up in bed was Brower, busy with the last volume of *Monte Cristo*. They now occupied a large front room together, which Ogden had to himself a good half of the time.

"Back, are you?" said George. "When did you get in?"

"About seven."

"How's Missouri?"

"Weather good; eating bad."

"Reading all this time?"

"Went to theatre."

"What did you see?"

"*Cooking of Thorna*."

"Any good?"

"Not much; one pretty girl. Where have you been?"

"West Side, Brainard's."

"Anybody there?"

"The old people. And some friends—Valentines."

"Valentine? I used to know a Valentine—nice, quiet fellow, light complexion. His name was Alpheus—no, Adrian."

"That's the one."

"Poor fellow! he deserved a better fate."

"What's the matter with him?"

"His wife owns him."

George smiled. Brower hitched himself up on his pillow and put his finger into the book to keep the place. "He was a first-rate fellow—good all through, and kind of capable, that is, he was worth a salary of eighteen hundred a year—or two thousand. He married a girl with two thousand a month. No head book-keeper, no cashier, no secretary, could she let him be after that, no, Johnny must be his own master—except as regarded her. To that he sort o' hangs on the outskirts of business, and picks up a little here and a little there—he has desk-room somewhere in the Clifton, I believe. He does the best he can to preserve his self-respect, but I don't see how he can pay the bills and the house rent too."

"House rent? They're building—I mean, *she* is."

"Laugh!" cried Brower, with deep meaning.

"Atwater's doing the house for them—for her."

"Atwater?" Brower gave a second hitch to the pillow, and threw the book to the foot of the bed. "He's another. He's had a trip in the same boat."

"Why, he isn't married."

"I guess he is—just about as hard as any man ever was. But he has fought through gallantly—I'll say that for him."

"What's *his* story?"

"Begins in the same way. She was rich too, and a high-flyer. He had education and family and his profession—and no money. He struggled up for ten years, and now—now he stands on his own legs; his wife has her own money for her clothes and amusements. He saw he had got to strike society, and he struck it—hard, he cuts like smoke. But he snatched victory from defeat. It was a great act. Speaking of acts—whom do you think I saw there in a stage-box to-night?"

"Whom?"

"Burt Brainard. Just kick that valise out of the way if you want to."

"All alone?"

"Nope. Girl with him. One of the Clifton type-writers—the one who used to be down in the lunch-room."

"Neville McNabb?"

"U'm h'm."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HARVARD-YALE BOAT-RACE.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

THE most important as well as the most honored athletes at Yale or Harvard are the rowing and football men. And the two events of all the college year of sport which create the greatest interest are the football game at Springfield, about the middle of November, and the boat-race on the Thames River, New London, the last Friday in June. They deserve all the honor put upon them, for in no branch of athletics do the members of teams undergo anything like so rigorous a course of preparation. Compared with it, the training of the baseball and track-athletic men is a midsummer festival. There is no play about this training, it is work of the most arduous description, and such a drilling as lasts a boy a lifetime, no young man can undergo the fitting which trying for a crew or football eleven entails without having equipped himself the better to venture on the battle-field of the work-a-day world. This is true also of the training for the baseball and other teams, but is particularly applicable to football and rowing, because of the greater demands made on one's patience and endurance.

In no other out-door game as in football is one brought into such close contact with one's opponent, and in none other is one called upon to combat strength, skill strategy, and general "cussedness" in the course of a single afternoon's play.

In no contest, as in rowing, is that intangible quality "mind" called into requisition so largely. Here it is the boy learns what it means to "grin and bear it"; here, on the four mile course, when he has pulled on his oar until his arms are numb from very weariness, when there is a roaring in his ears, and stars and mists chase before his vision in a phantasmal dance—here it is that he learns to gnit his teeth and go on pulling to the bitter end, here he steps from boyhood into manhood—for it is not the years that make the man. Some men are always boys; some boys are six a long before they have outlived their teens.

To those whose clouds have invariably shown their silver lining the significance of this quality will be hardly appreciable, but those for whom the silver has been more frequently oxidized than not, sons and fathers, will realize the value of this forearming.

Outside of the mere training, the life of the football player is not nearly so monotonous as is that of the oarsman. The football season is a short and merry one, the "varsity team has a schedule of games, some at home, some on the grounds of other colleges, and generally at least one on grounds in some city. All this is life to the men, they see great crowds wearing their college colors, they hear their college cries in frequent choruses of encouragement, the blood tingles in their veins, and all the hard, dull work of the preparatory days is forgotten.

But there is none of this relaxation for the oarsman, who begins his work of preparation in the most delightful month of the year. While his college chums are enjoying the sports of the season in the cool of an autumnal afternoon, he steals away to the river for perhaps his first lessons in rowing, or for a preliminary limbering up before the hard work of the winter begins. Later, when it has grown too cold for river practice, we see him in the gymnasium, pulling away on chest weights and working with dumbbells to build up his muscles. This is followed by the most uninteresting feature of the daily programme, *i. e.*, using the rowing machine, and he is glad indeed when the eminent oarsmen have advanced far enough to bid farewell to the gym and become installed in the rowing tank. Here they work every afternoon for about a couple of hours, day in and day out, week after week, throughout the long winter months. Spring receives as hearten happier welcoming than from those candidates for the "varsity crew, for with its coming they leave the tank and get into a real boat (barge) on the river. The work grows harder now, and the coachers become more serious, and demand and expect more, but the relief of being out-of doors and upon water in a boat that is not fastened fires the men with an ambition to make of themselves a crew that will leave its rival far to the rear on the day of the great race at New London.

But the men become surprised after a few days that the coach still finds errors in their rowing, they had thought no crew ever pulled in better form and no boat had ever travelled so fast. After a bit, likely enough, they become listless, but that is only for a day or two. The great work of beating the time honored rival is ever before them and the loyalty to the *alma mater* spurs the tired boy on to his work. A few disappointed lads lose seats in the boat, but there are others more fortunate to take their place. And so the work goes on almost uninterruptedly for upwards of eight months. Think of it! nearly a year these lads have been preparing for the race that next Friday will be won or lost in a few moments. I have always maintained there is a heroic side to this grand struggle, and the reader who is not superficial must agree with me. I can do no better than quote what I said last year on the subject. Think of the long, dreary preparation of eight months these oarsmen have undergone, and then look at them as they sit in their shells on the starting line—sixteen superb specimens of physical beauty—nearly a year have they trained faithfully. To win this race is the dearest wish of their lives, and they will pull their very hearts out to do it. They're off! And in twenty-one minutes (in few seconds more or less), after a glorious struggle, eight of them are the happiest fellows in all this wide, wide world—and eight are the most miserable.

Is there no training in all this for the boy that will serve him afterwards in the hurly-burly of life?

The popular conception about the university crew man is curious, he is supposed to be a creature who clothes himself differently from the average undergraduate, and to spend his time between the training-table and the river. Many who read this will probably learn for the first time that the college oarsman is simply one of the great body of students who has shown unusual proficiency in handling an oar, and has therefore acquired a seat in the 'varsity boat. He dresses as every other college man, studies as he does, and mingles among them as an ordinary student. He deserves much praise from his college for in addition to the usual studies he devotes from two to four hours a day to rowing. Not until the last two weeks before the race, and the crew is have gone to New London, does his dress distinguish him from the body of undergraduates. In these last few days before the great struggle he appears resplendent in flannels and his college colors, and then, indeed, does he become a subject of homage.

From far and near college men flock to the site of the great race, and the quarters of both colleges the last two weeks are besieged by college men anxiously inquiring after the condition of the crew—if No 3 has improved on the recover, and if No. 7's stomach is all right. They have read all about it in the newspaper, and as a result know a great deal more about the crew than the men themselves do.

It is a great time in the life of all college men, young and old; for whether one be a fledgling undergraduate or an *alumnus* who has followed the event for a score of years, the interest in the work of the crews is as keen and the enthusiasm on the day of the race as great.

It is a rare treat for him who is struggling a bit the great problem of life to visit New London during race week. The sight of the joyous young faces that show no trace of a care, hearts that have known no greater disappointment than the loss of a position on a crew or football or baseball team, the radiant young women, gay in the fluttering ribbons of their favorite college—all happy, all bent on the pleasures of the hour—lift one up out of the "Slough of Despond" through which we are wont to struggle more days of the year than are to our liking. It all takes one back again to the college days, when the world world was unexplored and the dregs in the cup had not been discovered. And it makes us glad that there are college boat races and happy go-lucky young fellows and bewitchingly arrayed young women. Not do our pleasures stop at that, we are sure to meet old chums, probably not seen since we strolled the college campus together arm in arm, or, stretched at full length on the grass talked over the chances of our football team or crew or prospects—or what not.

Not the least attraction of the New London week is the glimpse afforded of the famous coachers of a boat we have heard, in the launches, laying down the principles of good form to the attentive oarsmen in the shell. How much rowing at Yale and Harvard is indebted to these men, whose loyalty to their *alma mater* brings them every year from their desks, few college men realize.

This year Yale has again the veteran Bob Cook, John A. Hartwell captain of last year's winning crew, and Al Cowles, Harvard has been under the entire charge of Thomas Nelson Perkins, captain of the winning '91 crew, until two weeks ago, when Harry Keyes went to New London to put on the finishing touches.

Looking over the Yale crew, one recognizes several familiar faces. Gallaudet at stroke, Captain Ives 7, Paine 6 Van Hetyck 3, and Johnson bow, were all members of last year's crew. The others—Messler McC Longacre, and Goetchius—were in the boat of Yale's fast '92 Freshmen crew.

Harvard did not begin the year so fortunately. Of her defeated '92 crew there are only three men available when the candidates were told off last autumn. Those three remain in the boat, and are Captain Vail 6, C K Cummings 7, and Marshall Newell 3. Fennessy stroke, Fearing 5, Davis 4, Johnson 2 and Burgess bow have never sat in a 'va sity boat, and one or two never even had a seat in their class boat. The *personnel* of the two crews is brighter than the average, and the outlook for a stoutly contested race is good.

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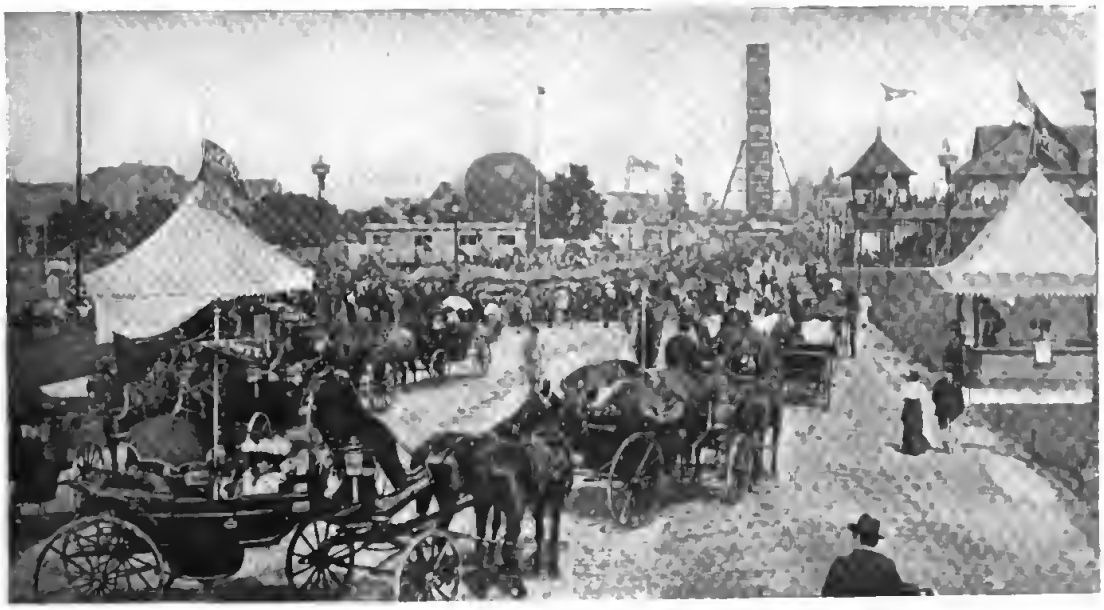
ENGINE No. 16—CAPTAIN JOSEPH P. BYRNE.

HOOK AND LADDER No. 6.
Used in the Rescue at the Hotel Royal Fire.

1. Captain Joseph P. Byrne, Engine 16, Winner of Stephenson Medal, 1891. 2. Captain Patrick F. Ryan, Engine 27, Winner of Stephenson Medal for 1896. 3. Patrick A. Aspell, Hook and Ladder No. 6, Winner of Bennett Medal for 1893. 4. Patrick H. Lucas, Engine 16, Winner of Bennett Medal for 1891. 5. Chief Bonner presenting the four Men of Honor to Mayor Gilroy.

MAYOR GILROY PRESENTING THE BENNETT MEDALS TO PATRICK H. LUCAS AND PATRICK A. ASPELL.

OUR BRAVE NEW YORK FIREMEN. From Photographs.—[See Page 610.]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—PROCESSION OF THE "WORLD'S CONGRESS OF BEAUTY" PASSING UP THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE—THE GREAT FERRIS WHEEL IN THE DISTANCE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD.

A NOVEL PROCESSION AT THE FAIR.

THE extreme western end of the Midway Plaisance is reserved, as shown upon the maps of the exposition, for "Military Camps"; it was the scene, however, early in the afternoon of June 17th, of an assemblage consisting not of warriors alone, but of men, women, and children as varied in occupation as in race, color, and characteristics. Almost every nation of the globe is represented in that unique territory which forms the "lighter vein" of the great system of the fair, and which is in such distinct contrast to the classic beauty and formal dignity of the main body of the exposition. A procession of these people throughout the grounds had been determined upon, and all arrangements made for the start at the given rendezvous at two o'clock. Half an hour before the appointed time each division joining in the parade began to pour out its inhabitants and their paraphernalia. The fair-skinned Laps from their village, which lies furthest to the west, were the first to arrive, leading four reindeer and a pack of wolfish dogs panting beneath their shaggy coats. Then the gayly clad Turks, some of whom carried Sedan chairs occupied by the proprietors of the numerous industries and exhibits within their settlement, came pacing

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—CAIRO STREET—AN EGYPTIAN MARRIAGE.
FROM A SKETCH BY T. DART WALKER.
This is the important feature of Cairo Street, and takes place every day.

in, their muscular legs bare at the calves. One after another these strangely different groups assembled, until about fifteen hundred were upon the grounds. It was the first time that they had been brought together in so general a manner since the opening of the Exposition. It is to be doubted, indeed, if so motley a throng has ever before been seen on earth. It was a rare object-lesson for the student of ethnology, and was as full of exciting interest to the actors in the comedy as to the tens of thousands of spectators who crowded about their line of march. All chattered away, in every tongue, it seemed, every one talking, no one listening. There would be a lull in the unintelligible jargon as some bronzed child of the desert, mounted upon his thoroughbred Arabian, would come dashing up, with spear extended straight ahead of him, his head turbaned almost to suffocation, and the loose folds of his sumptuous burnoose flapping in the wind. The sky was cloudless, and the brilliant June sun lent unusual lustre to an already gorgeous picture.

The Chinese are a meek people, but seem anxious to apologize and make atonement for their humility by the extraordinary aggressive dragons and devils which they contrive. Warlike Dahomeyans and fierce Bedouins left off contemptuous glances at pigtails and ungainly foot-gear as the awful

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—PROCESSION OF FOREIGN PEOPLES FROM THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD.

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serpent from the Mongolian Theatre made its appearance. One hundred and fifty feet long, and writhing over the forty men required to support and control it from hidden positions beneath its grotesque anatomy, it moved slowly to the "camp," snapping viciously at any one whose curiosity tempted familiarity. It not only found its way easily to a prominent position in the rapidly forming line, but evidently did much to raise the standing of the Midway Chinese among other more savage but not half so ingenious races.

The procession, now ready to start, was headed by a mounted officer of the Columbian Guard with a small detachment of men, and proceeded slowly down the Central Avenue toward Jackson Park, to the music of one of the exposition bands. The Laps, holding their first position, followed, some leading the reindeer, others walking with the dogs, after them came the people from the Captive Balloon Park, holding at the end of short lines funny little figures of men and women cut out of oiled silk and inflated with gas. The Dahomeyans, stripped to the waist and carrying American and French flags, marched with the measured tread of old and experienced fighters, their well developed bodies were generously anointed with grease, and were resplendent in the sun. Just ahead of a large company of glass blowers, carrying party-colored rods and fabrics, passed a band of Soudanese, whose jet black skins and coarse but elaborately curled and corkscrewed hair made a curious contrast to their regular and almost delicately chiselled features. The managers of the Chinese Village and Theatre rode in carriages in complacent triumph ahead of their dragon, which constantly made terrifying but aimless mouthings at everything within reach. The exposition band, being well in advance of this section of the procession, left ample space for performances by native musicians, who played upon tomtoms, long kettle-drums, and snake-charmers' pipes made of two reeds; this combination gave forth heavy thuds, weird and discordant shrieks, and monotonous buzzes like giant mosquitoes. A number of interesting features upon the Plaisance, such as the Volcano of Kilauea, French Cider press, Electric Scenic Theatre, and reproduction of St. Peter's, were appropriately represented, the last-named by an orchestra of eight violins and a 'cello. The Cairo Street turned out almost its entire population, which consists of a strange lot of dancing girls, donkey-boys, camels, snake-charmers, merchants, priests, and fortune tellers; upon a diminutive donkey rode, in uneasy dignity, an enormous baboon, who cautiously contemplated his unusual and altogether remarkable surroundings. The Turkish Village, which shows nearly every variety of Oriental industry, was strongly represented, scores of the men being mounted upon horses and camels, the dancing girls were pushed in wheeled chairs by the blue-uniformed attendants, Makem of sweetmeats threw great handfuls of confectionery to the delighted children along the way. None of the tribes in the procession were physically more impressive than the group of stalwart young Samoans, bearing large war clubs, their sinuous forms glowing with palm oil, and but half hidden by the multicolored fringes of their barbarous costumes. The "Congress of Beauty," composed of young women clad in the costumes of many nations, and riding in carriages over which floated silk banners inscribed with the name of their show, brought up the rear of the procession.

It was a strangely shifting panorama as it passed into Jackson Park and made its way over a long route of avenues to the Grand Basin, thence returning along the lake shore through the State and Foreign sections in the northern part of the grounds to the Plaisance. Altogether such a spectacle has, it is safe to say, never been witnessed before in any land or in any age, for it not only included the different races and tribes mentioned, but an immense collection of rich and rare draperies, weapons, and ornaments, all characteristic and most of them unique.

MONTGOMERY BEECHERBRIDGE PICKETT.

PSYCHOLOGY AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

BY JOSEPH JASTROW, Ph.D.,

Professor of Experimental and Comparative Psychology in the University of Wisconsin.

It is not an infrequent experience of one whose calling associates him with the study of psychology to be accosted by some such greeting as, "Oh, you are a psychologist, and you'll be very much interested in a most remarkable incident that happened to an uncle of a friend of mine", whereupon the speaker, quite likely of the fair sex, proceeds to recount with great animation some not very thrilling tale, in which a prediction or a coincidence, an apparition or a spiritualistic experience, is quite certain to figure prominently. This common association of psychology with strange and uncanny experiences is to be accounted for, in the main, by the prominence which the newspaper and the magazine have given to the investigations of the societies for psychical research, and, to a less extent, by the truly marvellous development of the study of hypnotism. Neither of these movements can claim to be more than ten or fifteen years old; while the science of psychology, in one sense as ancient as Aristotle, is even in its modern scientific form a direct outgrowth of thought tendencies that have come to a fruitage at various times within the present century. The identification of these two forms of investigation and interest is therefore as unwarranted theoretically as it is unfortunate practically.

What, then, are the methods, aims, and results of modern psychology, and what relation do they bear to the group of problems popularly termed "psychical research?" To define psychology in good text-book style as the science of mind would hardly be an aid towards its more exact understanding. Mental phenomena we find everywhere in endless variety and complexity, but what distinguishes psychology is the point of view, the method of study, the selection of material. The daily occupation of a merchant requires an infinite number of mental processes, but the merchant, while admitting that much of his success depends upon the nature of these processes, does not look to psychology for an explanation of his gains or losses. The distinction between a science and the possible results of its special and intricate applications, however obvious in this crude illustration, is readily lost sight of. Our interests are apt to be personal and individual. It is *our* friend we demand the science of medicine to cure, *our* mental experiences we ask psychology to explain. It is and easy to reconcile ourselves to the physician's view of our dear one as a "case" and of our experiences as simply contributing to the statistical regularity of a general law. There is a strong tendency to gauge the merits of a science by its powers of meeting these individual wants, and to forget that assurances of prompt and valuable applications of science are too frequently the promises of a charlatan.

The science of psychology, like every other science, analyzes and investigates, develops special methods and appliances, scrutinizes minutely what the layman neglects, patiently studies simple origins and elementary laws, and confidently relies upon the aggregate of such industry for suggestive applications to the processes of daily life. The study of sensation, by which so much of the outer world becomes ours, as we have senses to perceive, is a most important topic of psychology. For such study elaborate apparatus has been devised, and by means of it important laws of mental life have been demonstrated and illustrated. The study of sensation requires a knowledge of the physiological processes upon which it depends, and also leads to the study of the higher mental faculties through which we recognize and interpret its information. Memory, practice, fatigue, attention, judgment, association, and the more complex forms of thought habits—all are treated in distinctive and important chapters of modern psychology, while the study of the relations of mind and body is so vast and manifold as to require the life-long devotion of a specialist. But the psychologist's material does not end here. He studies the unfolding mental powers of infants and children, he reads in the customs and thought habits of primitive peoples illustrations of mental laws which have become obscured in our complex civilization, he studies illusions, and all the graded forms of unusual and abnormal traits and types of mind which individual variation and mental disease present. This broad conception of the psychologist's domain has been slowly developed, in many respects it resembles a sketch map with a few established stations amidst much unexplored territory, beset with peculiar dangers and difficult paths where the wiser fear to tread.

"Psychical research" has selected a special set of problems, in part of interest to the psychologist, but all forming portions of an inquiry as to how far the generally established laws of nature and mind may have exceptions. When an explanation is desired of the presence of a ring on a man's arm which is too small to have slipped over his hand, or of writing on slates under peculiar conditions, there is no particular appropriateness in demanding this explanation of the psychologist. Further, it is important to recognize that the psychological side of the problems under investigation is not the one that receives prominent attention, and rarely, if ever, accounts for or sustains the interest in the work. The possibility of suddenly transcending the known mental laws has a fascination for many minds, not unlike that which enthralls the devotees of circle squaring and perpetual motion. Moreover, the fact that the conclusions which "psychical research" endeavors to establish appeal strongly to the emotions and to personal interests, is in no small measure the explanation of its popularity.

Thought transference, apparitions, and hypnotism may be singled out as the three topics that have received the most prominent places in the investigations, it goes without saying that each of these stands upon an independent footing, and is to be studied by special methods. If telepathy is true, and if apparitions have a more real significance than that which the physician attributes to them, the facts are certainly important, but much more important is a cautious reserve in presenting the evidence, a clear recognition of the dangers which a premature conclusion is certain to entail, a maintenance of a right perspective and of a wholesome sanely guided interest. The logical value of the evidence for telepathy and the predictive powers of apparitions has been variously estimated by different judges, and the question cannot be argued here. But it is unhesitatingly claimed that the manner adopted for presenting and applying these alleged discoveries has resulted in fostering an unwholesome, not to say morbid, interest, and in maintaining a very false perspective of the nature and relative value of psychological studies.

The origin of modern hypnotism is found in France amongst physiologists and physicians, it has been incorporated into "psychical research," not exclusively for the valuable psychological and medical truths which ingenious and systematic study in this field has yielded, but quite as much for its apparent transcendence of normal mental powers and its peculiar historical associations.

In brief, "psychical research" touches upon a special portion of one division of psychology, and treats this not necessarily from a psychological point of view, but with a special motive and object; and it is because this motive appeals strongly to personal interests that "psychical research" has acquired an extensive clientele, and for the moment achieved a popular success.

The interest thus fostered has tended to obscure the more important psychological problems, to establish a very false perspective of the field of modern psychology, and to develop an uncritical and unwholesome mental attitude. If we may trust to the guidance of historical analogies, such movements do not contribute to the advancement of science, neither do they more than momentarily deter its steady progress.

MILK AT COST TO THE POOR.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

A DAIRY among coal sheds and lumber yards would be supposably a dairy out of place, but these are the surroundings of a particular milk depot in New York city, because it is in close proximity to a poor quarter.

A stream of little girls and boys, young mothers and old women, carrying pitchers, mugs, tin pails, demijohns, and nondescript vessels, has for objective point a straggling wooden structure built on a pier which juts into the East River at the foot of Third Street. All are bent on buying milk, for at this dairy the price of milk by the quart is four cents. It is the very best milk which can be had, and of the precise quality used at the Waldorf. The herd of Jerseys furnishing this milk was inspected by the leading veterinary authority, and every day's supply is tested.

It seems hard to believe that people in New York pay every year a million of dollars for the water used in adulterating milk. This dilution would be a matter of no great difference to adults, but when it is given to children, there being so small a percentage of nutrients in it, the little ones starve. It is good to see the extent of the penny-a-glass business, the glass being a big tumbler holding over a pint, and it is a fluid much absorbed in this way by the coal-heavers.

But the dairy does not do an exclusive crude-milk business. The main object in establishing this dairy is to supply infants with sterilized milk. When milk is brought up to a temperature of 70° C., which is 158° F., the milk is not perceptibly changed, but the germs of disease, which give children cholera infantum or other serious complaints, are destroyed. This process of heating milk is known as pasteurizing. In this dairy them is a sterilizing plant, and all day long milk is being pasteurized. The cost of it is six cents a quart. The method of work, though simple enough, requires some skill and absolute cleanliness. Innumerable precautions are taken with the milk itself and with the feeding bottles. For very young children the milk has to be used diluted according to the physician's formula. Dr. R. G. Freeman, of the Roosevelt Hospital, who has thoroughly studied the subject of the sterilization of milk at low temperatures, has given this milk depot much of his attention.

The results so far have been excellent. Mothers who have fed ailing babies with this sterilized milk speak gratefully of the improved condition of their little ones.

From this Third Street dairy other depots will be supplied with sterilized milk, so that the children in various quarters of poor New York may be benefited. Any hospital for children or dispensary can buy this sterilized milk.

This work in New York has been undertaken by Mr. Nathan Straus. Last winter the coal sold by him at cost warmed many a poor man's stove. This summer, in the crowded quarters of New York, this milk distribution will save little children from illness and death.

THE entertainment in the shape of a new opera from the pen of the well known French composer Planquette, *The Talisman*, and a ballet which achieved enormous success in London, *Versailles*, given at the Manhattan Opera house last week, would have had, one would think, a better chance of more lasting success had Mr. Hammerstein, before the production, thoroughly made up his mind whether he proposed to give an opera with incidental ballet, or a ballet with incidental opera. As the case now stands the spectator is left considerably in doubt as to whether the ballet has been introduced into the opera or the opera into the ballet, with the presumption rather in favor of the latter alternative. But in the first place, justice and credit are due and should be paid to Mr. Hammerstein, whatever he promised in this instance he has amply performed, and the production of the pieces presented would in most essential respects reflect credit on the management of any house; so lavish, indeed, has Mr. Hammerstein been in the matter of his company that during the ballet even the large stage of the Manhattan Opera house appeared over-crowded.

It is a rather difficult matter to separate the chaff from the wheat, from a critical stand point, in an opera so evidently pulled about and cut to pieces as was *The Talisman*, and at the same time do anything like justice to the author and composer. However, not knowing the opera except as presented under Mr. Hammerstein's auspices, one can hardly be expected to do otherwise than to take things as one finds them and judge accordingly. The opera at present consists of the first and third acts (the second being entirely occupied by the ballet), and about half of it as it at present stands could be cut to advantage.

The book by D'Ennery and Burani whatever it may have been in the French original, is in the English version positively and hopelessly dull and pointless. As far as could be discovered, the story relates an early and innocent love episode in the amorous career of Louis XV., in which a ring which he gives to his first love figures as a talisman to shield a young French gentleman to attain fame and fortune at court. This young man is supposed to believe in the existence of witches and fairies, and thinks the ring given to him—for reasons which do not appear—by a fairy godmother, though it is in reality the girl who is in love with him who figures as this interesting individual. But enough of a book which is conventional, wearisome, and without value to an unusual extent, even in French operetta! One could hardly expect the composer to rise to lofty heights in music inspired by such scenes and circumstances, and M. Planquette has certainly in this instance not done so; for although the score is vastly better than the book, and contains whatever merit and interest the opera possesses, apart from two really effective and stirring soldiers' choruses in Act I., there is nothing that is individual or striking; though the music trickles along pleasantly enough, with many a quaint little musical quip and turn, which have always marked the work of the author of the *Cloches de Corneville*. Of the presenting company, Mr. Max Freeman, whose good work in staging the piece is most apparent, gave a very neat character sketch of King Louis XV., it was positively refreshing to see a little actual acting in a comic opera. Mr. Hammerstein's French importation, Mlle. Bianca Lescut, turned out to be a very vivacious young person, with a flexible voice of pleasing quality, which she spoils by the excessive use, in true French fashion, of open tones, or the *voix blanche*. Her dramatic methods, however, as or rather the Café Concert than of comic opera of the class *The Talisman* is supposed to belong to. A Mr. Libby, hitherto unheard on the metropolitan stage, showed himself to be the possessor of a pure baritone voice of such excellent quality as would lead one to wish to see him in a more congenial role. The rest of the cast did what little they had to do acceptably. The chorus was large and sang well, and Mr. Kerker, with his customary tact, directed an orchestra which would be decidedly above the average in point of size and general efficiency if he could succeed in repressing the boisterous enthusiasm of the brasses and instruments of percussion, which shaped and shadowed over all.

The ballet, which was given in a very pretty stage setting, and occupied the whole of the second act, leaving the opera hanging in mid air meanwhile, can be heartily praised. If a poll of the audience had been taken, the verdict would have been in favor of a good deal more ballet and a good deal less opera than even there was. As originally given at the Empire Theatre, London, *Versailles* was in two acts, and we would recommend Mr. Hammerstein to restore it to its original shape and leave out as much more opera as may be necessary to effect this. In the usual style of the ballets at the Empire, it is gracefully pictorial rather than spectacular, and presents a series of very charming pictures, beginning with tableaux and dances illustrating the Four Seasons and ending with an extended and lively finale. Mlle Qualitz, a graceful and easy dancer, introduces an original dance of her own invention, which is very effective, and which made beyond all question the success of the evening. The Manhattan Opera-house, reminding one, as it does not a little, of

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the Alhambra, London, seems to be particularly well adapted to ballets and spectacles of that sort, and if Mr. Hammerstein is wise he will dedicate it in future to such purposes, as one would think there is a distinct opportunity in New York at present for a theatre which would be devoted to productions of this description. All in all, *Versailles* is so well worth seeing that by going late and avoiding everything but the finale of the first act, which is a capital march with capital stage groupings, one can pass a very enjoyable evening, as the third act is better than the first, and contains some very pretty electrical effects invented by Mr Hammerstein.

In weather such as we have had of late the thoughts of the theatre going public are naturally lifted from the theatre below to the roof-garden above, and consequently the opening of another place of resort for roof gardeners in the shape of the garden situated above the new American Theatre was an event of importance Had Mr. French not been led away by the idea of killing two birds with one stone, and constructing a roof-garden which would be equally available for those people who like to sit out doors and for those who prefer sitting in-doors even in summer, his garden would be a cooler place of resort than it is. It is very much shut in by the walls of the surrounding buildings as it is, and in trying to make a portion of it habitable and comfortable for that class of people who fear the night air, and would therefore, one would think, be better off at home, Mr. French has in a way attempted to eat his cake and have it too The garden is prettily arranged, and the entertainment offered—of the usual vaudeville variety—is rather above the average for the limited number of the occupants of the garden who can see it. As a manager of tact, enterprise and experience, Mr French will doubtless lose no time in obviating these defects which at present militate somewhat against the success and popularity of his latest venture.

A time about two years back in London witnessed what might be called an apotheosis of physical strength as exemplified in the persons of Sampson, Sandow, and various other gentlemen of similar herculean tendencies, who were striving for the mastery and supremacy in feats of physical strength and endurance. From the attitude taken both by press and public as regards the first of these gentlemen (Mr Sandow) to make his appearance in this country, it would seem likely that the same experience is to be repeated here. Mr Sandow is certainly a splendid specimen of physical manhood in its best sense, as the development of his muscles has not by any means led to the obliteration of his intellect. His story, as related by himself, shows that with malice aforethought, at the early age of nine, he made up his mind to be a Hercules; happening to possess certain probably necessary physical aptitudes for this profession, he has succeeded in his attempt to a marked and uncommon degree, as the feats which his astonishing physical development enable him to perform without the least apparent effort or inconvenience are certainly of a kind to make those who contend that the present fifth race is sadly deteriorating physically stand agape with astonishment. Although it may be thought that for a man to support horses on his chest, and lift hundreds of pounds of living and dead weights above his head, with the greatest ease and unconcern, will not serve any very decided artistic or utilitarian purpose, it would certainly seem to be valuable in showing what physical development a good specimen of the race with proper care and training is capable of. We perhaps would be greater intellectually than even we are were we to devote a little more care and attention to our dour exercise and athletics generally; and the spectacle of a man like Sandow, and the wonder excited by his extraordinary feats, can hardly fail, one would think, to turn public attention in that direction with possibly salutary and sanitary results. Those who would wish to see about as perfect a specimen of physical development as the present race is capable of should not miss seeing Mr Sandow at the Casino.

Next season we shall have the opportunity of seeing several recent English dramatic successes. Mr Wyndham, as is well known, will present Mr Henry Arthur Jones's latest success, *The Bauble Shop*, and the Kendals will give Pinero's new drama, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, which is said to be the master-work of one who is certainly at the present day the first English dramatist. The play is a most powerful one and the author has evidently bowed to the influence of both Ibsen and Metterlinck in his realistic handling of certain phases of modern social life. The story is strong, but simple Mr Tanqueray marries as a second wife a woman with a past, which he refuses to hear, burning a letter in which she tells him of it. His daughter by a first wife, who had thought of entering a convent, returns home and falls in love with and becomes engaged to a man who, it turns out, was her stepmother's former lover The wife confesses this fact to her husband, who tells his daughter that her projected marriage can never be. The daughter and the stepmother have a terrible scene, in which the one reproaches the other without mercy, and, maddened by the deserved reproaches, the second Mrs. Tanqueray commits suicide. There is no attempt on the part of the author to alleviate the gloom or to destroy his effect by making the drama end happily. Though realistic to a degree, the play is not repulsive, the *morale* is good throughout, while the moral that the rules of right and wrong cannot be set at defiance without paying the penalty is an obvious one The play is said to be excellingly well acted, and scored an unmistakable and pronounced success.

A report recently issued by the United States Consul at Milan in regard to music study in Italy will be interesting to the many who look upon Milan as the Mecca of vocal music He says the main difficulty to be encountered by intending pupils lies in the dishonesty of the teachers, who, intent only on money, will not give a fair opinion as to a pupil's real chance of success. Another trouble is that Americans go to Italy with an erroneous impression as to the expense of living there, and do not realize that at least two years' study is absolutely necessary to fit any one for the stage Again, American girls, accustomed to the chivalrous way in which the sex is treated in this country, fail to realize the disadvantage they labor under, and the false impressions they produce by acting in Italy in the same untrammelled way that they would do at home. Social etiquette in Italy requires that a young woman should be always attended by a third person when taking a lesson from a male teacher, and the failure of American women to realize or appreciate such differing foreign social conditions is often likely to subject them to offensive persecution, and even insult It is said that the greatest number of American music students in Italy are from New York, Ohio, and California, and although the quality of their voices is far superior to those of pupils from other nations, the fact remains that only about five per cent. of them attain even moderate success on the stage. Facts like these should be known and appreciated. It is the fashion nowadays for women to do something, even where the necessity to do so does not exist; and music schools in this country, as well as abroad, are filled with women hoping to make a success in various musical fields, who have in reality not the slightest chance of so doing; and who, having been incited thereto by too great confidence in their abilities, or the injudicious advice and approbation of unthinking or too kindly friends, are in reality wasting their time and their money with little benefit to themselves, and still less to music as an art Teachers the world over should be more conscientious.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

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SENATOR LELAND STANFORD.

SENATOR LELAND STANFORD, for thirty years the foremost man in California, died suddenly at his home in Palo Alto during the night of June 20th. He was a man of most abundant wealth, which he used generously for the public good, and so kept the popularity in his State which he first won as a zealously loyal Union man during the war of the rebellion. His interest in everything that would help California was most remarkable. The building of a railway through the Sierra Nevadas was much hastened by his energy and pluck, which never weakened, however great were the difficulties that this daring enterprise encountered. Indeed, Senator Stanford seemed rather to enjoy hard problems, and he used to say, "Obstacles are only things to be overcome, and I have no hobbies I cannot put into practice." Whatever he did was always on a large scale, and many of his enterprises seemed visionary to less broad-minded men, but he carried all of them through successfully.

Senator Stanford was born on a farm near Albany, New York, sixty-nine years ago. In his boyhood he worked in the field in the spring and summer, and went to a country school in the winter. With money made in cutting cordwood he went to Albany and studied law. He was admitted to the bar about the time he reached his majority, and went to Chicago to practise his profession. He staid only a short while, and then moved to Port Washington, on Lake Michigan, near Milwaukee. There he did so well that in a year or so he returned to Albany and married the lady who is now his widow. Shortly after his return to Wisconsin from his bridal tour his house was burned, with his law library and about everything that he possessed. Not liking to begin over again in Port Washington, he went to California, whither two brothers had preceded him in 1849. These brothers were merchants in Sacramento. The new-comer was put in charge of a branch store at Michigan Bluffs, and was so successful in his dealings with the miners that he was made a full partner in the firm. Senator Stanford early took an active interest in politics, and was a Republican from the beginning. He was a delegate to the Chicago Convention of 1860, and advocated Mr. Lincoln's election. The next year he was the candidate of his party for Governor, and was elected. He served only one term, refusing a re-election on account of his duties as President of the Central Pacific Railroad.

When Mr. Stanford went into this gigantic railroad enterprise with Messrs. Crocker, Hopkins, and Huntington, none of these men was rich. They were only moderately prosperous business men. Many conservative persons thought that they were foolish to go into an enterprise requiring capital so much beyond their means. Governor Stanford, however, after he was convinced by the chief engineer, Mr. Judah, of the practicability of the railroad, never faltered, and he kept his associates up to the mark when their faith failed them. The successful completion of the railroad in 1869 made of Mr. Stanford and his three associates—the big four, they were called in California—millionaires. Other successful ventures and investments so increased Governor Stanford's wealth that his fortune when he died was estimated all the way from thirty-five to seventy millions, according to the valuation placed on his various properties.

In 1885 Mr. and Mrs. Stanford lost their only child, Leland Stanford, Jun., who died of fever in Italy. This was the great sorrow of their life. He determined to erect an enduring monument to the memory of his son, and so endowed the Leland Stanford Junior University at Palo Alto, near San Francisco. To this university he gave many millions during his life, and by a deed of trust the institution will now receive the income from the bulk of his estate. Mr. Stanford was elected United States Senator in 1887, and in 1891 was re-elected to succeed himself. He was a prominent figure in the Senate, and also in Washington society. He was opposed to the Geary law for the exclusion of Chinese, as he maintained that they were very useful immigrants. This attitude did not hurt his popularity on the Pacific coast, notwithstanding the fact that the feeling against the Chinese is very bitter. He advocated a policy of lending government money on farm produce, and so won Populist support, and was often talked of as a candidate for the Presidency on that issue.

After the completion of the Central Pacific Mr. Stanford became interested in other railroads on the Pacific slope and also in the development of manufactures and agriculture. He owned the largest vineyard in the world. This is in Tehama County, and five years ago it included 3575 acres, planted with 2,800,000 vines. At his celebrated Palo Alto ranch Mr. Stanford had one of the most extensive and admirably managed breeding establishments in the world. He was a scientific student of every branch of breeding, and he followed out theories of his own which provoked much adverse criticism. He was a firm believer in the liberal infusion of thoroughbred blood in the best strains of American trotters. The marvellous success of his experiments silenced opposition. He was also an advocate of early training and early development, and the records of his three-year-olds, two-year-olds, and yearlings at Palo Alto startled the breeders of trotting horses.

Mr. Stanford was of striking and rugged appearance. He was an interesting talker, and his manners were most kindly. Mr. Depew recently said of him:

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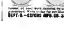

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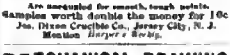

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THE COWBOYS NINE-HUNDRED-MILE RACE FROM CHADRON, NEBRASKA, TO CHICAGO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FIRE AND EATON, CHADRON

THE COWBOY RACE.

THE little town of Chadron, Nebraska, was full of excitement on the afternoon of June 13th. Three thousand people had gathered to witness the start of the great cowboy race from Chadron to the World's Fair, a distance of 900 miles. There were nine riders and seventeen horses participating, and when the pistol was fired none were left at the post. There was no grand dash, no sport at the start, contrary to all expectation, the riders showed no hurrying at all in getting away. The horses ambled off at easy gaits, while officers of the Humane Society looked on. The suffering of the horses in the recent long-distance race between officers of the German and Austrian armies had made so strong an impression upon many people that the Humane Society felt called upon to look into the matter. They concluded, however that no cruelty would be practised, and the cowboys were allowed to proceed unmolested. With one exception the riders were all accompanied by an extra horse as a reserve, to be used in case of accidents to their mounts. The cowboys were all furnished with maps of the route to be gone over, and the following places were designated as stations where the riders would be obliged to register on the way after leaving Chadron:

Long Pine, O'Neill, Wausa (Nebraska), Sioux City, Galva, Fort Dodge, Iowa Falls, Waterloo, Manchester, Dubuque (Iowa), Freeport, De Kalb, and finally Chicago (Illinois).

The owners of the horses and the men who started in the race are:

Mike Elmore, Hemingford, Nebraska. Two horses—Wide Awake, bay gelding, Monte Cristo, brown stallion. Dave Douglas, rider.

Doc Middleton, Chadron, Nebraska. Two horses—Geronimo, brown gelding; Bay Jimmie, bay gelding. Doc Middleton, rider.

Abe Jones, Whitewood, South Dakota. Two horses—Romeo, bay gelding; George, black gelding. George Jones, rider.

P. G. Cooper, Crawford, Nebraska. Two horses—Outlaw, buckskin gelding; Joe Bush, sorrel gelding. Emmet Albright, rider.

Joe B. Gillespie, Coxville, Nebraska. Two horses—Billy Muck, chestnut gelding; Billy Schafer, gray gelding. Joe B. Gillespie rider.

James Stephens, Ness City, Kansas. Two horses—General Grant, brown gelding; Nick, brown gelding. James Stephens, rider.

Joe Campbell, Denver, Colorado. One horse—Boom-de-aye, bay gelding. Joe Campbell, rider.

Charles Smith, Hot Springs, South Dakota. Two horses—Dynamite, sorrel gelding; Red Wing, bay gelding. Charles Smith, rider.

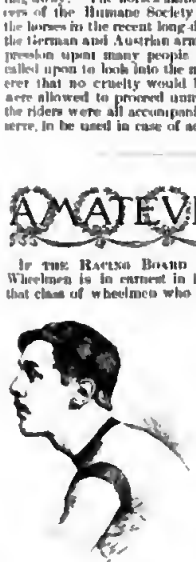
Jack Hale, Sturgis, South Dakota. Two horses—Poison, chestnut stallion; Sandy, bay gelding. John Berry, rider.

The horses and the cowboys have been in training for some time, and were pronounced to be in the best of condition at the start.

Speculation as to the time that would be consumed in the race varied from twelve to eighteen days—the latter estimate meaning fifty miles a day for the winner, which means hard riding for that length of time.

AMATEUR SPORT

IF THE RACING BOARD of the League of American Wheelmen is in earnest in its advertised crusade against that class of wheelmen who follow racing exclusively as a means of livelihood, there will indeed be cause for genuine rejoicing among all honest wheelmen and sportsmen generally throughout the country.



F. J. OSMOND, the English champion racing cyclist now in America. He holds all the track records from 25 to 42 miles.

But the peculiar which accompanies these good assertions—viz., if evidence can be collected—rather suggests that it will be the same old story over again. If the members of the Racing Board really have the purification of cycling honestly at heart, their course is a very plain one. They absolutely hold the key to the situation, and their power is unlimited to do the greatest good to one of the most popular sports in the world. But they cannot carry water on both shoulders and bid for the commendation of sportsmen and the good-will of guilty racers at one and the same time, declaring in one breath they will institute a crusade, and adding in the next—if they can get evidence. The League of American Wheelmen has empowered this Racing Board to suspend men upon "circumstantial evidence" pending an investigation. There is literally no end of actual evidence that the racing men are not living up to the L. A. W. rules, and as for "circumstantial evidence," is it not sufficient that almost every one of the crack racing men spends half his time in training and travelling about the country, and the other half in idleness; that none has individual means to warrant such a life, and that each rides and advertises some particular make of wheel.

NO ONE WHO GIVES THE MATTER serious consideration believes for a moment that the Racing Board of the L. A. W. has a sinecure in cleansing bicycling of this professional racing element. Unquestionably its task is a difficult as well as a disagreeable one, but it is always the case in any department of business or sport where corruption has gained an entrance. There are, no doubt, many clubs throughout the country that have arranged to hold meetings this season, and liberally advertised the appearance of one or more of the cracks. To these clubs the suspension of the racing "rounders" would very likely mean a serious loss both in prestige and in finances. It is never an easy matter to dig out a cancerous growth, and especially one that has flourished so vigorously as this racing parasite. No reformation was ever yet instituted that did not cause annoyance and some temporary injury. The point for the officials of the L. A. W. to consider is the greatest good to the greatest number. There are upwards of thirty thousand members of the League of American Wheelmen. There are about a score of these racing cracks. Are not the interests of this splendid sport of bicycling and these thousands of wheelmen greater than the handful of racers who are a daily menace to the amateur status of one and a constant reflection on the other?

Undoubtedly the members of the Racing Board of the L. A. W., individually and collectively, are keenly alive to the situation, and would gladly free themselves and the sport over which they legislate; but they have been too timid in their policy. Suppose a few clubs do lose money on a tournament or two; suppose the posters do not read so attractively without the names of the cracks; the clubs will shortly reimburse themselves, and the general races will be quite as interesting. The L. A. W. is apt to greatly exaggerate the value of these cracks as drawing-cards; others would take their place, and the attendance would be larger, for the public would heartily commend the cleaner condition of the sport.

NO MAN WHO IS AT ALL POSTED on the subject denies that nearly all the present class of racing cracks are as much professionals as the men on the professional baseball teams and that they are doing bicycle racing in the United States an incalculable injury.

Who pays their expenses?

Are the men riding for sport, or are they riding because it is their business to do so, and they are well paid for it?

Is a man who is paid to ride a certain make of wheel an amateur, or is he a professional?

What is the difference between a man who is paid to play baseball and one paid to ride a bicycle?

Why is it, Johnson, whose home is in Minneapolis, belongs to a Syracuse, New York, bicycle club, and rides the wheel of a Syracuse manufacturer?

These are questions I should like the Racing Board of the L. A. W. to answer, and in answering to say whether there is not sufficient "circumstantial evidence" to be gathered from them to warrant the suspension without further delay of nearly all the racing cracks. It is well and good to take up the case of Taxis, but not to make him the scapegoat of the "profesh." They are all in the same boat, and the L. A. W. will gain the praise of every sportsman in this country by acting promptly and fearlessly. It is not a case for gentle measures.

The experience of A. A. Zimmerman and Walter Sanger on the other side in not being able to procure racing licenses from the English National Cycling Union shows how the sentiment abroad is growing against this class of racers. It is likewise a slur on the L. A. W., for both men sailed from New York with credentials. That the amateur status of our national bicycling representative should be questioned is not a pleasing reflection for American sportsmen. It seems the English union found "circumstantial evidence" enough. Why cannot the Racing Board of the L. A. W. find it?

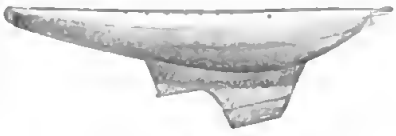
THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, AT BERKELEY, has recently been wrestling with the problem of how to keep its athletics up to the amateur standard. At a meeting some weeks ago of the Athletic Association a resolution that "in future it shall be the policy of this association not to compete in match games against any athletes but those from educational institutions" was put forth. This resolution was lost, fortunately, since it would have been suicidal to bar their athletes from the excellent practice furnished by the various athletic club games which are held from time to time.

The university has recently made a dual arrangement with the Leland Stanford Junior University for an annual competition in baseball, football, and track and field athletics, but the quality of the performances would suffer much were the athletes of these two universities restricted to competition with their own second nines and elevens. Neither one of the colleges, as yet, is able to put out a "scrub" team strong enough to give the 'varsity the necessary practice, and were such a course adopted the final match each year would show small improvement in play.

It is unfortunate there should be a breach between the University of California and the Olympic Athletic Club, which is the largest club west of Denver, and whose teams could give the college men the very best kind of work. Considering the opportunities for improvement are so few on the coast, it seems a very short-sighted policy on the part of both the university and the club to perpetuate any unpleasantness that means a cessation of athletic courtesies.

AT THE SAME TIME THERE IS NEED for the most stringent legislation and closest scrutiny, particularly round about San Francisco. There appears to be an element in that neighborhood that has little conception of what constitutes an amateur, and cares less; and now and again some very unwholesome transgressions are brought to light. While I was on the coast, there was a quarter-mile race between Henderson, an Olympic Athletic Club man, and Garrison, of the defunct Alpine Athletic Club, which created a good bit of scandal, and ended in the rejection of Henderson's entry at the Olympic Club's subsequent field day. It was only last year, too, that the pitcher of the University of California baseball nine was reclaimed from an iron-foundry for a month and a half, and received cash for his services on the university nine. In the first game this year between the nines of Stanford and University of California, the former protested Cooney, the latter's pitcher, the claim being that he was not a student. Although he was permitted to play in the first game, the Faculty of the University of California afterwards dismissed him from the college. The facts in his case were that he entered the first term of his college year as a special student in zoology and geology—two lecture courses at which no roll is called. During the first term he was fairly regular, but at the beginning of the second term he secured a position in San Francisco, and ceased to attend lectures. No roll being called, his absence was, of course, not detected. In addition to this, he pitched for the Oakland professional nine last year.

The point this department wishes to make in giving so much space to this matter is to hold up to public censure the baseball management of the University of California, which was really the more flagrant offender, and to accentuate the fact that reform must begin at the fountain-head. If college athletic associations countenance such open violations of amateur laws, it may be expected that they will find men who are only too ready to accept tempting offers. There is room for reform in amateur athletics about San Francisco, and the sooner it sets in the quicker will the Pacific coast receive recognition in the amateur athletic world.



"CARMITA."
Mr. Foster's addition to the 40-foot class.

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IF ALL THE YALE MEN who have been disturbed by the reports sent from New London on the "unsatisfactory" condition of the crew could have seen their 'varsity shoot up the Thames toward Norwich last Saturday evening, I am under the impression they would have spent a very comfortable Sunday. They would have watched in vain for that "raggedness" which was said to make its appearance after the crew had rowed a half-mile or so, and they would have discovered in its stead beautiful blade work, a recover that even last year's eight did not excel, good time, and a shell that travelled along fast enough to lead the Yale launch, running about a mile in every five minutes, and kept on going between strokes. They would not, indeed, have needed the corroboration of the evening spin if they had watched the crew closely Saturday morning when it rowed over a mile and a half at the upper end of the course. Unless some unforeseen accident happens, Yale will have a fast crew when the start of the annual four-mile race is made next Friday.

Taking Paine out of the boat at as late a day was something of a surprise, but the way the shell has moved since shows it was a wise change. Paine had rowed 4 in the '91 and '92 crews, and at 6 all this year; he is naturally slow on account of his weight, and it was probably concluded that if a lighter and quicker man could be substituted, it would be advantageous. Longacre was taken from 4 to 6, and Rogers put in at 4. This change relieves the shell of 28 pounds, and balances it better than last year's boat. Longacre had been doing good work at 4, and has kept it up at 6. Rogers is one of the best men in the shell, and though not especially strong, his 160 pounds of muscle and grit ought to carry him through, and has in the trial 4-mile rows. A better man could not be put in the centre of the boat, for he is certain to carry the stroke back in good shape.

HARVARD HAS A CREW SO MUCH BETTER than last year that no comparison can be made between them. It seems to be faster than the '91 crew, though, as yet, it lacks the dash of that eight. They are doing more work forward of the pin, and get in a good strong drive with their legs, and yet the boat does not appear to shoot ahead as it should. Fennessy is setting a good stroke, and sits up to his work well; if every man pulled in the same form and with equal dash, the load would have plenty of life, but at times, if you watch his body only and lose sight for the moment of his oar, it seems almost as if he were apart from the crew. Cummings has continued to improve, and is now following stroke without a break. Yail, at 6, needs some hard work between now (Sunday) and Thursday; he is inclined to drag a bit. Fearing has been fine, and needs husbanding. Davis has a sore hand, but has been doing good work. Johnson's blade on the catch is an eyesore, if he does not get it at the proper level before burying his work will do as much to hinder as to aid the boat. Both Newell and Burgess are pulling strong oars—neither of them graceful.

IN COMPARING THE CREWS, there are two qualities in Yale's work so pre-eminent as to make that eight look like the winner next Friday, and those qualities are dash and smoothness. Yale is rowing to-day in better form than Harvard, and is improving right along, but in watching them one is impressed by the dash with which they go at their work, and the easy manner in which the shell glides along. The recover is perfect, the men steal out on the last part of the slide, and when they catch the water they catch it hard, and the stroke is rowed straight through for all it is worth. In the mean time the shell travels without the slightest check. The Harvard men get a good grip on the water, and they pull it through well too, but there is not that dash, that vicious dig at the water, and the blades are not kept on the same level so well as are the Yale blades. When Harvard gets to the end of the stroke there is a perceptible check to the boat, and the blades do not come out of the water so cleanly. The check is slight, to be sure; but slight as it is, it would mean considerable in a four mile pull. There has been much improvement in the recover since the crew reached New London, but on last Saturday it was not nearly so good as Yale's. Both crews have made some good trials over the course but Yale's time for a half and a mile has been when I caught it, a little the faster. The Harvard crew looks as if it had power, and it has, but they do not seem to get the drive that Yale does. Pluck is going to cut a prominent figure in the result of the race, and if Harvard can stay with Yale to the two mile flag, the confidence it will give them, added to their strength, may counterbalance the superior skill of the blue. It should be a close hard race, and every man in the winning boat must do his duty.

HIGHLANDS'S MAGNIFICENT WORK IN THE BOX, and the errors of Kedzie, Stephenson, and Beall, won the first game for Harvard against Yale at Cambridge last Saturday after ten innings—score, 3-2. No college man ever pitched through ten innings and ended with such a record as Highlands made last week—3 base hits made off him, 18 struck out, 2 bases on balls, and one wild pitch, besides stopping two head drives, and throwing the batter out at first. It was the greatest game he ever pitched, and shows of what the man is capable when put in hard practice. Carter allowed only one hit to be made on his delivery, struck out 12, gave 4 bases on balls, and made one wild pitch. Although Carter's record does not look so creditable on paper as against he considered fully as good if not a bit better than Highlands's. Harvard's team is a heavy batting one, at least seven of the nine men being what may be called sure hitters, and to have held such a nine down to one hit in ten innings is remarkable work for a pitcher. On the other hand, Yale's nine does not compare with Harvard's in stick work, and Highlands had a much easier time striking out 19 of such than Carter had in deceiving 12 of Harvard's.

The game from the beginning was a pitcher's battle, and if the fielding had been as perfect as the work in the box, the nines would have been playing yet in an attempt to score. Certainly the work in the box by both pitchers has never been approached in a Harvard-Yale game, and was the most pronounced feature of Saturday's contest.

THE FIELDING ERRORS ON BOTH SIDES, and by men supposed to be steady, was another feature and a prominent one. Both of Yale's runs were made on errors. In the second inning Speer reached first on Frothingham's error, and Highlands's two wild pitches and Mason's passed ball brought him home to score Yale's first run. Again in the third inning Murphy made Yale's second and last run by Mason dropping the third strike, Trafford's wild throw, and a wild pitch. Mason's work behind the bat was the poorest of his career, but it is doubtful if any other man on the field could have back stopped any better the swift balls Highlands was sending over the plate, though that does not excuse his weak throwing to second. Mason was not up to the mark, pace or no pace. Yale's catcher, Kedzie, contributed his share of the game's errors, letting Hallowell in (on a passed ball) to tie the score just after Abbott had scored on Stephenson's overthrow to the plate. Beall's bad throw to Kedzie in the tenth inning let in the decisive run of the game. There was not an earned run during the entire game. Murphy has regained his form, and did good work in the field and at the bat. Frothingham fielded a very difficult grounder in good shape, and made a beautiful and timely sacrifice. Hallowell's scoring on a short passed ball was great work. The second game is being played (Tuesday) while we are on the press, and it is likely to be even more exciting than the first, and a better game, since the men should be steadier. If Highlands holds his form of Saturday, the chances must again be considered slightly in Harvard's favor, on the assumption that he will be able to hold down the Yale batters, while Harvard is pretty apt to do more with Carter than they did at Cambridge. It is so close, however, that very little deviation will carry the victory either way. If Highlands should have an erratic day it would be fatal to Harvard's prospects.

IT IS NOT LIKELY that any of the larger Eastern college baseball nines will enter what has become known as "Professor Stagg's Chicago tournament." From whatever side the scheme is viewed, nothing beneficial to amateur sport is to be seen, and chances of considerable harm being done are more than even. To begin with, the tournament is little else than a side show to the World's Fair, got up very likely with much more consideration for the gate-money than for sport, and Stagg's connection is probably only that of adviser or manager. It would not be possible for the Harvard, Yale, or Princeton nines to go to Chicago intact, and the result would be the use of the college name for a team of more or less motley make up.

Besides that, we do not want our college nines receiving, individually and collectively, expense money at so many dollars a head from an association, or a club, or whatever the financial background of the proposed tournament may be called, as it would be handed out to any other "attraction." The entire tenor of the matter is not pleasing, and Harvard, Yale, and Princeton will make a great mistake if they permit the use of their names. Such a meeting could only be acceptable by those colleges themselves arranging their schedule, expenses, etc., i.e. the usual way of the regular college season. To receive money from outsiders would be a serious mistake. There is going to be so much of that sort of thing in Chicago this summer that college associations should keep as far from contact as possible.

STEADY WORK BY THE AMHERST nine, and especially the clever pitching of Colby, won them the New England College Championship on the 20th and 23d when Williams was defeated, 11-5 and 4-2. The Williams battery, Hollister and Draper, did fine work in each game, but their support was not strong, nine errors being made in the first and six in the second game, against three and one by Amherst.

THE CORNELL-COLUMBIA FRESHMAN eight-oared boat-race resulted in victory for the former by about ten lengths, in 10 m. 8 sec., which is only fair time and considerably behind the record of 9.41 made by Columbia in 1891. It had been expected Cornell, with his admittedly exceptionally good crew, would establish new figures for this distance, but though they started off at a record breaking pace, doing the first half in 2.14, they dropped at the mile, and again at the beginning of the half in the second mile, and when the last half-mile was reached a rather stiff breeze was encountered that destroyed all remaining hope of a new record. Cornell fell off so many points the second and third half miles it is doubtful if they could have bettered the present record even had there been no wind on the last stretch. Cornell at the start caught the water first with a 44 to the minute stroke, and pulled strongly without a break in the eight to the finish. Columbia labored manfully with their more or less go-as-you-please stroke, starting off with 43 and finishing with 38 to the minute. They averaged 150 pounds to Cornell's 156. Whatever qualities the Columbia Freshman crew may be lacking pluck is certainly not one of them. These boys were the first to go into quarters on the Thames, and they have worked faithfully early and late, day in and out, ever since. The amount of work they have done, in fact, has been the wonder of the river, and whether they get the place in the triangular race, Wednesday, the 28th, or not, they have surely worked faithfully and done their best for the blue and white. For two years they have won second place from Harvard on sheer pluck, and it is not at all improbable they may do so again this week.

CORNELL MADE A GREAT MISTAKE in not accepting Yale's offer (in reply to their challenge for a Freshman race) that they would row on Saturday, July 1st, and the effort to excuse their departure from New London by attempts at belittling Yale's sportsmanship has simply put Cornell further than ever she was from getting on a race with either of the universities at any time.

All sportsmen have wished to see a race this year between the Yale and Cornell Freshman crews, and Yale had been looking into the possibility of such a contest even before Cornell's challenge. Yale's answer was to be given after the Cornell-Columbia race, it was somewhat delayed by the discussion in the Yale quarters, and arrived a couple of hours late, and after Cornell had packed their boat on a car. Cornell's rejection of the offer because their boat was packed and they did not care to wait a week for the race may have been all right from their way of looking at it, but from a sportsman's point of view the causes for refusing to entertain the proposal were very weak. There are several things to remember in considering this case. Cornell was the seeker and the challenger, and has for years proclaimed itself actually hungering for an opportunity to row Yale. Yale had nothing to gain, and would have rowed for pure sport's sake, their crew had a race (the triangular Freshman) Wednesday, and quite properly did not care to row Cornell until afterwards.

It seems incomprehensible that after having both publicly and privately urged Yale to row them, Cornell should, when the dearest wish of their aquatic hearts was granted, quibble over unpacking their shell and remaining in training a week longer.

THE LAUNCH OF THE PAINE BOAT, *Jubilee*, puts overboard the last of the cup-defenders. The open manner in which this racer has been built is in striking contrast to the secretive methods that have prevailed about the Herreshoff shops at Bristol. The *Jubilee* has been free to the inspection of yachtsmen almost from the very laying of her keel, and she was launched in broad daylight and publicly. Her performance will be watched with great interest, because of the association of her owner's name with the defence of the *America's* Cup and from the fact that there are those who are curious to know if barred doors increase the speed of a model.

It should be said, first of all, that the *Jubilee* has been designed by John H. Paine, the son of General C. J. Paine and while the father will, of course, lend his experience in her management, John must be given credit for her lines.

The boat is a composite fin keel and centreboard. Her forty tons of ballast will be carried in the lead bulb at the bottom of the fin, which is hollow and houses the centreboard. She will have a second and smaller board forward of the fin. This combination gives her light displacement, moderate draught, and two centreboards for windward work.

She is built of steel throughout, and though the plating and frames are lighter than any yet used in a boat of similar material, she is so strongly put together, so thoroughly braced, that every confidence is expressed in her ability to carry her mill. Her dimensions are length over all 123 feet, l. w. l., 83.6 feet; beam, 22.6, draught of bulb, 4.6 feet depth of fin, 9, total draught, 13. The sail plan will be a large one, her boom being over ninety feet.

She is a good looker, with easy lines and long overhangs forward and aft, the stern being very narrow, not over six feet.

THE *Navahoe*, HAVING COMPLETED her repairs, again put to sea last Thursday. It will hardly be possible for her to reach the other side and get into racing trim before about the 15th of July, and as this will be after the racing on the Clyde is over, there will be no opportunity of meeting the English craft until the Cowes regatta, which is the first week in August. This will work in Mr. Carroll's favor for the return trip, since it will give the green mast, which which he was obliged to replace the finely seasoned stick damaged in the pilot boat collision some time to dry out a bit.

Every sportsman will wish God speed to Mr. Carroll and his plucky wife—who sailed with him, instead of going over by steamer, as first intended—and all success to the *Navahoe*.

THE PERFORMANCES OF *Colluna* have been so disappointing, especially in light wind, to British yachtsmen, that it would not be surprising if her challenge, made some weeks ago, for the Cape May and Brenton Reef cups, were withdrawn. In this case *Navahoe* must meet either *Britannia* or *Satanita*, which have shown form not far behind the *Valkyrie*. The *Colluna* has been put in the dry dock, and will undergo some alterations before she again goes into a race. As poorly as she has done, however, she could very likely win the Cape May and Brenton Reef cups from the present holder, but naturally enough the Englishman want to pit their best boat against the *Navahoe*, and in this all American sportsmen will heartily concur.

The *Vigilant* continues leaking, at this writing, and all efforts to find where the water gets in have proved fruitless. It will probably result in the boat being hauled out and thoroughly gone over, since it is evident that if she leaks now in temporary stoppage would answer when under canvas, and the consequent tremendous strain to which the modern high-powered boats are subjected. All this will delay and handicap the yacht considerably, but it is to be hoped, for her owner's sake, nothing more serious may result.

THE LAWN TENNIS tournament for the championship of the United States in women's singles, doubles, and mixed doubles decided at Wanamaker's Heights last week resulted in the winning of Miss Terry, Miss Butler and Miss Terry, and Miss Roosevelt and Mr. Clarence Hobart. The entry in all the events was large, the general average of play in the singles probably higher than last year, but the final contest was very tame compared with the great game last year between Miss Cahill and Miss Moore. At the beginning of the tournament last week Miss Moore, in the absence of Miss Cahill and Miss Roosevelt, was the favorite for the championship. Great was the surprise, therefore, when she was defeated, 6-3, 4-6, 6-4, by Miss Terry, of Princeton. With Miss Moore out of the way, Miss Terry's path to the championship was clear enough, for there was only Miss Schultz to meet, who, notwithstanding her game is more than fifteen better than last year, was no match for Miss Moore's conqueror, and suffered defeat easily, 6-1, 6-3. Miss Cahill didn't defend her title, and the championship went to Miss Terry by default.

MISS TERRY HITS THE BALL HARDER than any girl that has ever tried for the championship, not excepting Miss Cahill, and, like the ex-champion, she has practised a great deal with men, and acquired much of their style. She has a drop stroke something like E. L. Hall's, and plays in the back of the court most of the time, though quite competent to volley exceedingly well when she cares to do so. Miss Moore did not in her match with Miss Terry equal her game of last year, and we shall very likely see a great contest between the two if they meet later in the season at the States Island tournament. Miss Roosevelt's failure to compete in the singles was a disappointment, since the form she showed in the mixed doubles was good enough to have made her winning of the singles very probable. Good as Miss Terry's game is it is not so strong as Miss Cahill's.

The doubles went to Miss Butler and Miss Terry, who beat Miss Schultz and Miss Stone rather easily, 6-4, 6-3. The mixed event was really the most interesting of the tournament, for two such good players as Miss Roosevelt and Mr. Hobart, supposed to have the match easily in hand were obliged to work hard to defeat Miss Bankson and Mr. Wilson, 6-1, 4-6, 10-8, 6-1, who showed surprisingly good form. Larned the Cornell player, had an easy win in the men's singles over Colby. The winners of the singles championship since the first offering of the cup are

1886, Miss E. F. Hansell.
1887, Miss Bertha L. Townsend.
1888, Miss Bertha L. Townsend.
1889, Miss E. S. Roosevelt.
1890, Miss E. S. Roosevelt.
1891, Miss Mabel E. Cahill.
1892, Miss Mabel E. Cahill.

This week, beginning on Wednesday, the Middle States championship for men's singles will be held on the courts at the Orange Tennis Club. The entries have not closed at this writing, but it is very likely Hobart and E. L. Hall will meet again to determine who shall play Richard Stevens, the present holder of the trophy. Mr. Stevens was in fine form last year at this time, but is not likely to do so well this week.

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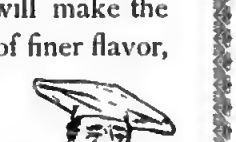

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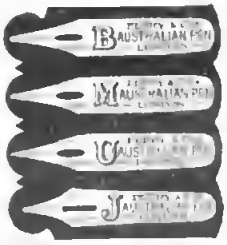

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVII.—No. 1907.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1893.

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During the summer months the department of MUSIC AND DRAMA *in* HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be suspended*

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

THE student of German politics is first struck with the large number of political parties in that country. For this there exists a peculiar reason. It is not merely the strong spirit of individualism prevalent among the Germans, the disinclination to subordinate one's own opinion to that of others, but it springs from the political constitution of the German Empire. This constitution is in some respects very similar to that of the United States. The empire is a federation of states like this republic; it has a chief executive, the Kaiser, corresponding to our President, a House of states, called the Bundesrath, corresponding to our Senate, and a House of the representatives of the people, the Reichstag, corresponding to our House of Representatives. But there are important differences. The members of the Reichstag are, indeed, elected by universal suffrage, as our Representatives are, and a majority of votes in the Reichstag is required for the passage of laws and of money appropriations, the consent of the Bundesrath being also required. But the members of the Bundesrath are appointed, very much like ambassadors, by the governments of the different states composing the empire, and the office of the chief executive, the Kaiser, is hereditary. The ministry of the empire consists of the Chancellor, and a number of Secretaries at the head of the different departments of the government, who appear in the Reichstag and take part in the debates, but do not go out of office when the measures they propose or advocate are voted down. In this respect the German executive again is like that of this republic. But while our executive is subject to change by a popular vote in the Presidential election every four years, the executive of the German Empire, as to its *personnel*, is beyond the reach of the popular vote. Thus, while in the United States a political party carrying the Presidential election will get possession of the executive branch of the government, a political party in Germany has no such prize to fight for. It can only hope to win a certain influence in the Reichstag by the number of votes it commands there. But that influence will never amount to a complete control of the government, for if its majority were ever so large, it could not put its leaders into office. The principal prize being out of their reach, political parties in Germany are not held together by the same stimulus of ambition nor by the same sense of responsibility as they are here. Their members have not the same inducement to adhere to the organization at the sacrifice of their opinions on matters of secondary importance. They easily divide upon minor issues into smaller groups—the Conservatives as they are more or less conservative, the Liberals as they are more or less liberal, or as they have special objects of policy or local interests in view.

Parties not being organized for the purpose of gaining possession of the government, the Reichstag is never divided into two great camps, the firm supporters of the government on one side and the opposition on the other. Excepting a small number of ultra-monarchists, whose political creed it is to obey the monarch's will under any circumstances, the different party groups vote sometimes for and sometimes against the government, as it suits their pleasure, and the government has to construct the required majorities for the bills it wishes to put through by drawing support from different sides, and sometimes by bargaining for such support with concessions on other subjects. BISMARCK was a great master of this kind of parliamentary diplomacy, and seldom failed. His successor, CAPRIVI, did fail in his efforts to get together a majority in favor of the bill for increasing the army, and now that an appeal to the people has been had, he will have to try his fortune in bargaining for votes in the new Reichstag again.

That the recent elections for the Reichstag would not turn out a working majority for the army bill was generally predicted. It looked as if it would be impossible to persuade the German people that there was serious danger of war, and that the army was not large enough to meet any probable emergency. But, after all, the government has come out of the contest stronger than was expected. To this result the second ballots, rendered necessary in an unusually large number of districts by the failure to obtain an absolute majority for any candidate on the first ballot, have greatly contributed. And this was owing not so much to the positive strength of the government as to the impression produced upon the popular mind by certain of its opponents.

There are two political parties in Germany which show more cohesion and a stricter discipline than the rest. These are the clericals, called the Centre party, and the socialists. The Centre party serves the interests of the Catholic Church, and receives its inspirations from the Catholic clergy. It is not entirely free from internal conflicts, and after the death of its great leader, WINDTHORST, a parliamentarian of consummate skill, an open feud broke out between the aristocratic and the popular wings about the leadership. The aristocrats favored a compromise on the army bill, while the Centrists more inclined to political liberalism sternly opposed it. It was expected that this feud would materially weaken the clericals in the election, but such has not been the case. The popular wing of the party turned out to be the predominant force in it, and the clericals won about as many seats as they had held before, owing in greatest measure to the active agitation carried on by the priests, and, it is said, not a little to the secret influence of the confessional.

The socialists entered into the election campaign with high hopes and a tremendous blast of trumpets as to what they were going to accomplish. Nor were their expectations of great gains without good reason. They had prudently disowned all distinctly anarchist tendencies. They pronounced themselves indeed in favor of a social revolution, but a revolution of a peaceable nature; they predicted that in a certain number of years "capitalistic society" will go into bankruptcy, and that the control of society will, in a perfectly natural way, as a matter of course, fall into the socialists' hands. Thus they disclaimed all intentions of overturning the present order of things by means of dynamite or armed insurrection, because no resort to bloody force would be necessary to bring on the new state of society. The constant increase in the burdens of taxation for military purposes furnished them taking arguments against the government and against the "capitalistic society" supporting it, and the excitement produced by the recent army bill gave them a welcome opportunity for especially effective agitation among the working people, the small tradesmen, and even, to some extent, among the peasantry. Thus they won the votes of a good many people who know little or nothing about socialistic theories, but who are for a change, and see in the socialists the party of the people. Moreover, the party machinery of the socialists is so perfect and is worked so efficiently that at every election of importance they bring the whole of their voting force to the polls. Thus they are apt to look stronger than they are in comparison with the other political organizations, whose strength at the ballot-box is always reduced by the large number of stay-at-homes. But the socialists, in former parliaments only a mere handful, have actually won seats enough to appear in the Reichstag as a parliamentary party almost next to the strongest.

The displays of strength made by the clericals and the socialists in the recent election have had a double effect. On the one hand they have put into the Reichstag a good many votes against the government. On the other hand they have set to thinking a good many patriotic Germans who otherwise would have been opposed to the army bill. They believe that the clericals, who constantly clamor for the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope, and who receive their political impulses to a large extent from the Roman hierarchy, an essentially foreign influence, do not wish, for this reason, the German Empire to become too strong a power, and that they therefore oppose the army bill. They believe also that while a feeble party of socialists in the German Empire may be harmless, a very strong socialistic party may become very dangerous to public security and order, and they observe with increasing alarm the riotous disposition shown here and there by the socialists on occasions connected with the election. There is but one step from reflections like these to the thought that it may, after all, be best to have a stronger army ready for all emergencies. This process of reasoning has already had a decided effect at the second ballots in favor of the government; and if it continues to work, the very strength of some of the elements of the opposition to the government, especially of the socialists, may serve to render easy to Count CAPRIVI the formation in the new Reichstag of those parliamentary combinations which are required for the success of the army bill. The most interesting question then will be in what way these combinations will affect the political and economic course of the government.

A TREASURY COLLAPSE.

IN current discussions of the precarious condition of the national Treasury the decline in the gold reserve has received most attention. That decline has indeed been striking. From a net holding of gold amounting to nearly 200 millions in the early part of 1889, and still amounting to 150 millions in the early part of 1891, the Treasury gold has sunk to less than the reserve of 100 millions, and at its lowest during the present month stood below 90 millions. But there is another aspect of the situation which is equally important and significant, and which has received little attention. the complete collapse in the gold receipts of the government, as indicated by the nature of the receipts for customs in the port of New York.

Before the resumption of specie payments in 1879 gold only was received in payment of customs duties. After resumption there was some hesitation whether to receive United States notes, or greenbacks, for customs; but in view of the government's readiness, and then unquestionable ability, to redeem them in gold, it was natural, although no formal authority was given by law, that they too should be accepted. The silver legislation of 1878 made the silver dollars and silver certificates also receivable for customs duties. The Treasury notes of the SHERMAN act of 1890 are a complete legal tender, and so of course receivable at the Custom-house. Consequently, since 1879, any one of these forms of currency may be turned in for tariff duties. Fluctuations in the proportion which one or another holds in the customs receipts is one of the most significant facts in the development of the currency situation; and the complete disappearance of gold from these payments is the striking feature of the last six weeks.

Until 1891 by far the largest part of the duties in the port of New York were paid in gold, the proportion varying from 80 per cent. to 95 per cent. There were, it is true, some periods when silver certificates and greenbacks were received in considerable proportions; but, on the whole, the collections were mainly in gold. Consequently the transactions of the New York Sub-Treasury with the Clearing-house banks were chiefly in terms of gold. The Treasury took in gold for customs, and paid it out in settlement of the balances against it of the Clearing-house.

The change in the last two years is indicated by the following figures, which state the per cent. of gold, silver (whether silver dollars or silver certificates), United States notes, and Treasury notes of 1890 received at the Custom-house in New York at the dates named:

	Gold. Per cent.	Silver Per cent.	United States Notes. Per cent.	Treasury Notes. Per cent.
January, 1889	86.1	3.3	10.6	
January, 1890	92.6	2.6	4.8	....
January, 1891	85.6	9.1	4.1	0.8
January, 1892	66.8	4.3	15.0	14.0
July, 1892	12.8	18.5	29.4	40.0
January, 1893	6.8	18.9	12.1	62.2
February, "	9.8	30.7	23.3	36.5
March, "	7.6	18.2	26.0	48.2
April, "	0.0	23.3	41.0	32.7
May, "	0.1	27.8	36.8	35.8
June (20 days)	0.0	18.0	34.0	48.0

It will be seen that since the beginning of 1891 gold has had a steadily diminishing place in the customs receipts, and that by the middle of 1892 it formed an insignificant part of them. The decline began, indeed, earlier than is indicated by these figures, for it showed itself distinctly in 1891. But the enormous crops and exports of that year staved it off for a while, clearing the financial situation, and causing the proportion of gold receipts to rise again to a respectable figure (66 per cent.) in January, 1892. Since that date there has been no recovery. The gold receipts sank to a beggarly fraction, and during the last six weeks have entirely disappeared. No gold at all is being received at the Custom-house; paper and silver alone are taken in. Consequently in the last two years the transactions of the government with the Clearing-house banks have been made less and less on a gold basis. The Treasury has received paper, and it has paid out paper, necessarily meeting the balances against it at the Clearing-house in the form of money which came in from the customs receipts.

The causes of this collapse—for it can be called nothing else—are twofold, or rather they are two aspects of one and the same cause. They are the excessive issues of the SHERMAN act and the disturbance of public confidence caused by them. At first, in 1891, the decline in the gold receipts was due simply to the redundancy of paper money caused by the issue of Treasury notes under the act of 1890. Under the conditions of modern commerce and banking no excess of paper money tends to accumulate in the hands of the great central banking depositories. These are, in the United States, the associated banks of New York; and an examination of the cash held by these banks since the beginning of 1891 shows unusually large holdings of legal tenders, with almost stationary holdings of gold. It is natural, as paper money accumulates in the vaults of the banks, that this, rather than the gold which they hold, should be turned over to the Treasury, *via* the Custom-house.

This tendency, of course, is still further strengthened by the declining confidence in the government's financial stability, and the possibility of a suspension of gold payments by the Treasury. The complete disappearance of gold receipts in the last few weeks indicates how great has been the shock to confidence, and how unwilling large holders of gold are to part

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with it. Very likely the action of the banks will be commented on by some of our friends in the West as proof of the grasping after gold and the conspiracy of the monopolists of Wall Street, which are regarded by them as among the crimes of the age. But in truth it is the inevitable result of the government's financial position and of the strained condition of the currency. So long as all foreign transactions must be carried on in terms of gold, and many domestic obligations are payable in that metal, the great banks, from which the means of meeting all such demands must come, are naturally chary of parting with their holdings; and as long as the government issues monthly more money than finds its way into the usual channels of circulation, they find a surplus of paper currency on their hands, and turn it over to the Treasury.

FLEET DRILLS.

THE terrible disaster to the British battle-ship *Victoria* has been discussed by the daily press as to the bearing of the accident on the policy of constructing heavily armored battle-ships. This is a question which can be satisfactorily answered only by naval experts; but there is another lesson to be learned, more apparent to the lay mind, and having a direct and immediate bearing upon the present naval policy of our own government.

The accident occurred while the fleet, of which the *Victoria* was the flag-ship, was executing a difficult manœuvre. The movement is one known to naval officers as the "gridiron movement." Practically it involves a direct change of front. It is an about face. Whether it is a proper or an obsolete movement is a question that has been raised on this side of the water. It is sufficient, however, for the purposes of this article that it is a movement practised by the first naval power of the world, and approved by Sir GEORGE TYRON, who lost his life by reason of its faulty execution, and who was justly regarded as the best tactician in the British navy.

It has been said by a daily newspaper that the accident shows the undue cost of manœuvres. This is certainly an ingenuous way of regarding a military subject. If drill should be discontinued because it is dangerous ships and soldiers should run away in time of war, because gunshot wounds are very likely to be fatal to both.

The accident and its attendant incidents show quite the contrary of this contention. They demonstrate the absolute necessity of constant squadron drill. In actual warfare battle-ships, rams, torpedo-boats, and cruisers will act together in fleets. A sea fight cannot be carried on between two squadrons without constant manœuvring. The movements must be made in an atmosphere obscured by smoke, and when the minds of the commanding officers and navigators are distracted by excitement and by the details of the battle. If a movement is difficult of performance when those who are charged with the duty of making it have nothing to think of but the proper handling of their ships, how much more difficult it would be when, in addition to the problems of navigation, there is an aggressive enemy to contend with, to avoid, and to strike!

There was never a time in the naval history of the world when squadron drilling was more necessary than it is to-day. Since the application of steam to war-ships there has been no great fight between hostile fleets, and the conduct of modern ships in such an action is still an unsolved problem. Tactical conditions have changed since the wind ceased to be an element in manœuvring; but this much is certain, that in a contest between fleets of modern battle-ships the squadron whose component ships operate best together will probably carry the day, while the ships of an undrilled or inadequately drilled squadron would be involuntary allies of the enemy by getting in each other's way, and perhaps sinking one another as the *Camperdown* sank the *Victoria*.

The application of all this to our own circumstances is important. The strong men of our own navy hold that our new war-ships should be formed into two squadrons, one on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific seaboard, and subjected to constant drill. The present Secretary of the Navy has not accepted this view, but has adhered to the old practice, which was well enough in sailing days, when much time was consumed in passing from port to port, when communication was by mail, and when consequently a vessel might be too late to protect American interests if she had to be sent from home ports. But in these days of steam and electricity there is no need of keeping ships in foreign stations. The Secretary, however, has divided our small force into five squadrons, and has made fleet drill impossible by giving the command of them to old admirals who are to retire within the year. Perhaps the fatal disaster to the Mediterranean will be an object-lesson to the heads of our navy.

EXERCISING THE BRITISH LION.

It has been observed by everybody, of course, that the old-fashioned Fourth of July speech, in which the royal tail of the British lion is looked upon as a convenient object to be seized on and agitated with a violent rotary movement, has about disappeared. We have noticed, too, a general tendency in the newspapers to approve this state of things, and even to congratulate the country on it. Editorial instances of this are already beginning to appear this summer. It occurs to us that our brethren of the press are too hasty in assuming that everything in the old-time oration was bad. In fact, we are ready to enter a distinct plea in favor of the said oration, even to the fast and furious gyration of the before mentioned caudal appendage of the haughty companion of the unicorn.

The WEEKLY yields to no one in its desire for honorable peace with foreign powers. Especially should we deplore any rupture of the pleasant relations existing between the two great English-speaking nations of the globe. But the idea sometimes put forward that tail twisting Independence-day oratory in any way tends to bring about hostilities is a mistake. The British lion rather likes it. In these fallen days of a long peace it is about the only exercise the beast gets. And then the exercise it gives the orator! Not, of course, to mention the boost it frequently gives his Congressional prospects.

Another point against the condemnation of the old-fashioned speech by the press is that oratory is admittedly a declining art, and since it owes this decline wholly to the great growth of the periodical press, it is hardly a graceful thing in this press to keep constantly pointing the finger of triumph at its victim. If the press replies that it does not object to all of the old-fashioned Fourth of July oration, but merely to the unseemly employment of the British lion's tail in the guise of a crank, we can only say that to our mind a few smart turns of this tail are absolutely necessary for the successful Independence-day speech. There must be harmony in all things, and a day given up to fire-crackers, flags, brass bands, cannons, marching militia, sky-rockets, lacerated small-boy fingers, and other similar demonstrations, is no time for an oration on the isosceles triangle or a few scientific observations on the use of the squirt-gun in the arid regions. The speech must fit the day. Liberties of a free and vigorous nature must be taken with the tail of some foreign animal; this being settled, what is there for the conscientious orator but the British lion? He cannot "jump on" the national animal of any country with which we have never had trouble. It is true that we once had a small misunderstanding with Mexico, but, strictly between ourselves, our attitude in that affair was nothing to be particularly proud of, and the idea of a Fourth of July orator plucking the tail feathers from the Mexican eagle cannot for a moment be entertained. Nothing but the lion remains. We say that it is the privilege, if not the duty, of the Fourth of July orator to lay hold of the tail of this beast and twist it till he roars for mercy. The highest point reached by the old-fashioned Independence day speaker was when he exclaimed, with a fervor which shook the new pine boards of the platform and gave the young ladies to white who represented the States a nervous tremor, "Fellow citizens of this great and glorious republic, we have licked him twice, and, by the blue vault which bends above us, we can lick him again!" This was suiting the word to the day's action. There was a fire-cracker in every word of this sort of talk, with torpedoes for the commas, and a sky-rocket for the exclamation point. This is "letting the eagle scream," and it does the bird good. An eagle is not a fowl which can always be kept in a cage and maintained in the best health. He must be taken out occasionally and allowed to flap his wings and exercise his lungs. Obviously the fourth day of July is the natural time for this, as it is also for knotting up the tail of the British lion into curious forms; and such operation is altogether seemly, harming no one, giving each animal necessary calisthenics, and promoting the perishing cause of local oratory. The old fashioned Independence-day eloquence was a good thing. If there is any of it left anywhere about here and there in odd corners, we hope it may keep up its hold on life and on the tail of the unfortunate animal, which, we are credibly informed, we have already roughly handled twice, and which we are ready for again at any time.

THINGS TALKED OF

WE have received from a valued correspondent a courteous objection to our reference to the resolutions of the Noah L. Farnham Post, G. A. R., as "denouncing pension frauds." He says, which is true, that those resolutions were a definition of the terms on which alone the Farnham Post thought that veterans were entitled to pensions, and he believes these terms to be too narrow. The chief resolution referred to related to the following preamble: "Whereas, the only veterans entitled to pensions are those who, by wounds or disabilities incurred in the service of the country, are prevented from earning a living in their respective callings, as they might have done had such wounds or disabilities not been incurred, and whose circumstances are such as to justify them in calling on the country for aid or support." The resolution was: "Resolved, that any old soldier or sailor who applies for or accepts a pension, except under the conditions above set forth, is, in the opinion of this post, guilty of conduct calculated to injure the good men who were and are willing to give their lives for their country without any reward, save the approval of their own conscience, and that honorable fame that is due to every patriot." This sets up a standard to which our correspondent may properly object as too exacting, but it also includes the condemnation of fraudulent pensions, and of pensions which would be unfair by a lower standard. The Farnham Post followed it up by efforts to expose the ill ways of pension agents, and the numerous abuses of the pension bureau. We believe that it was those, and not the rigor of its standard for pensions, that aroused opposition in the post and led to its disbandment. And we are confident that the great body of the Grand Army of the Republic are sound in their views, agree with the spirit, if not the letter, of the utterances of the Farnham Post, and will yet be fighting with the members of the latter for an honorable pension list—a fight in which we are sure that our correspondent will enlist.

Paris has a new monument of a very old figure. Théophraste Renaudot, the "Father of Journalism." It is erected in the square opposite the Prefecture of Police and the Marché aux Fleurs—a neighborhood suggestive of the alternations of the journalist's life in that gay and stormy city. The statue is in front of the site of the building where was printed and sold *La Gazette de France* under Louis XIII., and again it is significant of a certain quality of subsequent journalism in France that the sign which swung in its iron frame was a *grand cog*. The first journal of Paris was subsidized, and a large part of its meagre contents consisted of dispatches edited by the hand or under the eye of the great Richelieu, who seems to have established for the press the rule of centuries of French governments, of placation with the alternative of crushing. Père Renaudot was not a brilliant editor, though he had the force to make many and bitter enemies, and his busy brain was teeming with ideas as to newspapers which he hardly carried beyond suggestion, but he was the author of one aphorism that the long history of the press in France as elsewhere has illustrated: "The press has the quality of the torrent, its force grows with resistance."

The New-Yorker who failed to see the *Viking* during the few days that the gallant little vessel was lying or cruising in the waters of the harbor missed a sight that it could be almost worth while to go to Chicago to see. To those with a fair idea of what good boat-building requires, the lines of the *Viking* are said to have been very satisfactory, and the soundness of their judgment is established by the achievement of the vessel in crossing the Atlantic against unfavorable winds, sound and safe as an ocean-going steamer. But even to one with no claims to expert knowledge the vessel is very beautiful. It is easy to see in her the justification of her chief officer's proud remark, when asked if she did not ship water over her open sides, "No; her model is so perfect, her lines are so fine"—here he made a sweeping gesture with both hands, illustrating the lines—"that she wishes all the while to be on top." But what impresses the ordinary observer is the courage of their conviction shown by the crew of a dozen modern Norsemen, who persuaded that the original on which the *Viking* was modelled was seaworthy, and that what their ancestors had done they could do, took this little vessel, without a deck, with a broad oar for a rudder, with a single mast and sail with no room aboard to swing a hammock, and barely sufficient to store the needed supplies, and sailed her over the course that they believed the ancient Norsemen had sailed with a like craft centuries before the discovery which all the world is celebrating at Chicago. That is a striking and splendid way of settling a disputed question in history. No one after this can say that the Norsemen *could* not have reached the shores of America on the vessels then known.

The new postmaster of New York, Mr. Charles W. Dayton, is reported to have said that in all cases where he finds it necessary to make changes, and where the civil service rules do not apply, it is his purpose to appoint good Democrats. We have no desire to question Mr. Dayton's sincere wish to make the postal service of New York as perfect as it can be made, but he will encounter considerable difficulties. Some will necessarily arise from his own want of experience. It is no discredit to him that a great office like this cannot be managed, much less perfected, by the light of nature. Why should he voluntarily add to the obstacles in his way by limiting his choice of any appointees to one party? Even if he can get just as good men in that way—and he clearly does not have as many good men to choose from—is it not evident that he introduces an unnecessary element of weakness by making their tenure of office dependent in part on their politics? True his predecessor did the same; but if he follows his predecessor's example his successor may follow his, and there is no break in the line of bad precedents. Whereas, if he had the courage to banish politics from the matter altogether, that would be a step not easily retraced by any one who came after him. Mr. Dayton is a good lawyer, but he would not claim that he is any better a lawyer for being a Democrat. He will not get any better employés by choosing Democrats only, and is not the city entitled to the very best employés he can furnish?

There is something pathetic, as well as a touch of the ludicrous, in the excitement caused in Germany recently by the remarks of Count Kálnoky, Premier of Austria Hungary. What offended Germans of the government party was an intimation by the count that there was no immediate danger of aggression from Russia. As the government had just dismissed the Reichstag and appealed to the people in support of an increase in the army, on the ground that the danger of aggression from Russia and France was constant and always imminent, this was regarded as putting arms in the hands of the enemies of the government. Yet Count Kálnoky was probably right and entirely sincere, and had no intention of weakening Germany, on whom, as a party to the triple alliance, Austria must continually lean. But that the relations of two great governments possibly of two great nations, should be in peril of grave disturbance by an incident apparently so trivial, shows how thin above the volcanic war-forces is the crust on which the chief powers of Europe are resting. The theory on which Caprivi shapes his course is that the two dangerous peoples of France and Russia have set their hearts, the one on the recovery of the lost provinces, the other on the possession of Constantinople and a free gateway to the ocean, and that their governments cannot in the long run resist these desires. Kálnoky does not go quite so far, and it is possible that in moments of reflection he may think that though Germany can never yield Alsace save by force, Austria, with ports already on the Adriatic, might find a basis of agreement with Russia. But meanwhile it is pitiful that the working classes of all Europe should be bowed with the burden of preparation for war, which, though it may be inevitable, cannot be justified by any service it is likely to render to the lasting interests of mankind.

"The greatest good to the largest number for the least cost," reads like a combination phrase from a political platform and an advertisement. It is really a perfectly truthful statement of the object and work of the Moderation Society of the City of New York. This society provides fountains of cold drinking water, such as that in front of the Post-office, from which twenty thousand drinks are drawn daily in hot weather, traverses the thickly settled quarters with wagons distributing water and ice free to those who will take them, and, when occasion offers, distributes flowers in like neighborhoods to the women and children. How far the sympathetic ties of benevolence extend from such a beautiful work is shown by the fact that the society receives car-loads of roses and other flowers from California. It is quite useless to dilate on the merits of this organization. Those who have eyes to see must see it at once. The treasurer is Mr. John C. Barnes, and the chief office of the society is 21 Park Row.

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE GREAT FERRIS WHEEL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD.
Two Hundred and Fifty Feet in Diameter—Makes Two Revolutions, including Six Stops, in Twenty Minutes.—[See Page 655.]

LIEUTENANT PEARY'S ARCTIC STEAMER "FALCON."—DRAWN BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 655.]

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EXTENDED ORDER DRILL.

QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT'S TENT—COLLECTING BLANKETS.

RECEIVING GOVERNOR FLOWER.

ROLL OF HONOR MEN—ACTIVE MEMBERS WHO HAVE SERVED FROM TWENTY-FIVE TO FORTY-NINE YEARS.

A DAY WITH THE SEVENTH REGIMENT IN CAMP AT PEEKSKILL.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAGE.—[SEE PAGE 647.]

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IV.—CAIRO AS A SHOW-PLACE.

As a rule, when you visit the capital of a country for the first time, it is sufficient that you should have studied the history of that particular country in order that you may properly appreciate the monuments and the show-places of its chief cities; but it is not necessary that you should be an authority on the history of Norway and Sweden to understand Paris or New York. For a full appreciation of most of the great cities of the world one finds a single red-bound volume of Baedeker to be all-sufficient, but when you go to Cairo, in order that you may understand all that lies spread out for your pleasure, you should first have mastered the Old and the New Testament, a complete history of the world, several of Shakespeare's plays, and the files of the London *Times* for the past ten years. Almost every man who was great, not only in the annals of his own country, but in the history of the world, has left his mark on this oldest country of Egypt, as tourists to the Colosseum have scratched their initials on its stones, and so hope for immortality. You are shown in Cairo the monuments of great monarchs and of a great people, who were not known beyond the limits of their own country in contemporaneous history only because there was no contemporaneous history, and of those who came thousands of years later. The isle of Rodda, between the two banks of the Nile at Cairo, marks where Moses was found in the bulrushes, a church covers the stones upon which Mary and Joseph rested, in the city of Alexandria is the spot where Alexander the Great scratched his name upon the sands of Egypt; the mouldering walls of Old Cairo are the souvenirs of Cæsar, as are the monuments upon which the Egyptians carved his name with "Autocrator" after it. At Actium and Alexandria you think of Antony and of the two women, so widely opposed and so differently beautiful, whom Sarah Bernhardt and Julia Neilson re-embody to-day in Paris and in London, and to whom Shakespeare and Kingsley have paid tribute. Mansoorah marks the capture of Louis IX., the Saint, of France, and the crescent and star which is floating over Cairo at this minute speaks of Osman Sultan Selim I., with whom began the dependence of Egypt as a part of the Ottoman Empire. From there you see the windmills and bake-ovens of Napoleon, which latter, stretching for miles across the desert, mark the march of his army. Abukir speaks of Nelson and the battle of the Nile, and after him come the less momentous names Tel-el-Kebir and "England's Only General," Wolseley, and the fall of Khartoum and the loss of Gordon. The history of Egypt is the history of the old world.

Moses, Rameses II., Darius, Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, Mehemet Ali, and Nelson—these are all great names, and yet what they failed to do is apparently being done to-day by an Army of Occupation without force, but with the show of it only; not by a single great military hero, but by a lot of men in tweed suits who during business hours irrigate land and add up columns of irritating figures, and in their leisure moments solemnly play golf at the very base of the pyramids. The best of Cairo lies, of course, in that which is old, and not in what has been imported from the new world, and its most amusing features are the incongruities which these importations make possible. I am speaking of Cairo now from a tourist's point of view, and not from that of a political economist. He would probably be interested in the improved sanitation and the mixed tribunal.

I had pictured Cairo as an Oriental city of great color, with beautiful minarets piercing the sky-line, and with much richness of decoration on the outside of its palaces and mosques. Cairo is divided into two parts, that which is old and decaying and that which is European and modern; the prevailing colors of both are gray, a dull yellow, and white. The mosques are of gray stone, the houses of dirty white, and in the new part the palaces and residences remind one of white Italian villas. These are surrounded by tropical gardens, which alone save the city from one monotonous variation of sombre colors. It is not, therefore, the buildings, either new or old, which make Cairo one of the most picturesque and incongruous and entertaining of cities in the whole world; it is the people who live in it and who move about in it, and who are so constantly in the streets that from the Citadel above the city its roar comes to you like the roar of London. In that city it is the voice of traffic and storm and manufactures, but in Cairo it emanates from the people themselves, who talk and pray and shout and live their lives out-of-doors. These people are the natives, the European residents, the Army of Occupation, and, during the winter months, the tourists. When you say natives you include Egyptians, Arabians, Copts, Syrians negroes from the Upper Nile, and about a hundred other subdivisions which embrace every known nationality of the East. Mixed with these are the residents, chiefly Greek and French and Turks, and the Army of Occupation, who, when they are not in beautiful uniforms, are in effective riding clothes, and their wives and sisters in men's shirts and straw hats or Karkee riding habits. The tourists, for their part, wear detective cameras and ready-made ties if they are Americans, and white helmets and puggrees floating over their necks and white umbrellas if they are English. This latter tropical outfit is spoiled somewhat by the fact that they are forced to wear overcoats the greater part of the time, but as they always take the overcoats off when they are being photographed at the base of the pyramids, their envious friends at home imagine they are in a warm climate. The longer you remain in Cairo, the more satisfying it becomes, as you find how uninterruptedly the old, old life of the people is going on about you, and as you discover for yourself bazars and mosques and tiny workshops and open cafés of which the guide-books say nothing, and to which there are no guides. You can see all the show-places in Cairo of which you have read in a week, and yet at the end of the week you feel as though what you had seen was not really the city, but just the goods in the shop window. Keep away from show places. Lose yourself in the streets, or sit idly on the terrace of your hotel and watch the show move by, feeling that the best of it, after all, lies in the fact that nothing you see is done for show, that it is all natural to the people or the place, that if they make pictures of themselves, they do so unconsciously, and that no one is posing except the tourists in their pith helmets.

The bazars in Cairo cover much ground, and run in cliques according to the nature of the goods they expose for sale. From a narrow avenue of red and yellow leather shoes you come to another lane of rugs and curtains and cloth, and through this to an alley of brass—brass lamps and brass pots and brass table-tops—and so on into groups of book-binders, and of armorers, and sellers of perfumes. These lanes are unpaved, and only wide enough at places for two men to push past at one time, at the widest an open carriage can just make its way slowly, and only at the risk of the driver's falling off his box in a paroxysm of rage. The houses and shops that overhang these filthy streets are as primitive and old as the mud in which you tramp, but they are fantastically and unceasingly beautiful. On the level of the street is the bazar—a little box with a show-case at one side, and at the back an oven or a forge, or a loom, according to the nature of the thing which is being made before your eyes. Goldsmiths beat and blow on the raw metal as you stand at their elbow, bakers knead their bread, laundrymen squirt water over the soiled linen, armorers hammer on a spear-head, which is afterwards to be dug up and sold as an assegai from the Soudan, and the bookbinders to the Khedive paste and tool the leather boxes for his Highness with the dust from the street covering them and their work with two dogs fighting for garbage at their feet, and the uproar of thousands of people ringing in their ears. The Oriental cannot express himself in the street without shouting. Everybody shouts—donkey-boys and drivers, members of a hundred tribes, police and street-criers, auctioneers and beggars. They do not shout occasionally, but continually. They have to shout, or they will either trample on some one or some one will as certainly trample on them. Camels and donkeys and open carriages and mounted police move through the torrent of pedestrians as though they were figures of the imagination, and had no feelings or feet. On the second story over each bazar its owner lives. The windows of this story are latticed, and bulge forward so that the women of the harem may look down without being themselves seen. Above these are square heavy balconies of carved open wood-work very old and very beautiful. Scattered through the labyrinth of the bazars are the mosques, with wide dirty steps covered with the red and yellow shoes of the worshippers within, and with high minarets, and façades carved in relief with sentences from the Koran, or with the name of the Sultan to whom the temple is dedicated.

The bazars are very much as one imagines they should be, the fact that impresses you most about them being, I think, that such beautiful things should come from such queer little holes of dirt and poverty, and that you should stand ankle-deep in mud while you are handling turquoises and gold filigree-work as delicate as that of Regent Street or Broadway. At the bazars to which the dragoman takes tourists you will be invited to sit down on a cushion and to drink coffee and smoke cigarettes, but you will pay, if you purchase anything, about a pound for each cup of coffee you take. The best bazars for bargains are those in Old Cairo to which you should go alone. In either place it is the rule to offer one-third of what you are asked—as I found it was not the rule to do in Tangier—and it is not always safe to offer a third unless you want the article very much, as you will certainly get it at that price. You feel much more at home in the bazars and the cafés and in all of the out-of-door life of Cairo than in that of Tangier, owing to the good nature of the Egyptian. The Moor resents your presence, and though that in itself is attractive, the absolute courtesy of the Egyptian, when it is not, as it seldom is, servility, has also its advantage. If you raised your stick to a Moorish donkey-boy, for instance, you would undoubtedly have as much rough and tumble fighting as you could attend to at one time, but you have to beat an Egyptian donkey-boy, or strike at him, or a dozen of him, if you want peace, and every time you hit him he comes up smiling, and with renewed assurances that the Flying Dutchman isn't very good donkey, and that all the other donkeys are "velly sick." There is nothing so inspiring as the sight of a carefully bred American girl, who would feel remorse if she scolded her maid, beating eight or nine donkey-boys with her umbrella, until she breaks it, and so rides off breathless but triumphant. This shows that necessity knows no laws of social behavior.

There are a great many hotels in Cairo, but Shepheard's is so historical and its terrace has been made the scene of so many novels, that all sorts of amusing people go there, from Sultans to the last man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo, and its terrace is like a private box at a mask ball. About the best way to see Cairo is a wicker chair here under waving palms, something to smoke, and a warm sun on your back, and the whole world passing by in front of you. Broadway, I have no doubt, is an interesting thoroughfare to those who do not know it. I should judge from the view one has of the soles of numerous boots planted against the windows of hotels along its course that Broadway to the visiting stranger is an infinite source of entertainment. But there are no camels on Broadway, and there are no asses.

A camel by itself is one of the most interesting animals that has ever been created, but when it blocks the way of a dog-cart, and a smart English groom endeavors to drive around it, the incongruity of the situation appeals to you as nothing on Broadway can ever do. Mr. Laurence Hutton, who was in Cairo before I reached it, has pointed out that the camel is the real aristocrat of Egypt. The camel belongs to one of the very first families, he was there when Mena ruled, and he is there now. It does not matter to him whether it is a Pharaoh or a Mameluke or a Napoleon or a Mixed Tribunal that is in power, his gait is unchanged, and he and the palm tree have preserved their ancient individuality through centuries. He knows this is the proud way in which he holds his head, and in his disdainful manner of waving and unwinding his neck, and in the rudeness with which he impedes traffic and selfishly considers his own comfort. These are the signs of ancient lineage all the world over. He is not the shaggy, moth-eaten object we see in the circus tent at home. He is nicely shaven, like a French poodle, and covered with fine trappings, and he bends and struts with the dignity of a peacock. He possesses also that uncertainty of conduct that is the privilege of a royal mind; fellahin and Arabs pretend they are his masters, and lead him about with a rope, but that never disturbs him or breaks his spirit. When he wants to lie down he lies down, whether he is in the desert or in the Ezbekiyeh Road; and when he decides to get up he leaves you in doubt for some feverish seconds as to which part of him will get up first. To properly appreciate the camel you should ride him and experience his getting up and his sitting down. He never does either of these things the same way twice. Sometimes he breaks one leg in two or three places where it had never broken before, and sinks or rises in a northeasterly direction, and then suddenly changes his course and lurches up from the rear, and you grasp his neck wildly, only to find that he is sinking rapidly to one side, and rising, with a jump equal to that of a horse taking a fence, in the front. He can dislocate himself in more different places than explorers have found sources for the river Nile, and there is no keener pleasure than that which he affords you in watching the countenance of a friend who is being elevated on his back for the first time. He and the palm tree can make any landscape striking, and he and the sais are the most picturesque features of Cairo.

The sais is a runner who keeps in front of a carriage and warns common people out of the way, and who beats them with a stick if they do not hurry up about it. He is a relic of the days when the traffic in all of the streets was so congested that he was an absolute necessity; now he makes it possible for a carriage to move forward at a trot, which without his aid it could not do. It is obvious that to do this he must run swiftly. Most men when they run bend their bodies forward and keep their mouths closed in order to save their wind. The sais runs with his shoulders thrown back and trumpeting like an enraged elephant. He holds his long wand at his side like a musket, and not trailing in his hand like a walking-stick, and he wears a soft shirt of white staff, and a sleeveless coat buried in gold lace. His breeches are white, and as voluminous as a woman's skirts; they fall to a few inches above his knee, the rest of his brown leg is bare, and rigid with muscle. On his head he has a fez with a long black tassel, and a magnificent silk scarf of many colors is bound tightly around his waist. He is a perfect ideal of color and movement, and as he runs he bellows like a bull, or roars as you have heard a lion roar at feeding time in a menagerie. It is not a human cry at all, and you never hear it, even to the last day of your stay in Cairo, without a start, as though it were a cry of "help" at night, or the quick clanging bell of a fire-engine. There is nothing else in Cairo which is so satisfying. There are sometimes two of them running abreast, dressed exactly alike, and with the upper part of their bodies as rigid as the wand pressed against their side, and with the ends of their scarf and the long tassel streaming out behind. As they yell and bellow, donkeys and carriages and people scramble out of their way until the carriage they precede has rolled rapidly by. Only princesses of the royal harem, and consuls-general, and the heads of the Army of Occupation and the Egyptian army are permitted two sais; other people may have one. They appealed to me as much more autocratic appendages than a troop of lifeguards. The restaurant who first introduces them in Paris will make his name known in a day, and a Lord Mayor's show or a box-seat on a four-in-hand will be a modest and middle-class distinction in comparison.

These camels and sais are but two of the things you see from your wicker chair on the marble terrace at Shepheard's. The others are hundreds of donkey-boys in blue night gowns all open at the throat and showing their bare breasts, and with them as many long-eared donkeys, rendered even more absurd than they are in a state of nature by fantastic clippings of their coats and strings of jangling brass and blue beads around their necks.

There are also the women of Cairo, the enslaved half of Egypt, who have been brought, through generations of training and tradition, to look upon any man save their husband as their enemy, as a thing to be shunned. This has become instinct with them, as it is instinctive with women of Northern countries to turn to men for sympathy or support, as being in some ways stronger than themselves. But these women of Cairo, who look like an army of nuns, are virtually shut off from mankind, with the exception of one man, as are nuns, and they have not the one great consolation allowed the nun—they have no souls to be saved, nor religion, nor a belief in a future life.

There was a young girl married while I was in Cairo. The streets around the palace of her father were hung with flags for a week, the garden about his house was enclosed with a tent which was worth in money $20,000, and which was as beautiful in its eye as the interior of a mosque, for a week the sheiks who rented the estates of the high contracting parties were fed at their expense, for a week men sang and bands played and the whole neighborhood feasted, and on the last night everybody went in the wedding and drank coffee and smoked cigarettes and listened to a young man singing Arabian love songs. I naturally did not see the bride. The women who did see her described her as very beautiful, barely sixteen years old, and covered with pearls and diamonds. She was weeping bitterly, her mother, it appeared, had arranged the match. I did not see her, but I saw the bridegroom. He was fat and stupid, and over sixty, and he had white hair and a white beard. A priest recited the Koran before him at the door of the house, and a band played, and the people cheered the Khedive three times, and then the crowd parted, and the bridegroom was marshed to the door which led to the stairs, at the top of which the girl

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awaited him. Two grinning eunuchs crouched on this dark staircase, with lamps held high above their heads, and closed the door behind him. His sixteen-year-old bride has him to herself now—him and his eunuchs—until he or she dies. We could show similitudes between this wedding and some others in civilized lands, but it is much too serious a matter to be cynical about.

The women of Egypt are as much slaves as ever were the negroes of our South. They are petted and fattened and given a home, but they must look at life through barriers—barriers across their boxes at the opera, and barriers across the windows of their broughams when they drive abroad, and barriers across their very faces. As long as one half of the Egyptian people are enslaved and held in bondage and classed as animals without souls, so long will an Army of Occupation ride over the land, and insult by its presence the khedival power. No country in these days can be truly great in which the women have no voice, no influence, and no respect. There are worse things in Egypt than bad irrigation, and the harem is the worst of them. If the Egyptians want to be free themselves, they should first free their daughters and their mothers.

The English, who have done so many fine things for Egypt's good, and who keep an army there to emphasize the fact, have arranged that any slave who comes to the office of the Consul-General and claims his protection can have it; but these slaves of the married men are not granted even this chance of escape.

And so they live like birds in a cage. They eat and dress and undress, and expose their youth and beauty, and hide their age and ugliness, until they die. The cry along the Nile a few years ago was, "Egypt for the Egyptians," and a very good cry it was, although the wrong man first started it. But there was another cry raised in the land of Egypt many hundreds of years before of "Let my people go," and the woman who can raise that again to-day, and who can set free her sisters of the East, will do doing a greater work than any woman is doing at the present time or has ever done.

The women who pass before you in the procession at the foot of the terrace are of two classes only. There is no middle class in Egypt. The poor are huddled up in a black bag that hides their bodies from the crown of the head to the feet. What looks like the upper end of a black silk stocking falls over the face from the bridge of the nose and fastens behind the ears, and a brass tube about the size of a spool is tied between the eyes. You see in consequence nothing but their eyes, and as these are perhaps their best feature, they do not all suffer from their enforced disguise. The only women whose bare faces you can see, and from whom you may judge of the beauty of the rest, are the good women of the Coptic village, who form a sort of sisterhood, and the dancing girls, who are not so good. Some of these have the straight nose, the narrow eyes, and the perfect figure of Cleopatra, as we picture her, but the faces of the majority are formless, with broad fat noses, full lips, and their figures are without waists or hips, and their ankles are as round as a man's upper arm. When they are pretty they are very pretty, but those that are so are so few and are so covered with gold that one suspects they are very much the exception. Of the women of the upper class you see only a glimpse as they are swept by in their broughams with the sun in front and a coachman on the box and the curtains half lowered.

Besides these, much passes that is intended for your special entertainment. Sellers of turquoises, which they dig out from various crevices in their robes; venders of stuffed crocodiles and live monkeys; strange men from the desert with a jackal, which they throw, bound by all four legs, and snarling and snapping, on the marble at your feet, little girls who sing songs, and play accompaniments to them on their throats with the tips of their fingers, women conjurers, who draw strings of needles and burning flax from their mouths, and who swallow nasty little wriggling snakes, and hatch pretty fluffy little chickens out of slabs of the terrace. Or else there is a troop of blue and white Egyptian soldiers marching by, or gorgeous young officers on polo ponies, or red-coated Tommies on donkeys, with their toes trailing in the dust and the ribbons of their Scotch caps floating out behind; and consuls-general with gorgeous guards in gold lace, and with wicked-looking curved silver swords, or the young Khedive himself, who comes with a great cloud of hoods and bellowing sais before, and another galloping troop of cavalry in the rear, at the sound of which the people run to the curb and touch the fez, as he raises his hand to his, and rolls by in a cloud of dust.

There are very good things to see, and with a companion on one side to explain them, and another on the other side to whom you can impart this information as though you had been born knowing it, you cannot spend a more entertaining afternoon. There is only one drawback, and that is a lurking doubt that you should be up and about seeing the show-places Friday, in consequence, is the best day in Cairo, as all the things you ought to see are then closed, and you can sit still on the terrace with a clear conscience. Among the mosques and the tombs and the palaces and museums to which all good tourists go, and of which there are excellent descriptions, giving their various dimensions and other particulars, in the guide books, there are the Citadel and the Mosque of Mehemet Ali. The Citadel is the fortress built on the hill above the city, but which, with the Oriental incompleteness of that time, was reared upon high but not upon the highest ground. The sequel to this naturally was that when Mehemet Ali wanted the city of Cairo he sought out the highest ground, and dropped cannon-balls into the fortress until it capitulated. He afterwards asked all the Mamelukes to dinner at the Citadel, and then had them treacherously killed—all but one, who rode his horse down the side of the Citadel and escaped. If you can imagine the reservoir at Forty-second Street placed upon the top of Madison Square Garden and a man riding down the side of it, you can understand what a very difficult and dangerous thing this was to do. There is no doubt that he did it, for I saw a picture of him in the very act in a book of history when I was at school, and I also have seen the marks of his horse's hoofs in the stone parapet of the Citadel, and they are just as fresh as they were three years ago, when they used to be on the other side. The Mosque of Mehemet Ali surmounts the Citadel, and its twin minarets are the distinguishing mark of Cairo, they are as conspicuous for miles above the city as is the dome of St. Paul's over London, and they are as light and graceful as it is impressive and heavy. The men on guard tie big yellow shoes on your feet before they allow you to enter this mosque, the outer court yard of which is floored with alabaster, over which you slide as though you were on a mirror or a sheet of ice. It is very beautiful, and one is as unwilling to walk on it as to tramp in muddy boots over a satin train. The floor of the mosque is covered with the most magnificent rugs, as wide-spreading as a sheet and as heavy as so much gold, alabaster pillars reach to the top of the square, empty building, and from these rise five domes, colored blue and red, and lightened with gilded letters. It is very rich looking, gloomy, silent, and impressive. It is the best of the mosques. From the outside, on the ramparts, you can see Cairo stretching out below for miles in a level gray jumble of flat roofs and rounded domes and slender minarets, with the high walls of a palace here and the thick green of a park there to break the monotony, beyond it lies the Nile, a twisting ribbon of silver; and beyond that rich green fields and canals and bunches of palm trees; and seven miles away, where the green ceases and the desert begins, are three monuments of gray stone, looking, at that distance, disappointingly small and familiarly commonplace. It is not, I think, until you have seen them several times, and have climbed to their top and gazed up at them from below, that you appreciate the pyramids as you had expected to appreciate them; but after they have laid their charm upon you, you will find yourself twisting your neck to take another look, or going out of your way to see them again before the sun has said good-night to them, as it has done ever since it first climbed over the edge of the world and found them waiting there.

There is a mosque on the outside of the city which people visit on certain days to see the howling dervishes go through their peculiar form of worship. The mosque consists of four square walls with a dome. It is whitewashed within, and bare and rude and old. The sunlight enters it through square holes cut in the dome, and beats upon thirty or forty men who stand in a semicircle facing the East. They are of all sorts, from Arabs of the desert with long hair and wild eyes, to fat pleased-looking merchants from the bazars, and the beggars and water-carriers of the streets. Around them no chairs are the tourists and the residents, like the spectators at a play rather than the guests of a religious sect watching a religious ceremony. Most of the men wear their hats, and some of the women take careful notes and make sketches. They reminded me of medical students at a clinic when a man is being cut up. As an archdeacon from one of our Western cities wore his hat, to show, probably, that he disapproved of the whole thing, but as he used to eat with his knife while on board the *Pelida*, his conduct in any place was not to be considered. The priest recites something from the Koran, and the men repeat it, moving their bodies back and forward as they do so with gradually increasing rapidity. What they may be saying is quite unintelligible, and the chorus they make resembles that of no human sound, but rather the gasping or panting of an animal. It is to the visitor absolutely without any religious significance; all that is impressive about it is its horrible earnestness and its at times repulsive results. As the voice of the priest grows more accentuated the bodies of the men swing farther and lower, until their hair sweeps the floor, and their eyes, when they throw their bodies back, are on a level with those of the spectators. A drum beats in quickening time to the voice of the priest and to the gasps of the dervishes, and a flute playing a weird accompaniment seems to mock at their fierce grunts and breathings. It was one of the most unpleasant exhibitions I ever witnessed, and affected one's nerves; several of the women had to leave. The eyes of the men rolled in their sockets, and their lips parted, and through their clinched teeth came fiercer and louder gasps, until the chorus of sound reached you like the quick panting of an engine as it draws out of a station. The sweat ran from them like water from a sponge, and the veins stood out on their faces, showing in congested knots beneath the skin. Some of them groaned, and others shrieked and cried out, "Allah! Allah!" This acted like the strokes of a whip on the others, who rocked more and more violently, and swung themselves almost off their feet. Then, as the music grew fainter the motion of the bending bodies grew less vigorous and finally ceased, and the men stood rigid, some apparently unmoved and unconscious, and others turning and reeling in a fit.

While this was going forward, and you felt as though you were assisting at a heathen rite in which self-punishment was being inflicted as a bid for God's indulgence, two interesting things happened. An officer in the English Army of Occupation turned to his dragoman and cried at the top of his voice, angrily, "Do you call this worth ten piasters? Well, I don't. Now if you've got anything to show me, take me to see it. This isn't worth coming to see. You're a rank impostor."

The other thing was the act of a native woman, who brought her child to the door and handed it to a priest, who took it in his arms and passed with it in front of the swinging, gasping, crazy semicircle of men. The child was about three years old, and was dying, and the mother had brought it there to be cured by the breath of the dervishes. As it passed before them, the hair of some of the men swept its arm, and it turned its frightened eyes up to those of the priest, who smiled gravely down upon the baby and bare him outstretched in his arms three times in front of the swinging crescent. The faith of the child's mother appealed to some of us more than did the Englishman's desire to get his money's worth. The incident is only of interest here as showing perhaps why the Army of Occupation is not as popular as it might be.

There are several ways of reaching the pyramids, and it is eminently in keeping with the other incongruities of the place and time that the most popular way of visiting them is on a four-in-hand coach, with a guard in red coat and a bell shaped white beaver tooting on his horn, and a young gentleman with a boutonnière and an unhappy smile holding the reins and working his way in and out between long strings of camels. There is a very smart hotel about two hundred yards from the foot of the pyramids, and you take a donkey there or a camel and ride up a sandy road to the base of the Pyramid of Cheops. There are then several things that you may do. You can either climb to the top of this first pyramid, or crawl into its interior, or walk over to see the Sphinx, or make a tour of subterranean tombs and passageways of alabaster and polished stones, which are lighted for you by magnesium wire or stumps of candles.

It seems absurd to say that the Sphinx is disappointing, but as many who have seen it say so that I feel I am one of many, and not individually lacking in reverence or imagination. In the first place, the approach to it is bad, you come at the Sphinx not from the front, but from the rear, where all you can see of it is a round ball of crumbling stone spreading out from a neck of broken outline, much smaller and meaner than you had imagined it would be. In the second place, instead of looking up at it, or having it look down at you, you view it first from a semicircular ridge of sand, at the bottom of which it reposes, and at such a near view that whatever outline or character of countenance it once possessed is lost. I have seen photographs of the Sphinx, taken while I was in Cairo, much more impressive than the Sphinx itself. Lying in a hollow of the sand hills as it does, the farther you move away from it in order to get a better focus, the less you see of it, and as you draw nearer to it it loses its meaning, as does the scenery of a theatre when you are on the wrong side of the foot-lights. I know that that is an unpopular thing to say, and that there are many who feel thrills when they first look upon the face of the Sphinx, and who describe their emotions to you at length, and who write down their impressions in their diaries when they get back to the hotel. But they have come a long way expecting to be thrilled, and they do not intend to be disappointed. Some of the sphinxes in the museum of Gizeh, which you pass on your way to the pyramids, impressed me more than did the one great Sphinx, though they were in-doors and surrounded by attendants and the cheap decoration of the museum, once a palace for the harem. They were of green stone and of huge proportions and with "the curling lip and sneer of cold command", and if you look at them long enough you feel uncomfortable shivers down your back, and a perfectly irrational impulse to rush at them and beat them in the face and force them to tell you what they know and what they have kept back and have been keeping back for centuries and centuries. Their faces show that they know all that we know and much besides that we shall never know, and when the world at last comes to an end they will stretch themselves and smile at one another and say: "Now *they* know it, but we knew it all the while. We could have told had we liked, but we have enjoyed watching them fretting and fuming and prying about and tinkering at our faces with their little hammers, and blowing us up with saltpetre only to try and put us back again with steam. We who have kept our secret from Herodotus and Cæsar, are we likely to give it up to Ebers and Mark Twain?"

Before you ascend the Pyramid of Cheops you must deal with a middle man in the person of the sheik of the pyramids, who selects guides for you, and who acts as though the pyramids were his private show, and he was both sole proprietor and ticket-taker at the door. He lives in a village near by, and he and his forefathers have always been allowed a monopoly of the pyramids, and distribute their patronage to those guides who will pay them the highest percentage of what they receive from the visitors. You have three men to help you, two to pull, and one to push and to dilate on the view. It takes over ten minutes to climb to the top, with the men jerking at your wrists, and the third man shoving you from below. It is not a difficult feat, and women accomplish it every day, but it leaves you in a breathless state when you reach the summit, and you are stiff above the knees for a day or two after you have come down. When you have reached the summit the guides cheer feebly to give you the idea that you have accomplished something which has often been attempted before, but never so successfully, but you are not deceived, and you do not feel like cheering yourself. The view is worth the climb, however, and the sight of the shadow of the pyramid, spreading out over the villages and canals below like a black cloud, impresses you more with its immensity than the fact that it is a hundred feet higher than the top of the Dome on the Madison Square Garden tower. I am sure of this fact, because the man who built the Madison Square Garden assured me of it between breaths on the summit of the pyramid. While you are resting, the thing to do is to pay one of the guides to attempt to run down the pyramid you are on, cross the heavy sand to the pyramid beyond, and reach its top in eight minutes. When you give the word he disappears with a bound and drops into space, skipping and jumping and growing smaller and smaller as he goes, until he looks like a fluttering handkerchief, and when he reaches the sand he is as small as a child of three, and his ascent of the other pyramid suggests a white pigeon shuffling up the steep roof of a barn. It is distinctly on his part a sporting thing to do. The descent of the pyramid is very much worse than going up, and you need to go very slowly, and not to look too often at the people crawling about like ants below. Only four men, however, in six years have slipped and fallen during this descent, and one of them had been drinking. They were all killed.

On the road back from the Pyramids of Gizeh there are other pyramids within sight of Cairo, but these are those with which the Sphinx is associated. You will see here one of the most beautiful sights of Cairo, the dahabeyahs on the Nile. They and their white sails, especially when they come wing and wing before the wind, are the most beautiful of floating objects, and when there are hundreds of them coming towards you in lessening perspective, with the sun shining on the sails, and the banks on either side alive and moving with the palms, the river Nile becomes the best part of Cairo.

There is another place on the Nile which you should visit, and to which tourists seldom go. This is the isle of Roddah, on the bank of which Moses was found, and where you may see the Nilometer. This is a well about sixteen feet in diameter, connected by a channel with the Nile. It is made of masonry, and down one side there runs a column on which are inscribed ancient Arabian and Cufic numerals, or what answer for numerals. It was dug many centuries ago, and it marks the rising and falling of the river, and at the same time the prosperity or dismay of Egypt. When the tide begins to rise, this rude instrument is watched hourly, and the hopes of the people rise and fall as the muddy water moves up or down the narrow well. When it reaches a certain height the sheik in charge declares that the time has come for cutting the banks and irrigating the land. In ancient days the rate of taxation was determined by the height of the inundation, and it is said that the sheik in charge of the Nilometer is still under the influence of the government, to whose advantage it is to make the fellahin believe that the inundation is favorable. It was the engineers under Napoleon who discovered that the Nilometer was being tampered with, but there is no likelihood of its being abused to-day under the English, whose improvement of the irrigation of Egypt has been their best work, and for the fellahin's best good. But it is interesting, nevertheless, to look down into the old well overgrown with vines and surrounded by ruin and crumbling walls and broken lattices, and to think that for centuries it brought news of famine or of plenty, and that it was, primitive as its construction is, the pulse of Egypt.

The pulse of Egypt to-day is not shown in the mere rising or falling of a body of water. It is less primitive in its construction, and no one knows which way it is going to jump. In the next article of this series I shall try to tell something of the men who have their fingers on Egypt's pulse, and who are agreed in only one thing—that there are too many fingers for Egypt's good.

FIELD-TELEPHONES.

THE LATEST MEANS OF MILITARY COMMUNICATION.

THE question of military communication, not only between an army and its base of supplies, but between the different divisions and brigades of an army on the march and in battle, has assumed most serious dimensions during the recent revolution in military formations attending the development of the principles of extended order. That the difficulties of communication between the commander of an army on the march, and remote parts of his command, may be clearly understood and appreciated, the following ever-present conditions must be borne in mind:

An army corps composed of 40,000 men would have four divisions of infantry, eight to twelve batteries, and at least four regiments of cavalry. Were it this to march closed up, with all its trains, it would stretch out at the least calculation about eighteen miles. An allowance of twenty-five per cent. must always be made for "lengthening out," which makes the length of the column twenty-two and a half miles.

In the Franco-Prussian war, a Prussian army corps of 42,512 men, 90 guns, 13,800 horses, and 1300 vehicles, made a column twenty-seven miles long, eighteen miles being occupied by the troops, and nine miles by the trains; or a distance which would take a mounted messenger moving from the head of the column to the rear, if he made good speed and met with no obstruction, at least four hours to accomplish, as moving from the rear to the head, over half a day. Even this estimate is incorrect, for an army occupies all the road, and often the fields beside the road, making it impossible for a messenger to make "good speed." Moreover, an army has its flanking columns, with which it must also keep in communication.

Couriers were long since found inadequate, and visual signals for temporary lines of communication, and the telegraph line for the more permanent ones, have, during the last half-century, been the chief reliance. The first is unreliable, open to possible interpretation by the enemy, and subject to total suspension at the caprice of the elements. The second is impracticable in rapid marches and in battle, owing to its cumbersome paraphernalia and the time required to establish it. In the face of this problem attention was turned to the telephone as a possible solution, and many devices have been advanced by various nations with varying success.

The whole matter of military communication devolves upon the Signal Service, and the Signal Corps of the army has, until recently, on account of assignment to other service, been able to do little more than keep informed of the progress of other nations in the development of material and methods of conveying intelligence, and to endeavor to judge of the merits of improvements by office tests rather than field trial.

After many tests of foreign devices the government employed the Bell Telephone Company to devise and manufacture an instrument which it is hoped will meet all requirements for communication in the field. In this instrument the principles of the Ecrard knapsack telephone, a previous American device, and the trumpet telephone of the German army are combined. It consists of an ingenious arrangement of Bell telephone, Morse key, and battery, which are all contained in a small leather case worn by a strap over the shoulder. The wire is coiled on a reel in a separate case, and makes a load for one man. The telephone part is so contrived that the receiver and transmitter are in one piece, which may be held in place by one hand, the receiver at the ear and the transmitter at the mouth, while the other hand manipulates the key. The key takes

the place of the call box in an ordinary telephone, and makes a sharp click in the receiver at the other end of the line, which calls the operator's attention.

If desirable, the instrument may also be used to telegraph as well as to telephone. Conditions might exist in action where cannonading and the like would render it difficult to hear spoken words in the telephone. Then it is that the sharp click of the telegraph key spells the message through the telephone receiver in the ear of the operator, who hears it as clearly as if a hundred miles from the scene of action. The wire used is light insulated double conductor, which has a tensile strength that will withstand the strain of being run over by artillery wheels, and may be safely laid on the ground. It is usually strung along fences, however, for rapid work, and on trees and light poles when practicable. One man can carry about one and one half miles of this wire, which would weigh with reel fifty-two pounds.

Foreign nations give great weight to the employment of "cable," as the wire is called, in rapid marches and for service in the immediate front, where delays incidental to the insulation of naked wire could not be tolerated. Cable requires no insulation, can be trampled on, run over, and laid in water without impairing its action. The cables of different nations differ slightly, but are very similar, and are divided into five classes, as follows: the "advance-post" cable, the "field," the "light field," which is the lightest, the "cavalry," and the "river" cable.

The advance-post cable consists of a copper conductor insulated with gutta-percha and covered with cotton. This is wound spirally with eight fine copper wires, which serve as a return conductor. The whole is braided with hemp, and has a diameter of eighteen one-hundredths of an inch. Its tensile strength is one hundred and fifty pounds, and its weight seventy-eight pounds per mile.

The field cable is practically the same. The light field is used when it is important to reduce weight to the minimum, and is the most suitable for lines run by men with reels on their backs. It weighs, with reel, but thirty-five pounds to the mile.

The cavalry cable is specially constructed for use within the sphere of action of this service, and the river cable, as its name implies, is specially constructed for use in the crossing of rivers. It is stronger than the others, and for protection and to increase its tensile strength is wound with eight steel ropes, each composed of fourteen strands.

Within the last few years nearly every prominent nation in the world has equipped itself with excellent field cable. On account of the great cost of good cable the United States has failed as yet to procure a supply at all commensurate with its needs. It would seem, however, as though the new field telephone would prove the most satisfactory instrument yet devised, although there is still room for improvement.

It is probable that the introduction of the bicycle as a part of the equipment of the Signal Corps will cause a reorganization of the field telephone service. As a means of transporting the wire and instrument the bicycle is unequalled, as the reel can be so placed on the machine as not to interfere with the rider, who carries the instrument case slung from his shoulder. With the bicycle but one man is required to lay and operate the line, while without it two men are required. In laying the line the signal man rides carefully or pushes his wheel, to avoid straining the wire by any choking of the reel. An attachment will soon be perfected by which, in taking up a line, the wire is automatically reeled up as the bicycle proceeds. It is estimated that with a wheel a signal-man can lay four miles per hour, and on a spurt six miles.

HOWARD ALBEN GIDDINGS,
Major and Signal Officer C. N. G.

Captain Andersen.

CAPTAIN ANDERSEN AND THE CREW OF THE VIKING SHIP.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HARR.—[SEE PAGE 654.]

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THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE REFUGEES," "THE GREAT SHADOW," "MICAH CLARKE," ETC.

"THE TWO WOMEN WITH THE COACHMAN LISTENED TO THE DISPUTE, WHICH WAS STILL RAGING."

THE ADVENTURE OF THE CROOKED MAN.

ONE summer night, a few months after my marriage, I was seated by my own hearth smoking a last pipe and nodding over a novel, for my day's work had been an exhausting one. My wife had already gone up stairs, and the sound of the locking of the hall door some time before told me that the servants had also retired. I had risen from my seat, and was knocking out the ashes of my pipe, when I suddenly heard the clang of the bell. I looked at the clock. It was a quarter to twelve. This could not be a visitor at so late an hour. A patient evidently, and possibly an all-night sitting. With a wry face I went out into the hall and opened the door. To my astonishment it was Sherlock Holmes who stood upon my step.

"Ah, Watson," said he, "I hoped that I might not be too late to catch you."

"My dear fellow, pray come in."

"You look surprised, and no wonder. Relieved too, I fancy. Hum! You still smoke the Arcadia mixture of your bachelor days, then. There's no mistaking that fluffy ash upon your coat. It's easy to tell that you have been accustomed to wear a uniform, Watson. You'll never pass as a pure-bred civilian as long as you keep that habit of carrying your handkerchief in your sleeve. Could you put me up to-night?"

"With pleasure."

"You told me that you had bachelor quarters for one, and I see that you have no gentleman visitor at present. Your hat stand proclaims as much."

"I shall be delighted if you will stay."

"Thank you. I'll fill the vacant peg, then. Sorry to see that you've had the British workman in the house. He's a token of evil. Not the drains, I hope?"

"No; the gas."

"Ah! He has left two nail-marks from his boot upon your linoleum just where the light strikes it. No, thank you, I had some supper at Waterloo; but I'll smoke a pipe with you with pleasure."

I handed him my pouch, and he seated himself opposite to me and smoked for some time in silence. I was well aware that nothing but business of importance would have brought him to me at such an hour, so I waited patiently until he should come round to it.

"I see that you are professionally rather busy just now," said he, glancing very keenly across at me.

"Yes, I've had a busy day," I answered. "It may seem very foolish in your eyes," I added, "but really I don't know how you deduced it."

Holmes chuckled to himself. "I have the advantage of knowing your habits, my dear Watson," said he. "When your round is a short one you walk, and when it is a long one you use a hansom. As I perceive that your boots, although used, are by no means dirty, I cannot doubt that you are at present busy enough to justify the hansom."

"Excellent!" I cried.

"Elementary," said he. "It is one of those instances where the reasoner can produce an effect which seems remarkable to his neighbor because the latter has missed the one little point which is the basis of the deduction. The same may be said, my dear fellow, for the effect of some of these little sketches of yours, which is entirely meretricious, depending as it does upon your relating in your own hands some factors in the problem which are never imparted to the reader. Now at present I am in the position of these same readers, for I hold in this hand several threads of one of the strangest cases which ever perplexed a man's brain, and yet I lack the one or two which are needful to complete my theory. But I'll have them, Watson, I'll have them!" His eyes kindled, and a slight flush sprang into his thin cheeks. For an instant the veil had lifted upon his keen intense nature, but for an instant only. When I glanced again his face had resumed that Red Indian composure which had made so many regard him as a machine rather than a man.

"The problem presents features of interest," said he. "I may even say exceptional features of interest. I have already looked into the matter, and have come, as I think, within sight of my solution. If you could accompany me in that last step you might be of considerable service to me."

"I should be delighted."

"Could you go as far as Aldershot to-morrow?"

"I have no doubt Jackson would take my practice."

"Very good. I want to start by the 11.40 from Waterloo."

"That would give me time."

"Then, if you are not too sleepy, I will give you a sketch of what has happened and of what remains to be done."

"I was sleepy before you came. I am quite wakeful now."

"I will compress the story as far as may be done without omitting anything vital to the case. It is conceivable that you may even have read some account of the matter. It is the supposed murder of Colonel Barclay of the Royal Munsters at Aldershot which I am investigating."

"I have heard nothing of it."

"It has not excited much attention yet, except locally. The facts are only two days' old. Briefly they are these:

"The Royal Munster is, as you know, one of the most famous Irish regiments in the British army. It did wonders both in the Crimea and the Mutiny, and has since that time distinguished itself upon every possible occasion. It was commanded up to Monday night by James Barclay, a gallant veteran, who started as a full private, was raised to commissioned rank for his bravery at the time of the Mutiny, and so lived to command the regiment in which he had once carried a musket.

"Colonel Barclay had married at the time when he was a sergeant, and his wife, whose maiden name was Miss Nancy Devoy, was the daughter of a former color-sergeant in the same corps. There was therefore, as can be imagined, some little social friction when the young couple (for they were still young) found themselves in their new surroundings. They appear, however, to have quickly adapted themselves, and Mrs Barclay has always, I understand, been as popular with the ladies of the regiment as her husband was with his brother officers. I may add that she was a woman of great beauty, and that even now, when she has been married for upwards of thirty years, she is still of a striking and queenly appearance.

"Colonel Barclay's family life appears to have been a uniformly happy one. Major Murphy, to whom I owe most of my facts, assures me that he has never heard of any misunderstanding between the pair. On the whole, he thinks that Barclay's devotion to his wife was greater than his wife's to Barclay. He was acutely uneasy if he were absent from her for a day. She, on the other hand, though devoted and faithful, was less obtrusively affectionate. But they were regarded in the regiment as the very model of a middle-aged couple. There was absolutely nothing in their mutual relations to prepare people for the tragedy which was to follow.

"Colonel Barclay himself seems to have had some singular traits in his character. He was a dashing, jovial old soldier in his usual mood, but there were occasions on which he seemed to show himself capable of considerable violence and vindictiveness. This side of his nature, however, appears never to have been turned towards his wife. Another fact which had struck Major Murphy, and three out of five of the other officers with whom I conversed, was the singular sort of depression which came upon him at times. As the Major expressed it, the smile had often been struck from his mouth, as if by some invisible hand, when he has been joining in the gayeties and chaff of the mess table. For days on end, when the mood was on him, he has been sunk in the deepest gloom. This and a certain tinge of superstition were the only unusual traits in his character which his brother officers had observed. The latter peculiarity took the form of a dislike to being left alone, especially after dark. This puerile feature in a nature which was conspicuously manly had often given rise to comment and conjecture.

"The first battalion of the Royal Munster (which is the old 117th) has been stationed at Aldershot for some years. The married officers live out of barracks, and the Colonel has during all this time occupied a villa called Lachine about half a mile from the north camp. The house stands in its own grounds, but the west side of it is not more than thirty yards from the highroad. A coachman and two maids form the staff of servants. These, with their master and mistress, were the sole occupants of Lachine, for the Barclays had no children, nor was it usual for them to have resident visitors.

"Now for the events at Lachine between nine and ten on the evening of last Monday.

"Mrs. Barclay was, it appears, a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and had interested herself very much in the establishment of the Guild of St. George, which was formed in connection with the Watt Street Chapel for the purpose of supplying the poor with cast-off clothing. A meeting of the guild had been held that evening at eight, and Mrs. Barclay had hurried over her dinner in order to be present at it. When leaving the house she was heard by the coachman to make some commonplace remark to her husband, and to assure him that she would be back before very long. She then called for Miss Morrison, a young lady who lives in the next villa, and the two went off together to their meeting. It lasted forty minutes, and at a quarter past nine Mrs. Barclay returned home, having left Miss Morrison at her door as she passed.

"There is a room which is used as a morning room at Lachine. This faces the road, and opens by a large glass fold-

"HE WAS CROUCHING OVER A FIRE, AND THE ROOM WAS LIKE AN OVEN."

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ing door on to the lawn. The lawn is thirty yards across, and is only divided from the highway by a low wall with an iron rail above it. It was into this room that Mrs Barclay went upon her return. The blinds were not down, for the room was seldom used in the evening, but Mrs. Barclay herself lit the lamp, and then rang the bell, asking Jane Stewart, the housemaid, to bring her a cup of tea, which was quite contrary to her usual habits. The Colonel had been sitting in the dining room, but hearing that his wife had returned, he joined her in the morning-room. The coachman saw him cross the hall and enter it. He was never seen again alive.

"The tea which had been ordered was brought up at the end of ten minutes, but the maid, as she approached the door, was surprised to hear the voices of her master and mistress in furious altercation. She knocked without receiving any answer, and even turned the handle, but only to find that the door was locked upon the inside. Naturally enough, she ran down to tell the cook, and the two women, with the coachman, came up into the hall, and listened to the dispute, which was still raging. They all agreed that only two voices were to be heard, those of Barclay and of his wife. Barclay's remarks were subdued and abrupt, so that none of them were audible to the listeners. The lady's, on the other hand, were most bitter, and, when she raised her voice, could be plainly heard. 'You coward!' she repeated over and over again. 'What can he done now? What can he done now? Give me back my life. I will never as much as breathe the same air with you again. You coward! You coward!' These were scraps of her conversation, ending in a sudden dreadful cry in the man's voice, with a crash, and a piercing scream from the woman. Convinced that some tragedy had occurred, the coachman rushed to the door and strove to force it, while scream after scream issued from within. He was unable, however, to make his way in, and the maids were too distracted with fear to be of any assistance to him. A sudden thought struck him, however, and he ran through the hall door and round to the lawn upon which the long French windows open. One side of the window was open, which, I understand, was quite usual in the summer time, and he passed without difficulty into the room. His mistress had ceased to scream, and was stretched insensible upon a couch, while, with his feet tilted over the side of an arm-chair and his head upon the ground near the corner of the fender, was lying the unfortunate soldier stone dead in a pool of his own blood.

"Naturally the coachman's first thought, on finding that he could do nothing for his master, was to open the door. But here an unexpected and singular difficulty presented itself. The key was not on the inner side of the door, nor could he find it anywhere in the room. He went out again, therefore, through the window, and having obtained the help of a policeman and of a medical man, he returned. The lady, against whom naturally the strongest suspicion rested, was removed to her room, still in a state of insensibility. The Colonel's body was then placed upon the sofa, and a careful examination made of the scene of the tragedy.

"The injury from which the unfortunate woman was suffering was found to be a ragged cut some two inches long at the back part of his head, which had evidently been caused by a violent blow from a blunt weapon. Nor was it difficult to guess what that weapon may have been. Upon the floor, close to the body, was lying a singular club of hard carved wood with a bone handle. The Colonel possessed a varied collection of weapons brought from the different countries in which he had fought, and it is conjectured by the police that this club was among his trophies. The servants deny having seen it before, but among the numerous curiosities in the house it is possible that it may have been overlooked. Nothing else of importance was discovered in the room by the police save the inexplicable fact that neither upon Mrs. Barclay's person, nor upon that of the victim, nor in any part of the room, was the missing key to be found. The door had eventually to be opened by a locksmith from Aldershot.

"That was the state of things, Watson, when upon the Tuesday morning I, at the request of Major Murphy, went down to Aldershot to supplement the efforts of the police. I think that you will acknowledge that the problem was already one of interest, but my observations soon made me realize that it was in truth much more extraordinary than would at first sight appear.

"Before examining the room I cross-questioned the servants, but only succeeded in eliciting the facts which I have already stated. One other detail of interest was remembered by Jane Stewart, the housemaid. You will remember that on hearing the sound of the quarrel she descended and returned with the other servants. On that first occasion when she was alone she says that the voices of her master and mistress were sunk so low that she could hear hardly anything, and judged by their tones rather than their words that they had fallen out. On my pressing her, however, she remembered that she heard the word David uttered twice by the lady. The point is of the utmost importance as guiding us towards the reason of the sudden quarrel. The Colonel's name, you remember, was James.

"There was one thing in the case which had made the deepest impression both upon the servants and the police. This was the contortion of the Colonel's face. It had set, according to their account, into the most dreadful expression of fear and horror which a human countenance is capable of assuming. More than one person fainted at the mere sight of him, so terrible was the effect. It was quite certain that he had foreseen his fate, and that it had caused him the utmost horror. This of course fitted in well enough with the police theory, if the Colonel could have seen his wife making a murderous attack upon him. Now was the fact of the wound being on the back of his head a fatal objection to this, as he might have turned to avoid the blow. No information could be got from the lady herself, who was temporarily insane from an acute attack of brain fever.

"From the police I learned that Miss Morrison, who, you remember, went out that evening with Mrs. Barclay, denied having any knowledge of what it was which had caused the ill humour in which her companion had returned.

"Having gathered these facts, Watson, I smoked several pipes over them, trying to separate those which were crucial from others which were merely incidental. There could be no question that the most distinctive and suggestive point in the case was the singular disappearance of the door key. A most careful search had failed to discover it in the room. Therefore it must have been taken from it. But neither the Colonel nor the Colonel's wife could have taken it. That was perfectly clear. Therefore a third person must have entered the room. And that third person could only have come in through the window. It seemed to me that a careful examination of the room and the lawn might possibly reveal some traces of this mysterious individual. You know my methods, Watson. There was not one of them which I did not apply to the inquiry. And it ended by my discovering traces, but very different ones from those which I had expected. There had been a man in the room, and he had crossed the lawn coming from the road. I was able to obtain five very clear impressions of his foot marks: one in the roadway itself at the point where he had climbed the low wall, two on the lawn, and two very faint ones upon the stained boards near the window where he had entered. He had apparently rushed across the lawn, for his toe marks were much deeper than his heels. But it was not the man who surprised me. It was his companion."

"His companion?"

Holmes pulled a large sheet of tissue paper out of his pocket and carefully unfolded it upon his knee.

"What do you make of that?" he asked.

The paper was covered with the tracings of the foot-marks of some small animal. It had five well-marked foot pads, an indication of long nails, and the whole print might be nearly as large as a dessert spoon.

"It's a dog," said I.

"Did you ever hear of a dog running up a curtain? I found distinct traces that this creature had done so."

"A monkey, then?"

"But it is not the print of a monkey."

"What can it be, then?"

"Neither dog nor cat nor monkey nor any creature that we are familiar with. I have tried to reconstruct it from the measurements. Here are four prints where the beast has been standing motionless. You see that it is no less than fifteen inches from fore foot to hind. Add to that the length of neck and head, and you get a creature not much less than two feet long, probably more, if there is any tail. But now observe this other measurement. The animal has been moving, and we have the length of its stride. In each case it is only about three inches. You have an indication, you see, of a long body with very short legs attached to it. It has not been considerate enough to leave any of its hair behind it. But its general shape must be what I have indicated, and it can run up a curtain, and it is carnivorous."

"How do you deduce that?"

"Because it ran up the curtain. A canary's cage was hanging in the window, and its aim seems to have been to get at the bird."

"Then what was the beast?"

"Ah, if I could give it a name it might go a long way towards solving the case. On the whole, it was probably some creature of the weasel and stoat tribe, and yet it is larger than any of these that I have seen."

"But what had it to do with the crime?"

"That also is still obscure. But we have learned a good deal, you perceive. We know that a man stood in the road looking at the quarrel between the Barclays—the blinds were up and the room lighted. We know also that he ran across the lawn, entered the room, accompanied by a strange animal, and that he either struck the Colonel, or, as is equally possible, that the Colonel fell down from sheer fright at the sight of him, and cut his head on the corner of the fender. Finally we have the curious fact that the intruder carried away the key with him when he left."

"Your discoveries seem to have left the business more obscure than it was before," said I.

"Quite so. They undoubtedly showed that the affair was much deeper than was at first conjectured. I thought the matter over, and I came to the conclusion that I must approach the case from another aspect. But really, Watson, I am keeping you up and I might just as well tell you all this on our way to Aldershot to-morrow."

"Thank you, you have gone rather too far to stop."

"It is quite certain that when Mrs Barclay left the house at half past seven she was on good terms with her husband. She was never, as I think I have said, ostentatiously affectionate, but she was heard by the coachman chatting with the Colonel in a friendly fashion. Now it was equally certain that immediately on her return she had gone to the room in which she was least likely to see her husband, had flown to tea as an agitated woman will, and finally, on his coming in to her, had broken into violent recriminations. Therefore something had occurred between 7.30 and nine o'clock which had completely altered her feelings towards him. But Miss Morrison had been with her during the whole of that hour and a half. It was absolutely certain, therefore, in spite of her denial, that she must know something of the matter.

"My first conjecture was that possibly there had been some passages between this young lady and the old soldier which the former had now confessed to the wife. That would account for the angry return and also for the girl's dead that anything had occurred. Nor would it be entirely incompatible with most of the words overheard. But there was the reference to David, and there was the known affection of the Colonel for his wife to weigh against it, to say nothing of the tragic intrusion of this other man, which might, of course, be entirely disconnected with what had gone before. It was not easy to pick one's steps, but on the whole I was inclined to dismiss the idea that there had been anything between the Colonel and Miss Morrison, but more than ever convinced that the young lady held the clew as to what it was which had turned Mrs. Barclay to hatred of her husband. I took the obvious course, therefore, of calling upon Miss M., of explaining to her that I was perfectly certain that she held the facts in her possession, and of assuring her that her friend Mrs Barclay might find herself in the dock upon a capital charge unless the matter were cleared up.

"Miss Morrison is a little ethereal slip of a girl with timid eyes and blond hair, but I found her by no means wanting in shrewdness and common-sense. She sat thinking for some time after I had spoken and then, turning to me with a bright air of resolution, she broke into a remarkable statement, which I will condense for your benefit.

"'I promised my friend that I would say nothing of the matter, and a promise is a promise,' said she. 'But if I can really help her when so serious a charge is laid against her, and when her own mouth, poor darling, is closed by illness, then I think I am absolved from my promise. I will tell you exactly what happened upon Monday evening.

"'We were returning from the Watt Street Mission about a quarter to nine o'clock. On our way we had to pass through Hudson Street, which is a very quiet thoroughfare. There is only one lamp in it upon the left-hand side, and as we approached this lamp I saw a man coming towards us with his back very bent, and something like a box slung over one of his shoulders. He appeared to be deformed, for he carried his head low and walked with his knees bent. We were passing him when he raised his face to look at us in the circle of light thrown by the lamp, and as he did so he stopped and screamed out in a dreadful voice, "My God, It's Nancy!" Mrs Barclay turned as white as death, and would have fallen down had the dreadful-looking creature not caught hold of her. I was going to call for the police, but she, to my surprise, spoke quite civilly to the fellow.

"'"I thought you had been dead this thirty years, Henry," said she, in a shaking voice.

"'"So I have," said he, and it was awful to hear the tones that he said it in. He had a very dark, fearsome face, and a gleam in his eyes that comes back to me in my dreams. His hair and whiskers were shot with grey, and his face was all crinkled and puckered like a withered apple.

"'"Just walk one little way, dear," said Mrs. Barclay. "I want to have a word with this man. There is nothing to be afraid of." She tried to speak boldly, but she was still deadly pale and could hardly get her words out for the trembling of her lips.

"'I did as she asked me, and they talked together for a few minutes. Then she came down the street with her eyes blazing, and I saw the crippled wretch standing by the lamp post and shaking his clinched fists in the air as if he were mad with rage. She never said a word until we were at the door here, when she took me by the hand and begged me to tell no one what had happened.

"'It's an old acquaintance of mine who has come down in the world," said she. When I promised her I would say nothing she kissed me, and I have never seen her since. I have told you now the whole truth, and if I withhold it from the police it was because I did not realize then the danger in which my dear friend stood. I know that it can only be to her advantage that everything should be known.'

"There was her statement, Watson and to me, as you can imagine it was like a light on a dark night. Everything which had been disconnected before began at once to assume its true place, and I had a shadowy presentiment of the whole sequence of events. My next step obviously was to find the man who had produced such a remarkable impression upon Mrs Barclay. If he were still in Aldershot it should not be a very difficult matter. There are not such a very great number of civilians, and a deformed man was sure to have attracted attention. I spent a day in the search, and by evening—this very evening, Watson, I had run him down. The man's name is Henry Wood and he lives in lodgings in this same street to which the ladies sent him. He has only been five days in the place. In the character of a registration agent I had a most interesting gossip with his landlady. The man is by trade a conjurer and performer, going round the canteens after nightfall, and giving a little entertainment at each. He carries some creature about with him in that box, about which the landlady seemed to be in considerable trepidation, for she had never seen an animal like it. He uses it in some of his tricks, according to her account. So much the woman was able to tell me, and also that it was a wonder the man lived, seeing how twisted he was, and that he spoke in a strange tongue sometimes, and that for the last two nights she had heard him groaning and weeping in his bedroom. He was all right as far as money went, but in his deposit he had given her what looked like a bad florin. She showed it to me, Watson, and it was an Indian rupee.

"So now my dear fellow, you see exactly how we stand and why it is I want you. It is perfectly plain that after the ladies parted from this man he followed them at a distance, that he saw the quarrel between husband and wife through the window, that he rushed in, and that the creature which he carried in his box got loose. That is all very certain. But he is the only person in this world who can tell us exactly what happened in that room."

"And you intend to ask him?"

"Most certainly—but in the presence of a witness."

"And I am the witness?"

"If you will be so good. If he can clear the matter up, well and good. If he refuses we have no alternative but to apply for a warrant."

"But how do you know he'll be there when we return?"

"You may be sure that I took some precautions. I have one of my Baker Street boys mounting guard over him who would stick to him like a burr, go where he might. We shall find him in Hudson Street to-morrow, Watson, and meanwhile I should be the criminal myself if I kept you out of bed any longer."

It was mid day when we found ourselves at the scene of the tragedy, and under my companion's guidance we made our way at once to Hudson Street. In spite of his capacity for concealing his emotions, I could easily see that Holmes was in a state of suppressed excitement, while I was myself tingling with that half-sporting, half-intellectual pleasure which I invariably experienced when I associated myself with him in his investigations.

"This is the street," said he, as we turned into a short thoroughfare lined with plain two-storied brick houses. "Ah, here is Simpson to report."

"He's in all right, Mr. Holmes!" cried a small street urchin, running up to us.

"Good, Simpson," said Holmes, patting him on the head. "Come along, Watson. This is the house."

He sent in his card with a message that he had come on important business, and a moment later we were face to face with the man whom we had come to see. In spite of the warm weather he was crouching over the fire, and the little room was like an oven. The man sat all twisted and huddled in his chair in a way which gave an indescribable impression of deformity, but the face which he turned towards us, though worn and swarthy, must at some time have been remarkable for its beauty. He looked suspiciously at us now out of yellow shot bilious eyes, and without speaking or rising, he waved towards two chairs.

"Mr. Henry Wood, late of India, I believe?" said Holmes, affably. "I've come over this little matter of Colonel Barclay's death."

"What should I know about that?"

"That's what I want to ascertain. You know, I suppose, that unless the matter is cleared up, Mrs. Barclay, who is an old friend of yours, will in all probability be tried for murder."

The man gave a violent start.

"I don't know who you are," he cried, "nor how you come to know what you do know, but will you swear that this is true that you tell me?"

"Why, they are only waiting for her to come to her senses to arrest her."

"My God! Are you in the police yourself?"

"No."

"What business is it of yours, then?"

"It's every man's business to see justice done."

"You can take my word that she is innocent."

"Then you are guilty?"

"No, I am not."

"Who killed Colonel James Barclay, then?"

"It was a just Providence that killed him. But mind

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you this, that if I had knocked his brains out, as it was in my heart to do, he would have had no more than his due from my hands. If his own guilty conscience had not struck him down, it is likely enough that I might have had his blood upon my soul. You want me to tell the story. Well, I don't know why I shouldn't, for there's no cause for me to be ashamed of it.

"It was in this way, sir. You see me now with my back like a camel and my ribs all awry, but there was a time when Corporal Henry Wood was the smartest man in the 117th foot. We were in India then, in cantonments, at a place we'll call Bhurtee. Barclay, who filled the other day, was sergeant in the same company as myself, and the belle of the regiment, ay, and the finest girl that ever had the breath of life between her lips, was Nancy Devoy, the daughter of the color sergeant. There were two men that loved her, and one that she loved, and you'll smile when you look at this poor thing huddled before the fire, and hear me say that it was for my good looks that she loved me.

"Well, though I had her heart, her father was set upon her marrying Barclay. I was a harum-scarum reckless lad, and he had had an education, and was already marked for the sword belt. But the girl held true to me, and it seemed that I would have had her, when the mutiny broke out and all hell was loose in the country.

"We were shut up in Bhurtee, the regiment of us with half a battery of artillery, a company of Sikhs, and a lot of civilians and women folk. There were ten thousand rebels round us, and they were as keen as a set of terriers round a rat-cage. About the second week of it our water gave out, and it was a question whether we could communicate with General Neill's column which was moving up country. It was our only chance, for we could not hope to fight our way out with all the women and children, so I volunteered to go out and to warn General Neill of our danger. My offer was accepted, and I talked it over with Sergeant Barclay, who was supposed to know the ground better than any other man, and who drew up a route by which I might get through the rebel lines. At ten o'clock the same night I started off upon my journey. There were a thousand lives to save, but it was of only one that I was thinking when I dropped over the wall that night.

"My way ran down a dried up water-course, which we hoped would screen me from the enemy's sentries, but as I crept round the corner of it I walked right into six of them who were crouching down in the dark waiting for me. In an instant I was stunned with a blow, and bound hand and foot. But the real blow was to my heart and not to my head, for, as I came to and listened to as much as I could understand of their talk, I heard enough to tell me that my comrade, the very man who had arranged the way that I was to take, had betrayed me by means of a native servant into the hands of the enemy.

"Well, there's no need for me to dwell on that part of it. You know now what James Barclay was capable of. Bhurtee was relieved by Neill next day, but the rebels took me away with them in their retreat, and it was many a long year before ever I saw a white face again. I was tortured, and tried to get away, and was captured and tortured again. You can see for yourselves the state in which I was left. Some of them that fled into Nepaul took me with them, and then afterwards I was up past Darjeeling. The hill folk up there murdered the rebels who had me, and I became their slave for a time until I escaped, but instead of going south I had to go north until I found myself among the Afghans. There I wandered about for many a year, and at last came back to the Punjaub, where I lived mostly among the natives, and picked up a living by the conjuring tricks that I had learned. What use was it for me, a wretched cripple, to go back to England or to make myself known to my old comrades? Even my wish for revenge would not make me do that. I had rather that Nancy and my old pals should think of Harry Wood as having died with a straight back, than see him living and crawling with a stick like a chimpanzee. They never doubted that I was dead, and I meant that they never should. I heard that Barclay had married Nancy, and that he was rising rapidly in the regiment, but even that did not make me speak. But when one gets old, one has a longing for home. For years I've been dreaming of the bright green fields and the hedges of England. At last I determined to see them before I died. I saved enough to bring me across, and then I came here where the soldiers are, for I know their ways, and how to amuse them, and so earn enough to keep me."

"Your narrative is most interesting," said Sherlock Holmes. "I have already heard of your meeting with Mrs. Barclay, and your mutual recognition. You then, as I understand, followed her home, and saw through the window an altercation between her husband and her, in which she doubtless cast his conduct to you in his teeth. Your own feelings overcame you, and you ran across the lawn and broke in upon them?"

"I did, sir, and at the sight of me he looked as I have never seen a man look before, and over he went with his head on the fender. But he was dead before he fell. I read death on his face as plain as I can read that text over the fire. The bare sight of me was like a bullet through his guilty heart."

"And then?"

"Then Nancy fainted, and I caught up the key of the door from her hand, intending to unlock it and get help. But as I was doing it, it seemed to me better to leave it alone and get away, for the thing might look black against me, and anyway my secret would be out if I were taken. In my haste I thrust the key into my pocket, and dropped my stick while I was chasing Teddy, who had run up the curtain. When I got him into his box, from which he had slipped, I was off as fast as I could run."

"Who's Teddy?" asked Holmes.

The man leaned over and pulled up the front of a kind of hutch in the corner. In an instant out slipped a beautiful reddish-brown creature, thin and lithe, with the legs of a stoat, a long thin nose, and a pair of the finest red eyes that ever I saw in an animal's head.

"It's a mongoose," I cried.

"Well, some call them that, and some call them ichneumon," said the man. "Snake-catcher is what I call them, and Teddy is amazing quick on cobras. I have one here without the fangs, and Teddy catches it every night to please the folk in the canteen. Any other point, sir?"

"Well, we may have to apply to you again if Mrs. Barclay should prove to be in serious trouble."

"In that case of course I'd come forward."

"But if not, there is no object in raking up this scandal against a dead man, foolly as he has acted. You have at least the satisfaction of knowing that for thirty years of his life his conscience bitterly reproached him for this wicked deed. Ah, there goes Major Murphy on the other side of the street. Good by, Wood. I want to learn if anything has happened since yesterday."

We were in time to overtake the Major before he reached the corner.

"Ah, Holmes," he said, "I suppose you have heard that all this fuss has come to nothing?"

"What, then?"

"The inquest is just over. The medical evidence showed conclusively that death was due to apoplexy. You see, it was quite a simple case after all."

"Oh, remarkably superficial," said Holmes, smiling. "Come, Watson, I don't think we shall be wanted in Aldershot any more."

"There's one thing," said I, as we walked down to the station, "if the husband's name was James, and the other was Henry, what was this talk about David?"

"That one word, my dear Watson, should have told me the whole story had I been the ideal reasoner which you are so fond of depicting. It was evidently a term of reproach."

"Of reproach?"

"Yes, David strayed a little occasionally you know, and on one occasion in the same direction as Sergeant James Barclay. You remember the small affair of Uriah and Bathsheba? My Biblical knowledge is a trifle rusty, I fear, but you will find the story in the first or second of Samuel."

THE "SEVENTH" OF NEW YORK.

New York is very often accused, and with much show of reason, of being deficient in civic feeling, but several of the possessions or institutions of the metropolis never fail to call forth the most sincere pride of the people. Among these enthusiasm provoking possessions are Central Park and the Seventh Regiment, and there is no impropriety in thus naming them together, even though recently there was a very loud protest from the people when there was a proposition for the regiment to hold a dress parade in the Park. This protest was due to the fact that the people felt that they could not trust themselves in the presence of both of their pets, for they feared that in their enthusiastic desire to see the soldiers they would ruin the shrubbery, grass, and flowers of the Park. And so the regiment staid out of the Park, and, a week later, went to the State Encampment at Peekskill for its round of duty there.

Each regiment in the National Guard has a week of camp life every other year, and during this time the citizen soldiers are under the observation of the Governor's military staff, and also several officers detailed from the regular army to give assistance and advice, and to report on the efficiency of the various organizations. One week in two years is not much time to give in actual work or to put into practice the things taught in the armories. But it is very much better than no camp life at all, as the men learn to know each other much better, and the officers learn the capacities of the men. Indeed, the camp is the place of all others, next to an actual fighting campaign, to learn to know men at their correct value.

There is more or less of an idea, even in New York, where the people generally think that the Seventh can do no wrong, that these encampments are long picnics, where both officers and men have a tremendously good time, and a freedom from restraint unknown in city life. There could be no more mistaken idea than this. The officers and men may have a good time, for there is a certain joy in a man with military enthusiasm in the punctilious performance of duty, but the restraint is constant and continuous, and also the work. The men are up at daylight each morning, and they are kept at work pretty constantly until the dress parade is dismissed and the sunset gun is fired. In June from the rising to the setting of the sun is a good many long hours, and the men after their many drills and ceremonies are pretty well tired out when supper is over. But the gayer spirits cannot settle down without making something of every night, so in every company street there is more or less of fun and merriment before the midnight quiet, which is broken only by the sentry's tread and the rhythmic snore of tired sleepers.

According to the new drill regulations made necessary by the rapid firing guns, field movements are in extended order, and therefore even a small body of men require a large area in which to operate. The parade grounds at Peekskill are only large enough for one battalion at a time to drill in, and the large Seventh Regiment armory in New York only affords room for one company at a time to drill in extended order, and then the intervals must be reduced from that required by the regulations. In the field this drill, with its ever changing fire-line, and the squads in reserve moving quickly from point to point as the attacking line advances and retreats, is most attractive; and no one who has seen the Seventh on a warm day go through this drill for two hours at a time will be inclined to say anything more of the picnic that the boys have when in camp. This is work—work of the hardest kind, for all the movements are made in double time, and at every halt the men must lie on the ground. When a squad halts at a road crossing, or other roughly place, this lying on the ground is not great sport, but none are seen to flinch, however disagreeable the place may be. The physical exercise given by such a drill is most admirable, but some of the thick-waisted veterans must have thought, when going at double time across the North Parade ground, that it was a mile at least from one side to the other.

That which will most astonish a visitor to the Seventh Regiment when it is in camp is the very soldierly and businesslike look and manner of the men when they are clad in their service uniforms of gray blouses and gray caps. We have long been familiar with the neat and natty appearance of the men in full dress, with their white helmets, pipe-clayed cross-belts, and white duck trousers, but it is only when real work is to be done that this less formal uniform is worn. In it the men look like veritable campaigners, and the veterans among them, the honor roll men who have served a quarter of a century or more, have not about them the faintest suspicion of the holiday soldier. The manner and appearance of these men are distinctively military at all times. In intercourse with officers, men, and civilian visitors, these men seem to be old and experienced soldiers all the time. The writer was assured by a veteran of the regular army that many of the men of whom mention has just been made would pass in any camp in the world as soldiers of long experience and careful discipline.

One of the most interesting episodes of the week was the visit of the class of '94 from the West Point Academy. These young men came on horseback under command of the cavalry instructor, who in the afternoon put them through a drill for the benefit of the citizen soldiers. Though the cavalry drill was new to this class, the young fellows went through it with a dash and accuracy that were remarkable, and when they charged across the field and back the enthusiasm of the spectators, both military and civil, broke forth in loud applause. After the dress parade of the Seventh in the afternoon the cadets reviewed the regiment, each company marching past in command of its first sergeant. When the veteran color sergeant lowered his flag in front of the reviewing cadets, and they saluted with bared heads, the spectators lining the green rose from their seats to express their satisfaction and to some measure to participate in the pleasing ceremony. The regiment returned to town after one week's work on the tented field, and the Forty-seventh went into camp for its turn of service.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

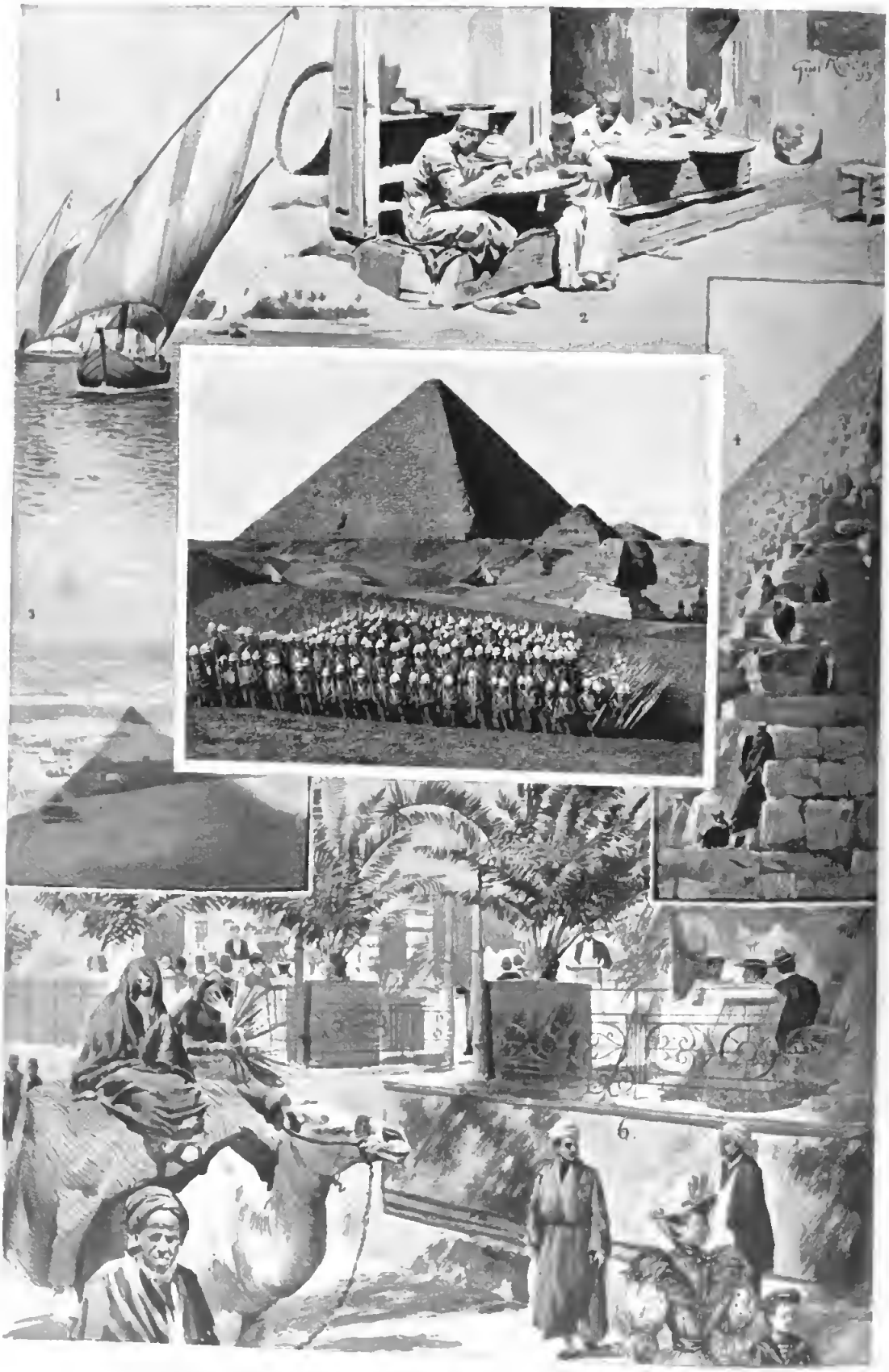
GENTLEMEN IN THE TENEMENT-HOUSE DISTRICT.

When a man or woman of education and refinement chooses to go and live among the poor of a crowded city, in the hope that he or she may find an opportunity for good works, and also learn something that may contribute to the solution of the difficult problem of permanently bettering the condition of the poor, then the motives of that person are above criticism, whatever may be thought of the wisdom and effectiveness of such a course. Some men who have risen from the classes that dwell in the tenement house section, and who have grown philosophic in contemplating the condition of the people who still dwell in poverty in such localities, are pretty confident in the opinion that efforts from the outside to help other than individual cases will always be futile, because they maintain that the salvation of these poor people rests in their own hands. Others in the tenement house section, bitten by the socialistic snake, believe that mere societies of earnest men and women from the outside can accomplish nothing whatever, because the remedy can only be found in governmental changes—changes which would make the government parental in its fullest sense, but which will not interfere with the freedom of the individual. But there are students of social science who believe in what is called the laboratory method of investigating the causes of poverty and finding their remedy. To this class belong those who have established the United Charities Association and the societies belonging thereto; and also to this class belong those who have established the Neighborhood Guild and the University Settlement Society on the east side of New York, and the Toynbee Hall movement in the East End of London. There seems certainly much reason to believe that the only way to study the cause and cure of poverty is by looking at it when it is at home, and not on parade, or as it is frequently shown by street missionaries and others.

The Neighborhood Guild was established in New York several years ago, and has had quarters in the tenement house section ever since. I have seen no publications of the workers of this Guild that lead me to believe that they have recorded any observations of scientific value in the solution of the problem in hand. It may be that they have contented themselves with good works in individual cases and to winning the confidence, respect, and good will of the people among whom they have been working. In this smaller field—a field, however, almost limitable in extent—the Neighborhood Guild appears to have met with most gratifying success. The man who has been most distinguished in such work has been Dr Stanton Coit, a gentleman from Columbus, Ohio, and an alumnus of Amherst College. Indeed, he might well be called the founder of this Guild. He went to the University of Berlin after leaving Amherst, and studied social questions, religion, and philosophy. From Berlin he went to London, where he lived some time at Toynbee Hall. Returning to America, he became Professor Adler's assistant in the Society for Ethical Culture, and lectured in the absence of his chief. He took up his residence in Forsyth Street, in the same neighborhood where the work has since been carried on. This was about six years ago.

Four and a half years ago the University Settlement Society was formed, with Dr Seth Low, President of Columbia College, as the president of the society. The objects of this society were identical with that of the Neighborhood Guild, and thus the latter society was merged in the new, which promised to secure a more general and generous public support. A number of university men took up their residence in Forsyth Street, and have endeavored, as the Neighborhood Guild was doing, to make their house the headquarters for those in the neighborhood who could be induced to care for other resorts than the bar rooms. They also had kindergarten classes in the day, and classes of various kinds in the evening. They got up entertainments and had dances. Meantime Dr. Coit had been called to London to be the lecturer of the Ethical Society there. He has since held that position, but last fall he returned to New York to take charge of the house the society had taken at 26 Delancey Street. Here he staid till April, and with his ripe experience and the help of his zealous assistants, organized the work in that street. It was active all the winter, and is still going on, though Dr. Coit has returned to London, where he will stay till the coming autumn.

But the gentlemen of the University Settlement Society are in need of several things. For their immediate work they need more assistance both from men and women. They need men to help teach the night classes, and to assist in organizing entertainments, they need women to teach the kindergartens, and to visit the sick and feeble. These wants probably only need to be known to be supplied, for there must be many men and women in New York who have ample time to spare, and who would be only too glad to assist in any sensible work having for its object the amelioration of the condition of the poor. But the society also needs a house—a house something like Toynbee Hall and Leighton Hall in London, Hull House in Chicago, and Andover House in Boston. One of the members, Mr. Gilderslaeve, an architect, has made the plans for such a building as is required. The lot, building, and furnishings would cost about $80 000. The members of the society have hoped that some wealthy man or woman would supply the money for such a building, and so connect his or her name with the institution. If this hope be not soon realized, they will ask for subscriptions from all interested in the work. From such a social laboratory it is hoped that contributions will be made which, in connection with that from similar places, will help in solving a problem of the greatest importance to mankind.



CAIRO AS A SHOW-PLACE.—DRAWN BY GUY ROSE.—[SEE "THE RULERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN," PAGE 642.]

1. Dahabeyahs on the Nile before Cairo. 2. Bazar of a Worker in Brass. 3. Shadow of the Pyramid of Cheops just before Sunset (Photograph taken on the top of the Pyramid). 4. A section of the Pyramid of Cheops showing the Point at which the Ascent is made. 5. A British Square formed in front of the Pyramids by the "Black Watch" (for photographic purposes merely). 6. Group of Natives in front of Shepheard's Hotel.

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HARVARD CLASS-DAY.—Drawn by Frank O. Small.—[See Page 650.]

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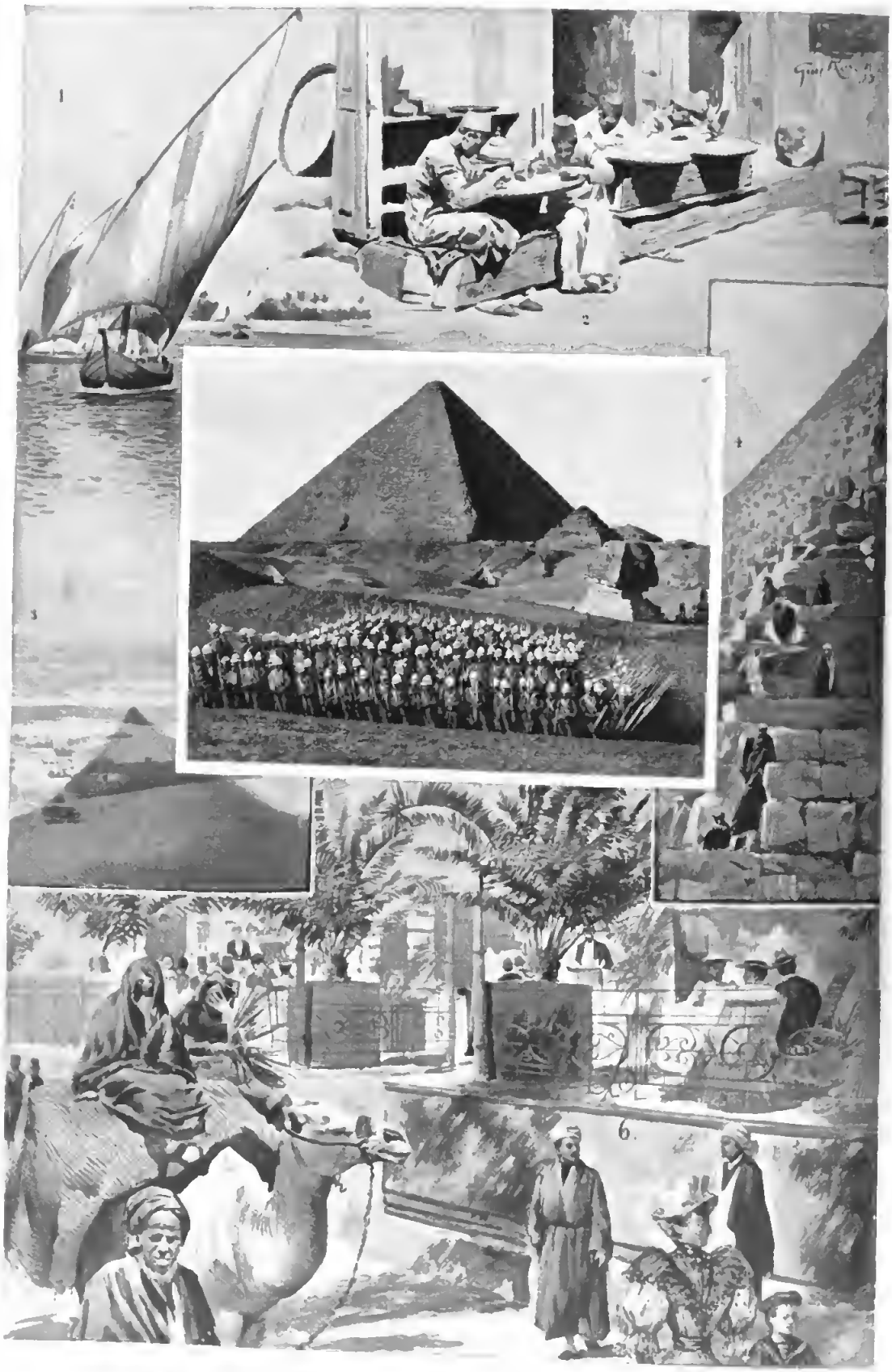

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THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

VI.—THE FRESH BEAR CO.

A GLOOM seemed to rest upon the usually genial party gathered around the table. Even the vivacious Jackson Peters was somewhat downcast, especially after Jones thwarted him in his attempt to tell of a St. Louis man he had just heard of who recently took first prize in a homing pigeon match by inserting a small rubber tube in the throat of his bird and inflating him with hydrogen gas. Jones indignantly denounced the story as improbable. After this silence settled down upon the group for some time, but when the waiter withdrew, Jones casually observed, "I see the usual summer trouble with the ice-men has begun."

"Yes," Robinson returned. "My ice-man complains of the expense of having to carry one large piece of ice in his wagon to keep the little ones from melting before he can deliver them to his customers."

"Precisely," answered Jones. "That is the way with ice-men. I once knew an ice-man in Detroit who presented each of his customers with a volume of Dr. Kane's *Arctic Explorations*, and then cut down the size of his pieces of ice fifty per cent. But speaking of ice-men, how inadequate, after all, is our vaunted system of cold storage. I speak, gentlemen *ex cathedra*, having been the originator and president of the Scranton Fresh Bear Supply Co. We raised black bears, and put fresh bear meat on the market in carload lots, whether bears were in season or not. I will tell you about it in a moment."

Jones leaned back in a chair and puffed at his cigar with an air of blended expectation and resignation. At the end of one minute he remarked, simply, "Well?"

"Well what?" demanded Jackson Peters, sharply.

"We are waiting, Jackson, for the story of an uncle of yours who invented a canary bird cage which could be used as a rat-trap at night."

"There was never anything of the kind in the family," answered Jackson Peters, with a suspicion of indignation.

"Indeed? I anticipated that a direct reference to black bears would remind you of canary-bird cages. But to our story. It was at Scranton, Pennsylvania, the State bear headquarters. In fact, Scranton is the wild animal capital of the United States. At no other place are they so intelligent. I was once, eight miles north of Scranton, jostled by two black bears while a third picked my pocket of a tobacco-pouch and sixty cents in change. You may well look interested, Jackson; that is worth remembering. A young man of your age can learn many valuable facts by listening quietly to my conversation. Still, I never had an uncle who invented a folding bed which could be used as a sloop yacht in the daytime, utilizing the sheets for sails, and the space under the mattress for storing the champagne.

"But we did not have to do with the wild bears except to make a beginning. We caught one hundred prime black bears and started a bear ranch. At the end of four years we had 5000 head of bear. We began to put them on the market, and the Scranton Supply Co.'s bear meat became famous in this country and Europe. But we found our profits largely eaten up by several peculiarities of the business. Our bears all became beautifully fat in the fall, but to keep them so and supply the year around demand which had sprung up was expensive. We tried raising the price, but the public would not stand it, and many people ceased to buy our meat. We tried cold storage for our bear meat, but this our customers also objected to, demanding absolutely fresh meat. Indeed, local butchers soon came to insist on having the live bear shipped directly to them. When we abandoned cold storage we found ourselves $50,000 in debt, and with 2000 fat bears on hand ready for the abattoir, and practically no demand for bear at remunerative prices. I may say, gentlemen, that it was not a good day for b'ar.

"At this juncture the president of the company arose and took complete control of affairs with a firm hand. I think I mentioned the fact that I was the president. I asked for unlimited authority, and the stockholders gave it to me. I turned to the abandoned cold-storage warehouse, started up the ice-machines, and although it was in June, reduced the temperature inside to five below zero. In the mean time I had procured from the woods around Scranton 2000 hollow logs. These I placed in the cold storage warehouse. I then drove in our 2000 fat bears. They sniffed the air once or twice, growled a little, and began nosing around among the logs. They thought they saw that a hard winter was upon them, and, gentlemen, each one of those intelligent animals crawled into a hollow log and began to hibernate. By keeping the temperature at the same low point we found that we could leave a bear there for any length of time we chose—three months, six months, one year, two years—and he would come out as fat and fresh as when he went in. When we got an order from a butcher we would nail a cover over the hole in the log and ship it to him with the bear inside, like a silk hat in a pasteboard box. The butcher could, if he wished, put him in cold storage and keep him still longer. We advertised our bears as 'hibernated at the ranch,' and at the end of two years I retired from the company with $80,000 in cash."

Jones rose, walked firmly to the mantel, and helped himself to a match. The voice of Jackson Peters was heard in the room, as he sniffed the air, and said, "I suppose you lost it raising rabbits to slaughter during the dark of the moon in a convenient cemetery for their left hind feet, eh?"

"Young man, I didn't lose that money at all. I went to Chicago and began the publication of pocket testaments for the Iowa trade. I had strong competition in the Iowa Family Supply Company, but as its testaments held only a pint, while mine would all hold a quart, I got the bulk of the trade, and doubled my money inside of eighteen months."

H. C.

CHARLES CARROLL BONNEY.

WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

THE WORLD'S CONGRESS AUXILIARY.

"NOT things, but men," is the motto of the organization which will hold a series of important congresses in Chicago during the continuance of the fair, and auxiliary to it. This series of meetings was the idea of Mr. Charles Carroll Bonney, a noted Chicago lawyer, a man of great energy and force, and one who from his youth has been active in educational work and full of public spirit. In announcing the present plan for these congresses Mr Bonney said: "To make the exposition complete and the celebration adequate, the wonderful achievements of the new age in science, literature, education, government, jurisprudence, morals, charity, religion, and other departments of human activity should also be conspicuously displayed as the most effective means of increasing the fraternity, progress, prosperity, and peace of mankind." He therefore suggested that among other great themes, the congresses should consider the following: (1) The grounds of fraternal union in the language, literature, domestic life, religion, science, art, and civil institutions of different peoples, (2) the economic, industrial, and financial problems of the age; (3) educational systems—advantages and their defects, and the means by which they may best be adapted to the recent and enormous increase in all departments of knowledge; (4) the practicability of a common language for use in the commercial relations of the civilized world; (5) international copyright, and the laws of intellectual property and commerce; (6) immigration and naturalization laws, and the proper international privileges of alien governments and their subjects or citizens, (7) the most efficient and advisable means of preventing or decreasing pauperism, insanity, and crime, and of increasing productive prosperity and virtue throughout the world, (8) international law as a bond of union and a means of mutual protection, and how it may best be enlarged, perfected, and authoritatively expressed; (9) the establishment of the principles of judicial justice as the supreme law of international relations, and the general substitution of arbitration for war in the settlement of international controversies.

This outlined a very large and comprehensive programme, and as the preliminary announcement was sent broadcast throughout the world, Mr. Bonney soon received a great many valuable suggestions as to how the congresses should finally be constituted. It has been arranged that the work of the congresses shall be divided into nineteen departments, and for each of these a preliminary organization has been effected and a preliminary publication issued. These publications set forth the scope of each department, the nature of the subjects to be considered, the divisions of the department and its committee, together with the advisory councils as appointed. The departments are as follows: Woman's Progress, the Public Press, Medicine and Surgery, Temperance, Moral and Social Reform, Commerce and Finance, Music, Literature, Education, Engineering, Art, Government, Science and Philosophy, Labor, Religion, Sunday Rest, Public Health, Agriculture, and a general department of subjects specially assigned.

The themes to be presented in the various congresses will be selected with a view to make a complete and orderly treatment of the general subject embraced in the department. The programmes of the different departments and divisions will be carefully compared, and all papers and remarks will be strictly limited to an allotted time. It will obviously be better to a given hour to have two or three compact papers from as many different leaders than to give the time at command to one of them for a long discourse on various subjects. Time object will be to state results and present existing problems, and for this purpose long papers are neither necessary nor desirable.

The time at disposal after the delivery of a discourse will be given to the most eminent persons present, who will speak on the call of the presiding officer, and to whom such previous notice as may be practicable will be given. The summaries of progress to be presented and the problems of the age to be stated in these congresses will not be submitted to the vote of those who may happen to be present, but will be offered for subsequent deliberative examination by the enlightened minds of all countries, for unrestricted discussion in the forum, the pulpit, and the public press. With this end in view, the remarks of leaders in the elucidation of a subject will take the place of ordinary debate.

These congresses will not be held at the regular Fair Grounds, but in the Permanent Memorial Art Palace, erected on the Lake Front Park through the co-operation of the Art Institute of Chicago, the City of Chicago, and the Directory of the World's Fair. Meetings of such a character as to draw a large popular audience will be held in the main audience rooms, while meetings of chapters or sections of different congresses for the discussion of subjects of a more limited interest will be held in the small rooms. It will thus be possible to have two general congresses and twenty special congresses or conferences in session at the same time, and to have three times as many meetings within a single day by arranging different programmes for morning, afternoon, and evening sessions.

THE HARVARD CLASS-DAY "TREE."

FROM W. D. HOWELLS'S "APRIL HOPES."

THE sun had not been oppressive at any time during the day, though the crowded building had been close and warm, and now it lay like a painted light on the grass and paths over which they passed to the entrance of the grounds around the Tree. Holden Chapel, which enclosed the space on the right as they went in, shed back the sun from its brick-red flank, rising unrelieved in its venerable ugliness by any touch of the festive preparations; but to their left and diagonally across from them high stagings supported tiers of seats along the equally unlovely red bulks of Hollis and of Harvard. These seats, and the windows in the stories above them, were densely packed with people, mostly young girls dressed in a thousand enchanting shades and colours, and bonneted and hatted to the last effect of fashion. They were like vast terraces of flowers to the swift glance, and here and there some brilliant parasol, spread to catch the sun on the higher ranks, was like a flaunting poppy, rising to the light and lolling out above the blooms of lower stature. But the parasols were few, for the two halls flung wide curtains of shade over the greater part of the spectators, and across to the foot of the chapel, while a piece of the carpentry whose simplicity seems part of the Class Day tradition shut out the glare and the unmuffled public, striving to penetrate the enclosure next the street. In front of this yellow pine wall, with its ranks of benches, stood the Class Day Tree, girdled at ten or fifteen feet from the ground with a wide band of flowers.

Mrs Pasmer and her friends found themselves so late that if some gentlemen who knew Professor Saintsbury had not given up their places they could have got no seats. But this happened, and the three ladies had harmoniously blended their hues with those of the others in that bank of bloom, and the gentlemen had somehow made away with their obstreperous in different crouching and stooping postures at their feet, when the Junior Class filed into the green enclosure amidst the 'rahs of their friends, and sank in long ranks on the grass beside the chapel. Then the Sophomores appeared, and were received with cheers by the Juniors, with whom they joined, as soon as they were placed, in heaping ignominy upon the freshmen. The Seniors came last, grotesque in the variety of their old clothes, and a fierce uproar of 'rahs and yells met them from the students squatted upon the grass as they loosely grouped themselves in front of the Tree; the men of the younger classes formed in three rings, and began circling in different directions around them.

Mrs. Pasmer bent across Mrs. Saintsbury to her daughter, "Can you make out Mr Mavering among them, Alice?"

"No. Hush, ranrana!" pleaded the girl.

With the subsidence of the tumult in the other classes, the Seniors had broken from the stoical silence they kept through it, and were now with an equally serious clamour applauding the first of a long list of personages, beginning with the President, and ranging through their favourites in the Faculty down to Billy the Postman. The leader who invited them to this expression of good feeling exacted the full tale of nine cheers for each person he named, and before he reached the last the 'rahs came in gasps from their dry throats.

In the midst of the tumult the marshal flung his hat at the elm, then the rush upon the tree took place, and the scramble for the flowers. The first who swarmed up the trunk were promptly plucked down by the legs and flung upon the ground, as if to form a base there for the operations of the rest, who surged and built themselves up around the elm in an irregular mass. From time to time some one appeared clambering over heads and shoulders to make a desperate lunge and snatch at the flowers, and then fall back into the fluctuant heap again. Yells, cries, and clappings of hands came from the other students, and the spectators in the seats, involuntarily dying away almost to silence as some stronger or wilfuler aspirant held his own on the heads and shoulders of the others, or was stayed there by his friends among them till he could make sure of a handful of the flowers. A rush was made upon him when he reached the ground, if he could keep his flowers from the hands that snatched at them, he staggered away with the fragments. The wreath began to show wide patches of the bark under it; the surging and struggling crowd below grew less dense, here and there one struggled out of it and walked slowly about, panting pitably.

"Oh, I wonder they don't kill each other!" cried Mrs Pasmer. "Isn't it terrible?" She would not have missed it on any account; but she liked to get all she could out of her emotions.

"They never get hurt," said Mrs. Saintsbury. "Oh, look! There's Dan Mavering!"

The crowd at the foot of the tree had closed densely, and a wilder roar went up from all the students. A tall, slim young fellow, lifted on the shoulders of the mass below, and staying himself with one hand against the tree, rapidly stripped away the remnants of the wreath, and flung them into the crowd under him. A single tuft remained; the crowd was melting away under him in a scramble for the fallen flowers, he made a crooked leap, caught the tuft, and tumbled with it headlong.

"Oh!" breathed the ladies on the benches, with a general aspiration lost in the 'rahs and clappings, as Mavering reappeared with the bunch of flowers in his hand. He looked dizzily about, as if not sure of his course; then his face, flushed and heated, with the hair pulled over the eyes, brightened with recognition, and he advanced upon Mrs. Saintsbury's party with rapid paces, each of which Mrs Pasmer commentated with inward conjecture.

"Is he bringing the flowers to Alice? Isn't it altogether too conspicuous? Has he really the right to do it? What will people think? Will he give them to me for her, or will

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he hand them directly to her? Which should I prefer him to do? I wonder if I know?"

When she looked up with the air of surprise mixed with deprecation and ironical disclaimer which she had prepared while these things were passing through her mind, young Mavering had reached them, and had paused in a moment's hesitation before his father. With a bow of affectionate burlesque, from which he lifted his face to break into laughter at the look in all their eyes, he handed the tattered nosegay to his father.

"Oh, how delightful! how delicate! how perfect!" Mrs Pasmer confided to herself.

"I think this must be for you, Mrs. Pasmer," said the elder Mavering, offering her the bouquet, with a grave smile at his son's whim.

"Oh no, indeed!" said Mrs. Pasmer. "For Mrs. Saintsbury, of course."

She gave it to her, and Mrs. Saintsbury at once transferred it to Miss Pasmer.

"They wished me to pass this to you, Alice;" and at this consummation Dan Mavering broke into another happy laugh.

"Mrs. Saintsbury, you always do the right thing at once," he cried.

"That's more than I can say of *you*, Mr Mavering," she retorted.

"Oh thank you, Mr Mavering!" said the girl, receiving the flowers. It was as if she had been too intent upon them and him to have noticed the little comedy that had conveyed them to her.

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.*

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

XI.

McDowell's second check to Vibert proved good on the opening of business next morning. It was paid in the usual mechanical and impersonal fashion that gives no possible clew to the amount of the balance remaining after, but paid it was, all the same, and Vibert's anticipated opportunity for further invective—an opportunity which he considered quite possible, and would have been by no means sorry to embrace—came to naught.

McDowell's friendly intimation that St Asaph's might presently dispense with Vibert's services was soon found to have as solid a backing as his signature. Within less than a fortnight Vibert was disbanded, though on grounds not altogether the same as those that McDowell had figured upon.

If Vibert, after descending to the ground floor, had immediately crossed the great court of the Clifton, instead of lingering there for a moment, the outcome might have been quite different. But he paused in the midst of its mosaicked expanse to pull out the check from his pocket and to take another look at it. He projected his vision so far into the future as the next forenoon, and saw the check again rejected—this time by the teller of the Highflyers'—by reason of "no account" or perhaps by reason of "no funds." He dramatized a precipitous visit to McDowell's office, and improvised the scene of denunciation and vigorous action that was to accompany it.

"It had better be good this time," he muttered, with his eyes on the pavement. "I'll strangle him if it ain't."

He tossed up his head and sent a fierce and frowning glance through one of the great plates of French glass that shut in the court. His eye darted forward on its own level, but it saw nothing save McDowell in his office, ten or twelve floors above.

Most of the panes that enclosed this central space were of great height and breadth, and were lettered with the silvered styles and titles of various railroad and mining companies, others, smaller, gave light and some ventilation to a few boothlike shops; a few others, immovable half-lights, admitted a little daylight and no air at all to certain closetlike crannies that had a squeezed and crowded rôle in the Clifton's general economy. One of these last looked out from under a kind of secondary stairway, it lighted the scullery of the Acme Lunch Room, and it commanded a view of that side of the court on which Vibert was standing.

Vibert's heel gave a vicious dig into the mosaic pavement, and made a quick and rasping turn towards the exit. He crossed the court with a heavy yet rapid stride, and passed out into the street. He was quite unconscious of observation, but he had been seen.

Through the half-pane under the stairway a young woman had noted his presence and witnessed his departure. She was a thin, faded creature, in the forlorn garments of an undisguisable poverty. All but the faintest traces of good looks seemed to have been taken from her by a long experience with illness and suffering. She stood close against the pane. Her thin fingers, red and chapped, showed, as they pressed against the glass, the crinkled puffiness that comes from long immersion in hot water, and she stared through with a look of mingled fear, entreaty, and agony. At the glance which Vibert's indignation over McDowell's trickery sent in her direction, she started and cowered like one who had encountered that glance before; and when he turned to go she recovered herself and flung her bosom and her hands against the pane as if bent upon breaking through and following him.

A moment later she appeared in the court. She had put on a shabby hat and a flimsy, faded shawl. She crossed over hastily, and approached the head of the elevator squad.

"The tall, dark man who just went out—you saw him?" she inquired, hurriedly. She spoke in two quick expulsions of the breath, and seemed left without a third.

"Um?" The man opposed his gold band and gilt buttons to her forlorn and bedraggled shabbiness. His brief inquiry, made without opening his lips, had the true official indifference but it caused his questioner to feel some of the disadvantage that comes to a young woman from a public and impulsive inquiry after a young man.

"You saw him standing over there; he had a paper in his hand. Tell me, does he work in this building?" She was panting and all atremble, but she found breath for these words and will to use them.

"Yes, I saw him," the man answered, with the slow reluctance of his kind to be interested in individuals as individuals. "Used to work here, I believe. Haven't seen much of him lately."

"Where can I find him?"

The man turned towards the elevator; one had just that minute come down. "Chicago!" its youthful conductor had called, with an airy drawl.

"Pete," said his superior, "a tall dark man who's been standing around here." He threw his thumb over towards the girl to indicate that the inquiry was hers. "Had on a soft brown hat."

"Yes, I seen him," said the boy. "Used to be in one of them insurance offices, didn't he? Vibert—was that his name?"

"Vi—?"

"Vibert," said the man, impatiently. "Come, come, don't block the way—sev-en!" he cried, in his professional tone, and the boy at once slammed his door to and started roofwards.

The man retired into himself with a resumption of his air of idle dignity. The girl, at a short remove, stood looking at him with an anxious face. She made a timid attempt to approach him again, and presently stole away.

Vibert was followed down from McDowell's office, in the course of half an hour, by Ogden. McDowell's dissertation on tax matters, with its pointed presentation of extreme cases, had left him, as we have seen, in a state more or less stirred up, and it had occurred to him that if he were to stop on the way down he might find some legal sedative in the office of Freeze & Freeze. But the hour was now rather late. Freeze & Freeze were being locked up by the last of their junior clerks, and Ogden was left to ramble through the corridors in a confused and disconsolate state.

He was presently accosted by a young woman, who appeared to be roaming through the building in a state even more dazed and forlorn than his own. She approached him with appeal so plainly written on her features that his hand went instinctively to his pocket for the ready dime. He was used to addresses of this sort; Brower had told him many times that he was a "soft mark." He soon ascertained, however, that what she wanted was not alms, but information—an appeal which is more familiar still in the great downtown buildings; it comes frequently enough from simple, inexperienced creatures who know what they want, but not at all how to get it.

The girl thrust back a straggling lock, and gave him a wild and timid glance.

"Please, sir," she said, "do you know any one in this building named Vibert—in an insurance office?" She pronounced the name with an effort of overcoming its strangeness.

There was a certain primitiveness in her speech, it was provincial, rustic—a fine ear might have called it uncouth.

Ogden was struck with her plaintive "please, sir." He had never before heard that literary form of speech in actual use.

"Well," he said, with the unceremonious kindness proper to the occasion and person, "I think you can learn something about him in the office of the Vesuvian—next floor below."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" She made a movement suggestive of an abbreviated courtesy. It was as much in the way of acknowledgment as her sense of strangeness and confusion of mind appeared to permit.

"Not that way," called Ogden after her, adding a benevolent postscript: "Here; come along down these stairs with me; I'll show you where it is."

She stumbled after him down the marble steps with a heavy-footed clatter that could hardly have been expected from her slightness, and with a timorous hold on the bronze of the hand-rail.

"There," indicated Ogden, "the sixth door along, on the right. 'Vesuvian Fire Insurance Co.,' it says." And he himself continued an abstracted descent by the stairway.

His nearest way home lay through the court and out of the door that led into the asphalted alley. Just within the archway of this door two men stood. The one was Vibert, and the other was a dark young fellow of twenty or more, whom Ogden, by a brief glimmer of fancy, made out to be Brainard's younger son. Vibert was in the act of receiving a roll of bills from him.

The youth had a pinched and slender aspect; there was a furtive tremulousness in his hands, his eyes were reddish, and the pupils swam half hazily in a lucent humor.

"I didn't know, Mark, but what you'd gone back on me too," Vibert was saying to him. "If you'd managed to get around a little sooner you'd have saved a certain party from the grand razoo." He smiled grimly. "It's pretty close sailing—thirty, forty, forty-five"—he ran over the bills, rolled them up, and thrust them into his pocket.

The boy looked at him with some doubt and with a shade of fear. He seemed to have been fascinated and then dominated by the bigness and the hardihood of the other.

"It's all right, Mark." Vibert presently went on with a dogged vagueness. "I'm his son too. Why wouldn't he give me a show? Why wouldn't he let me have a chance to show him what I am? Why did he go and shut down on me at the very start?"

"You!" cried the boy. "What can you expect, after the way he's treated me—his own son? They're up there now, I dare say"—with a bitter glance towards the corner of the Underground—"but they can never make things right with me. If it hadn't been for Abbie—she's about the only one that's turned a hand for me."

"Haven't I done well by you, too?—don't forget that. Well, you don't—'sh! I *say* you don't. Let the executors settle, and give 'em plenty to settle, too; they'll get enough for doing it." Vibert glanced up at the Underground windows. "He can't live forever." He brought his eyes back to the boy. "You've got to live yourself, though, and so have I. You've got some rights, haven't you?"

The boy did not accept this cue, perhaps he had already followed it more than once. He studied Vibert with eyes that seemed to indicate a change of thought.

"Say, Russ," he hinted, deprecatingly, "you're going to be a little more patient with Ma me?"

Vibert scowled. "Come, now, Marcus that's all right; only don't let's have any preaching. What I like is a cheerful house—and an orderly one. Less sniffling and better meals. I guess you won't deny that, for a housekeeper, your sister is a good deal of a fizzle. She doesn't have to wash her own dishes, does she? And that girl I got her does the scrubbing and takes up the ashes, doesn't she? And we always take our dinners out, don't we? Well, then! I don't see what else we can do but go out altogether."

He drubbed his foot impatiently on the pavement.

"Well, so 'long!" he said, carelessly, to his companion. "Better not take anything more this afternoon. Do I see you on the track to-morrow?"

Ogden, of course, heard next to nothing of this talk, and his own preoccupations left him no opportunity to scandalize over the relations between Vibert and the young woman of the corridors, even if his inclinations had run that way. But it need not be denied that so close a grouping of these various persons turned his thoughts in the direction of the Brainard household, and his feet later in the direction of the Brainard house. He had lately been cultivating a more sympathetic apprehension of Abbie Brainard's position; it seemed possible that an hour's talk would offer opportunity for the delicate insinuation of his friendly interest. He rehearsed a number of suitable phrases; they took felicitous advantage of remarks on her side—remarks which he himself constructed—and left her, as she thought them over, in no doubt of his feeling sense of her position and of his desire to make his sympathies known and operative. That all these pretty paces would have been gone through in the absence of the Valentines is by no means certain, but their presence excluded the least attempt to try them, and it was with lagging feet indeed that he made his late return home to Brower and "Monte Cristo."

XII.

Cornelia McNabb's campaign against the tenants of the Clifton proceeded apace. Such as pleased her fancy or promised advantage in her future she attacked one by one, she made quite a succession of engagements, dropping here and picking up there, until she reached the point where, for as many hours of the day as she chose, her time was occupied, and occupied to her taste. We have already seen her in the office of the Underground National, and we may now see her in the office of the Massachusetts Brass Company. She did good work within the limits she had set for herself; she was accurate and fairly rapid, and therefore was in considerable request.

"I'd a good deal rather work around like this," she expounded to Ogden one day, "than put in all my time in one

"THE MATTER WAS ADJUSTED IN A SMALL AND COMPACT COURT-ROOM."

place. Lots more variety, to begin with, and lots more pay. 'Most every one gives me half as much as I could get in any single office; and then I can skip around and have more of a show. You can talk about your rolling stone, that's all bosh."

Cornelia was now doing a daily stint of an hour or so in the office of the Brass Company. This hour came in the middle of the forenoon, and the work was oftener performed under the severe eye of Mrs. Floyd than our young amanuensis could have wished. Mrs. Floyd's presence in the office had always been rather frequent, and her prejudice against female stenographers did not operate to make it any the less so. She bestowed considerable scrutiny on Cornelia, and Cornelia returned the interest in kind. She recognized in Mrs. Floyd one of the minor lights of "society," and she became more deeply indebted to her for points in costume, speech, and behavior than either perhaps realized.

Mrs. Floyd was generally accompanied by Miss Wilde. This provided Cornelia with a double course of instruction, she learned what to do and what to avoid.

Miss Wilde was generally accompanied by her hand-bag, and that receptacle was capable of an endless yield of documents calculated to irritate and perplex her brother-in-law. Mrs. Floyd encouraged this. Who, indeed, should take an interest in the affairs of her own sister if not her own husband?

One morning Ann produced a memorandum that stunned him. As he studied it she stood above him like the spirit of Bankruptcy.

"For Heaven's sake, Walworth, tell me what it means? Am I a ruined woman, or what?"

Floyd glanced at the sum-total; the figures mounted high. "They *have* struck you pretty hard, that's a fact."

It was a bill for special assessments levied on the possessions of Ann E. Wilde in one of McDowell's subdivisions. Paving, so much; sewers and water-mains, so much; stone sidewalk, so much.

"And eighteen dollars and a half for a quarter of a lamp-post," wailed Ann. "Why, Walworth, I haven't got the money on hand for all this; I never anticipated such a thing."

"What's a quarter of a lamp-post good for?" asked her sister.

"I suppose the cost is levied on four property-owners," said her husband.

"And who's going to see by it when it's up?" asked the disconsolate investor. "Nobody ever goes past."

"Not this year, perhaps, but there'll be plenty next year.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1968.

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You've no idea how the town is spreading about. Why don't you step up stairs and see McDowell?"

"Who starts these things going?" asked Ann. "Who fixes the amounts?"

"I guess it's done sometimes on the petition of other owners about—according to the frontage."

"And who's the principal owner all about there?" demanded Ann. "Ain't it McDowell himself?"

"Well, I don't suppose he's sold off very much yet."

"And so he's taxing me to make his own property more valuable. I like that. I'm glad I went to him. And your young Ogden—I suppose I can thank him for this."

"Good gracious, Ann, McDowell is taxed too. The town's growing, and all outlying property is subject to such things. And don't blame poor Ogden."

"What more can you expect, Ann, in such a half-baked place as this?" queried her sister.

"Go up and see McDowell," repeated Walworth. "He can tell you all about it—when it's payable, and how, and whether there's a rebate or anything." He passed the papers back to Ann with the definitive air that closes a matter. "Jessie didn't come home with you, then?" he inquired, turning towards his wife.

"No, poor thing, she is away down this morning. Why, what do you think, Walworth? They've been asking her if she can't testify."

"Testify fiddlesticks! What could she say? They don't need her; they've got a clear enough case as it is."

"But think of her in court!"

"Don't think of her in court. She may be a thousand miles away by the time the thing comes up. Has anything more been seen or heard of that interesting vocalist?"

"Nothing. He left the poor child all alone in that big place, with not three days' supplies and the—"

She looked sharply over towards Cornelia. The girl's hour was ended, but she had engaged in a pretence of tidying up the desk.

Ann creased her papers thoughtfully between her fingers. "I had no idea that curb stones cost so much," she sighed. "If I had only sold out on that offer last month!"

Cornelia was now engaged in completing her apron strings. Her interest in the Underground people, while becoming so less professional, had become a good deal more personal. She would have given anything for a decent pretext to remain. It was hard indeed to tear herself away from this discussion of the affairs of Burton Brainard's sister.

"—and the gas turned off," Mrs. Floyd finished, as the door closed on the reluctant girl. "And that's the state Jessie found her in—everything just about as bad as it could be."

"Well, no," Floyd dissented, thoughtfully. "There's one important consolation — this suit could be brought."

"Oh, yes," answered his wife, quickly. "This Canadian woman doesn't claim to be his wife—only that she ought to be, and that he promised to make her so."

"Interesting family," murmured Walworth. "Should like to be related to 'em."

"She knew him in Toronto. She found him before she had been in town a week."

"Small world," remarked Walworth, negligently. He played with his penknife.

Mrs. Floyd became silent. Gossip seemed out of the question with an indifferent husband and a preoccupied sister.

Vibert's detection by the girl he had betrayed and discarded, and his desertion of his young wife, were immediately followed by the proper steps on the part of Brainard's attorneys. The old man had received the intelligence of Vibert's double misdeed with a tremendous outburst of wrath and vituperation. His indignation revived in him all the crude violence of his youth, he drew out from the disused corners of his memory such a vocabulary and such turns of phrase as are possible only to one whose boyhood has been spent on the crass and barbaric frontier. He towered and swayed like a rank plant that has sprung rapidly from the earth and has brought up the slime and mould on its sheath and stalk. His prodigal and picturesque indecencies were heard but half understandingly by his son, and were lost, as to everything save their animus, on his advisers.

The equilibrium of the scales (whose mathematical poise he had once proved to his own satisfaction) was now destroyed; this outrage on his daughter and himself and all his belongings put another and a different face on the matter. The girl was received back into her father's house. It was the understanding that she was to remain there until the legal undoing of all this mischief had been accomplished, and that, afterwards, she must prepare herself for an indefinite exile among certain of her father's relatives still resident in Centralia.

During this interval Brainard allowed himself only the minimum of communication with his daughter, her mother's fluttering sympathies were too tenuous and too faded to furnish anything very definite or vivid in the way of consolation; her brother did not readily abandon himself to the softer feelings—particularly when work of so much sterner character was before them; and but for her sister this crushed and unfortunate child would have received but slender support and comfort. Abbie was not only sister, but another and family circle too, she found a use for all the pent-up tenderness and domesticity of her nature.

The bill in the case of Vibert *vs.* Vibert was filed without receiving any undue attention from the press. Some exertions were taken, some influence was used, and the matter merely made a cold, official, numerical appearance in the legal columns of such of the dailies as affect complete court reports. The relations between Vibert and Jane Doane, however, made too good a "story" to be ignored in every quarter, some brief mention of it appeared in a new and struggling one-cent evening paper. The friends and well-wishers of the Brainards were surprised by the extent of that paper's circulation—a good many people appeared to have seen it.

The case of Vibert *vs.* Vibert had its place near the head of a short docket and was reached with much less than the usual delay. It was tried quietly and privately rather late one afternoon at a sitting which might have been termed either a prolongation of the regular session or a supplement to it. Perhaps only a legal mind could have distinguished; probably the legal mind that dominated the occasion did not attempt the distinction.

The matter was adjusted in a small and compact courtroom high up in a certain vast and pillared pile—a room which differed little in size and not greatly in furnishings from an ordinary office. The court reporters and the crowd of court loungers had withdrawn; nobody remained behind save the clerk and a bailiff or two. Yet the spectre of publicity seemed hovering there; it hurled a flood of glaring light in through the high and curtainless windows, it shimmered on the staring yellow oak furnishings of bench and bar, and it searched out the darkest corner of the yawning jury-box. Abbie Brainard, standing beside her sister, peopled all this void with jaugoning lawyers and callous constables and malicious witnesses and indifferent jurymen and sharp witted reporters and trivial, time-killing spectators; and then she set her unveiled sister in that revolving witness-chair, and brought to bear upon her the searching glare from the lofty windows and the more pitiless glare of the thousand eyed crowd. She shuddered, and thanked Heaven—without going too deeply beneath the surface of things—that present conditions were so favorable.

For they involved none of the ordinary phenomena of a "trial." There was no wrangling, no eloquence, no audilory; there was no humiliation—beyond that which was inevitable. It was hardly more than a conference. The judge, with a quiet gravity, took a simple conversational tone—a key-note to which the indignation of Burt, the mortification of his sister, the sorrow of Jane Doane, and the juvenility of Freddy Pratt all came to be attuned. There was a simple recital of uncombated facts, the separation was decreed, and Mary Vibert was presently at liberty to resume her maiden name. It was considered best that she be known henceforth as Mrs. Mary Brainard. There was no report in the next day's papers, nor the next; on the third day things took a different turn.

One or two of the newspapers had sacrificed the Vibert-Doane story with considerable reluctance. They felt a certain degree of martyrdom, too, in withholding their hand from Brainard, who had been a standard subject of attack throughout the careers of all the younger writers. Nor were they at all sure that their positions as guardians of the public morals justified any such suppression of the truth. They learned of the clandestine trial of the Vibert case, and that decided them. Their virtue was strengthened; the whole affair was reopened and thoroughly ventilated. The encroachments of wealth and privilege were held up before the alarmed eyes of the public; the entire episode, with everything leading up to it, was minutely rehearsed. A good many people were interviewed—a few who knew something of the circumstances, a good many who did not. Reportorial requisitions were also made on the bank and the house. Some persons contributed facts relating to the matter in hand, others, facts relating to matters whose connection was not so close; still others volunteered opinions on the method of procedure that made the trial noteworthy. "Vox Populi" and "Rara Coelum" wrote letters "to the editor." Rough cuts from sketches and photographs made their appearance. The whole career of Brainard was reviewed with merciless detail, and the issue of one edition of a particular publication was attended with the shouting of his name through the streets. Certain sheets whose existence is unknown to the majority of reputable people and whose circulation is in accordance therewith, gave their clients a scare head full of exclamation points; and one pink publication, whose single connection with respectability is through the barber shops, devoted its whole front page to the illustration of the case; the wronged girl claimed her surpliced betrayer at the altar rail, while the equally wronged wife swooned in a front pew. There was an appropriate Gothic background, while one corner of the foreground—piquant touch of luscious—was filled in by an open-eyed choir boy.

All these manifestations of public interest raised Ogden to keen personal distress that surprised him. He heard the names of Brainard and Vibert bawled in the streets. He became familiar, for the first time, with the salient points in Brainard's career. He heard himself referred to once or twice as a clerk in Brainard's bank. As he handled that pink sheet in the Clifton barber shop while awaiting his turn, he half expected some acquaintance to hand him as a caller at Brainard's house. As he lay, lathered and defenceless, in his chair, he almost dreaded lest some pitiless friend might happen in and stamp him as a suitor for the hand of Brainard's daughter. . . . He paused and blushed under the barber's eye; he saw now the reason for his personal distress over these odious domestic entanglements. His surprise passed away, but it left behind it a distress greater still.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"THE GIRL GAVE HIM A GLANCE WILD AND TIMID."

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THE AUSTIN (TEXAS) DAM—VIEW WHILE IN PROCESS OF COMPLETION.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY CORNER.

section lying between. But that is a long way off.

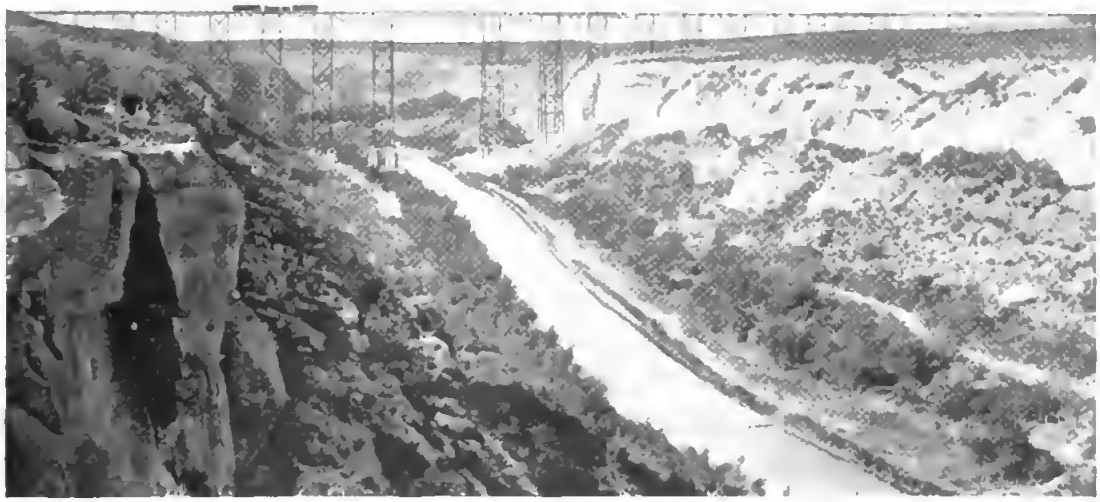
But in the mean time Austin, with her 26,000 population, is showing great public spirit to new enterprises, and a capacity to deal with large public improvements in a large way. Austin is on the Colorado River, which has hitherto flowed idly by the capital town without contributing anything worth mentioning to the city's wealth or prosperity. Whenever the people of an ambitious town wish to make that town expand to its proper dimensions they usually set their wits to work to see what can be done towards inducing capitalists to start manufactories—manufactories being regarded, and properly, too, as the base of urban wealth. All that Austin needed to make it a most profitable place for various kinds of manufactories was a good power, and there was the Colorado River flowing idly by. About five years ago a prominent citizen of Austin proposed to dam the Colorado, and thus get water power, and also water for irrigating some 50,000 acres of land. Surveys and estimates were made, and then it was proposed that the people of Austin should form a company to build a dam, a canal, a power-house, and so forth. The estimate of first cost and annual income was so attractive—annual dividends of something like 30 per cent. being in prospect—that no one would subscribe for the stock, and the effort died.

But the dam advocates were not disheartened. They kept up the agitation, and secured the passage of an ordinance by which

ENGINEERING TRIUMPHS IN TEXAS.

THE dull and the ignorant among the Europeans have an idea that red Indians hunt buffaloes in the streets of New York; the dull and the ignorant among the people who live in the eastern parts of the United States have just about as correct ideas of Texas. Texas is a frontier of civilization; Texas is the home of the outlaw and the desperado; Texas prefers lynch law to a more regular and slower procedure; Texas is a great and benighted wilderness peopled with rough riders, quick shooters, hard drinkers. These are some of the silly and erroneous ideas of narrow-minded people who stay close at home and clerish old notions because they have not capacity for new ones. But such notions do a serious injustice to the largest State in the Union, and to the public spirit and intelligence of a people whose efforts have secured to Texas a rate of progress in the accumulation of wealth and population and in advancement towards a high state of civilization second to no other in America. The State house of Texas is one of the most notable public buildings in the whole country, and the University of Texas has such a princely endowment in lands that it is quite possible that it may some day be the greatest seat of learning in the Western world. When Austin shall have changed places with Boston and have become the modern Athens, probably more correct ideas will prevail in both places and in all that

HIGH WATER AT AUSTIN DAM, MAY, 1893.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY CORNER.



THE CANTILEVER BRIDGE OVER THE PECOS RIVER, TEXAS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
Three Hundred and Thirty Feet in Height—One of the Highest Bridges in the World.

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the city issued $1,400,000 in five per-cent. bonds for the purpose of damming the Colorado and giving the city both light and power. This dam has now been finished, and the available horse-power for sixty hours each week is 14,500. As the city only needs 5000 horse power for its water and light plant, there is 9500 horse-power available for general manufacturing purposes. Mr William Sellers, the distinguished mechanical engineer of Philadelphia, has estimated that every horse-power conveyed into or used in a factory should give employment to two operatives, so it will be seen that with this dam Austin has prepared, when the opportunity shall have been taken advantage of, for the employment in new establishments of 19,000 men. When Austin grows up to its water-power it will be a big place indeed.

This dam is 68 feet high, and 60 feet is above low water. It is 1150 feet long, 66 feet wide at the base, and 16 feet at the top. Both sides are faced with granite, the remainder being of limestone. The dam is securely anchored to the solid rock of the hills on either side of the river. The plans for this great dam were not carelessly made, but, on the contrary, the best engineers obtainable were called into consultation. The backwater made by the dam forms a magnificent lake some thirty miles in length and from a quarter to half a mile wide. On this body of water several steamers have been launched, and one of them, the *Ben Hur*, can accommodate a great number of excursionists, as the steamer is 180 feet long. One interesting feature of this improvement is worthy of note. On the question of issuing bonds only taxpayers could vote. When this vote was canvassed it was found that out of 1404 ballots cast only 50 were against the issue of bonds.

Another great engineering work recently completed in Texas is the very high cantilever bridge over the Pecos River. This bridge, some 330 feet high, while not the highest in the world, is one of the highest, and at the same time one of the most considerable railroad structures ever erected. When the engineers locating that part of the Southern Pacific Railroad came to the Pecos River, they wanted to go directly across with a bridge, but more timid counsels prevailed, and instead of taking a flying leap over a cañon more than 300 feet deep, it was decided to make a detour of 25 miles by way of the Rio Grande. This was eleven or twelve years ago. This longer route, though the curves were sharp and the grades steep, was expensive to build and maintain, and more expensive to operate. It was a heavy tax on through freight, and several years ago it was decided to take the flying leap of the Pecos, and thus avoid the grades and curves and longer haul. The Phœnix Bridge Company did the work. The entire length of the bridge is 2180 feet from abutment to abutment. There are two cantilevers 172 feet 6 inches long each, and one suspended lattice-girder span of 80 feet. This suspended span is hung between the two cantilever spans on eight massive bars, and expansion spaces are left at each end of several inches where it should join the cantilevers. The intense heat of the summer sun makes this space for expansion a necessity. In addition to these spans there are eight lattice spans of 65 feet each, one plate-girder span of 45 feet, eighteen plate-girder spans of 35 feet each, and sixteen plate girder spans of 35 feet each. The width of the floor of the completed span is 25 feet, part of which is taken up by a walkway on either side of the single track. The bridge has a factor of safety of five; that is, it has a sufficient strength to bear five times the pressure made by a continuous train of the heaviest modern locomotives moving over it. From the ground at the bottom of the cañon and on the banks of the river the bridge looks like a slender lattice-work, but it is really, as will be seen from the above statement as to its strength, a very solid and stable structure.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The Hoosiers loomed up strong in verse at Cambridge this year. What Mr Maurice Thompson said to the Phi Beta Kappa man has not at this writing transpired, but the class-day poet, Mr William Vaughn Stoy Moody, is a Hoosier too, since the catalogue accredits him to Lafayette, Indiana. There was a new sensation (for one reader at least) in his graceful verses. The poet permitted himself to discover across the Styx the spirits of "the men who made our college strong" by song and speech. "Longfellow with the blossomed hair," he saw, Emerson, Phillips, Lowell, and—here the sensation came—and Brooks. It gave one a little start to find Phillips Brooks in the front rank of Harvard's immortals. His title is clear, that can never be in dispute, but so little is one used yet to think of him as among the immortals that to find him for the first time in his place with the laurel-crowned elders was startling enough to make one stop and think, and say, "To be sure."

Whether his kinsman, Wendell Phillips, is entitled to be classed in the company where Mr. Moody has put him affords matter for a very pretty dispute. The poet describes him as "Phillips whose voice was like a scourge of knotted hemp and lipped steel." He had that sort of voice, it is true. It was not a *res et proteres nihil* either, but whether the voice was backed by the qualities that entitle its owner to keep company in the spirit land with Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and Phillips Brooks is fairly a question for the historian. If the late Mr. Thomas Carlyle had had the making of that list, Mr Phillips would scarcely have got into it.

Whether "blossomed" is an adjective that would fit anybody's hair excepting Mr Paderewski's is another question that Mr Moody suggests. Blossoms are usually white, and Mr Longfellow's hair was beautifully white and poetical. But somehow "blossomed" suggests a fertilization of the scalp by somebody's "restorer," which has stirred it up to a phenomenal burst of capillary development. It may be mere captious irreverence that whispers that it would have been worth a dime at any time to see a man with blossomed hair. If it is, this critic is open to rebuke. Be it added, though, that if the "blossomed hair" is funny enough to be a blemish, it is a blemish on a poem that is good enough to be worth critical reading, and a class poem that is as good as that is a very good class poem.

Another blood-curdling illustration of the danger of learning to write while still too young to know what one to say appears in the pitiable case of Judge Terrell, of Texas, the new minister to Turkey. The Houston *Herald*, which is dissatisfied with his appointment, by way of a send off has unburied on him a poem which it seems that he composed at an age of legal but not of poetical responsibility. It is in praise of John Wilkes Booth, and especially of the exploit which led to his early death, and is an exceptionally impassioned and candid composition. It is no secret that young men can write incredibly foolish things, especially in verse, and yet come to years of true discretion. The boy, to be sure, is father to the man, but too often in after years his offspring finds reason to regard him with feelings the reverse of filial. Judge Terrell will have the sympathy of the wiser part of the community for having to suffer in mature years from the folly of a parent. It may comfort him to know that some very great and very good men have been in almost as bad a scrape as his, and that Lincoln himself left behind some early literature that is far from edifying. If he needs further solace, he may find it in the reflection that he is going to Turkey, where the American language is little known, and where the bulk of the population cannot read.

The Bartholdi Crèche desires to be commended to the benevolent dispositions of the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY. It was started in 1896 to provide fresh air in the summer months for poor children whose mothers cannot leave their homes to stay over a night or even all day at any of the more distant fresh air resorts. It began with a tent on Bedlows Island, and has since come to the proprietorship of a cottage suited to its work on the west shore of Randalls Island, a place not too far distant for a mother to go to at a moment's notice with a sick child. A ferry crosses to the island from the foot of East 120th Street hourly from nine to four. The crèche was started at the instigation of the Charity Organization Society by representatives of the *Tribune* Fresh Air Fund, the Children's Aid Society, and six other well-known organizations. It "handles" from 2500 to 3000 mothers and children every summer, and does them great good. It needs money for its work, of course, and its treasurer is Charles D. Kellogg, United Charities Building, 105 East Twenty-second Street.

One of the recognized obligations of this year of grace has been to acquaint one's self with characteristics of the city of Chicago. For six months past the magazines and newspapers have conspired together to provide means to that end. Yet the tale is not all told. More of it is unfolding week by week in the narrative of the "Cliff Dwellers," in this journal, and more and still more in the letters and despatches of all the correspondents and artists who are looking after the fair.

But whatever you have seen or read, don't imagine that you know much about Chicago until you possess the information which Mr Julian Ralph has imparted in the July number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE about "Chicago's Gentle Side." Mr. Ralph's article is in the nature of an apology. He has written much and well before about Chicago, but he says that all that was merely about men and business. This new article is the record of his later discoveries, and concerns the labors and the recreations of the Chicago women. It seems that there is an institution out there called the Woman's Club, which has some five hundred members, organized in six divisions, for the direction of energy into channels relating respectively to Reform, Philanthropy, Education, Home, Art and Literature, and Science and Philosophy. After you have got an inkling of the manner of club it is, and of the amount and quality of the work it has done, a confusion will arise in your mind compelling you to stop and try to remember whether Mr. Ralph said that the Woman's Club was started in Chicago or that Chicago was started in the Woman's Club. It is impossible even to outline the achievements of the members of that club in a paragraph, but be sure that your conception of the powers and possibilities of the American woman of this decade will be faulty and incomplete until you have informed yourself as to what she is and what she has done in Chicago.

In his disquisition in HARPER'S MONTHLY on "The Function of Slang," Professor Brander Matthews touches upon "clipped words," showing that some, as *mob* and *cab*, gain an entrance into respectable society, and others, as *gent* and *pants*, languish somewhat exuberantly outside the pale. *Advertisement* is a very long word that one is loath to write out, and which holds a latent opportunity for mispronunciation in the bargain. Is there any hope for *ad?* Undoubtedly it is a vulgar-sounding little word, and yet it is most short and handy. It prevails in trade without possibility of abatement, and is so much needed in polite life that unless the bars can be let down for it, some other short word should be invented to take its place.

The one social topic in England this week will be the royal marriage. The English papers have talked about it by the column length for a month past, and the gossip of it now will be measured by the page. It will be a great show, and London will fairly stand on its head until it is over. But let us not scoff at our cousins. New York had a marriage in high life this spring, and paid enough attention to it to have a fellow feeling for the Londoners.

Six or seven years ago an American President got married while in office. If some of the newspapers which tried to publish "the news" of that marriage will now pay attention to the treatment of Prince George and his bride by the English journals, it is possible that they may get some "points" on newspaper manners which may turn out to be of value to them in their business.

E. S. MARTIN.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

MR. PETERS OF SCHOHARIE'S FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

My friends and feller-citizens, I'm glad to see ye here,
Upon this great an' glorious day that comes but once a year,
To shout for them as fit an' bled a hundred years ago
To free the land from foreigners, repel th' invadin' foe.

But, friends and feller-citizens, the work is far from done
Don't sleep upon those laurels thet your ancestors have won.
For if ye do ye'll wake to find the dawnin' of the day
When all the laurels that ye've got ain't worth a wisp o' hay.

For while ye sleep an' dream n' them that fought in days of yore,
The foreigners is sneakin' back and awarmin' through your door,
An' where the heroes of the day drove *one* across the sea,
A thousand of 'em's comin' back—an' breathin' anarchy

Now Heav'n forbid that I should stand upon this platform here
An' cast an say honest man an undeserved sneer
This country's for all men who'll come and do their share of work,
But we've no room for them as think to come here just to shirk.

No man who works is foreign. No! Not even if he be
A Russian or Bulgarian, Egyptian or Chinee,
It makes no difference where he's from as long as he will toil
This is the land for him and his; he's welcome to the soil

By foreigners I mean the men that have no business here
Except to stir up passions, an' then drown 'em out in beer;
Who leave their native land because it's fully understood
There's nothin' better they can do for that there country's good.

They bring their vices to our land; they bring their ad crobes too.
They won't go to the open where there's lots of work to do,
But stick around the cities, and kick up a yearly muss,
Because the lazy do not thrive like the industrious.

These are the enemies, my friends, we've got to look out for.
We've got a problem on our hands—a problem big and sore,
And on a day like this, I think, Americans should wake,
And think of all the things they've won, and what is yet at stake.

For if they don't, the day will come when all the victories
We've celebrated here to-day ain't worth a pod n' peas,
When this fine government we've got will lie beneath the thumb
Of shiftless, shirking, anarchistic, European scum.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE "VIKING" CAPTAIN AND HIS CREW.

ALTHOUGH the claim that Leif Ericson knew of these Western shores long before Columbus came into existence is not proved to the satisfaction of everybody, yet the fact that it was possible for a Norseman to make the voyage across the Atlantic has been amply demonstrated. The modern *Viking* has, in this year of 1893 accomplished the voyage between Christiania and New York in safety, and great is the credit due the hardy captain and crew. The manes of Columbus need not lament the fact, for as far as all practical purposes were concerned he was the First Great Discoverer, for if Leif did find America he lacked the advertising spirit necessary to reap any reward. The *Viking* came into

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR HOTEL.

CLERK. "Frank, go down to the engineer, and tell him to turn two more volts into my steed, and see if my wife isn't crossed with something."

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New York Harbor, through Long Island Sound, on June 17th, and was enthusiastically received by yacht, tug, and war ship, and everything else afloat and ashore. Captain Magnus Andersen and his hardy Norsemen were congratulated and praised, and regarded with not a little awe by some people who know what the Atlantic really is. There was a curious commingling of ancient and modern in the scene—the quaint little vessel, trim and beautiful, flying the viking flag of old, the banners of Sweden and Norway, and the stars and stripes of this new-made republic. Mayor Gilroy of New York received the sailors at City Hall, and entertained them as guests of the city, but the greatest reception was that given to them by the unofficial public. They would have swarmed over the rails like pirates on a friendly visit, but for the fact that the *Viking* is limited in space. Everybody that could get aboard, however, did so, and everybody did his best to extend a welcome to the foreign visitors. King Oscar of Sweden and Norway sent a congratulatory cable to Captain Andersen and his men, and they in turn sent back their thanks to his Majesty. The *Viking* sailed about the river and bay to show people how she looked under way, and on June 26th started for Chicago, carrying with her an additional crew of college graduates, who were to help work the ship.

THE FERRIS WHEEL.

Now that it is finished, the great Ferris wheel, to which reference has been previously made in this paper, is the landmark of the World's Fair in Jackson Park. Whether the visitor approaches the fair from the lake or by the Illinois Central Railway, the huge wheel is about the first thing to catch the eye. The top of the wheel is 265 feet above the ground, as the wheel itself is 250 in diameter and the bottom of it is 15 feet above ground. This huge plaything, a gigantic merry go round running vertically instead of horizontally, is a splendid point of observation, from which a visitor can take bearings and arrange plans for seeing the fair. The wheel is something like 825 feet in circumference, and as it requires ten minutes for each revolution, the passengers have plenty of time in which to see what lies about them. As the wheel ascends, a better view may be had of Chicago and the prairies beyond than from any of the tall buildings in town; and as the wheel descends, there is the fair—the White City—stretched in front, the lake beyond, and the busy Midway Plaisance right underneath. There are thirty six cars attached to the periphery of the wheel, the attachment being by an axis in the top of the car, which, swinging freely and having its weight at the bottom, always remains parallel with the earth. As each car holds forty, the total capacity of the wheel is 1440 passengers.

Candor compels the confession that one does not step into the cars of the wheel without some trepidation. It is an engineering novelty. Nothing like it was ever built or attempted before. After paying his admission fee at the entrance gate he is ushered up the platform and steps into the nearest car, swinging by its great trunnion pin between the two rims of the wheels. The car is substantially built, neatly upholstered, and roomy. The passenger no sooner enters it than tremors creep over him. But there is a feeling of reassurance when he recalls the stability of the structure, the cog-wheels and air-brakes, and other provisions against accidents.

Slowly, steadily, with a motion that tells of an immense hidden power, the great wheel begins its revolution. Inch by inch and foot by foot the car gradually rises clear of the platform. Above and below is a wonderful net-work of steel spokes and other cars by the dozen. The passenger has a soaring sensation. Things on the earth seem to be slipping away from him as with imperceptible motion he rises above them. Upward and outward the motion continues, until the extreme western point of the wheel on a level with its immense hubs is reached, and then as the trip continues the splendid panorama of the fair is unfolded.

The axle upon which the wheel revolves is the largest piece of steel ever forged. It is 33 inches in diameter, 45 feet long, and weighs 56 tons. The hoisting of this great mass into place was very difficult.

THE "FALCON."

The interest attending the final departure of Lieutenant Peary from the port of Philadelphia has been greatly augmented by the presence of the sturdy steamer *Falcon*, now under way for the ocean of the North with the *personnel* of the expedition.

Its arrival in Philadelphia, the home of the Northern exploration plan, was the occasion of a river reception, and since its docking visitors averaging two thousand daily, charged twenty five cents each, have climbed its gang-plank, which means a considerable swelling of the exchequer of the expedition.

Naturally the first thought suggesting itself when reviewing the *Falcon* is, how does she compare with the steamer *Kite*, which made former trips?

The dimensions of the *Falcon* are 160 feet over all, a beam 26½ feet, and a hold 17 feet and some inches. In comparison, the *Kite's* length over all was 117 feet, a beam 26 feet, and a depth of hold 18 feet.

The gross tonnage of the *Falcon* is 458, and her horse-power is 80, while that of the *Kite* was only 190 tonnage and 50 horse-power.

The bark-rigged steam-sealer *Falcon* is the recognized "crack" steamer and sailer of the Atlantic sealing fleet. In appearance she looks the typical pirate of boyish imagination—save for the black smoke stack—with her dark hull and storm-stained rigging. Last fall she was thoroughly overhauled from main-truck to keelson, and just before her departure from St. Johns, following her sealing record cruise of the spring, she was again put in fit condition for her arctic voyage.

One peculiar feature of her equipment is the double bladed whaling propeller. This is so arranged that should it be in danger of being nipped in the ice, its blades could be safely placed vertically in line with the stern-post. The attachment of the propeller to the shaft is so adjusted that in case of accident it can be hoisted on deck through a trap in the stern, and another propeller substituted.

Though the external appearance suggests little of beauty, her model is pronounced by experts to be the type best suited for a venture to northern Greenland. During the steamer's stay in Philadelphia material for Lieutenant Peary's northern home has been taken aboard, together with the eight burros, the sleds, dogs, carrier-pigeons, miscellaneous equipment, and stores. The stop at New York is intended to secure provisions and several tons of pemican, a peculiarly cured meat. Considerable interest attaches to the character of the commander of the *Falcon*, Captain Henry Bartlett, a man not yet twenty nine years of age, who comes from a famous family of sealers, and whose personal record in Northern waters the past two years has justly won for him the spurs fitting a man for such an honorable command. At the age of fourteen Bartlett's first sealing trip was made, and in three years from that time he was elevated to the position of chief officer of the sealing steamer *Panther*. His experience since has not been confined to Northern waters alone, for he has captained a steamer carrying a cargo of fish to the Mediterranean. Captain Bartlett stands nearly six feet high, and is of a muscular type. His countenance is honest, and his disposition genial. As a navigator he is cautious and capable, and, without a doubt, Lieutenant Peary will find in him a worthy successor to the late Captain Pike.

Henry Russell Wray.

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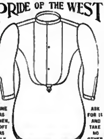

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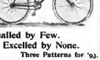

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CURING DRUNKENNESS.

ALL well-meaning men and women are agreed that the world could have no greater boon than a cure for drunkenness and other forms of intemperance. Dr. Keeley, of Dwight, in Illinois, announced several years ago that by using an injection of bichloride of gold hypodermically, and with the aid of other medicines taken internally, he could cure both the liquor and opium habits however confirmed these habits were. There are few persons with a circle of acquaintances so small that within it there is not at least one who has tried this Keeley cure. This fact, however, has not removed all scepticism as to the efficacy of the Keeley treatment, for from first to last the regular medical practitioners have jeered at Keeley's pretensions as those of a quack, and then there have been conspicuous instances where the cure has not been at all permanent. And then again there is that natural feeling of doubt in anything which seems almost miraculous in its effects, while this is aggravated by the distrust of any member of a learned profession who will abandon the teachings and ethics of his profession, and consequently association with his professional brethren, for the sake of personal gain. But, on the other hand, there have been so many instances of apparent cures of hopeless drunkards by this gold treatment, that it will not do to merely scoff at it. It must be treated with respect even though it be irregular, and not be judged except according to the good or the evil that it does. Mr. Medill, the editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, was Dr. Keeley's most conspicuous sponsor, and he, an entirely disinterested man, is as firm in his belief as he ever was. Indeed, I could find no newspaper man in Chicago, during a recent visit to that city, who was not confident that the Keeley cure for drunkenness had enabled very many men of loose and unsteady habits to resume orderly and sober lives. There is direct evidence and speculative evidence; against the former the latter always fails. If we see a formerly broken man restored to sobriety and health through a certain method of treatment, we are much inclined to believe in that treatment no matter what the gentlemen of the medical schools may say to the contrary.

The discussions in the public press as to the efficacy of the Keeley cure have encouraged other physicians and chemists to experiment with the salts of gold in the treatment of the intemperate and habitual use of liquor and opium. Quite recently attention was attracted to one of these gold cures by the announcement that a well-known theatrical manager and "man about-town" of notoriously convivial habits had taken this treatment, and had been cured by it. This announcement came in the form of a frank though enthusiastic letter from the person alluded to. He made a public confession of his intemperance and his restoration to self-control, he said, in the hope "of inspiring with confidence hundreds whom I know and thousands who know me, and to save them from being a disgrace to those who love them." I visited the institution where this man thinks he was cured and talked with physicians and patients there. Both medical men and patients were enthusiastic—the former to a degree so unrestrained that it weakened belief rather than it removed doubts, and the latter with a fervor merely seen except in emotional persons under great religious excitement. The medical men were absolutely "cock-sure" of their ability with their nostrum to cure both drunkenness and opium eaters; the cured patients feel it their duty to bear testimony to the unfailing ability of the doctors and the potency of their drugs. The temper of those in this Empire Institute was curious, to say the least, and irresistibly suggested a meeting of the Salvation Army.

There is one advantage of this treatment that is well worthy of consideration. A man does not absolutely have to give up his business or leave his work to take it if there be a branch of the institution near enough for the patient to go there at four stated times each day. As inebriates are notoriously short of cash, this is a consideration of importance. The treatment lasts four weeks, and four times each day some of this nostrum said to contain a salt of gold, is hypodermically injected into the arm of the patient, who also takes internally a small quantity of another mixture at short intervals. This treatment it is claimed, takes away the appetite and desire for either whiskey or opium.

The physicians of the institutions say that in all alcoholic liquors there are certain indigestible poisons that remain in the stomach. These poisons get the stomach in such a condition that it craves drink either at longer or shorter intervals, and hence the owner of that stomach becomes either a periodical or habitual drunkard. Now these physicians say that their nostrum is a specific for the removal of these poisons, which being got rid of, the craving for drink passes away. They are perfectly frank in saying that the cure will not prevent a man from becoming a drunkard again, but to do so he will have to cultivate his habits and tastes over again—that is, he will not resume, but must begin anew. This is the reason, they say, that men who take the gold cure and begin to drink again so quickly come to grief, for after the treatment, however much of a toper a man may have been, his capacity is no greater than that of a person who had never drunk liquor in his life.

The fact that every man who is taking the gold cure, or who has taken it, talks so freely on the subject was explained in this way: When a man finds that liquor is getting the better of him, he knows the fact more certainly than any one else. He fights against it every day, but is so steadily overcome in the contest that he loses confidence in himself. He conceals as well as he may this distrust of himself, but all the while he gets more under subjection. Then he takes the gold cure, and finds that he is less and less the subject, then he realizes that he is the master, and a man once more, with all that that implies. He feels like a prisoner freed from bondage, like a bird released from captivity. He is therefore enthusiastic, and out of his gladness he speaks to all who will listen to him. This explanation was given to me in answer to an inquiry, for I have noticed this absence of restraint on the part of those who have been to either one of the Keeley or one of the Empire institutes. Men that I did not know at all well, and of whose unhappy habits I was entirely ignorant, have spoken to me of having taken the gold cure for drunkenness with the same freedom that a casual acquaintance would speak of having recovered from an attack of the grip. Hitherto I have half believed that this lack of restraint was due to some weakening of feet that the gold cure had on the mind, but I shall adopt the theory of the medical men I have quoted in the future. And in the future also I shall think and speak with due respect of these dispensers of the gold cure, even though their methods and their manners are sadly suggestive of charlatanry. To rescue one man from the drunkard's fate is a better thing than to be irreproachably good form, according to the strictest code of ethics, and do nothing.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

A QUEER NEW YORK STREET.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

VESEY STREET was, in all probability, never mentioned in a list of "the sights" of New York, and yet it should rank high among them. Next to the Bowery, the most peculiar street in America, it interests us as a unique thoroughfare. It is the street at the lower end of the Astor House, between that hotel and St. Paul's Church, and it leads down only four blocks to the North River, alongside of Washington Market, the chief one of our food depots. It is a very old street, but no one would suspect it from its appearance. I have seen it, called "Veseys Street," on a map of the city of the year 1763, and have read of the barricades at the head of it in 1776, and of the fierce work of the citizens as they stood in it trying to save St. Paul's Church from the fire which had already destroyed Trinity Church when Lord Howe was in possession. And yet it is a wide and serviceable street, like most of our new ones uptown.

There is nothing peculiar about the first all its four blocks, except that one side is open to the trees and grass and graves of the ancient yard of St. Paul's, but with the beginning of the second block the bazaarlike character of the street begins with a great tea store on one side, and on the other a shop for the sale of hardware, tools, and all the odds and ends of the most varied metal workings that can be imagined. There are other such stores in the street, where flies and saws and scissors, picture-hooks, rat-traps, dish-pans, bird cages, screw drivers, gimlets, and literally thousands of things useful to all householders, are to be had, for some mysterious reason, cheaper than in other places. These are offshoots of the great market at the foot of the street. Its influence is seen to work in many ways, some of which are peculiar. It is comprehensible and logical that Vesey Street should be the only downtown street containing tea stores, grocers' shops, house-furnishing stores, and even a number of stocks of vinegar and mustard pickles displayed at the mouths of gaping cellars. This is all part of the market, and part of a general desire of the people who go a-marketing to do all their shopping at once in the same neighborhood while they are about it. For that reason Greenwich Street above and below Vesey has remained a shopping street for fifty years.

The New York people who go to the market do not shop in this district, but in the crowds among the butchers stalls are thousands of Jersey folk and Long Islanders, many of them from little villages, and many who have always shopped in this region and know of no other or better stores in New York. Their presence accounts for the dry goods shop, jewelry, gentlemen's furnishing, and stationers and hat and boot stores that are miles from the great shopping districts of the town. But why Vesey Street should have become the seat of a trade in cheap fishing tackle is not so easy to understand. Is it supposable that the housewives and servants, the hotel stewards and the chop-house-keepers who go to the market to buy food, are addicted to fishing, and with such enthusiasm that they can only be got to attend to business because they here remain in the beloved presence and atmosphere of "flies" and "sinks" and split bamboo poles? And why should the men who make syrups and cordials establish their headquarters in this street? It is true that they are near their base of supplies of the fruit which they squeeze or stew into syrups and flavors, but, on the other hand, they sell their goods to soda water dealers and candy-makers, and nothing else is in this street to attract their customers.

Whoever looks along Vesey Street on most days of the week will see that the wagons of the suburban farmers and truck gardeners are standing in long lines beside the curbs, just as if New York were a little village with a perpetual market-day. It is as if these farmers got into the habit of coming to town when the city was a Dutch settlement, and have been coming ever since. They come into London and Paris in the same fashion, I noticed when I was in Europe, creaking and rumbling over the stones long after midnight, with a lantern swinging under each wagon, and with the men and women half asleep up above, and the horses apparently sleep walking ahead. These big cities still keep up a great deal that is in common with their ancient juvenile conditions, after all, and Nicholas Conover, of Bayside, Long Island, does not know that there is very much difference between the city he drives into and the city where his grandfather whose name was then spelled Cowenhoeven, used to sell the farm stuff.

I think those farm wagons are as picturesque as anything we know of in New York. I have seen them rumbling up to the market all covered over with white canvas, with the ears of corn and heads of cabbage peeping out behind, and the hoods and jockey hats of the women peering above a blanket wrapped in frost beside the driver. That would be at midnight. Then at four or five o'clock in the morning I have seen the retail grocers haul up alongside the farm carts in their smart wagons, and buy the green stuff with much cloff and chaffering. Again, at the middle of the forenoon, I have seen the farm wagons nearly empty, and the farmers talking life easy. The rosy-faced daughter would be knitting, the shapeless dowdy mother would be gossiping with the sidewalk merchant women, and the lordly farmer himself would saunter out of a beer saloon with a pipe in one hand and a sandwich in the other. Last of all, I have seen the wagons hauled up in front of the farm houses in Hackensack and outer Flatbush, and I have been surprised to notice what fine houses and broad acres these people hailed from—these biweekly ferrymen, these navigators of our vegetable schooners.

For the benefit of the people of these caravans there has grown up one of the very strangest sorts of storekeepers. The farmers line the curbs, the merchants line the pavements. They appear to sell nearly everything, and it is all cheap, and heaped about in contemptuous disorder. A great deal of the clothing is second hand stuff for the hired hands, male and female, who ride on certain of the wagons and almost live their lives there, eating, sleeping and falling in love—all but marrying and having families on the wheels. Some of the clothing merchants keep shops, but others simply parade over heaps of raiment piled in the doorways or on the gratings before the buildings. How anybody is ever fitted or ever tries on a coat or gown passes my knowledge. I have a suspicion, though, that bickering about "the fit" of clothes is regarded as vain and frivolous. Here also, are very fat, red, and leathery women with their heads done up in scarlet worsted comforters, selling stockings, underclothing, and the like. Men sell the suspenders and shoe-laces, the shirt collars and the collar buttons, for each sex keeps to its own, in the main. Traders with nothing but tables in lieu of shops sell gorgeous chromos in pressed paper frames for eighteen cents, and paintings in plaster frames, well gilded, for $1 75. They also sell lamps and candlesticks and sacred crosses made of china and glass. The women of this superior and artistic class deal in beaded pin cushions, embroidered toilet "splash ars," hymn and prayer books, rosaries, and I know not what besides. There are milliners, too, in the line, each with a stock of hats suggestive of a perpetual Easter or an incessant May day.

But the strangest traders in the street are what I must call the jewelry junk dealers. I am sure that if all the dead men at the bottom of the sea were called back to life and to inhabit a land by themselves, their salt-eaten, time stained, and worn jewelry would look like this that men and women sell from trays and baskets in Vesey Street. It is all brass, nickel, copper, or white metal, and it looks as if it had been worn out, turned up, thrown into ash barrels, and then picked out and offered to new wearers. Rings, bracelets, watch cases, brass watches, chains, studs, pins, necklaces, brass combs, charms, and all the things that jewellers sell when they are new are here tossed carelessly together and offered for sale. Each collection may be worth a quarter of a dollar, but if so the value is not apparent to a lay observer. This is the oddest thing in this odd street, but the half of its curios are not here set forth. It has a horse-car tunnel opening out of it, the greatest restaurant in America (where 8000 persons are served every day) is within half a block of it, world famous heroes sleep beside it, the great market is at its foot. It is worth studying. It is a bit of street like a lane to the museum of the metropolis.

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JOHN A. HIGHLANDS, PITCHER OF THE HARVARD NINE.

AMATEUR SPORT

This Department went to press Thursday morning, June 29th, owing to Fourth of July coming on one of the usual printing days. Consequently the Harvard-Yale boat-race and last baseball game cannot be handled until our next issue.

A. P. ROGERS (YALE, '94, 8-1, No. 4.
Age, 19 yrs.; height, 6 ft. 1 in.; weight, 160 lbs.
Put in Yale boat after double-page illustration had gone to press.

ALL-AMERICA COLLEGE TEAM and the four regular substitutes for 1893 should be:

Catcher, Ramney of Dartmouth.
Pitcher, Carter of Yale.
First base, Weeks of Brown.
Second base, Stearns of Amherst.
Third base, Abbott of Harvard.
Short stop, Murphy of Yale.
Left field, Case of Yale.
Centre field, Hallowell of Harvard.
Right field, Payne of Princeton.
Substitute catcher, Upton of Harvard.
" pitcher, Highlands of Harvard.
" in-fielder, King of Princeton.
" out-fielder, Beall of Yale.

THE SEASON OF 1893 has been an especially productive and interesting one in college baseball. In football the eleven of the universities are always much superior to those of the smaller colleges in team work, individual play, and general knowledge of the game. But this is not necessarily true of baseball. It is very seldom Harvard, Yale, or Princeton is scored against in football, and it is rarely the case that individuals in small college teams attract the attention their work sometimes really deserves. This comes about simply because so much depends on team play in football and the ability of the men who are to block off or make holes that many a man's good work is never brought to light, because he cannot gain ground alone. This is why players in smaller colleges are so infrequently placed on an All-America college team. In baseball, however, the case is different, for every man's work stands out by itself. It is possible for him to shine in his position even if the team play is lacking, but team play is absolutely necessary to win games.

IT HAS BECOME BY NO MEANS UNCOMMON for Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and Pennsylvania to be defeated by nines from the smaller colleges, and the captain worried into playing his best men when a rest was needed, to save a series from one of the "small fry" whose nine were playing winning ball. These games are well contested, and luck and a "substitute team" will not always explain the defeat. Brown's steady and effective play not only lowered Yale's colors in one game, but kept the blue from scoring, and had they played Cornell and Pennsylvania, would doubtless rank with the leaders. Amherst's showing against both Yale and Harvard has been very strong. It fairly earned a game from Yale's best team, and the defeat by Harvard (4-3) was questionable, to say the least. Cornell has played a hard, sportsmanlike game of ball, and shown great strength in the box. By winning the series from the University of Pennsylvania it slips into fourth place. Pennsylvania, Princeton, and Cornell are the only teams that have shown formidable strength outside of New England. The New England League (Amherst, Williams, and Dartmouth) is worthy of mention. The fight for the championship between these three teams has been very exciting, and productive of many hard-fought and scientific games. All three clubs had excellent material at the outset, and rarely do we see better battery work than these games have brought out. The University of Vermont has had a strong team for the past two years, and games with the big teams are always well contested. Pennsylvania and Yale were the victims this year. The team has an excellent battery, and the men have played together so long that their game is strong and steady. Wesleyan has had a very successful season, and played a steady game, especially on its own grounds. Pennsylvania's rather weak ending was disappointing. This team is composed of excellent material, and should have been more successful. They gave great promise at the beginning of the season, after their first bout with Harvard and Yale.

PRINCETON WORKED UP A VERY FAIR TEAM without much to start on, and has developed several good men. They showed remarkable hitting powers in the game with Pennsylvania at Princeton, and with Harvard at Cambridge, but the last game with Yale was miserable, and altogether unworthy of any 'varsity team.

Harvard has not had much to do in developing players, as the material was already at hand, and the best of the season. Harvard's game has been a strong one, but there has been difficulty in bringing out team-play. Brilliant individual effort has won many a game for Harvard this season, and equal lustre in the error column has lost others.

Yale began the season with only a few veterans, and spent some weeks, with much success, developing players. The new material was not above the average, but the improvement was so marked that now, at the end of the season, Yale is strong, and comes nearer playing a team game than any other nine. Very little real team-play has been seen this season.

IN MAKING UP AN ALL-AMERICA COLLEGE TEAM men must be chosen who have shown the most ability individually in their respective positions, and only what he has done taken into consideration, instead of what he might do under different circumstances. In football the choice is virtually from three or four teams, but in baseball the field is much larger.

No college season in my recollection has brought out so many really good pitchers as the present one. Heretofore some two or three have had things pretty much their own way, but the team not strong in the pitcher's box has been the exception this year. The pitchers who have done especially well this season all have some similar characteristics, but their distinguishing points divide them into three classes.

The first includes J. Highlands of Harvard, and Carter of Yale. These two men are far ahead of the rest of the field, and though Highlands is left and Carter right handed, there is a likeness in their work which puts them in a class by themselves. Both have terrific speed, and sharp, deceptive curves. Carter has a trifle the better of it so far as speed goes, and his control is much more certain. He is always at his best, whereas Highlands does not invariably give such an impression. These are the strongest men Harvard and Yale have had since the days of Nichols and Stagg. Indeed they impress one as being stronger, for the batting is more scientific now than it was in the day of those two great pitchers. If it is possible we shall get some figures to compare the four.

IN ANOTHER CLASS ARE FOUND a number of pitchers far above the average, and who, with a good field behind them, put up a very strong game. These rely more on curves and head work than speed. All are regular and have good control, and rarely do opposing batsmen hit them to any extent. This class includes Bayne of Pennsylvania, who died last week, Colby of Amherst, Pond of Vermont, Sexton of Brown, Wiggin of Harvard, Bowers of Yale, and Drake of Princeton. Colby's best ball is his outdrop, which is very quick and deceptive, and he has used it with excellent judgment and results. Bayne and Pond both have an exceptionally good drop ball, which has proved especially effective against Yale. Sexton and Drake both rely on occasional speed and head-work, and both have done excellent work this year. Sexton's speedy ball keeps its height well, and Drake is a careful pitcher, who watches bases better than any other man in the box. Bowers of Yale and Wiggin of Harvard pitch very much alike, though the former is the better of the two. Neither man uses much speed, and their curves are not remarkable, yet head-work and care have made them both valuable men. Bowers can find an opposing batsman's weakness very quickly, and his slow balls rarely go anywhere but to this vulnerable spot. Wiggin uses time and is very careful, and has been fortunate in having a particularly strong team behind him.

STILL ANOTHER CLASS WILL INCLUDE Priest of Cornell, O'Connor of Dartmouth, Reese of Pennsylvania. Priest has proved himself the most reliable of the three, and is a very strong pitcher. All these men are left-handed, and have done excellent work during the past season. O'Connor of Dartmouth has as great possibilities as any man on the college field to-day, but an error or two change his naturally fine form into a wild conglomeration of curves and shoots, which work only his own defeat. He has beaten Harvard fairly on its own grounds, and he has as sharp curves as any pitcher of the season. Reese has done well, and pitched the bulk of the season for Pennsylvania. An overhand speedy ball is his best, which he varies by a change of pace.

This is an array of splendid material, to be sure; but, taking all things into consideration, there seems to be no doubt that the man who has fairly earned the position of pitcher on the All-America College Team is Carter of Yale. He has had more work and more responsibility than any other college pitcher, and has shown himself invincible, cool, and steady at critical moments. He is a thorough ball player, and has all the requisites of a good pitcher—head-work, speed, and beautiful control. There is equally no doubt that J. Highlands of Harvard is the next best man. His record is an enviable one, and his hitting is strong. He pitches a very speedy ball, and at times an extremely deceptive one; he is erratic, however. With hard training Highlands would press Carter very hard. With this pair of pitchers a team would be almost invincible.

THE CATCHERS OF THIS SEASON are a variable lot, and, as a whole, have been unsteady. Those who have done the best work are Ramney of Dartmouth, Coogan of Pennsylvania, Upton of Harvard, Kedzie of Yale, Kinsella of Vermont, Mason of Harvard, Tenny of Brown, and Leahy of Holy Cross. Ramney has shown himself to be a very steady and reliable back stop, while his throwing and batting are strong. His greatest weakness is slowness in getting after passed balls and foul flies, yet he is sure in handling them. His long experience makes him steady, and he understands his position thoroughly. Coogan of Pennsylvania, Upton of Harvard, Kinsella of Vermont, and Kedzie of Yale have all played in good form, and all are swift and accurate throwers. Upton of Harvard is a reliable man, and his hitting is very strong. Mason of Harvard is brilliant and wretched by turns, but he is erratic and unsteady. His throwing is very loose, but his hitting and base-running are strong. Tenny of Brown coaches his pitcher well, and his work shows care and is very even. Leahy of Holy Cross is a beautiful back stop and thrower, and his work this year has been excellent. His batting is his weakest point. Mason of Harvard and Kedzie of Yale both have had particularly hard men to hold, yet this fact does not excuse the uncertainty and fumbling credited to both these men in the first Harvard-Yale game at Cambridge, and in Mason in the second game at New Haven. Ramney should be given the position of catcher, and Upton's all-round work entitles him to second choice.

THERE HAS BEEN NO REMARKABLE WORK on first base this season, and although several men have played the place well, none has displayed that peculiar fitness seen in other positions. The men who have shown the best form are Weeks of Brown, Hunt of Amherst, Stephenson of Yale, Goeckle of Pennsylvania, Guild of Princeton, Trafford of Harvard, and Allen of Vermont. Weeks of Brown has filled his position for several years on a team composed of fast ball players, and shown himself to be a thoroughly reliable man. His hitting is not particularly strong, but his fielding is brilliant. Hunt of Amherst has been playing a steady game, and ranks well up among first basemen. Stephenson of Yale has done remarkably well for his first year. He is a heavy though not a sure hitter, and fields his position well. He will have a good start on first baseman next year. Goeckle, Trafford, Guild, and Allen have all been strong in their positions. Goeckle and Guild are both a bit ur[illegible] Guild has been hitting fu good form recently, and i[illegible] fielding. Goeckle's throw in the game with Yale [illegible] reasonable. Trafford of Harvard is a [illegible] generally reliable. Allen of Verm[illegible] four years' experience, but covers his gr[illegible] seems to be no question of Weeks's superio[illegible] man, while Stephenson of Yale is second cl[illegible] ood on his batting.

THERE HAS BEEN [illegible] MATERIAL on second base, and the last year's m[illegible] in the lead. Second base is an easy position to play [illegible] ably, but a hard one to fill well. The best men are Ste[illegible]s of Amherst, King of Princeton, Hovey of Harvard, Th[illegible]mson of Pennsylvania, and Jones of Brown. Beall has do[illegible]ery good work on second for Yale, but his few games a[illegible]riterion of what his season's work would have been. [illegible] a valuable man in any position. Stearns of Amherst [illegible] an exceptionally good man. His batting and fielding are [illegible]gh remarkably strong and he is one of the few men who ba[illegible] hit Carter fairly and squarely when Carter was doing his best. His fielding is sure, and his record is an enviable one. King of Princeton

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can play his position in beautiful form, but his last exhibition in New York was worse than school-boy work. In touching a base-runner with the ball King is unsurpassed, and by his clever work he has saved his catcher many a slow throw. Hovey of Harvard is a very strong in-fielder and a good hitter. Thomson of Pennsylvania and Jones of Brown have done well, but both are apt to be unsteady. Stearns of Amherst easily deserves his position as second-baseman, with King as an able substitute.

THE BEST THIRD BASEMEN are Rustin of Yale, Abbott of Harvard, Magill of Brown, Hollister of Pennsylvania, Gunster of Princeton, and Arbuthnot of Yale. Rustin was beginning to play in splendid form, when he was spiked in the first Princeton game, and this stopped his baseball for this season. Abbott of Harvard is a thoroughly experienced player, and has few superiors as a third baseman. His several years' drill at Dartmouth gave him an advantage at the start, which he has maintained. His hitting and fielding are both strong. Magill of Brown is another experienced man, and plays a highly satisfactory game at third. His long practice makes him well acquainted with his territory, and he places himself extremely well. He is not a strong hitter. Hollister of Pennsylvania has been playing a fine game at third. His batting has been the feature of all Pennsylvania's recent games. He is quick and active, and is well built for a baseman. Gunster of Princeton did well for an inexperienced player, and has been steady, except in his first game against Harvard. Arbuthnot, who took Rustin's place for Yale, has shown very good form and played the base well. His hitting is not sure, though it has been timely. Third base on the All America nine should go to Abbott, with Hollister as substitute.

THERE ARE FOUR SHORT STOPS who have shown exceptional ability this season, and these are Sullivan of Harvard, Murphy of Yale, Coutrell of Pennsylvania, and Steere of Brown. Sullivan is another of Harvard's experienced men, and is a fine in-fielder. His game has been more brilliant than sure, and his hitting excellent. He is a thorough and graceful ball player, and a very valuable man, but he would be more valuable if he would not try to be so brilliant. His errors have been costly ones for Harvard. Murphy has only recently entered the race, but his old-time form was not long in returning. He covers more ground than any college short stop, and his throwing to first base has never been surpassed on the college diamond, and rarely equalled. He fields the ball quickly, and then sends it without an instant's loss swiftly and accurately into the first-baseman's hands. His batting is scientific, and base running very clever. Coutrell and Steere both have excellent throws to first from their position, and both cover ground well. Steere's playing is the steadier, and he is also a good batter. Murphy unquestionably out-classes any other short stop. Sullivan is second choice.

CASE OF YALE HAS MADE HIMSELF the best left-fielder of the year. He has played the position at Yale for two seasons, and his fielding work is very sure. He is a heavy hitter and a sharp base runner. McKenzie of Princeton has improved wonderfully this year, and covers a great deal of ground in left field. If his stick work were better he would be as good a man as Case. His throwing to the plate is swift, but not so accurate as that of the Yale man. These two lead all other left fielders, though some brilliant work has been done by catchers and pitchers when filling the position. Case has fairly earned the place, and McKenzie is an able substitute.

In centre field there are more players who have attained distinction this year. These men are Hallowell of Harvard, Woodcock of Princeton, George of Brown, Bliss of Yale, and Beall of Yale. Hallowell of Harvard is the best man in the out field Harvard or any other university ever had. He takes great care and practises faithfully. He is a strong batter and a splendid base runner. His throwing is sure, and his record in baseball and football will long be remembered. Frank Hallowell is a type of the college athlete in his highest development—a gentleman and an amateur. Woodcock of Princeton and Bliss of Yale are both sure men on a fly ball, and their throwing is hard and accurate. Woodcock's record in the game with Yale at Princeton was an exceptional one. Bliss is a weak hitter, and his utility is confined to the out field, where he excels.

George of Brown has done remarkable work this year, and some of his catches of long drives have been wonderful. He is a young player, and will undoubtedly make his mark before he leaves college. His hitting is not strong, but this will improve with experience, as his form is good. Beall of Yale is one of the most useful men of the season. His run-getting powers are great. As a centre-fielder he has few equals. He covers ground well, and is a good thrower. His batting is scientific, and base running excellent. Taking all things into consideration, Hallowell of Harvard is the best man of the season in centre field, and deserves his position on the All America team. If Beall had been able to play through the season in the out field, his work would bear a more strict comparison with Hallowell; as it is, he is easily the next best man for centre field.

IN RIGHT FIELD, AS IN LEFT, is frequently seen an end of a battery, and few men have held the position regularly. Of these regular men the two best are Payne of Princeton and Speer of Yale. Payne is one of the best hitting out-fielders Princeton has ever had. His work against Yale and Harvard has been very strong in this respect. He is sure of a fly ball, and understands his position well. His clever hitting is followed by good base-running whic[illegible]kes him a valuable man. Speer of Yale has pl[illegible] for his first season. He fa[illegible] has filled it well. His throwing [illegible] hitting generally hard. If he [illegible] season, he will easily be among the [illegible] the college world. Payne of Princeton sho[illegible] the position of right-fielder, and Speer of Yal[illegible] able substitute.

IN MAKING UP THIS NATI[illegible]M, all college nines that have played really good ba[illegible]ve been taken into consideration. In years past, whe[illegible]king an All America baseball team, the players of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton only have been regarded. This year, however, the average of play by all colleges was so good that a thoroughly representative nine could not [illegible]osen without enlarging the field to include many th[illegible] heretofore been ignored. There are still one or two smaller colleges in New England that have continued offenders in the spirit, if not in the letter, of the amateur law, though, generally speaking, much improvement is apparent in this direction. Next year we are promised that all traces of semi-professionalism will be obliterated, and in this hope some college teams are included here that otherwise would be left off the list. With more space at our command next year, every college that offends will be thoroughly ventilated in these columns. College baseball must be kept absolutely pure, cost what it may.

YALE PLAYED A GREAT GAME of baseball in the second of the series with Harvard, at New Haven, on the 27th, and won, 2-0. Harvard lost by errors, it is true, but errors that were inexcusable, and were not to be looked for in a team composed of such veterans. All Harvard's experience and superior batting availed them nothing. Yale won because they played a steadier game, and because they were equal to an emergency when it came. It seems impossible for Harvard to arise to emergencies, whether in baseball, football, or rowing; evidently it is a quality unknown at Cambridge, and one to which the coachers should pay great attention in making up future teams. It was a magnificent game until the last half of the eighth, when Yale went to the bat. Not a run had been made. Carter was the first man to the bat in this fatal inning, and outdid himself by a safe hit to right field. He went to second on one of Mason's passed balls, and got to third on Murphy's clean hit to centre field. Murphy stole second without any trouble, in fact, every Yale man who could run a little bit was able to reach second. Beall popped up a fly to Highlands, and Case came to the bat. He made an easy sacrifice hit, which Sullivan captured, and with his accustomed "brilliancy" hurled at Mason, who was obliged to get a couple of yards towards third base to reach it; he stopped the ball, but did not hold it, got in the way of Carter, who was coming in from third; was knocked over and dazed, the ball rolling along the line while Murphy came home. Highlands got the ball, and threw it so high to second to catch Case that Frothingham could not have reached it with a ten-foot pole, and before the ball could be fielded Case also had crossed the plate, and Yale had won the game. Mason seemed unable to either hold the ball or throw to second; he let one man steal third at his pleasure, and made three costly errors. Kedzie put up a good game. Bliss muffed a fly, though he made a pretty catch of another, and Speer made a bad fumble, which let a man to third, as did Beall. Other than this Yale played a faultless game, Murphy and Case doing remarkably good work, the former especially distinguishing himself by stopping Kedzie's high throw to second. Harvard's game was good until that eighth inning, though Frothingham's being caught at first was inexcusable. Carter pitched a strong game, holding Harvard's heavy batters down to two hits and striking out five. Highlands was not in the form he displayed at Cambridge, and let up in the last few innings. He struck out six men and allowed four hits. The third and deciding game is being decided in New York while this department is on the press. When two nines are so evenly matched the slightest misplay is certain to decide the winner. Yale has surely shown steadier form, and on that account the chances are slightly in their favor.

COLLEGE SCORES—SEASON 1893.

HARVARD.

Date			Opponent	
April—				
2.	Har.	12,	Andover	3
5	"	11,	Matthews	1
6	"	14,	Lehigh	3
8	"	12,	U. of Penn.	16
7	"	2,	Georgetown	3
4.	"	1,	U. of Virginia	1
11.	"	2,	Boston	18
11.	"	10,	Thomson-Houston	8
19.	"	10,	Williams	1
22.	"	2,	Holy Cross	5
24.	"	8,	Amherst	3
26.	"	20,	Dartmouth	3
29.	"	7,	Brown	4
May—				
1.	Har.	11,	Tufts	3
3.	"	1,	Princeton	3
May—				
6.	Har.	3,	U. of Penn.	7
10.	"	5,	Brown	3
18.	"	0,	Holy Cross	3
20.	"	6,	Amherst	3
22.	"	20,	Cornell	3
24.	"	9,	Amherst	2
30	"	8,	Princeton	6
June—				
1.	Har.	5,	Georgetown	1
3.	"	4,	Yale Law School	3
8.	"	10,	Holy Cross	1
10.	"	3,	Brown	5
12.	"	10,	U. of Penn.	6
14.	"	14,	U. of Penn.	8
19.	"	13,	U. of Vermont	2

YALE.

Date			Opponent	
March—				
26.	Yale	6,	U. of Penn.	11
31.	"	13,	Wash. Y.M.C.A.	2
April—				
1.	Yale	14,	U. of Virginia	2
3.	"	11,	U. of Virginia	4
4.	"	7,	Johns Hopkins	1
5.	"	8,	U. of Penn.	7
10.	"	5,	Boston	8
14.	"	7,	Dartmouth	0
17.	"	4,	New York	13
19.	"	4,	N. Y. A. C.	5
22.	"	6,	Brooklyn	13
24.	"	5,	New York	6
29.	"	10,	Williams	6
May—				
2.	Yale	4,	Brown	0
May—				
6.	Yale	8,	U. of Penn.	3
8	"	3,	Wesleyan	4
10	"	9,	Brown	6
13.	"	12,	Orange A. C.	3
15.	"	6,	Amherst	5
20.	"	5,	Princeton	1
24.	"	3,	Wesleyan	2
30	"	—,	Orange A. C.	—
31.	"	2,	Andover	0
June—				
3.	Yale	1,	Amherst	0
7	"	6,	Andover	0
10	"	2,	Princeton	0
13	"	3,	U. of Vermont	4
17	"	14,	Princeton	1
20	"	—,	Harvard	—

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Date			Opponent	
	U. of P.	16,	Swarthmore	2
	"	22,	Swarthmore	1
March—				
30	U. of P.	11,	Yale	4
April—				
5	U. of P.	7,	Yale	5
6.	"	16,	Harvard	12
13.	"	12,	U. of Vermont	20
17.	"	20,	Trinity	8
20.	"	29,	Columbia	1
24.	"	20,	Wesleyan	3
29	"	18,	Georgetown	3
30	"	17,	Lehigh	4
May—				
3	U. of P.	4,	Yale	8
May—				
9.	U. of P.	18,	Lehigh	7
11	"	8,	Cornell	5
20	"	21,	Lafayette	1
24.	"	4,	Princeton	10
27	"	4,	Princeton	5
30.	"	10,	Yale Law School	7
31	"	12,	Lafayette	1
June—				
3.	U. of P.	16,	Johns Hopkins	5
7	"	4,	Princeton	5
9.	"	8,	Cornell	7
10	"	3,	Cornell	5
12.	"	4,	Harvard	14
14.	"	5,	Harvard	7

BROWN.

		Opponent	
Brown	4,	Boston League	6
"	6,	N. E. League	8
"	11,	Tufts	5
"	10,	Boston College	5
"	6,	Dartmouth	8
"	0,	Harvard	1
"	0,	Yale	7
"	7,	Yale Law School	4
"	6,	Holy Cross	0
"	5,	Yale (11 innings)	3
"	5,	Harvard (10 innings)	0
"	6,	Holy Cross	14
"	10,	Cornell	6
Brown	5,	Andover	1
"	7,	Providence League	8
"	1,	Yale Law School	8
"	1,	Providence League	12
"	0,	Georgetown	5
"	6,	Georgetown	5
"	2,	Amherst	5
"	0,	Harvard	5
"	10,	Amherst	1
"	2,	Holy Cross	1
"	6,	U. of Vermont	1
"	6,	Holy Cross	13
"	11,	Yale Law School	2

THE AMATEUR BASEBALL LEAGUE SEASON is about half over, and the two New Jersey clubs are the leaders. The New Jersey Athletic Club stands at the head, with an enviable record which is entirely due to the pitching of Wintervelt. He ranks very high among amateurs this season, and should his team capture the pennant it will be due to his work alone. Second in the League stands the Englewood Field Club, which is about the finest aggregation of batters and fielders ever seen on an amateur team outside of the large colleges. But an erratic pitcher is causing this nine much trouble. Some days Anderson is invincible, while at other times the hits run as high as a dozen. His support behind the bat by T. B. Cuming is almost perfect, and Mowry, Mattocks, Small, and Prosser, make a first-class in field. Lever and McDonald in the out field are sure on fly balls, and will stand at the head of the League in batting when the season is concluded.

THE TWO STATEN ISLAND CLUBS are much weaker. The Athletics, which have held the pennant for years, do not seem to be in winning condition by any means. Brush and Van Zant, who were so fine at the bat and in the field last year, are disappointing their friends this season, while Clare's pitching has been decidedly poor. The Staten Island Cricket Club is weak in every department. Tyng, who played so well when at Harvard, is now an easy mark for the League batsmen. His support is not good enough to hold down the runs, and consequently the opposing nines have made big scores. All things considered, it looks as though the four teams would finish the season in the same positions as given herewith, except that the Englewood nine may pass the New Jersey Athletic Club, provided its pitcher gets down to steady work shortly.

THE CANOE RACING SEASON began Decoration day, and through June there were races every week. The regattas already held are the Associated Clubs on the Passaic; the Eastern Division Meet of the American Canoe Association on the Connecticut, at Haddam Island; the Brooklyn Canoe Club Annual, the New York Canoe Club Annual, and the invitation races of the Marine and Field Club on Gravesend Bay. In the West the Milwaukee Club is the only one of importance that has held races up to date, and its events are interesting to canoe men generally simply because the fast Yonker's canoe *Glenwood*, of 1892, is now owned by a member of the Western club, and renamed *Electra*. Two other fast Eastern canoes are also on this club's register.

The only regatta thus far held that brought the best boats and men together was the Marine and Field, June 24th. There were no very fast canoes in the races on the Passaic or Connecticut. Howard of the New York Canoe Club won the Brooklyn race easily, as his *Aztec* was the only first-class canoe in the race. The New York regatta was sailed in a heavy rain. In spite of the weather a good fleet of the club canoes started, Barrington winning in his old patched-up *Toltec*, with Howard second, and Moore close behind him. This race was valuable in showing that the changes Howard made in his canoe have improved the speed, and also in showing that the lead bulb on the centreboard of Moore's canoe—an experiment tried last year without definite results—is no hindrance to speed, and a great gain in stability.

HOWARD WON THE UNLIMITED RACE in the morning of the Marine and Field day in a very light and variable wind, and though he did no better sailing than Butler, who was in the *Wasp* (a canoe he has devoted himself to for four years), the luck all went Howard's way. The sailing of both Goddard and Butler in their comparatively old boats showed that the new canoes are no better, if as good, in light weather, and that canoe sailing and models have improved little in the last four years. Butler won the club race easily in a stiff breeze in the afternoon. Neither Howard nor Goddard was entered. Moore got second place, and the new canoe sailed by Whitlock, which in many ways is the most perfectly constructed sailing canoe yet built, made a very poor showing. The fin-keel centreboard canoe *Pioneer* made a good showing the first round, but met with a mishap on the windward work which prevented any fair comparison of her sailing qualities with the other boats. In the morning race she was under rigged. Her owner, H. G. Ward, was not able to sail, which partly accounts for the poor performance, and a friend who was new to the canoe held the stick.

IN THE CUP RACE LATE in the afternoon Goddard, Howard, and Schieffelin (in Moore's canoe *Torment*) led the fleet, and had a wonderfully close and exciting race. Schieffelin got the lead early, and held it till his main-sheet block fastening parted. While he was making repairs both Goddard and Howard passed him. On the second round the wind suddenly shifted from west to east and blew hard, thus placing all the canoes on even terms again, with a dead run before the wind for the finish. Goddard was hit hard and upset twice, and Howard came staggering along under more sail than he could carry, with his boom in the water half the time. Schieffelin handled his canoe to perfection, held her up, and came down for the line at a tremendous rate, and won with a good margin. It was a matter of regret that Barrington did not enter any of the races, and that Von Nardroff had an accident to his canoe a few days before the races, which prevented him from sailing. The latter has done such good work in his rebuilt *Bonnie*, and has put to the test so many new ideas, that it was a great misfortune he could not try his luck against the cracks. He will be heard from later in the season. New canoes and new rigs are never in good condition for racing so early in the season.

THE NORTHWESTERN INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASS'N held its first annual track meeting June 3d, in Chicago, a bad track, wet weather, and poor performances being the features. This association is modelled after the Eastern association, and the University of Michigan (Ann Arbor), University of Wisconsin (Madison), Northwestern University (Evanston), and the University of Minnesota are members, but the last named did not send a team. Ann Arbor took first, 58 points; Madison, second, with 30, Northwestern, third, 12. In baseball Ann Arbor seems to be about as strong as any; Madison, has done quite well, but the University of Minnesota and a few other teams vary greatly from season to season, owing to newness and rawness, lack of experience, training, and "tradition."

The most creditable performances were made in the 100 yards, done in 10⅕ seconds, though it is not likely the winner could make the same time with experienced men holding the watches, and the running broad jump, 21 ft. 5 in., though the second man fell back to 20 ft., and the third to 19 ft. 8 in.

The balance of the events were won in slow time, and the field events were of the same order, and little better than our interscholastic records.

In Iowa there seems to be a growing spirit in baseball and in track athletics.

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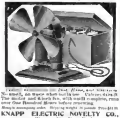

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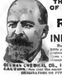

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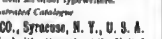

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVII.—No. 1894.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1893.

TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

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INSIDE A TREASURY VAULT IN WASHINGTON.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL.

Taking the Bags of Silver out to be Weighed.—[See Page 670.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 15, 1893.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has acted wisely in calling Congress together at an earlier day than he originally intended, and also in giving as other reason for his call than the necessity of relieving the country of the injurious financial legislation which has caused so much disaster. As it was understood that the President delayed the calling of the extra session because he was in doubt as to whether a majority of Congress could be found for the repeal of the SHERMAN law, the issuing of the call indicates that his doubt has been removed, and this has served in a great measure to mitigate the prevailing distrust as to the future. And if the deliberations of Congress are, at the beginning of the session at least, confined to the financial problem, to the exclusion, for the time being, of the tariff question, there will be no danger of trading and log-rolling between the advocates of high duties and the friends of a sound currency. It is a fortunate circumstance that the Democratic majority in both Houses has it in its power to keep these two subjects strictly apart. It is to be hoped that the Democratic leaders will see the importance of carrying the repeal of the SHERMAN act pure and single, without anything else in the same act. Further financial legislation looking to the future should form the subject of a separate measure. The silver men will, no doubt, endeavor to prevent the passage of the repeal by moving all sorts of substitutes, and the danger is that in this way they may greatly embarrass and delay its passage. Their leaders are now busy laying their plans and organizing a campaign to that end, showing thereby again how blind they are, not only to the interests of the country, but to their own.

The cessation in India of the free coinage of silver for private account is the most striking symptom of a movement that has been irresistibly pressing forward ever since the great increase in the world's production of silver permanently depressed the market value of that metal. The tendency toward the recognition by all commercial nations of gold as the standard of values has become so decided and so strong that at last the nations most wedded to the use of silver as a money metal are giving up their vain attempts to resist it, and those of them that are guided by the most prudent financial counsel do so first, although the difficulties they have to overcome are very perplexing. This is the significance of the act of the Council of India. That this act will considerably accelerate the movement toward the general acceptance of the gold standard is a matter of course. The signs of the times are so clear that it requires a high degree of folly to misconceive and misinterpret them. But it is to be feared that of this folly there still exists a considerable quantity in certain parts of the United States.

We are by no means inclined to make sport of the business disturbance and the distress which the sudden fall in the price of silver causes in the mining districts of the West. But the miners and smelters would be entitled to much more sympathy were not our present financial troubles and disasters in a great measure owing to the fact that the silver-miners' interest has by all sorts of means extorted unreasonable legislative favors from Congress, made it its business to spread unwholesome and dangerous financial doctrines among the people, and thus contributed very much to the causes of our present trouble. The silver miners have long been the spoiled children of the nation, and there is something pitiably infantile in their present conduct when they go into hysteric spasms and rave about a universal conspiracy against them of the gold bugs the world over, and threaten to set up a Western empire for themselves if mankind will not pledge them $1 29 for every ounce of silver, simply because the government of India is prudently taking steps to get out of the wet. However, we should not judge them too harshly. It is always so with people who have received favors from government which they ought not to have received, and who, when such favors are to be withdrawn, complain that bad men are feloniously plotting to strip them of their inalienable, God-given rights. The protected manufacturer is no better who piously protests against every reduction of the tariff on his goods as a criminal attempt to disturb the divine order of the universe.

But if the silver miners, instead of foolishly continuing their struggle against the inevitable, would now stop to take breath and look the present situation soberly in the face, it would be greatly to their own advantage as well as that of the American people at large. It is a common experience that when a certain event, especially in things economic, is sure to take place, those will suffer from it the least loss, or secure from it the greatest benefit, who accommodate themselves to it most promptly and completely. That the silver miners, except those of them who can produce the article at the lowest cost, have stopped, or are going to stop work, is undoubtedly wise. The price of silver will be exposed to considerable fluctuation, and these fluctuations will be especially incalculable and violent so long as there are uncertain quantities of importance in the situation the effect of which nobody can foresee. Such an uncertain quantity is the impending repeal of the SHERMAN law, and the disposition to be made of the large mass of silver bullion in the Treasury. Nobody can predict what the effect of these things upon the market price of silver will be. That it will be depressing can hardly be doubted. But how far the depression may go nobody is able to predict. The obvious consequence is that every prudent business man who may want silver for use in the arts, or for other purposes, will in the face of the probability of lower prices be inclined to put off his purchases as long as he can. There will, of necessity, be a smaller number of purchasers in the market, and a stronger disposition for short selling than for buying in anticipation of a rise, just so long as the dark cloud of those uncertain quantities hangs over us.

To remove these uncertain quantities as quickly as possible is therefore the evident interest of every man in the business. In what direction they must and ultimately will be removed is now clear to every person of ordinary sagacity. Only men who have grown delirious on the subject, such as Mr. BLAND and Senators STEWART and TELLER, will still believe in the possibility of free coinage in this country. That the SHERMAN law will be repealed, that the monthly silver purchases will be stopped, and that some method will be found to rid the government of the useless stock of silver bullion on its hands is as certain ultimately to happen as it is that the American people are one of the civilized nations of the world. The only question is when; and surely nobody should be in a greater hurry to have it done than the silver miners themselves. The use of silver in the arts is large and constantly increasing. It will receive a new impulse, and this will produce a favorable effect upon the market price of silver as soon as the business men who use silver cease to wait with their purchases for a lower price. Silver will continue to be employed as a subsidiary coin and as a limited legal tender. Only after the settlement of the pending question in the United States will it be possible to estimate how largely it will be so employed and how this will affect the silver market. Only then the fluctuations in that market will not, indeed, cease altogether, but cease to be very fitful and violent. Only then will the demand for silver become again natural and steady, instead of being artificial and subject to collapses. Only then will the producer of silver be able again to calculate whether and how he can work with profit, instead of working in the dark as he does now, or shutting up his mine in anticipation of further disaster.

The repeal of the SHERMAN law and the settlement of our monetary system on the gold basis may be delayed, but cannot be prevented. Delay means only the protraction of a disease. While prompt action is demanded by the general interest, those directly interested in the production of silver, instead of raising a corruption fund for a hopeless struggle against the inevitable, ought to be the first to urge it, and to pitch those of their leaders who advise them to the contrary overboard as their worst enemies.

THE PRESIDENT'S REST.

THE President has left Washington for a short vacation, and has gone to his pleasant home at the sea side for rest and health. He is richly entitled to enjoy perfect freedom from business and from annoyance, and he was wise in lingering on his way, and in finding all the pleasure and recreation to be had in a loitering sail in a well-equipped yacht over smiling seas.

For four long months the President has been closely confined in Washington. Once he escaped from the city for a Sunday with his friend Ambassador BAYARD. Once or twice he has gone down the Potomac for a fishing trip. At the end of May he spent several days to this refreshing and invigorating recreation. But these were brief play spells. Most of his time has been assiduously devoted to the public business.

For quite two months the days at the White House were broken up by office-seekers who had no compassion on Mr. CLEVELAND and no regard for the welfare of the country. Their interest was self-centred, and to that the President was compelled to yield his own and the country's time, until he put an end to the persecution by the courageous order which is still remembered. No one not having personal knowledge of the daily sessions which the President held with these persistent gentlemen can realize the waste of physical energy that he endured. As reported by trustworthy correspondents of the daily newspapers, it was long after midnight that he was able to finish his routine correspondence.

During and since that time he has been in constant consultation with the leaders of Congress on the financial question. Wall Street was frightened, and held up in the mind of the President the fearful vision of a panic. He was urged to issue bonds, to call an early session. The hopes and expectations of the office-seekers and the needs of the country were heavy upon him. He did his utmost to meet them, and no doubt he is very tired.

He has called an extra session of Congress, which will meet in less than a month. It will be a very important session, and there will be a long, perhaps a bitter, struggle between the free-coinage and the anti-silver men over the proposition to repeal the SHERMAN act. There has been nothing in the recent Congressional history of the country so exciting as this extra session promises to be, and the President must bear the weight of it, must resist appeals, must use his utmost power to accomplish what he desires and what the good of the country requires. Moreover, he is now suffering from an attack of his old enemy rheumatism, which seizes upon him at this season every year. This will probably be more effective than anything else in keeping off intruders.

It is to be hoped that both politicians and patriots will realize the President's need of rest, and will leave him alone. He ought not to be annoyed by importunities for office nor by suggestions of a graver nature. There will be opportunity and time for all of these when he returns to Washington. In the mean time he should be left to the quiet of his family, to the recovery of his health, and afterward, if it be possible, to the enjoyment of his boat, to the recuperative pleasure of fishing in the broad and fruitful waters of Buzzard's Bay. The more rest the President has in this vacation the better will it be for his administration and for the country.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

THERE was a great marriage in St. James's Palace, in the Chapel Royal, on Thursday last. It was the wedding of the young man and the young woman who, it is fondly hoped, will some time sit upon the throne of England and rule the destinies of an empire.

As a state event it was the most momentous marriage that has taken place in Great Britain since the groom's father, the Prince of Wales, married the groom's mother, ALEXANDRA of Denmark, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on the 10th of March, 1863. There must be a succession through the sons of that marriage, or the crown will go to the Duchess of Fife, and a subject will be Prince Consort—something that would be intolerable to the nability of England and Scotland, some of whom have now the precedence of the Duke of Fife in his own right.

It seems to have been the determination of the heads of the English royal family that Princess MARY of Teck should be the bride of the heir-presumptive. By decree she had been affianced to the elder son of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Clarence, and when that unfortunate young man died before the wedding-day, the royal cousin was selected as the bride for the successor to the heritage. It was fixed that she should be Queen, and in the nature of things, the kingdom remaining stable, and she outliving the Prince of Wales, she will be Queen, and her progeny will be Kings or Queens of Great Britain and Emperors or Empresses of India.

The likenesses of these royal personages will be found elsewhere in this issue of the WEEKLY. They are pictures of persons who bear no stamp of genius, and yet in them repose the hopes of loyal England, of the great numbers of people who regard the throne as a bulwark and defence against modern radicalism and iconoclasm.

If the young man possesses the virtues of his grandmother and mother, English liberty has nothing to fear from his accession to the throne and English virtue will not be shocked. If he have the social tact of his father, English social graces will rule at the palace. The Duke of York—for that is the future King's present title—has given no sign of genius of any kind, but genius would be misplaced if it were granted to an English king.

The bride, like most English royal brides, is very popular. The English people of this century have always manifested a strong affection for their royal women. It is said that she is an English princess, and that not a trace of the family German accent is to be found in her speech.

It is to be hoped that both the groom and the bride will do their utmost to promote freedom of thought and speech and action in the ancient kingdom over which it may be their privilege to reign, and that during that reign the domestic virtues may have an uncompromising champion as is she who is now rounding out the fifty-sixth year of her reign.

AN ADVOCATE OF COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

GENERAL FRANCIS A. WALKER's Phi Beta Kappa address at Cambridge must be rated as an important event in athletics. It came in the same week as two Yale-Harvard ball matches and the boat-races at New London, yet it fairly held up its head and commanded attention even in company with such rivals. General WALKER's experience at the head of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology qualifies him to speak of college athletics both as an observer and as an educator. The Institute is something between a college and a professional school, and while it deals in athletics, it is not under the imputation of athletic excess.

There was very little of apology or extenuation in his address. Reverting to the days long "before the war" he reviews the traditional aspirations of the college youth of those times, in which, he says, literary societies flourished and oratory was in demand, and young gentlemen with high foreheads brushed back their hair to make their phreno-

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logical development seem loftier. "Mind and soul" were the only things to be admired in those days. "Mere bigness" inspired contempt, strength was believed to be closely akin to brutality; and positive danger to spirituality and even to morals was thought to lie in physical force. "Languor and pallor were attractive, delicacy of frame and limb was admired." The body was something to be "kept under," and seemed easier to keep under if it was small and weak. But gradually grew up the realization that morbid or feeble conditions of the body tended to generate delusions and evil impulses, and that a good mind in a strong and healthy body was in the position most favorable to sound and advantageous thought. Then, fostered by the movement which is remembered as "muscular Christianity," and encouraged by the civil war, college athletics developed fast and steadily, until it has come to be believed by a host of worthy people that the colleges are simply going wild, and that the whole traditional system of education is going to the bow wows.

But General WALKER is not of that host. He is not worried about the colleges or the traditional system of education. He frankly esteems the typical contemporary graduate, in spite of his biceps and chest measurement, to be better qualified for the business of living than his predecessor of forty years ago. He makes a distinction between gymnastics merely intended to develop the physique and keep the body in health, and athletics, which are exercise stimulated by competition. The value of gymnastics he considers self-evident, but he also warmly defends and encourages athletics when judiciously conducted and limited by a reasonable discretion. He by no means condemns what he calls "the excellent, virtuous notion that all young men go to college to make themselves scholars," but he shows a kindness for the idea that sports that demand—besides mere strength and swiftness—steadiness of nerve, quickness of apprehension, coolness, resourcefulness, self-knowledge, self-reliance, and the power of combination are of value for the development of a useful manhood. Nor does he attribute it as a fault to college athletics that they amuse the spectators. On the contrary, he rates it to their credit, though as perhaps the least important thing to be said in their favor, that they call men in great throngs out into the open air, arouse in them an interest in something besides money-getting, and "wonderfully light up the life of our people." He finds it also a good result of intercollegiate contests that they help to check the prevailing tendency toward selfish individualism, and develop something akin to patriotism and public spirit. Yet one detail of this development he objects to, condemning as unsportsmanlike the "system of organized cheering by great bodies of collegians grouped together for the purpose, with chosen youths of peculiar gesticulatory graces and pre-eminent lung power to start the movement and 'deacon off' the shouting." The abolition of that feature he considers one of the first things that should receive the attention of all lovers of fair play.

It is true that General WALKER has spoken as the advocate of college athletics rather than in the judicial spirit as an observer of their effects. Much more can be said in behalf of mere "mind and soul" than he has set forth, and more, too, in derogation of mere "beef and brawn." Nevertheless, it can at least be said that the sentiments which he expresses are representative sentiments. The college education in which athletics take a prominent part is satisfactory to many adult citizens whose opinions, as General WALKER has expressed them, are entitled to be respected, and are respected by the presidents of colleges. Theoretically it is as possible to-day as it ever was to get a college education without any athletics in it at all. It should not surely be attributed as a defect to the contemporary university that it offers all the intellectual training that its predecessors gave, and throws in gratis, for those who want it, the modern system of university athletics.

AN INSTANCE OF DEGENERATION.

THIS will undoubtedly be the greatest year for railroad travel ever known in this country. With the stimulus of the World's Fair to woo people forth upon the rail, the increase over any previous year's travel must prove to be simply enormous. What, on the whole, will be the fact in connection with the railroads which will most strongly impress itself upon this great army of Columbian travellers? Will it be the greater elegance and comfort of the coaches, the increase in the speed of the trains, or the ease with which great crowds are handled and close connections made? We suppose that these things will impress many—the thoughtless and those accustomed to look on the surface only. Indeed, these things are not to be disregarded wholly—they have their importance even for the thoughtful—but we believe that the one fact which will most forcibly strike the clear thinker and trained observer will be the frightful decadence of the American passenger-train brakeman.

A person does not need to be very old to remember when a railroad brakeman was something besides an ornament. It was before the introduction of air brakes. This sort of brakeman was still numerous, perhaps universal, twenty years ago. In those days a brakeman, as it were, brake. It was the Heroic Age of the brakeman. How easy to conjure up pictures of him! He was, in the first place, a full-sized man physically. Often he might have gone on the police force, had he not scorned the life as effeminate and calculated to take the spirit out of a man. His lower jaw was invariably inclined to be heavy, indicating the firmness which was always his. He seldom made any pretensions to beauty of face. Such things were beneath him. There was a slight cynical cast to his countenance; and he had, when speaking to you, a habit of gazing over your head, as if you were directly in his path and the quicker you moved to one side and allowed him to advance without stepping on you the better it would please him. Indeed sometimes he would not speak to you at all. This was especially the case if he believed you to be "somebody"—the Governor of the State, or something of that sort. He respected the conductor and the president of the road, but beyond these he looked upon the human race as simply so many units to be baffled in their desire to have a seat turned, or to learn the name of the second station ahead. His only visible dissipation was the consumption of quantities of tobacco, always of the "plug" variety. In a weaker man this might have been offensive, but in him it seemed merely the use of part of his natural food. In fact, if we make no mistake, he always referred to it as "eatin' tobacker." He never sought to borrow this article of diet, but, properly approached up by the front stove, he would not, when it was offered him, refuse to take a generous bite from a passenger's personal supply.

But it was while in action that the old-time brakeman showed to the greatest advantage. How he swung himself, and twisted those brake-wheels till it seemed as if they must come up by their iron roots! Old travellers can never be made fully to believe that this flimsy WESTINGHOUSE apparatus can set the brakes like the old fashioned brakeman. Then his announcement of the stations, in a deep bass voice, unintelligible but not unpleasing, was something worth hearing. It filled the car and woke up the sleeping passengers in the seat by the rear stove. We regret to say that the early-day brakeman often, while standing on the platform, swore violently at things in general and in particular. We say regret, though many worthy people often got much comfort from this habit, in precisely the same way as did the pious old lady in the storm at sea, who stopped in her prayer long enough to catch the profane remarks of the sailors, and to say, fervently, "Thank goodness, they are still swearing—they can't think it's very dangerous yet." So when the car swayed around a sharp curve, or bumped over a broken rail, the timid passenger clung to the three hexameter profanity of the brakeman on the platform and was reassured.

But our purpose was more particularly to speak of the present-day brakeman. But what can we say of such a brakeman? Never before was there such degeneration in so short a time. Shorn of his usefulness by the air-brake, he has been left a victim of evolution, an organ without a purpose. He is young, small, weak; he smokes cigarettes when off duty, and knows no more about the use of tobacco than a sperm-whale. He answers a passenger's question in a courteous disgusting manner, and announces the stations in a soprano voice, often so that the name can be understood. His sole active duty is to keep the ventilators shut. He does it, but the old brakeman used to nail them shut before the train started, and thrash the first man he caught looking at them as if he didn't approve of it. The present brakeman could no more twist a brake till the chain creaked and the sparks shot from the car wheels than he could go into Wall Street and twist a railroad till the stockholders creaked and the dollars shot from their pockets.

The American passenger-train brakeman of to-day offers a constant temptation to the old traveller to get up and take him by the ear and lead him away into the baggage-car, out of sight.

THINGS TALKED OF

COMMENT on new books does not come within this department of the WEEKLY unless the book is or is likely to be distinctly a thing talked of. That, we should say, lets in Mr William Henry Bishop's little volume on *A House-hunter in Europe*, just published by Harper & Brothers. There is no subject of more general conversation among intelligent Americans of to-day than the possibility of a residence for a moderate term abroad—not a journey, nor yet a permanent home, but of living for two or three or four years in some place that shall have the charm of the Old World, the healthfulness that we are accustomed to in our own country, and a cost not beyond the reach of a modest income. On this subject Mr. Bishop sheds a good deal of light. He does not, with the unerring definiteness of a guide-book writer, point out a series of places in which you shall find a perfect climate, an assortment of historic associations, a cheap and healthful house, and other specific gifts of divine Providence. But he gives you a fair amount of accurate and detailed information, and—what is important, perhaps, to a much larger class of his readers—he gives you an account of his own experiences as a "hunter," which is full of delightful humor, and is so frank, so honest, so informed with a wise and simple philosophy, that you are content. The faculty of candid and sympathetic observation, the happy mean between egotism and impersonality, is a rare one, and Mr Bishop has it in a rare degree. You close his book with a feeling that you have gained acquaintance with a phase of life abroad, interesting and charming in itself, and made more so by the winning—if we may be pardoned a French phrase, the *attachant*—quality of the writer.

There may be members of the French Chamber old enough to remember the days of '48 and they may well have been reminded of these on the 3d of July, when a crowd of disorderly students, some 1000 strong, swarmed around the doors of the Chamber until they had to be closed against them, and then a committee of ten was admitted to demand the upsetting of the ministry by a vote of censure. The motive of this demand was of small consequence, but the scene was disgraceful. There is no real wrong that cannot be legally righted in France without storming the legislature, and that a gang of boys and youngsters mostly in their teens should be permitted to interrupt the proceedings of a representative Assembly charged with the care of the great interests of the whole commonwealth shows how curiously backward is the development of the idea of liberty regulated by law in France. For it is now no longer possible to believe that the law is either made or enforced for the advantage of any one class. By abuse of the law one class may have an advantage for a time, but the abuse is exposed to the corrective force of public opinion and free suffrage. The government is substantially self-government. The army—the ultimate reliance of every government—is no longer an instrument of despotism, but is made up of the young men of all classes, and is itself representative. In these circumstances and conditions the interest of all is in the maintenance of order, and an Assembly that would permit such a scandalous insult to the dignity of the people is guilty of a sort of indirect treason. In the long run the French will learn that under a republic respect for law is the highest self-respect, and that self-respect is a condition of strength, peace, and prosperity.

Professor Andrews, of Brown University, somewhat startled the conservative readers of sermons to college graduates the other day by telling his young men that it might well be that the best service they could render the world would be in the amassing of wealth. He did not omit to tell them that their own merit or demerit would depend on the way in which they gained their wealth, and the use they made of it. But he pointed out that the world for the poorest in it would be much harder than it is if there were no wealth-gathering going on. We are not quite sure that this is a doctrine that needs to be urged upon the attention of young men—even of the young men in colleges. Our impression is that the faculty and the desire for accumulation are strong enough in the average male adult to secure to the world all the benefit that can be legitimately conferred by the exercise of the faculty or the gratification of the desire. But the doctrine is, nevertheless, sound. No man need fear that he is wronging the world by the honest getting of wealth. He may seriously question how far he helps or hurts his own nature by the use he makes of it.

There is no question about the enthusiasm felt by those who have visited the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. It prevails—one might almost say that it rages—among all classes. Any one who has not yet "done" the fair, and particularly any one who says that he does not intend to do so, is bound to pass a bad quarter of an hour if he falls among the actual visitors. The enthusiasm is healthy, and the more there is of it the better. It is not boastful as a rule. The usual visitor, on the contrary, is generally in a condition of excited humility. He feels that he has learned much, but he feels even more keenly how very much he needed to learn, and seems to regard with a certain shame the depth of ignorance in which he would have rested had he remained at home. This is especially true of the New York men, and more especially true of the New York women, some of whom return from Chicago with a half rueful, half comical sense that their great city is a trifle "provincial." So far as that implies indifference to things outside the life of the city, there is some excuse for the feeling; but then it should be said, in mitigation, that your true New Yorker is apt to be just as indifferent to things within the city life. There is no doubt, however, that a few weeks in Chicago just now is an excellent remedy for indifference of all kinds.

If the owner of a large industrial establishment, presumably out of sheer good-nature, employed the brother of a junior partner as foreman of a minor branch of his business, and the new foreman should turn out all the hands employed to put in others who had to have the old ones to show them how to do their work, he would be regarded as an extremely foolish manager. But suppose the business was not his own, and that he was only engaged to manage it, and that the loss and damage brought about by this absurd conduct did not fall upon him, but upon those who had trusted him with their affairs. Clearly the case would be worse. The post-office at Bloomington, Illinois, is filled by the recent appointment of Vice-President Stevenson's brother, who has removed the old carriers, and the new ones are said now to be paying the old ones for instruction in their duties. It is bad business, and neither Mr. Stevenson's brother, nor the Vice-President, nor the President suffers the consequences entailed by it. If they did, it would not have been permitted.

The Irishman who was bound to have peace if he had to fight for it was probably conscious of the touch of humor in his resolution. But the Emperor of Germany was in grim earnest when he announced to the Reichstag that he wanted a larger army to make Germany "strong enough to remain surety for Europe's peace." At present peace prevails. The sky of Europe is cloudless. The army of Germany is larger and stronger than ever before, but, other armies having been strengthened, it does not keep its relative superiority. Undoubtedly the Emperor's view is a sound one, but we Americans may be pardoned for congratulating ourselves that the inviolate seas stretch beyond our shores, and free us from so terrible a burden, imposed not by our own free will, but by the policy of our neighbors and possible foes.

We are asked by Mr Morrison I. Swift, of Boston, to publish a plan of his for "A Convention of Capitalists to Solve the Labor Question." We regret that we cannot see our way clear, after careful examination, to giving it the space required. We know that the labor question is a very large one, and we should like to see it solved. It would be an immense relief to thousands of weary readers, to say nothing of editors. If we thought that Mr Swift's convention would do the job, we should be tempted to turn over the WEEKLY to the advocacy of that plan for six months, confident that the repose of mind and the physical comfort thus secured to our readers would richly repay the temporary sacrifice. But we cannot reach any such soothing conclusion. We have no great confidence in conventions. We have not too much confidence in individual capitalists, and almost none in convened capitalists. Besides, they would not convene. Mr Swift and the WEEKLY might call them, as Hotspur called the spirits from the vasty deep, but they would not come. They would not even listen to the call. It is, perhaps, a sad fact, but it is a fact all the same. They are too busy. The labor question is quite driven from their minds by the much more pressing problem, to use a common phrase, whether "they are afoot or on horseback." Those who are in the saddle, so to speak, do not feel at all sure of their seat. Mr Swift may not have heard of it in the philosophic retirement of Boston, but there is a panic on just now all over the land. The capitalists are having a hard time of it. We have not the heart to threaten them with conventions and experts and special investigators. The labor question must wait.

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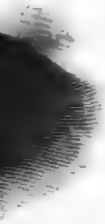
THE LOST ADMIRAL.

The portrait of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, who commanded the Mediterranean squadron of her Majesty's navy when the battleship *Victoria* was recently lost off Tripoli, is printed on this page. Sir George was considered by English naval authorities to be the ablest and most brilliant officer in the British service, and as he went down with his ship there has been every disposition to hold him blameless for the accident which cost the lives of 22 officers, 336 men, and one of the most formidable battle-ships in the world. The reports of the officers surviving, and of the commander of the *Camperdown*, which ran the *Victoria* down, have been received by the Admiralty, and there seems to be no other conclusion possible than that Vice-Admiral Tryon was responsible for the tactical blunder that cost so heavily. Sufficient room was not allowed for these two great battleships to turn in, and the *Camperdown's* ram went half through the *Victoria*. The Admiral remained on the bridge and refused to make any effort for his life. Midshipman Lanyon, who was in attendance on his Admiral, refused to leave without his officer, and he also went down with the ship. This was the worst disaster of recent years.



VICE-ADMIRAL TRYON, OF THE "VICTORIA."

THE BISMARCK-PHELPS PORTRAIT.—From a Painting by Koppay. [See Page 679.]

Hon. William Walter Phelps, United States Commissioner to the Samoan Conference in 1889, discussing the Treaty with Prince Bismarck.

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A MAID OF THE NINETEENTH PARALLEL.

BY ALBERT CHANDLER WALL.

WE were in the chart-room, a fresh, suggestive little place, filled with basket-work chairs and faint yellow maps, on which delicate lines swinging around land-margins indicated ocean currents. Somehow or other Hounslee had arranged with the Captain that we should be tolerated there.

Hounslee was one of those men who rush in where angels fear to tread, and make all on lookers angry with themselves for having waited for the angels. Until recently he had been General Manager of the Jalapa Construction Company, but had involved the company in a land scheme, and had consequently been lost in the reorganization. He must have been thirty-four years old at least, for he had gone to Mexico very young and remained ten years. I saw him first on the quay at Campeche the day he came aboard. He went immediately to his state room and reappeared in duck trousers, a Panama hat, and shoes with red-rubber soles of Chinese thickness. Altogether he pleased the eye, his movements were so untrammelled, and his figure had that symmetrical proportion rarely seen in a man above five feet high. His hair was ash colored, and his eyes, which were long and brown, were full of those fugitive lights noticeable in moonstones. In looking at him one thought of exercise, razors, and cold baths. A man at the Captain's table said that he had the kind of face in which women trust and are deceived. Naturally, the Captain and I cared nothing about that any more than we did for his vanity. As long as his rapid speech and smooth chest voice could shorten an occasional hour by fifteen or twenty minutes we asked no more. Sitting in the Captain's especial chair, with a tiny glass of iced anisado before him, he leaned back, saying:

"Well, I wish to tell you about it, although it concerns a woman; however, it doesn't matter. I was conceited at twenty-three—almost as coarse-fed as a tenor. Well, I was down there on one of those little balconies of the Hotel Diligencias, trying to gesture the things one usually says to an ugly old Spanish woman with a pretty daughter at her side.

"Never before had I been in such beautiful environments; the spindling cocoa-palms, like big parasols; the church, with its flying buttresses and domes of porcelain; San Juan de Ulloa, antiquated, built of coral, its exterior walls following the caprice of the reef; and there, below us, the little señoritas beginning to race around the Plaza Mayor in the growing dusk. Heavens, how I longed to speak enough Spanish to talk to her! Down the street, in some court, a parrot was intoxicating himself with words. He was more accomplished than I.

"Then I remembered Pender's accusation—Pender and I were together that trip; he was fond of saying that I knew only two phrases—first, what is your name? second, how old are you? There was no other way; it was necessary to do something.

"'Señorita!' She looked up calmly.

"'Señor?'

"Then, slowly, as one might dictate to a school-boy, I asked my first question, 'Como se llame usted?'

"'Guadalupe, señor.'

"You have no idea how prettily she said it—four syllables, you see. I pronounce it as if it was spelled Wah-dal-ah-pe, but it begins with a G.

"Then I asked, 'Guadalupe que?'

"'Guadalupe Tolsa, señor.'

"Decidedly, I said to myself, you are getting on, my boy—you are getting on. I repeated it after her, reverentially, 'Señorita Guadalupe Tolsa'; she smiling, her lips parted, looking at me so candidly, with such lazy satisfaction, that I was embarrassed in spite of myself, and used my remaining quotation from the phrase-book before I had intended. 'Señorita Guadalupe Tolsa, cuantos años tiene usted?'

"'Quince años, señor.'

"At least I knew that; that was fifteen.

"Ah, how beautiful it was! San Juan de Ulloa fading away in the interim between sunlight and moonlight was coralline, lustreless as the reef on which it lay.

"She turned, looked into my face, smiling as before—the kind of smile my mother would have hated. Touching my arm, she pointed out through the dusk over to the right at the domes of the church of Nuestra Señora de la Asunción. On the landward side of the main dome was a huge inky shadow, where the black vultures huddled for the night—zopilotes, they call 'em.

"Each of the cupolas, of porcelain (there must be five or six), terminates in a cross, and on the tips of every cross were three vultures—motionless, funereal, preserving like symmetry, seeming a part of the cross itself.

"At intervals some ambitious one would leave the mass on the dome side and fly, in that shambling way of theirs, toward one of the crosses, striving to dislodge an occupant. Sometimes the new-comer was successful; sometimes the defender stood firm, but always there was a fight for the cross, a crusade, at which my Spaniard's big eyes brightened, for Guadalupe Tolsa loved a fight.

"Watching these aerial duellos, with the music from the plaza floating up in unison with those strange tropical odors, made the long silences more bearable, although, as for her, it must be confessed that she did not seem to mind. When wearied of the zopilotes, she looked at the bastions of San Juan de Ulloa, whose primitive light-houses were beginning to flicker for the night. One was a flash-light. That seemed to interest her. At intervals it liberated flaring streamers, which ran out over the curved sea and disappeared; then it would be dark again, and one remembered that Vera Cruz was a dangerous port—the *bête noire* of the underwriters."

The Captain nodded sagely.

"Beneath our balcony, on the street, were some men drinking chocolate. A French engineer whom I had met that day was talking.

"'Wives,' he was saying, 'oh, yes, I have had wives—who has not? I have one in Africa now, and I think in Brazil somewhere; no matter; one is not expected to be a bureau of information. I do not know where they are.'

"What a liar that man was, but it was nothing to me. I was trying to think of some Spanish phrases—words, anything.

"At last, touching my eyes and pointing at her own—which was a blasphemous comparison—I said, 'Bella, mucha bella, señorita.' This pleased her undiscerning mind, for mentally she was a child. I proceeded to use the same successful word about every feature she possessed. And as her right hand was resting on the balcony rail—it was a pretty hand too—why, I placed my own upon it, as if by accident, murmuring with operatic impressiveness, 'Ah, bella, bella!'

"This ruse, while probably coeval with the stone age, is nevertheless modern; you need not laugh, you've done it yourselves, both of you; and then, at that moment of all others, that confounded Pender must needs appear smoking a long Vera Cruz cigar. Naturally my Spaniard disappeared. 'What did he say?' Oh, he asked if I was doing the sirloin act; said if I was, he would advise me to be a Jess, for if I would only sit cross-legged I'd make a splendid one. 'But come down below,' he said, 'we have been betting on the buzzard birds over there on the church. I won eight pesos from the Frenchman. Come here; you see that bird on the big cross, well, my Lothario, that is Cortés—we named 'em all—he's held that position for eight hours, at a peso a hour.'

"'No,' I said; 'I am going to bed; I am sleepy.'

"I rose early. The vultures were still on the domes. All that day I wandered about the hotel hoping to find her, recalling her voice, her laugh, everything that had so charmed me on the balcony. Late in the afternoon I came to the conclusion that Guadalupe Tolsa only appeared with the twilight.

"I went over to San Juan de Ulloa with the Frenchman and watched the convicts being fed, he assuring me that they were all murderers, every one.

"I left him with a murderer trying to sell him a carved cocoanut, one of those that they cut in the dark and blacken with oil. When I reached the hotel, dinner was being served. I forgot to tell you that we had arrived the day before, and consequently did not know any of the people. We were placed at a table with an elderly American woman and her married daughter. They lived in Arkansas somewhere. The mother was an old war horse. When Pender said something about the sky-lines of the Sierra Madre foot hills being 'feathery,' the old lady sniffed and tossed up her head. 'Perhaps these gentlemen are artists,' she said, in a tone which showed that she considered all artists to be abandoned characters.

"I was not done with her by a good deal. She heard me ask my *vis-à-vis* what the word for 'butter' was.

"'Why, I thought you spoke Spanish,' she said.

"'No, not at all.'

"'But I heard you; you were talking to Guadalupe on the balcony last night. [The dickens you did! I thought Guadalupe is our nurse; she takes care of my daughter's child. My daughter can't pronounce her name; she says it's outlandish. She calls her Galoop.'

"Pender was luminous with suppressed joy. I was rattled, terribly rattled, you see, my vanity was hurt.

"The others went on talking about Guadalupe. One old chap, that they called Major Stivres, said she was a mestiza—the child of a Spaniard and an Indian woman, as contradistinguished—that was the very word—as contradistinguished from a quadroon, or the child of a white and a black.

"This was too much. I went down to the plaza. When I came back to the hotel it was dusk again—her hour. And there she was with some big silver ear rings, a new blue ribbon, and in her hair three or four of those great tropical fire-flies blazing slowly. And that weird phosphorescence, that light in which there is no heat, gave to her eyes the mysterious elusive look which one occasionally sees in a composite photograph.

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"I pretended not to see her. What else could I do with all those people about? and remember she was a peon girl.

"Well, next day, I think it was next day, in the morning about eleven, when every one wished to be quiet, I heard a most infernal racket outside my door. I went out, and didn't have to wait a second before I was taken right into the quarrel. Guadalupe's señora was on the rampage.

"Whew, but she abused me!" and Hounslee laughed, and finished his mizcla in one gulp. Munching a piece of ice between his strong teeth he went on: "It seems that my dog—I had one of those abominable Chihuahua dogs—had been nosing about while Guadalupe sat with the Arkansas baby on one of the benches in the upper court. As the sun came down through the open building it made Guadalupe drowsy, so taking the little Arkansan out of her rebozo she put him in her lap, and slept peacefully. Just then that beast of mine came along, jumped up on the bench, and being a dog of lovable disposition but wretched taste, he placidly set about licking the baby's face. A waiter told me about it afterward.

"The baby lay there pumping aimlessly with its arms—with the same motion that doctors use to promote artificial breathing in half-drowned people. My dog began on his forehead, came down one cheek and went up the other, completing the job, you know. There's a charm about it. Haven't you often watched men painting signs and waited until they finished a particular letter? My dog felt this but the baby began to sputter and twist and yell. The dog thought it was playing, so he'd cock his head on one side, throw out his paw, and bring it down affectionately on the little Arkansan's mouth. That's the best gesture a dog has, by-the-way.

"It was then that the grandmother appeared and that Guadalupe awoke. Jove! what a scene. Talk—you should have heard her. Evidently she had read everything concerning hydrophobia which had ever come out in a newspaper. She spoke of cauterization—said the dog must be shot—examined the baby's lips for cuts, called me names, told Guadalupe to go, and bent over the child, talking to it.

"'You poor little dear, your poor little dear. Has that nasty dog licked your face? Never mind, never mind.'

"Stooping to kiss it as she held it she remembered suddenly.

"'I can't kiss it, I can't kiss it,' she cried out; 'its poor little face must be washed before its own grandmother can kiss it.' With that she looked tragically at me, and I laughed like a loon.

"'Oh, you!' she said to me. 'You— I'm ashamed to be an American. It's all your fault. You and your dog's—the poor little—'

"I fled. When Pender came in he laughed in his short way.

"'You are a beauty,' he said, 'see what you've done. Poor Galoop has lost her four pesos a month. The Arkansan woman is certain that her grandchild will be barking and frothing inside of a fortnight. But there's another thing,' he added, seriously, 'I'm down here on business, delicate business. I don't know whether this kind of thing hurts me or not. Anyway I'm not willing to risk it. You and I must part. I'll toss a coin with you to see which of us moves to the other hotel. Personally, of course, I don't care this centavo how much you flounce it on the lobo. You can marry your mestiza and start a religion for all I care.'

"The centavo spun in the air. I lost, and set about packing. I wasn't very sorry. I didn't care much for the society of that Arkansas woman.

"Pender laughed.

"'See,' he said, 'I will help you pack.'

"Queer chap, that Pender. When I left him he made me a little angry, rather overdid it, I thought. He was standing at the room door. I seem to see him yet. He was very gray for forty, and he'd shaved off his mustache the day before, and his lip was tremulous, uncertain, you know, but there was nothing uncertain about Pender.

"'Farewell, profligate,' he said, 'farewell, you are a good fellow, but erratic. Go to some lonely spot and collect calendars for ten or twelve years and then come back to us. You are too young; in fact, you've got the worst case o' youth that I've ever met with.'

"I was lonely at the other hotel. It wasn't good. The hall floors were made of lattices of iron pipes, to let the air circulate freely. If you dropped bird shot on the third floor they'd hit people entering the café. It wasn't clean either. When I went into my room little black things scudded across the floor. I asked a Mexican Colonel who spoke English about them and he said, 'It may be they are scorpions, perhaps.' I believed that they were deadly at that time.

"If I met Pender on the street with any one he would bow as though he were asking himself, 'Where have I met that man before? Ah, my countryman!'

"I missed him a great deal. The Colonel and I walked Vera Cruz together. One night we were sitting on an iron bench in a kind of park south of the quay—toward Yucatan. The whole place was flagged except where the cocoa-palms needed space. It was a ghastly place by day—so sunny—but pleasant enough at night.

"'All de leddies luff de stranger,' said the Colonel. 'When I wass prisoner in Paris dere wass with me a man of Jalisco, where are de ugliest men in Mejico. He wass ugly as a dog. Five leddies—'

"I looked at a bench to the side, and there sat Guadalupe Tolsa with a little girl—her sister.

"'Pardon me, Colonel,' I said, 'but what is the Spanish for "Please meet me here to-morrow night at this same hour"?'

"He told me and I went over and said it to her. She answered simply, 'Si, señor.'

"I returned to the bench. The Colonel laughed, then he said: 'I will come here to-morrow night—I, old Colonel Portaz—in your stead, five minutes before you. Is it not true, that what I told you, all de leddies luff de stranger?'

"At the time I didn't know why I did it. It was an impulse, but I looked forward to our meeting. It was the first fixed date I had had in many days. I decided that I had really injured her, and concluded to give her fifty or sixty pesos and call it square.

"We met, sat on the bench, looked at one another, and listened to the sea many times. At the end of each interview I repeated my little sentence and provided for the morrow.

"I forget now what had gone before, but one night, as I was about leaving her she took my hand and with curious solemnity placed it against her forehead. It has some misty tribal meaning. And she called me 'Caballero, caballero' that way. The white light of the moon was in her eyes—that shadowy hair—that upturned face—and the sound of the waves in their slow prostration. Ah, it's all very ridiculous now! I agree with you, but at twenty-three one's nature can be captured by the title 'Caballero' uttered by a mestiza with round lips and a sighing intonation.

"Well, you know what a boy is, even if you didn't know Guadalupe Tolsa. I thought about her during the day and saw her at night. I was my own master, had thirty-three hundred a year—principal in trust, confound it—and no nearer relatives than an aunt to report to. What do you think I did?"

Hounslee leaned forward with rather a sheepish smile.

"I married her. Yes, I married her. I don't think I would ever have thought of it unless Pender had spoken of it. It was an absurd wedding, some time I'd like to tell you about it. We went to Cordoba on our wedding day. I'd been there before on my way down. Taking all things into consideration, I felt rather proud of myself. I had that contempt for the strict conventionalities which is strongest in the youngest.

"There was something alluring to me in the thought of getting a little place like one I had seen a half mile out of Cordoba, on the edge of a small stream which flowed into the Rio Seco. I left all my things temporarily at the hotel. Guadalupe brought absolutely nothing. That rather staggered me, I must confess. We crossed the market-place, passed through the Alameda, and down a little street, on either side of which were a few coffee roasters' huts with the coffee spread out in the sun. The street dipped suddenly to my stream. We walked up the stream, along the bank—Guadalupe, a cantina man who owned a hut near by which he was willing to sell, and I.

"He showed it to us. I rented it on the spot, eighteen pesos for a year. It was like the others—low, white, with walls three feet thick and a roof of red, crumpled tiles.

"Returning to Cordoba, I bought three or four mats of century-plant fibre, a couple of Saltillo blankets, and a stone board with a round stone roller. Guadalupe insisted on that; she wished it to grind the corn so that she could make those little corn cakes that they call tortillas.

"I entered the hut. When I came out there was only a remnant of light in the sky. She was coming toward me, in her simple dress, with those two breadths of marvellously white hand-made linen crossed on her breast. And those eyes of hers—I don't know what I thought. We were on the edge of our pool.

"'Guadalupe,' I said, weakly, holding her by the wrists—'Guadalupe, non señorita ahora, señora.'

"But I could not keep it up. I said all manner of wild things to her in English, and looking at me steadily, she slipped her arms around my neck. They were still cool from the water. Then she said something in her leisurely, half-mournful Indian dialect and we kissed one another in that slow way they have down there."

Hounslee stopped suddenly, showing the only trace of embarrassment I had ever seen in him.

"But I don't know," he ventured. "I suppose I ought not to be telling you this. After all, she was my wife."

"Go on," said the Captain.

"The strangest thing was that all the time I felt as though I were doing wrong.

"One day I went to the hotel. There I met an Englishman whom I had known before. He lives in New York.

"'Let's have a bottle of pale ale,' he said. 'Have you ever noticed that you can't get it in any Spanish-speaking country unless you call it pah lee ah lee? In France you have to say pel el.'

"He presented me to his sister—a splendid looking, well-groomed girl. When I went back to Guadalupe, I found her with a pile of tortillas on the floor of the hut. Some dust had fallen on them from the roof, and she was dusting them off with a pair of my hair brushes. She had always been fond of them, the silver monograms let into the ebony backs pleased her.

"I said, 'Non, non,' and took them away from her. I saw then by her look of wonderment how absolutely impossible it would be ever to make her understand the common decencies.

"Whether it was this incident, or the bottle of Bass in a hot clime, I don't know, but I felt sulky, and, like the boy I was, gave up to it. I walked up the stream. The noise of Guadalupe's stone rollers grated on me. Confound everything, I thought. I can't live forever on tortillas, frijoles, boiled coffee and bananas. And she was so dull with it all, never noticed that I was annoyed. I began talking aloud.

"'I've married a California peach,' I said, 'without a mu of sense, stupid and slow, the outcome of slavery. What an ass I've been!' She can't ever learn a thing.'

"Next day I went again to the hotel. The English girl was there. When I went toward her she looked at me distantly and cut me with a coldness peculiarly Anglo-Saxon.

"I went to the cantina man, my landlord, and bought some cigars, simply as an excuse to go in there, but he took no interest in me.

"In the weeks succeeding," Hounslee added with a grim smile which made both of us laugh, "I'm afraid I rather neglected Mrs. Hounslee.

"I went frequently to a gambling place in a long wooden shed in front of the church, through which the worshippers must either go or make a detour. It paid a royalty to the church. I care nothing for gambling, but there was an old white-whiskered fellow who stood by the roulette wheel—presided, you know.

"About that time everything that Guadalupe did made me angry. She didn't miss me in the least when I went to the town.

"By swift gradations her presence became utterly unbearable to me. You nor any one else that has not tried it can have the vaguest conception of the thousand and one differences between a woman of the world and an attractive savage like Guadalupe. That about the hair brushes was merely one. I'd go to my valise and find that she was keeping the coffee or the corn there. She used my ties like strings. I cannot begin to tell you. Everything she did was beautifully elemental. The idea of restricting the uses of any article to one particular thing she couldn't understand.

"I was setting out one morning when I saw a man coming up toward our adobe. He was a short, thick-set fellow, with red cheeks and eyes with less expression in them than well healed wounds. To me he said, 'Mr. Hounslee I believe.' I nodded. 'Mr Hounslee,' he went on, 'I am disappointed to see you. My name is Rulon. I'm a detective on the San Francisco force. I thought you were another man. I'm after a man named Bayne, formerly cashier of a bank in Oakland. A month ago he skipped with $40,000 in bills—fifties and hundreds—besides $63,000 worth of bonds. He's somewhere down here in southern Mexico. I heard about you, and thought I had the man. There's a $5000 reward offered by the bank.'

"I said, 'I'm sure that I'm very sorry that I'm not a criminal. I must have put you to great trouble.'

"'You have,' said Mr Rulon—'you have. And when I saw you, I says to myself that p'r'aps you'd be willin' to give me a hundred for my trouble and loss of time.' Here he winked at me. 'You see,' he resumed, 'I ain't got a picture of Bayne, haven't seen him for a year; and now, I come to think of it, you look enough like him. There's no way of tellin' except to tote you all the way to 'Frisco. For a hundred cold American plunkets, though, I'm willin' to run the risk of missin' the $5000.'

"I stared at him in thorough amazement. I said, 'Why, that is blackmail.'

"'Ev course,' he said, slowly and indifferently; 'ev course it's blackmail, you'd spot that, I knew it. We don't call it that. We call it buttering our bread on both sides, harder to hold, you know, but sweeter to eat.'

"I watched him picking his way down along the stream. I was a little dazed, I admit. But I decided one thing—I wouldn't give him a cent. But I didn't know what to do with Guadalupe. I couldn't take her to San Francisco or any other civilized community. Oh no!

"As I walked over to Cordoba I noticed the coffee roaster out in front of his place. It seemed to me that he eyed me rather furtively. He lived in the last house on the street, counting from the town. I went to old Gomez's place. I had nowhere else to go. That morning I lost more than I ever had—sixty odd pesos, I think. I had a fancy that if I put something flat on 8 black—ocho negro, he called it—it would win. It hadn't turned up once, so I returned to my house to get more money. I had about 500 pesos there, mostly in bills of the old London and South American bank. I looked high and low for the money before I realized that I was perfectly sure that I had left it in the middle flap of my valise. Then I called 'Guadalupe! Guadalupe!' She also was missing. Gradually I remembered that the coffee-roaster was not in his hut when I last passed. Then I understood the signs of the times. Guadalupe had gone with a handsomer man. 'Tis queer how one, even when greatly excited, somehow starts to do the things that the world would expect. I can't explain in any other way why I should have grabbed my revolver, filled my pockets with cartridges, and started down the stream. There was one little place where it shortened the distance to recross the stream. As I ran to this place my foot caught in the loop of an exposed root. It tossed me beautifully. When I jumped up—my ankle hurt me so that I decided to bathe it to be in condition for a long pursuit, I suppose. As any one would know, the moment I took off my shoe my foot swelled so that I could not get it on again. Thank Heaven for that! Sitting there amid the ruins of my only matrimonial venture, I began to think. I had no money; I had no wife. But as this occurred to me I laughed again and again. What a fool, what a f-o-o-l I am to be chasing her! I thought. What luck to be delivered of Guadalupe for five hundred pesos and a pair of hair brushes! For she took those also. As I thought of it I fairly squealed with delight. I was still cooling my ankle in the water when I heard Rulon's voice from behind. Coming forward, he looked at my foot.

"'It is sprained,' he volunteered. 'Did you do it on purpose? Where's the Mexican girl?'

"'Gone,' I said.

"'Have you got the hundred?' he asked, in his business-like way.

"'Not for you,' I told him.

"'Well, then, we'll go to 'Frisco.'

"'Very well,' I answered.

"That afternoon we went up to the city of Mexico. He helped me along. He wasn't a bad fellow. At the city I told him I had no money. In the morning I took my letter of credit to the bank and drew all I needed. Then I said, 'Mr Rulon, I'm indebted to you. I don't know how I ever could have got here without you. I shall be delighted to go on to San Francisco. In fact, I'm wild to go.' He saw that I meant it. Of course he had never intended to do anything but bluff me.

"'You worked me,' he said, with a resignation that was almost noble. 'You done me. I've been worked before, not very often, though. But you'll give me the price of your fare up from Cordoba, won't you?'

"I laughed so that the people looked out of the windows as I paid him my fare.

"Six months after, at a fiesta about a league—Spanish league, I mean—about a league outside of Orizaba, I met Guadalupe in the crowd. I could speak Spanish then. She met me without embarrassment. I talked with her for some time. At last I asked after the coffee roaster, and whether he treated her well.

"'No,' she said, 'he beats me sometimes when he drinks mescal, never when he drinks pulque, only mescal. I will go with you again. He is drinking mescal out there.'

"'Oh no,' I said, 'oh no, I would not trouble you.'

"'I will go,' she repeated calmly, with one of those steady glances of hers that once had made such a gemlike, many-faceted idiot out of me.

"The absurdity of it all overwhelmed me. This woman was my wife. So pretending to a feeling I did not experience I said, as sternly as I could, 'Go! You have chosen.' Then I relented, and gave her some money, which she took ungratefully.

"'Adios, Ernesto,' she said, which recalled vividly the old days at the pool side, when to teach her my name was a delight. It took the better part of a morning."

"Did you ever hear of her again?" the Captain asked.

"Yes," said Hounslee, "once, two years afterwards, in the garden at Tacubaya, where I met old Major Stivers again. He said immediately, 'By the way, you remember that mestiza girl that the American woman used to call Galoop?'

"'Yes, I remember her,' I said.

"'She's dead,' he added, swiftly—'dead and buried in the Jardin d'Acclimatation. You know that cemetery, don't you? Named by the French when they backed Maximilian in the 60's. They named it after the vomito had wiped out six battalions. They are the ones that have it—those French.'

"'What?' I asked.

"'True wit,' he said.

"And do you know," Hounslee asked, leaning forward with the manner of a man about to communicate something morbid, "after the first intense relief at being absolutely free again, I actually felt sorry. It comes back to me, and I forget the sequel. I think only of those days by our pool, when Guadalupe, frijoles, and tortillas made up the sum of life. Poor Galoop! Poor Guadalupe Tolsa! For me Guadalupe Tolsa is the South, which attracts before one sees it, palls in the experience, and attracts more strongly than before after leaving it. At times I think of her, with her dull red lips which rested so lightly on one another, and I wish she were not in the Jardin d'Acclimatation. But am I sincere?

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BALLADS OF TO DAY.

A SUGGESTION

[The autograph-scribbling idiot has appeared at the World's Fair.—*Daily Paper.*]

He was a lad ambitious, and he panted much for fame:
He wished the world to echo with his rather homely name—
Uriah Scaggs the name was, but that rattered not a jot,
He left it here, he left it there, on many a favored spot.

He wrote it with a flourish on the massive White House door,
He traced it on the carpet on the Red and Blue Room floor,
He scratched it on the windows of the House, and Senate too;
He'd painted it on rocks from Maine so far south as Peru.

He'd etched his monogram upon that Campanile rare
At Venice, and another one on Pisa's tower fair,
And when he stood behind the Prince at some great racing track,
With chalk he traced his name upon that august person's back.

He carved it on the pyramids; he plastered Rome with it;
He tried it on Alfonso's throne, but was compelled to flit
Before he'd penned the second G, which filled him with despair,
Until he reached Chicago and began upon the Fair.

And now we are informed that Scaggs is fully occupied
In autographing everything that's mentioned in the Guide.
He's scribbling up the statues and the Peristyle and such
With his most wonderfully bold, strong chirographic touch.

'Tis hoped the Fair commission will get hold of Mr S.
And clap him in a dungeon cell and keep him in duress
Until, with ink indelible and sharply pointed pen,
They've tattooed Scaggs from top to toe with his own cognomen.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

VII.—THE RISE AND FALL OF JONES CITY.

"THAT was a good story," briefly observed Robinson.

"Thank you," returned Jones. "As I have remarked so many times before, I simply related the facts. Of course Jackson will pretend that he does not believe it. Instead of treasuring up such things for use in the future, he rejects them and thus misses golden opportunities to improve his young mind. He will see his mistake when it is too late."

"How long did you stay with the circus?" asked Smith.

"Two years," answered Jones.

"But what I'd like to inquire," broke in Jackson Peters, with some earnestness, "is if you pretend to tell us that you could take an elephant and teach him to swing on a trapeze by his tail, like a monkey?"

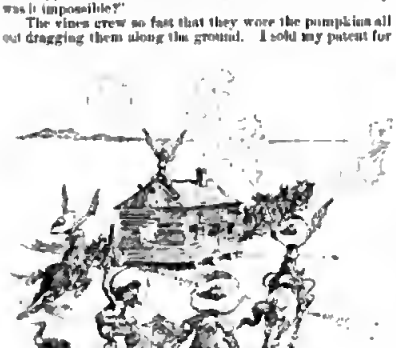
"I don't know why I couldn't, Jackson," replied Jones. "I taught that one, and he was just a plain Asiatic elephant. The swinging was comparatively easy—the hardest part was to teach him to twist his tail about the bar and raise himself up. He would have been performing yet if that rival showman hadn't greased the second trapeze bar, so that his tail slipped and unwound in making his final $10,000 challenge flying leap. After that I went out to Dakota and began in the real estate business by founding Jones City, and making it the capital of Tumble Weed County."

Jackson Peters did not seem to be wholly satisfied. "Perhaps the bears out there swung from branch to branch by *their* tails," he suggested, in a tone of the sarcasm.

"Impossible," answered Jones. "It was a prairie country so there were no trees, and consequently no bears. Besides bears have no tails. You show a lamentable ignorance of both geography and natural history. It was while at Jones City that I patented my Dakota pumpkin anchor. Before that it was impossible, as you doubtless know, to raise this nutritious vegetable in the Territory."

"No, I didn't know it," returned Jackson Peters. "Why was it impossible?"

"The vines grew so fast that they wore the pumpkins all out dragging them along the ground. I sold my patent for



$1000 and used the money in booming Jones City. I built two churches and a theatre, and started a daily newspaper—the Jones City *Volcanic Eruption*. But it was a severe blow to the town when it lost the county seat. At that time—it was ten years ago—the Dakota court houses were kept on wheels, I may almost say. One afternoon a party of men from Jumpersburg crept up, hitched six mules on my courthouse and trotted away with it to their own town.

"But I was not discouraged, and determined on the boldest stroke ever attempted in the Territory. It was nothing more nor less than to bring the Capitol building down from Bismarck and put it in the place of my court-house, thus making Jones City the capital of the Territory. Fearing that the old Territorial officers might not come, I hired a new set of officials, including a Governor, auditor, judges, Attorney-General, and so forth, choosing them mostly from my old county officers, who had been left behind. Borrowing the countbooms wheels from Jay Bird County, I took my Territorial officers, fifty leading citizens, and ten spans of mules and proceeded to Bismarck. Under cover of darkness we adjusted the wheels and hitched on the mules. Most of my officials took their places in the several rooms and as the level rays of the rising sun shot athwart the great broad plain, carpeting it with cloth of gold, and waking the song-birds to melody and the wild flowers to prodigality of fragrance, I touched up the wheel mules from the front portico, and we rolled away out of town, with my Governor on the roof blowing a tin horn, and my superintendent of schools, a very conservative man, on top of the chimney firing his revolver into the air and singing 'Hail Columbia.' It was a noble scene, and one which lives in my memory, but the effort was a failure. Gentlemen, I left Dakota without a cent in the world."

Jones rested his cheek in his hand and looked at the floor.

"But tell us what was the difficulty," said Robinson.

"Yes, it is no more than right that you should know. When we were about ten miles out my Attorney-General came to me and raised a point of law. It was this: That Jones City would not become the legal capital of the Territory unless we had the cellar which belonged under the Capitol building. I gave the reins to my Territorial Secretary, and directed the Attorney-General instantly to bring a test case before the District Court, then sitting in its chambers on the first floor. It decided that he was right. Then, as we rattled along across the prairie, I appealed the case to the Supreme Court, on the second floor. It confirmed the decision of the lower court. I instantly stopped, unhitched the mules, and went back after the cellar. We were all arrested at Bismarck, with the aid of troops from Fort A. Lincoln, for abduction. It appeared that the beggarly jailtor of the Capitol was hidden in his room in the attic, and that we had kidnapped the scoundrel without waking him. We got off at the trial, but it cost me every cent I had. To day the antiquarian who searches for Jones City finds only the spreading, trackless plain, with the June roses looking up saucily for the warm kisses of the sun, and a sea of prairie lilies billowing itself in long rolling waves under the bold caresses of the ardent wind."

No one spoke when Jones stopped, but all looked at Jackson Peters. His eyes were closed as if in sleep, but there was a nervous, half painful expression on his face, and even the waiter, when he came in, knew the, he was not asleep.

H. C.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE demand for realism continues active, and in many cases the effort to meet it is at least considerations enough to deserve success. Writing from London about the production of the new play which Mrs. Berringer has written for Miss Genevieve Ward, the correspondent of an esteemed Boston contemporary says:

"The scene in which husband and wife are reunited is deeply touching, Miss Ward and W. H. Vernon, who were splendid throughout, shedding real tears."

Eugene Field takes rather a gloomy view of the prospects of the impending "authors' congress" at Chicago. Remarking that Chicago society is getting ready to entertain the authors, he warns the expected literary visitors that their intending hosts are "a presumptuous, insolent, selfish class of cult-hunters," who "are no more the friends of literature than a Kaffir is the patron of Italian art." Certainly if the authors do not go forearmed to Chicago, it will not be for lack of impassioned forewarning.

Mr. Howells says that of all his novels, *A Modern Instance* is the one in which he has always taken the most satisfaction. In that novel he thinks he came closest to American life as he knows it. *Silas Lapham*, he says, is a more successful story (which means more popular), and that is easily understood, since *Silas Lapham* is much pleasanter. Silas himself being a lovable character in spite of his enthusiasm for mineral paint. Many readers who don't like *A Modern Instance* will share Mr. Howells's respect for it. There is no getting that book out of one's mind when once it has got in. The picture of the development of the folds of fat upon the back of Bartley Hubbard's neck, coincidently with the accumulation of empty beer bottles in his cellar, is of the sort that takes a permanent hold upon the imagination. Of all the well-intentioned men in literature who went by slow and halting stages to the devil, Tito Melema is the only one who seems artistically qualified to go down hill in the same group with jealous Marcia's husband.

It is worth remarking that in spite of the devotion of Yale College to athletics, and of the somewhat monotonous success of her efforts in that direction, the Yale valedictorian of this year scored the highest average of scholarship that has ever been made at New Haven. So it seems at least that the diligence of some men in running foot races, and of others in various exercises of field and flood, affords no insurmountable obstacle to coincident exploits in scholarship by gentlemen who are minded that way. It is further worth noting that the Yale valedictorian hailed from North Carolina, that the leader of the graduating class at West Point came from the same State, and that an unduly large proportion of the other high-rank men at West Point came from Southern and border States. The Southern climate may be physically enervating, but does not, apparently, take the spring out of the intellectuals.

The chapel at Yale being too small to hold all the students at once, the authorities have declined to adopt the more obvious remedy, and are promoting with the utmost expedition the work of making it larger. The inconvenience of compulsory prayers being considerable, it is highly desirable that it should be offset by all possible advantages incident to that method. If compulsory worship can swell the Battell chapel into a noble church, that result is worthy to be entered on the credit side of the account.

Mr Maurice Thompson is quite clear in his mind as to what he thinks of the new treaty with Russia. The most contemporaneous verse in the tribute to Lincoln which he read the other day before the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa is the one that includes the lines:

"Beware of treaties with a tyrant power—
One manly peasant's worth a thousand Tsars—
One woman struck calls for a million sabres!"

There are Tsars and Tsars, and some are better than others, so much better, indeed, as perhaps to be worth a whole peasant. But it is the privilege of poetry to deal with things in large lots, and omit nice discriminations. Mr. Thompson's views on the Russian treaty accord in the main with those of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and will in all likelihood presently be found to accord with popular sentiment.

That Mr Thompson, who describes himself as an ex-Confederate soldier, should have found it in his heart to bring to a New England audience a eulogy of Lincoln is remarkable in one aspect of it, and in another is not. Any intelligent American, of the North or of the South who comes to familiar acquaintance with Lincoln's character and sentiments and work, is bound to recognize the grandeur of the man. Lincoln is the unlimited American to whom in times to come no section of country will venture to make exclusive claim. But that a former soldier of the South should be able to divest his mind so fully of sectional sentiment as to see Lincoln precisely as he was, is perhaps remarkable, though it merely implies a degree of sanity that very many Southerners have attained. But after all, that a man of the South and West, a Georgian who had moved to Indiana, should find his hero in Lincoln is not unnatural. Lowell spoke for Harvard about Lincoln, and spoke for all time, but so far as training and environment go, Mr Thompson might be expected to be more in touch with a Kentuckian who grew up in Illinois, than a New England Brahmin, like Lowell was.

It will be remarked with interest that the tragic experiences of Editor Gaikin last fall have not availed a jot to curb his adventurous spirit. His name was on the *Campanil's* list the other day, and long before this his foot has trod the nearest convenient approximation to its native heath. And all good Americans will ever pray that his return in due time may be prompt, felicitous, and unmixed of Jenkins.

A rose by any other name would undoubtedly smell as sweet. Whether the floriats could sell as many roses if they called them carrots is another question. A question of that nature doubtless engaged the attention of the proprietors of the *Christian Union* when they were discussing the expediency of changing their journal's title. There is no doubt that the *Outlook* will read as well as ever the *Christian Union* did. The questionable point was whether its old friends would welcome it quite as heartily under an unfamiliar title. The decision has been that they will, and though it cannot have been easy to give up a name for which such honorable distinction had been earned, the reasons given for the change seem sound, and it is safe to predict for the *Outlook* all the prosperity that the *Christian Union* had and such a further enlargement of opportunities as its growing merits shall earn.

Senator Stanford attested in two notable instances the high regard in which he held womankind. His respect for woman in general he recorded by giving her equal rights with men in Stanford University. His regard for her in particular he showed in his will in which the great bulk of his fortune was left absolutely to his wife. A great many people are interested, some of them vitally, to see whether these two important notions will work together for good. Practically Mr Stanford bequeathed Stanford University to his wife. It is true he left the university about two millions and a half, but that is far from being a large enough sum to keep the institution running on the scale on which it is conducted now. Happily Mrs. Stanford's interest in it has always been quite as lively as her husband's. Yet it has happened before now that man and wife who have been one so long as both have lived, have turned out to be a different one after the man has died. It is a fact, and a pretty solemn fact to the university, that the huge Stanford property has changed hands, and that the disposition of its income will be subject to new influences the bent of which cannot certainly be predicted.

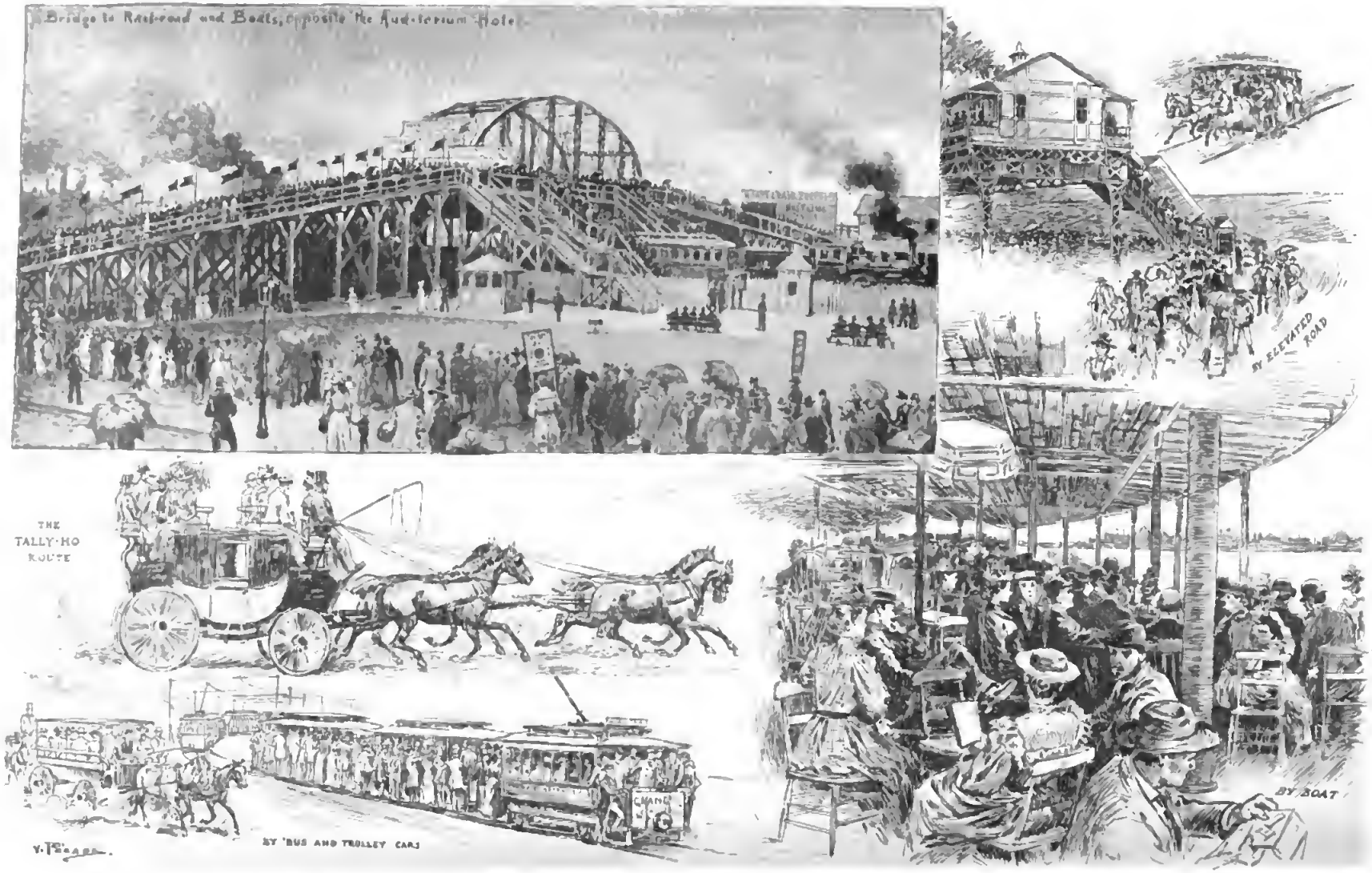
It was the child in the fairy story who, alone of all the company, was so superior to public opinion as to discern that the prince in the imaginary clothes had nothing on but his shirt. The natural man who has gaped and gasped before impressionist paintings will recall that tale when he reads of the verdict of an east sider upon an impressionistic study in the University Settlement Exhibition in Delancey Street. The *Evening Post* says that he gazed at it earnestly through the hollow of his hand, and being asked for his opinion, said, "Why, that ain't a picture; that's just paint!" Whether the artist who made the picture or this untutored observer who looked at it was the truer impressionist is a matter on which the electors would probably disagree, but there cannot be much doubt about the verdict if it were settled by popular vote.

One of the fifteen persons chosen Fellows of the Royal Society at the recent election in London was Mr Alfred Russell Wallace, the famous co-originator with Darwin of the theory of natural selection. Mr Russell is seventy one years old. How he managed to keep out of the Royal Society so long is a question that may well puzzle his admirers both in England and America. No fitter theory offers to account for the neglect of him than that his views on spiritualism may have been regarded as sufficiently objectionable to offset his distinguished achievements in the field of natural science.

Mr R. L. Stevenson says that he begins work every morning at six o'clock, and sometimes keeps at it all day, in spite of an impression that three hours of writing is enough. "I am a laborious writer," he avers, thereby encouraging the worthy land whose motto is *labor omnia vincit*, and who have faith that nothing is beyond the reach of hard work. But straightway he dashes their hopes when he says, "I inherit a taste for story-telling from my father, who used to tell a story every night before he went to bed."

Is not that a most unfair advantage for a romancer to take of his contemporaries—to burst upon the current story market with the prodigious endowment of descent from a Scotchman who out of mere love of yarning was used to tell a story every night? Frankly, it seems a worse blow to ordinary competitive endeavor than for an Astor to take up the business of publishing magazines.

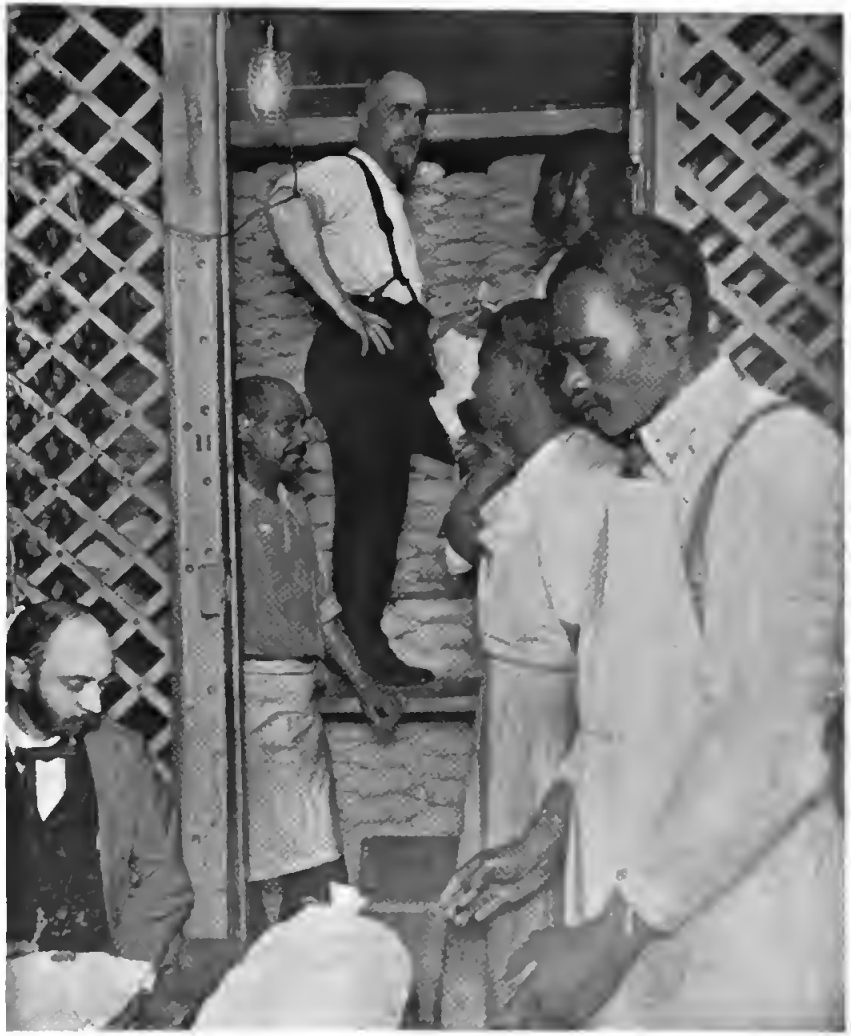
E. S. MARTIN.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE FOURTH-OF-JULY CROWDS GOING TO THE FAIR GROUNDS.—Drawn by Victor Perard.

Greatest Day of the Fair thus far. Attendance 274,917.

WEIGHING SILVER.



WEIGHING GOLD AND SILVER.

IN THE TREASURY VAULTS AT WASHINGTON.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BELL.—[SEE PAGE 670.]

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THE LATE ANTHONY J. DREXEL.

The death of this eminent American, the head of the great banking house with which his name is associated, has a wider significance than any circumscribed by the love of family, the friendship of associates and the esteem of acquaintances. It leaves a deep, broad gap in the financial and mercantile communities of America and Europe, as the great undertakings of the house of Drexel, under its respective names in Philadelphia, New York, and Paris, were extended into nearly all countries on either side of the Atlantic. The famous house will still stand, but the chief builder of its usefulness and power the careful director of its fortunes, will no longer have share or part in it.

Men of thought and conscience at the beginning of their career commonly adopt a governing rule by which their steps are directed. Anthony J. Drexel adopted one, and until death removed him from the busy helpful path that he had trod so long in the world of business it was his sole guiding principle in all the important and multitudinous affairs with which he had to do. That rule was Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. The transactions of the Drexel banks, especially during the more recent years of their activity, were largely with government—national, State, municipal; with great corporations—railroads, banks and other financial institutions, as well as with important firms that came to rely upon the late Mr. Drexel as a man of unusual sagacity and of unquestionable and unquestioned honor. If the record of the operations of this house were made public, it would be perceived how often the latter had been the prop and stay of public and private credit, the sustainer of institutions, corporations, firms, and individuals, to whom it gave assistance when their ruin had been else inevitable. This record would show as plainly as anything could do how public-spirited a man, how sincere a friend, how wise and broad-minded a citizen, Anthony J. Drexel was. It would show that by no single act of his life had he taken advantage of the misfortunes, difficulties, or embarrassments of any man or men, or of even corporations, which are said to have no souls, to enhance his own fortune. This record would show that again and again and many times again the money of his house was given on its stable credit pledged to prevent the financial ruin of those whom ruin menaced.

As a man of affairs, no one has ever spoken ill of Anthony J. Drexel, and he spoke no ill word of any one. He did not drive sharp bargains, he did not profit by the needs of others, he did not exact from those in his employ hard tasks and give them an inadequate wage. He was in active business a lenient, liberal creditor a generous employer, considerate of sympathetic with, every one who worked with and for him. His pride in the city of his birth was exceedingly great as he so frequently demonstrated by the active part he took in all movements tending to Philadelphia's advantage.

This is the brief record of Anthony J. Drexel as a man of business as it was revealed to me during the many years I enjoyed the sure and inestimable privilege of daily association and frank interchange of thought and feeling with him. For forty years he was my friend and companion, for more than a quarter of a century he was my partner in the ownership of the *Public Ledger*. It is difficult for me to speak of him at all. It would be impossible for me to do so if I could not speak of him as I knew him, as his character was revealed to me by the expression of his pure thought his kindly earnest sympathies, by the daily minutiae of his life, which was so fruitful and friendly for all human kind, and by "his brave old wisdom of sincerity," for he, at least, was one man who would not and could not lie. If my affection, esteem, and admiration for him were to combine and conspire to overestimate the clear-grained human worth of my friend, they could not, I know, make him appear a nobler number than he truly was in every relation of life. If one phase of his character predominated over all others, it was that common sympathy for his fellow-men which made him the beneficent philanthropist, the modest gentleman, the kindly helpful man he was. His benevolence was not half expressed in his many munificent gifts to established educational and charitable institutions, nor even in that great Institute which bears his honored name, and which will endure as an ever gracious memory to bless up, in the minds of the multitudes of youth who shall be made better, more useful, helpful men and women by its benefactions, the virtues of its bountiful, sagacious, foresiving founder. The Drexel Institute was not the sequence of a sudden impulse of generosity, nor the grudged fruit of age repenting to its fall. It was the result of deliberate purpose, of prolonged planning, and of change after change of plans which had again and again been deemed finished. Thought and time suggested improvements, broader fields of helpfulness, and the enlarged independence of the benefactress Anthony J. Drexel was a discriminating giver, and the finally adopted plan of the Institute offers high testimony to his intelligently directed efforts to provide for poor youth the best educational advantages in the arts and sciences without impeding the native manliness and womanliness of those who are to enjoy its benefits. To lift up the manliness and womanliness of the poor was one of the objects of the foundation of this noted institution. By the mercy of God he was let live to see how good a thing his wisely shaped bounty had wrought for those of poorer fortunes, for whom his sympathies, his affection and tenderness, were so great and earnest.

My dear friend companion, and partner of so many years was a man of singular modesty; one who feared and shunned praise more than blame. His manners were finely courteous, manly, gentle, and refined. His mind was as pure as a child's, and during all the years of our close companionship I never knew him to speak a word that he might not have freely spoken in the presence of his own children. His religion was as deep as his nature and rested upon the enduring foundations of faith, hope, and charity. Love of his fellow-men was that quality which best denoted this noble Christian gentleman. He observed always a strict simplicity of living, he walked daily to and from his place of business, which was nearly three miles distant from his home. I was his companion, for the greater part of the way, every morning in those long walks, and as he passed up and down Chestnut Street he was wont to speak in his cordial, pleasant, friendly fashion to large numbers of all sorts and conditions of people. His smile was especially bright and attractive, and his voice low, sweet, sincere.

The life of such a man as Anthony J. Drexel whose bounty was as broad as the sea whose human sympathies as deep as like a river, which flowing within its banks irrigates the fields upon either side giving them increase and beauty, the benefits conferred upon those who came within its influence were of inestimable value. To know one such man is like having discovered the road to honorable manhood. His life was an excellent example of noble thought and endeavor, and with regard to him, whom I loved so long and well whose friendship I so greatly prized, whose nobility of character I so honored, and whose memory I shall always revere, he suggests to me the fine portrait of one which another dear friend of mine the late George William Curtis sketched many years ago: "I think," said Mr. Curtis, "that to have known one such good man, one man who through all the chances and ruts of a long life has carried his heart in his hand, helps our faith in God, in ourselves, and in each other more than many sermons."

When death comes to such a one as was my friend, or to any one who daily lives in the love of God and of men "the readiness is all", and he was ever ready. His life had its full measure of sorrow, grief, pain for he lived long, loved and suffered much and yet its beneficence of spirit and deed was so great that it was largely blessed by the love and esteem which were so bountifully given him. We, to whom he gave so much that was vital, as affection, friendship, faith, can scarcely think of him as dead, but rather as one who has gone into more life, into a fuller, better one than he ever knew, as one that we shall happily meet again in that far country. In the economy of God, which notes the sparrow's fall, there are no accidents, there can be none when such a helper of men as Anthony J. Drexel is let pass from the world he did so much to make better and fairer. The passing of such a man makes stronger our faith in and gives new and convincing assurances of immortality, for if life ends here, why should such a benefactor of mankind be taken, and his sordid selfish neighbor left?

GEORGE W. CHILDS.

THE BISMARCK-PHELPS GROUP.

The portraits of Hon. William Walter Phelps and Prince Bismarck, which have recently been completed by Koppay, are now on exhibition in Berlin, and will shortly be sent to New York for exhibition also. The painting from which the illustration in this number is taken is a very large canvas, both figures being full length and nearly life size, and it is said to be one of Koppay's most successful pieces of work.

It will have a peculiar interest to all Americans for several reasons, and will be sure to attract considerable attention when it arrives in this country. Herr Koppay is probably the most famous of German portrait-painters to-day, and he is said to have painted more "crowned heads" than any other living artist, except possibly Angeli of Vienna. Originally one of Lenbach's pupils, he has finally outstripped his master. He works quickly, sketching the heads from life—Mr. Phelps's having been drawn just previous to his return to America—and then transfers them to the canvas, magnifying the strong features almost to caricature and leaving the finishing touches to a less famous but more painstaking artist.

The painting is complete in itself, of course, but it is also a forerunner of the great picture of the Samoan Conference which Koppay is now at work upon. The Conference sat at Berlin in 1889 under the presidency of Count Herbert Bismarck the Prince's son, who then held the position of Imperial Minister of Foreign Affairs. Mr. Phelps was the chief commissioner for the United States, and Prince Bismarck, though he did not himself take part in the sittings of the Conference, followed the whole matter very closely from day to day, and often invited either the whole Conference or individual members to his famous Radziwill Palace, at 76 Wilhelmstrasse, almost across the way from the *Auswärtige Amt*, where the sittings were held.

During the course of the proceedings Mr. Phelps and he became fast friends, and the incident of Koppay's picture represents one of the many friendly visits which Mr. Phelps made to the Chancellor's palace. The two used to sit together or walk about the fine old hall, discussing the progress of the Conference, the Chancellor's two immense and well-known hounds following them about wherever they went. Koppay has caught them all at a moment when Mr. Phelps has apparently just finished an earnest discussion of some detail of the treaty. Bismarck with his hand on one hound's head, is on the point of making a reply after a moment's reflection, with the fixed look in his eyes of one who is still thinking of his coming remark.

This palace of the Radziwills was purchased by the old Emperor Wilhelm I. for his first Chancellor, and Berlinese came to look upon it and indeed to speak of it as "Bismarck's Palace", for the average man never seemed to think of any other Chancellor for the empire than this first and great one. In the large painting of the Conference a portion of the palace will appear in the background, and besides the portraits of Bismarck and Phelps, those of John A. Kasson and George W. Gates, the other commissioners, will appear, together with those of Mr. Coleman and Mr. Crosby, the secretary and second secretary.

When Mr. Phelps settled in Berlin afterwards as American Minister to Germany this friendship with Bismarck was renewed and strengthened, and the painting, while it is suggested by the Conference over the question of Samoa, is also a monument to the keen friendship of these two distinguished men.

THE SILVER IN THE TREASURY VAULTS.

A picture of the vaults of the Treasury in which silver bullion is stored is an instructive object lesson. It is known vaguely that the United States are buying every month 4,500,000 ounces of silver, and that this represents about the product of the silver mines of the United States. It is not known what an enormous bulk of silver the loan of Congress has compelled the government to purchase and keep.

The government has been buying silver ever since 1878, when the law known as the Bland law went into effect. Until August 13, 1890 the Treasury purchased every month $2,000,000 worth of bullion to be coined into standard dollars. It might have expended $4,000,000 in that way, and the country ought to be thankful perhaps, that the different Secretaries restrained themselves from going to the utmost limit of the statute. Nevertheless, the government purchased under the law of 1878, 308,199,201.71 ounces, at a cost of $323,635,576.19—an average cost of $1.05 an ounce. There are in circulation about $300,000,000 in silver, most of which is in silver certificates, the metal back of these notes being stored in the Treasury. Stated roughly, 300,000,000 standard silver dollars would cover a space of nearly one half a square mile.

Since August 13, 1890, the government has been buying 4,500,000 ounces of silver a month. On the silver purchased under the act of 1878 the government made a profit of about $70,000,000 by stamping a lie on every 375 grains of fine silver. On the silver purchased under the act of 1890 the government has lost about $40,000,000 by the depreciation of its stock of bullion on hand.

The amount purchased under the act of 1890, most of which is stored in the vaults of the Treasury, was about 157,000,000 ounces on the 1st of July. The government owns, therefore, about 6000 tons of silver, for which it is obliged to find storage-room. Moreover, it must go on buying and storing more than 140 tons of silver a month, and is issuing against the metal paper money, which it is redeeming in gold and receiving for its dues, but which is not regarded as money or a valid representative of money in any other country in the world except Mexico and the South American republics, with whom we trade through London and who, inconsistently perhaps, demand payment of our debts to them for hides, coffee, and other articles that we import in gold exchange.

But we are now renewing ourselves with the load of silver bullion which the government is storing. It is difficult to foresee what will be done with this amount of material. Even if the Sherman law is repealed, there it is, and if the government undertakes to sell it, the silver market will go even lower than it did the other day, when the silver miners of Colorado threatened to close their mines because India was about to stop the free coinage of silver. In other words, the silver-miners insist that the government shall buy and maintain the price of their product, although the Treasury vaults now hold 4000 tons of it which it cannot sell, on which it has lost millions of the money of the tax payers, and which is threatening the credit of the government. If the silver-miners have the right to demand this, why is it absurd for the farmers to demand that the government store their crops and loan them money on them?

THE DIFFERENCE.

The Cynic sneered when, like the chiming of a silver bell,
The merry shout of Love sang far and wide
But when upon the world the Cynic's jeering laughter fell,
Love only sighed.

F. S. M.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

At the early age of forty-three Guy de Maupassant is dead. He was one of the most brilliant story tellers of his time and one of the best examples of a school of literature that is the flower of French views. He was himself the exponent of the kind of society he painted and he led the life which he depicted.

He was born near Dieppe, on August 5, 1850, and began his education in Normandy. But his most important instruction was by Flaubert, with whom the young enthusiast studied the art of literature while he was a department clerk. Flaubert had just won fame by the publication of *Madame Bovary*, and he was a conscientious master. Maupassant worked hard and conscientiously, and finally satisfied his exacting master, who at length consented that he should publish. Perhaps the waiting was judicious. At all events, Maupassant's success after he began to publish was almost immediate and since his appearance in print he has been one of the foremost men of French literature. The list of his works would be long. The first that gave a genuine shock to the reading public on this side of the water was *Une Vie*, a story with as much vileness as was ever injected into a volume by Maupassant's friend Zola, without a particle of Zola's moral teaching. *Bel Ami* was another work of the same kind, giving a picture of French society which Madame Adam insists is not French society at all. Maupassant was at his best in short stories, so delicately and sweetly told that one knew the teller to possess the soul of an artist. That he could write what was pure as well as what was *sale* is known to all who are familiar with the dainty collection published by Harper & Brothers in the "Odd Number Series." It was two years ago when Maupassant first gave signs that dissipation and work were breaking him down. In the closing part of 1891 he suddenly left his work table one midnight and attempted to shoot himself. But the bullets had been extracted from the pistol by a member of the family, who had feared this end, and the brilliant writer was taken to a private asylum for the insane. There he became an imbecile and is finally dead, leaving behind to mourn him his mother and a brother.

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THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.*

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

XIII.

THE appearance and deportment of young Frederick Pratt as a witness in the Vibert case offered several delicate shades whose noting and whose accounting for may justify a paragraph or two. His general effect, then, was in the highest degree sobered, chastened, depressed. To what was this to be attributed?

To his consciousness of the overshadowing majesty of the law? No, for the law had turned its softest and most silken side outward: the little party had taken up its informal grouping at the judge's elbow, and had replied conversationally to the interrogations of the judge himself or to the prompting inquiries of Brainard's attorney. Justicia had appeared in her most sympathetic and domestic aspect.

Was the youth disappointed as to his performance of a *born rôle?* There is no doubt that he had anticipated with some relish his first appearance in the witness box. He would have been obliged, it is true, to confess himself a minor, and he might have been exposed to the humiliating necessity of declaring that he understood the nature of an oath; but after that all would have been smooth sailing. Only to be for full fifteen minutes the observed of all observers, to be able to lift up his voice and tell—all—he—knew! Yet to be balked in this called for exasperation rather than deep dejection, and deep dejection, after all, was what he chiefly showed.

Was this dejection the sign of sympathetic sorrow for the woes of his former friend and playmate? Not quite. His sympathy, while real enough, was largely the sprightly product of novelty, curiosity, and conscious self importance; unentangled with other considerations, it would have shown itself in a nervous and volatile loquacity.

But Freddy in court was not loquacious. He gave his testimony after a benumbed and backward fashion that indicated other and deeper troubles. The boy, in fact, was under a cloud. An issue of some importance had arisen between the Underground National Bank and its youngest messenger: it involved no less a question than that of *meum* and *tuum*. Freddy Pratt, as messenger, had been in the habit of making two or three daily trips through the business district, during which the notes and acceptances that filled his big official wallet came to be exchanged for checks and greenbacks that represented corresponding values. One or two discrepancies had developed that called for attention.

The boy's father came down to the Underground to contribute his share of this attention. He was a grave, repressive, saturnine person, who might have been set down as possessed of far greater means to meet the requirements of a growing boy in the midst of a circle of well-to-do urban acquaintances than of inclination to study those requirements. He was received in Brainard's own private room, and the affairs of the penitent and sobbing boy were discussed over his head by his parent and his employer.

"You foolish child," said the elder Pratt to his son, in the self-conscious tone by which we address age through youth, "if you wanted anything, why didn't you ask me for it?"

This father, seriously handicapped as he was by his own temperament, was attempting to treat the matter as something rather slight and trivial. The pettiness of the amount involved, the perfect ease of restitution, the youth of the offender, the utter simplicity and primitiveness of his methods—all these he touched upon with a feint of light-handed ease. Another might have blown an airy bubble like this, even in the face of Brainard's ominous and taciturn frown; but Pratt was not the man to do it. He soon left the upper air of informal jocularity for the firmer ground of argument and expostulation, and this ground, before he ended, was almost pressed by the knees of entreaty.

"It's plain enough," said Brainard at length; "he took it and he kept it."

Each one from his own point of view cast his eye on the culprit.

"But it can't be that you mean to ruin a boy's future in any such way as this?" snarled the boy's father, with a rasping expostulation.

Brainard turned a look on him from under his overhanging brows.

"Um," he merely said, in a voice which might have meant anything.

But the affair presently came to adjustment—a treaty with several clauses. Brainard wished to use the boy in court; to dispose of the Vibert matter in the cursory fashion that he hoped to follow permitted scant margin for the plea of desertion, and he was depending on young Pratt for the recital of certain occurrences which, in a cumulative way, might have their bearings on the plea of cruelty. Pratt junior was to testify in court, Pratt senior was to reimburse the bank, and the boy's final dismissal from the Underground would then be timed in a way so dissociated from any particular cause as to excite no comment and to occasion no injury. But all this was scant and nominal payment for Brainard's clemency; a larger one followed.

Brainard owned a number of woe-begone tenements scattered here and there over that unattractive part of the West Side which is most affected by manufacturers of furniture. One of these tumble-down dwellings adjoined a large lot owned by Ingles—took out one corner, in fact, in such a way as to interfere seriously with its value for building purposes. Ingles, in treaty with a furniture firm for the putting up of a building, had made an offer for this corner. Brainard, informed as to the circumstances, had put a price on it that was excessive—exorbitant. Ingles had taken time for consideration, and at the very moment of Pratt's call a letter from him lay on Brainard's desk to the effect that he was looking elsewhere; evidently, on principle, he was drawing off. Brainard had no use for the property, and it was hardly paying taxes. He wanted to sell it at his own figure, and he had expected to. Ingles's tactics nettled him. He solaced himself by a step that reached Ingles and Pratt at the same time. He sardonically raised his price a peg higher and offered the property to Pratt with an intimation that refusal would not be entertained. He put his lot still further beyond the reach of Ingles's possible necessities, and he made it realize even more than Ingles had declined to pay. Pratt swallowed this mouthful with such grace as he could command; and with the celerity possible to a perfected system of land transfer when supplemented by the guarantee of a title company, Norval H. Pratt, in a day or two, became the owner, at an excessive price, of a piece of property for which he had no use, and for which, so far as he knew, no one else had any use either.

This transaction was at once noted by McDowell, whose study of the daily transfers as reported in the real estate publications was minute, and whose attention had been fixed for some time on this particular piece of ground. He knew something of Ingles's intentions, through the people whom Ingles was endeavoring to accommodate, and he saw here the entering wedge that he had waited for so long. He had approached Brainard unsuccessfully; he now tried Pratt. Pratt, who figured himself justly enough as a lamb led to the shearing, made no effort to evade the rôle; he promptly made an agreement for the transfer of the Brainard lot to McDowell. He let it go at a decided sacrifice—he sold it at a possible shade under its actual value.

McDowell, whose eagerness had committed him to an out and out purchase, was now in a position to approach Ingles. He was willing to sell the ground for simply what it had cost him; his profits would come later, through that open door between 1262 and 1263. Ingles received him coldly. He had disposed, he said, of his holdings in that neighborhood, and was using the proceeds to build for his new tenants in another quarter. He bowed McDowell out with a faintly cynical contempt, and this enterprising person was left with an unpromising piece of ground on his hands to dispose of as best he might. He tried the new purchasers of Ingles's lot; his own was not necessary to their purposes.

McDowell was seriously embarrassed. This lot of ground was a trifle in itself—to Ingles or to Pratt it mattered little either way; but to McDowell, who was of a considerably smaller calibre, the thing came as a kind of last straw. In expectation of great activity in acres, he had loaded himself down with outside property; everything of his own was invested in that way, everything that was his wife's, and something, to tell the truth, that was neither his nor his wife's. He was in up to his chin, and at this moment came Ogden, asking him to set terms for an accounting and a settlement.

McDowell met this demand with a promise of figures, and he renewed this promise several times. The intervals between gave opportunity for a slow insinuation of the truth—for a graduated confession that a considerable part of old Mr. Ogden's estate was tied up in the operations of his son-in-law. This confession was followed by his statement, but it was some time before the account opened at the Underground by George received any great enlargement through the agent of the administratrix.

"It's all right, though," McDowell said; "you don't need to worry, and there's no use in stirring things up. There's big money ahead, and you'll stand in."

But the statement was the ground, and a sufficient one, for a rupture. McDowell, in order to diminish his indebtedness to the estate, had charged it with various fees and percentages of his own, and with numerous items that properly concerned his individual and household expenses. He charged the estate with a new porch on the front of his own house, and with the full expense of railway travel which had been undertaken in great part for his own inter

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1991.

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eats. He even made a hardy attempt to force the Brainard lot upon the indignant widow.

Mrs. Ogden immediately left his house, in spite of the good offices of her bewildered daughter. George himself, forecasting the future, beheld a long succession of wrangling days in the law courts and in the offices of attorneys—days that threatened to surpass in worry, loss, expense, and nerve-wear anything that his family had experienced yet. He felt himself on the threshold of a struggle for which he was but scantily equipped, and in which he was certain to be seriously handicapped through consideration for Kittie.

Absorbed in these moody reflections, he was crossing the court of the Chiton on a Saturday afternoon, when a pencil tap on one of the great glass panes took his attention. The tap was sounded on the court frontage of Darnell & Bradley's branch, and George started from his reverie to see the face of Bradley himself looking out at him over the rubrics, mucilage-bottles, and memorandum books that formed symmetrical piles within.

Bradley hastened to throw open the narrow glass door adjoining the show window, and motioned George in with a friendly and quizzical grimace.

"Let Jones walk," he said, crinkling up his eyes and laying his fat hand on Ogden's shoulder.

"He is walking," responded George, with a wan smile.

Bradley drew him in and closed the door.

"Well, let him walk in a different path, then. Let him come out to Hinsdale to-morrow and try the primrose path."

"Of dalliance?" asked George, with a doleful attempt to meet half way the cheery facetiousness of the other.

"Well, I don't think a little dalliance would hurt him." Bradley made it seem quite absurd that a young fellow of twenty-five should have any real cares and annoyances. "All work and no play—you know."

"I'm afraid so," admitted George, with a pathos that the elder man found amusing.

Bradley stepped back to a snug office that was stowed away in behind a tall piece of shelving piled with newly bound account-books, to pick up his hat. "I'm glad to have caught sight of you," he proceeded, with the friendliness of an elder brother. "I've just taken an hour or so to overhaul things here a little. If you're going north, I'll walk a block or two with you."

They passed out into the street, and picked their way along through the splashing, slumping, and dripping that marks the spring break up. They elbowed other pedestrians over inky flaggings, and they dodged the muddy spray that bumping trucks sent up from the street-car tracks at almost every crossing.

"My wife's wondering what has become of you," Bradley puffed out, among many other things, as he tried to keep up with Ogden's supple and light-footed gait. "And Jessie, too. She's home to-morrow—just back from Evanston. You come out on the eleven fifty-five, and we'll have an early dinner, and that will leave enough of the afternoon to make things worth while. And we'll show you that spring in a little nearer at hand than you'd suspect in town. Your first spring here?"

"Yes."

"Pretty bad, ain't it?"

"Worse than Boston," said George, in a tone implying that nothing further could be added.

At the next corner Bradley paused, detaining him for a moment with a friendly hand.

"Sunday noon, then. You provide the dalliance and we'll see to the primroses. Care anything for 'em?"

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"Good thing, can't have chrysanthemums all the year round. Well, good by. Jessie will drive down for you in the buggy."

"I'll be there," called Ogden as they drifted apart in the thickening crowd.

He had reached the point where he felt it would be a relief to cut away from town and everything in it—the hustle, the uproar, the ills, the routine of the bank, the complications of the Brainards, the entanglements of the Ogdens. It was a simple thing to do—only so many miles of flimsy and shabby shanties and back views of sheds and stables, of grimy enclosed switch-yards, with the long flanks of freight-houses and interminable strings of loaded or empty cars, of dingy viaducts and groggy lamp posts and dilapidated fences whose scanty remains called to remembrance lotions and tonics that had long passed their vogue, of groups of Sunday loungers before saloons, and gangs of unclassifiable foreigners picking up bits of coal along the tracks; of muddy crossings over roads whose bordering ditches were filled with flocks of geese; of wide prairies cut up by endless tracks, dotted with pools of water, and rustling with the dead grasses of last summer, then suburbs new and old—some in the fresh promise of sidewalks and trees and nothing else, others unkempt, shabby, gone to seed; then a high passage over a marshy plain a range of low wooded hills, emancipation from the dubious laxity known as the Cook County Commissioners—and Hinsdale.

At the station Jessie Bradley sat drawn up in a buggy; she had her place in a small convention of phaetons, carryalls, and express wagons. She tossed her head brightly and waved her whip.

"I could have walked as well as not," said Ogden, climbing in. "What's half a mile?"

"Three quarters—almost," she corrected. She gathered up the lines and secured the approved hold on the whip. "Unless you care to drive?" she suggested.

"Not particular," replied Ogden, leaning back easily. "Quite willing to be a passenger."

He took a look at her sidewise from behind. She wore a pert little flat brimmed, flat crowned hat, set straight on the top of her head, a stray lock of hair brushed across her ear in the breeze, she had a bunch of pale purple primroses at her throat.

"You may if you want to," she said, with a sudden turn in his direction. Her eyes sauntered and sparkled.

"I'd as soon see you—unless you don't care to."

"Oh, as far as that goes! Just hold on tight, though. Get up, John!"

She drew a taut rein and flicked the horse over the ear. It was a mettlesome five year old, and he rushed into his best gait at once. "Here we go!" she cried, "Sunday or no Sunday. I hate to poke."

She rushed him through the outskirts of the town, she bumped over the curvilinear plank crossings, she grazed one or two of the wooden posts that held up oil lamps, she charged a flock on its homeward way from church and cut it into two frightened and indignant halves. She was on her native heath; she felt it, she showed it.

George grasped the buggy cover with his left hand and held his right in readiness to seize the reins. The buggy, with many a bump and sudden wrench, sped on over the stones and ruts and puddles and rough crossings of an in different country road, and presently it turned into a yard with a rasping graze on one of the two painted white posts that made the entrance way. On the side porch of the house stood the girl's parents. They were laughing.

Jessie jumped out briskly. She struck a masculine attitude on the carriage block, her right hand resting on the stock of her whip, her left arm a kimbo.

"I was to get yer through on time, them was my orders, and here ye are."

George climbed out carefully.

"Poor Horace!" chuckled Bradley coming down, "he's here all right, but he is able to give his lecture."

Mrs. Bradley followed, to shake hands. She wore a black silk dress, and there was a bit of lace over her thin hair—an adornment which her consciousness seemed to put forth as a modish novelty. Her wrinkles all flowed together in a compassionate smile.

"He may have lost his voice on the way," she joked, "but we hope he saved his appetite."

"They're both all right," said George, laughing in turn.

Bradley was at the horse's head. "The voice is there, anyway," he said, in cautious acknowledgment. "And we'll see about the appetite as soon as you've got enough spare breath to say 'Amen' to our grace."

The Bradley house was a mere box of a building set in an acre lot. They had built for themselves, on finally breaking with the city, two years before, and they had accepted the gables and dormers and shingles and the brown and yellow paint that the modest suburban house of the period finds it so difficult to evade. They stood on high, rolling ground, there were half hints of considerable vistas here and there, and they were surrounded by groves and copses through which, to-day, the first faint colors of the spring were hurtling. Bradley, after dinner, walked Ogden around the house—previous visits had been confined to the parlor. He dwelt on the swelling of the lilac buds, and he drew attention with an impartial interest to the first sprouting of his peonies and of his rhubarb. The back of the place was littered with the débris of a second greenhouse in an advanced stage of construction, and through this disorder he picked his way, along with his daughter and his guest, towards the door of the first.

"Hop in," said Bradley, lifting his own foot over the perpendicular threshold. The air within was but a few degrees warmer than the air without, yet closer. On either side stretched fragmental beds of young plants, with frequent breaks between. "It's late for primos, after all, and a good many of them are outside, anyway." He waved his hand over a few patches of color on the left, there were white, pink, cherry, pale purple, such as Jessie was wearing and a few belated clumps of young and indecorous green.

Ogden passed to and fro, with the sh's and ah's that accompany the exposition of any host's pet hobby, however partial and trifling the exhibit may be. He had done the same last autumn with the chrysanthemums.

Bradley took this tribute with the customary complacency, and presently drifted to one side for a word with his man about a small matter of glazing—he had quite an eye for broken panes. Ogden leaned against a damp ledge. Jessie had seated herself on one of the steps of a rude flower stand, she brushed aside two or three small pots that had been left standing on it.

She showed an air of lassitude; it had been stealing over her all through dinner, and now it had completely overtaken her as the languid atmosphere of the flowers. Her slender arms hung limply, and she moved her back as if to find a comfortable rest for it. Her face, under the pallor of the painted glass, looked rather colorless and a little drawn, and her eyes.

She looked up at him as she dropped the petals of a primrose one by one. "You didn't care to drive, then?"

"Did you want me to? I'm sorry not to have understood, you, both ways?"

"Oh no. It only struck me that you might want to. You were not—that is, you understand horses?"

"Certainly. I drive on occasion." He smiled serenely, not in the least disturbed by her perfectly obvious thought a strange horse. Perhaps that isn't one of Solomon's proverbs, but it might to be."

"You are awfully cautious." She rose undecidedly, presently she sat down again, with a little sigh.

"I have to be. That is my business—from half past eight till four. Perhaps it's growing on me."

"I don't mean that. You were born cautious, and cautious anyway."

"I'm a down-Easter, you know. Look before you leap. Perhaps I shall burn the off hand Western ways in time. I'll try to. I'll make myself over."

"I wonder if you can," she said, half to herself. Then aloud: "But I don't believe all down Easters are as nasty as you are. There must be lots of them who would have just laid the whip on that horse, and run over a boy or two or knocked our gate-post to pieces, and come up to the door with a wheel just ready to break to flinders. Why, what you have done it? I shouldn't have minded it—I should have liked it first-rate." She spoke with a kind of lingering drawl, and there was a half smile in her lack lustre eye.

"Your father would have minded it, though, and I should I. Never begin to dance without arranging with the fiddler. Good rule, don't you think?"

She threw a late stem to the ground. "Oh yes, in theory." She rose. "Close in here, isn't it? Let's go outside."

XIV.

The sun that had given some warmth in the early hours of the afternoon was dimmed, later, by an overcasting of thin clouds, and the rest of the time was passed in doors. George smoked a friendly cigar with Bradley in the dining room, and after Mrs. Bradley had disappeared for a short nap he whiled away the remaining hours with Jessie in the parlor. They sat in two easy-chairs on opposite sides of the fireplace, in which a handful of coal was working against the last lingering chill of winter. The girl, in partly recovered her earlier tone, and she chatted with him in a string of smart jocularities with the manner which sometimes assures a doubtful caller that he has not made a mistake in coming, and that he has not remained too long after coming. But between these agitated strait of facetiousness there came now and then a layer of greater seriousness, and in one of these intervals she trenched on the domestic affairs of the Brainards.

"Poor Mayme went south the other day, didn't she? I hardly suppose you could call it a visit?" She looked at him soberly, with her eyebrows slightly raised.

George winced. "To visit her uncle's family" he answered. He half wondered why he referred her word and even emphasized it.

"Her sister was going to run down there with her."

"I heard so."

"You see Abbie occasionally?"

"Occasionally."

"I suppose she is at the back a good deal?"

"Not often." He fixed his eyes on the last flickerings of the coal and lapsed into silence. It was not so easy now as once before to discuss Abbie Brainard with Jessie Bradley.

Mrs. Bradley came in brisk and refreshed about half an hour before train time. The young people were chatting amiably enough on the different subjects and she urged Ogden to ten with the charge insistency of the suburban hostess.

"You can go home by moonlight. I've arranged it all for you." She drew aside a window curtain and showed him a pale white disk in a bluish sky. "It's full you see. We just have cold meat and tea and biscuits—I don't want to keep you under false pretences."

The moon kept faith with his hostess, lighting him to the station and following him in to town and keeping him in sight through a mile of noisy and glaring streets. From the car window, now and then, as the train passed back through a string of scattered suburbs and crossed the flat reaches of prairie land between, he was conscious of her bland hospitality, and as he traversed the downtown business district she raked the long parallels of the east and west streets with an undeciphering indifference that a mind less preoccupied might have found irritating. It was all the same to that big foolish face—town and country were one. It had its various smile for trees and fields, and it had the same smile for the variant lights of the street cars, for the clamorous cab-drivers around the depots, for the flaring jewelled guide-posts of the theatres, for the gaudy fronts of sample rooms, for the cheap disheveltment of occasional strayed revellers, for the algae of chiropodists and the swinging shingles of justers of the peace, and for a certain meditative young man, whether he was traversing the rustic roads of Hinsdale or the sophisticated planks of the State Street Bridge. Ogden's thoughts flowed along with a quiet and grateful sense of the friendliness of the Bradleys, and with many a ripple, wave, and eddy to correspond with the changing moods of their daughter. He made a careful rehearsal of some of their bits of talk—why had she said this? what had she meant by that? why had she done the other? He dwelt on these matters with an absorbed speculation, and with a young man of Ogden's temperament speculation was but the first step on the way to love.

The spring trailed along slowly, with all its discomforts of latitude and locality, and then came the long fresh evenings of early June, when domesticity brings out its rugs and druggets and invites its friends and neighbors to sit with it on its front steps. The Brainards had these appendages to local housekeeping—lingering reminders of a quick growth from village to city. There was a large rug made of two breadths of Brussels carpeting and surrounded on all four sides with a narrow border of pink and blue flowers on a moss colored background. This rag covered the greater part of the long flight of limestone steps. In the beautiful coolness of these fresh June evenings Abbie frequently sat there on the topmost step, while her mother occupied a carpet camp-chair within the vestibule and laudably allowed the long twilight to overtake her neglected chess board. They sat out now only after dark. Ogden called at intervals, and was not flattered that the poor girl brightened at his coming, it seemed as if she must brighten at the coming of almost any body.

"HERE WE GO," SHE CRIED "SUNDAY OR NO SUNDAY. I HATE TO POKE."

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FORT MONROE ("CASEMATE") CLUB.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 674.]

One evening he elected to tell off their long street on foot—the street whose ornamental lamp posts and infrequent spindling elms had partly decided him in the selection of his first quarters. When within a few streets of the Brainard corner he passed a house (one of a long row) on whose front steps (as with its neighbors right and left) were camped a large and merry party, whose exaggerated domesticity made it plain that they were all fellow boarders. They occupied two rugs as well as two chairs and a footstool at the head of the steps. Through their light subdued hubbub came dominatingly a voice which Ogden recognized, and he threw up his head to meet the frank but overdone bow of Cornelia McNabb. Beside Cornelia sat a young man, who bowed at the same time with a somewhat forced and conscious smile. It was Burton Brainard.

Cornelia had returned to the neighborhood of her early trials. She considered herself now on a distinctly fashionable street; she put "Washington Boulevard" on her cards, and thought her eight dollars a week was none too much. She had had a plate engraved and a hundred cards printed. She had not found it easy to dispose of many of them; sometimes she gave them in shops, when she was asked to what address the goods were to be sent.

"But just wait till I order my next plate!" she would say to herself.

She had left one of her cards with Mrs. Gore. The poor good soul (come in from her baking) was quite taken aback. Then Cornelia, conscious of too stiff an application of the social code kissed her on coming away and made herself more intelligible.

"Yes," Abbie was saying to Ogden, a few minutes later, "Cornelia is a pretty smart girl. Father has come to be quite taken with her."

He noticed that she said—Cornelia.

"She takes down some of his letters now too," she continued. "*I* never learned," she added, in a tone of slight self reproach.

"Good Peter!" exclaimed Ogden, with a protesting admiration, "you can do almost everything else!"

She waved aside this ardent apology, and looked rather shyly through the rusty iron work of the hand rail. The syringas were in blossom: the asphalt path had stopped its afternoon's running and had solidified since sundown.

"I think he likes her because she isn't afraid of him. Neither are you," she added, in a low tone, as if on an afterthought. She did not look his way.

Ogden appreciated this appreciation of his behavior. He had always been prompt and respectful with Brainard, but he had never knuckled down.

"He gives her letters almost every day. She corrects his mistakes."

"And he corrects hers?"

"He says she doesn't make many. When she does she sticks it out. She talks back. That's where she's bright. It kind of irritates him, I think, to have his—his clerks—his employés seem afraid. It pleases him, though, when other business men are."

This piece of filial analysis fell softly and slowly on the thickening darkness. The lamp-lighter was zigzagging across the wide roadway with his kerosene torch, and the voices of talkative neighbors on the other side of the street were brought over with the breeze along with the fumes of burning oil.

Ogden was pleased with this touch of gilding that the daughter's devotion applied to the father's clay. Perhaps the old man was not hopelessly beyond the reach of idealization's hand, after all.

Besides the people on other steps around many clattered by over the asphalt pavement, and others promenaded slowly along the sidewalk. These moved in couples towards the Park, whose scant clumps of stilted foliage appeared a few hundred yards away under the light of a waning moon and a half benighted sprinkling of stars, many of them issued from basement doors.

Presently another couple came sauntering along, and they paused at the foot of the Brainard steps. They were Burt and Cornelia. Cornelia came up and found a place on the rug that suited her, and greeted Mrs. Brainard in a familiar and masterful manner, before which the good woman soon boxed up her chemmen and retired. Cornelia then turned to Ogden.

"Stiff—or bashful?"

"H'm?"

"Why didn't you stop and say a word as you passed by?"

"Oh! Yes, bashful; too many people."

"Too bad about you!" She turned to Burton. He had seated himself on a lower step, with his back to the others. His hat was on the back of his head, and his chin was propped up by his knees and elbows. He was looking thoughtfully at the curb-stone. "Come up and be sociable," she called.

Burt rose and ascended a step or two.

"Oh, how are you, Ogden?" he said, rather absently. George felt that he should have said more, and said it sooner, and said it differently.

Cornelia passed a cushion down to Burt. "There; take that and be comfortable." She regarded him studiously. It was dark, but he was all there—the short thick yellow mustache, the virile chin lately shaved and powdered, the dense hair that rose in a level line from the top of his forehead. Cornelia would have seen all these things in darkness that was Egyptian. She felt her fingers working towards them.

Cornelia was dressed with a trim and subdued modishness. She had taken a good many cues from Mrs. Floyd, and she had not been above cultivating an intimacy with a girl who worked for the excessively dear and fashionable house that dressed Mrs. Ingles. Mrs. Floyd had had no need to teach Cornelia anything about grammar, but she had shown her, all unconsciously, the advantage of a regulated use of slang.

Her fingers, debarred by the cold conventions of society from any entanglement in the head of hair just before her, smoothed and patted the folds in her own skirt. She further relieved herself by a high sniffling toss of the head and a long deep respiration.

"Well, isn't this a great night?" she said, addressing the little party generally. "Isn't the air splendid? I declare, I could just ramble about till morning. And yet I suppose your mother"—to Abbie—"has checkmated herself and gone to bed. Dear me, if there wasn't any city, and no clatter-clatter on that machine! Seems as if I must just make a break for the country before long—just get up home and hop into my little boat and paddle all around that whole blessed lake!"

"Why don't you?" asked Ogden. "Can't you give yourself a vacation?" He spoke a little wistfully; there was none ahead for him—no Underground man ever had an outing during his first year.

"I don't see how. They say you can't serve two masters. Well, I've got five—four too many. At least," she tacked on, as if a closer calculation would further increase the number of these superfluities. "Can I go all over the building and tell each one of them that my services are going to be demanded exclusively for several days by some other one of them? Or shall I be sick—just for a day, at first, and keep adding days, one at a time, until I've had a week? I don't know what to do."

"Drop the whole business," said Burt, brusquely, without turning about.

"And leave all my poor people in the lurch?" she cried, as if her employers were her most poignant concern.

"They can get somebody else."

"Oh, yes!" cried Cornelia, with mock humility. "I'm nobody; I can be easily replaced." She cast her head aside lightly. "I'll tell you what I would do though if I was up at Pewaukee this eve. I'd paddle down to Lakeside and back—by the light of that moon." She pointed down the street toward the park foliage. "That tips with gilds those fruit-tree tops—Shakespeare. And it would be a good deal brighter up there than it is in this smoky old place."

"Can you row?" asked Ogden.

"Can't I? I guess. Pair of oars made to order and I can feather with 'em, too. Speaking of Lakeside, I know who's going to be there the last of this month—that Miss Bradley, Mrs. Floyd's niece."

"Cousin," corrected George.

"Is it? Cousin, then. She's a lively girl she and I would make a pair. Only she don't look very strong."

"I thought," said he, "that she was going to Oconomo—"

Cornelia gave an encouraging laugh. "That's right! Take time and you'll get it. Now, then, Ocono—"

"Ocono—"

"Moune."

"Mowoc."

"Oconomowoc; easy enough when you have it. Accent on second syllable. The only trouble is when you write it you never know where to stop. Well, so she is going to Oconomowoc, later—to stay through July. They're only twelve miles apart."

"You know Miss Bradley, then?" Abbie asked Ogden. "She was over here once or twice, to see—Mayme. She seemed like a real nice girl."

Ogden bowed assent. He found himself as unwilling to discuss Jessie Bradley with Abbie Brainard as he had been to discuss Abbie Brainard with Jessie Bradley. Whenever he debated them it was a silent debate, in which he himself took both sides.

"She's a high-stepper," volunteered Cornelia, filling in Ogden's silence. "Good deal of style, too. Yet they say her father isn't so extra well off. She's a great contriver I expect. Well, gumption goes a long ways, it's wriggled me off my back a good many times." She turned to Burt. "Now, then, young man, do you want to walk me along to the Park? Haven't we roosted about long enough?"

"All right," said he, getting up promptly. He seemed to be smiling appreciatively at her pertness.

"Ta!" cried Cornelia, dabbing her hand to Ogden and Abbie, and off she went. "Perhaps you'll see us later—if you're good!"

A big, bulky figure came stamping along the walk, and reached the foot of the steps just as Burt and Cornelia started off.

"I guess they'll be good," a heavy voice said. The voice was not greatly disguised by its assumption of unaccustomed jocularity, and George, with a flush, recognized it as Brainard's.

"Well, Abbie," he said, lumbering up the steps. And "How are you, Ogden?" he said to George, as he passed on and seated himself with a loud grunt on his wife's chair.

George bit his lip: the old man had no business to misuse other people's pronouns in that way. Cornelia's "you" might have meant one person, if it meant more than one still it might have meant them separately, but Brainard's perverting "they" bracketed him and his companion in a fashion utterly unwarranted.

Brainard lingered a few moments above their heads. He made one or two clumsy attempts at facetiousness, and George surmised that this was his way of showing a friendliness. But his joking was much more painful than any hectoring could have been, and George was greatly relieved when he presently rose and retired unceremoniously into the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FORT MONROE CLUB.

Away back "before the war" a school of application for artillery was established in our largest permanent work, where officers might learn to use the weapon which a peaceful and economical government provided. Cannon were simple, duties were light, and hours of leisure many (twenty four daily, or thereabouts), and so the officers bought them a billiard table, and, after grave conference, organized the Old Point Billiard Club. Table and guns have been ousted years since, and with players and gunners relegated to the scrap heap of memory.

With the modern guns, complex duties, and scant leisure of to-day we are not now concerned; but if fitness is the aim of evolution, the "Fort Monroe Club" not only does exist but had to exist. Like a nation without a history, it is happy—content in the vaultlike casemates from which the ancient cannon have been taken, the tough masonry covered over with Southern pine, and embrasures and archways draped with portières or here and there with battle-flags. From the walls a score or more of old heroes of the army and navy look out from their frames in preposterous uniforms, a few colored prints of battles, some original drawings of military subjects by Zogbaum, Remington, Nast, and others, and, above all, a full length of St. Barbara, gentlest of patron saints, very much at home among her *protégés*. The furniture is plain, befitting a soldier's barrack, albeit the sideboard is bright with costly glass the gifts of civilians who have enjoyed the quiet hospitality of the place, and gone away to remember its quaint charm. Through the long summers open doors and windows disclose backgrounds of ivy and woodbine clambering over the ramp, and from the live-oaks in the fort, where birds have nested untroubled for a hundred years, comes a flood of song. Being in Virginia there is a mint bed somewhere, which the colored steward and his assistants cultivate.

Article I. of the constitution reads: "This association shall be called the Fort Monroe Club, and be composed of officers of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps of the United States. . . Officers of either service not on duty at Fort Monroe and civilians may be elected to honorary membership by a unanimous vote of the active members present at Fort Monroe. . . . Members who leave the service honorably do not forfeit thereby their membership."

The membership, including non-residents, is about five hundred, with a generous sprinkling of navy men. There is one honorary member, General Schofield, and there has been only one other, General Hunt, of the artillery. Perhaps much of the attraction of the club is due to the fact that all members have the same profession, the same interests and aims, and practically the same means. Certainly much of its conservatism is due to this, and it is hopelessly conservative. It is said that at club meetings every one, including the proposer, invariably votes "no" on every proposition, excepting only on a motion to adjourn.

While necessarily exclusive and naturally conservative, the club extends a generous welcome to hundreds of guests every year with perhaps a warm heart-corner for those who are skilful with pencil or pen, and it is well known to many outside of military circles in both continents.

It is an unwritten law that there shall be no gambling, and there is none, a like by-law which prohibits "treating" helps to make excesses rare or unknown. The moral atmosphere, as stamped by talk or song or story, is good and pure, as it should be—and, maybe, is not—in every club.

THE PROPOSED NEW NATIONAL PARK.

It is not a little surprising that a region rivalling in scenic grandeur and interest either the Yellowstone or the Yosemite should, compared with the wide fame of these latter, be so little generally known. Back from the inmost waters of Puget Sound rises the most majestic and imposing mountain peak to be found on the continent. Its base resting at the water's edge, Mount Rainier, or, to employ the aboriginal name, Takhoma, lifts its snow-burnished dome a sheer 14 400 feet in the air, or twice the apparent height of Pike's Peak. Round about the mountain as an axis, radiating like the spokes of a huge wheel, is the greatest glacial system in the world. On its rocky, deep-furrowed sides are cradled some fourteen of the larger glaciers, from six to twelve miles in length, and as many smaller. From the midst of these, for a clear mile above, rise the summit and shoulders of the mountain—a *mer de glace*, a sea of snow and ice.

On the southern slope of the mountain lies Paradise Valley, with all the sublimity of view and the gorgeous coloring of the Grand Cañon. On the north is Lost River, tumbling in high cascades a distance of 4000 feet, and finally disappearing in a subterranean cavern. On the south west, again are the Palisades of the Nesqually, presenting a perpendicular face of 2000 feet. Hot and mineral springs abound, while the base is covered with a dense, almost impassable jungle of forest.

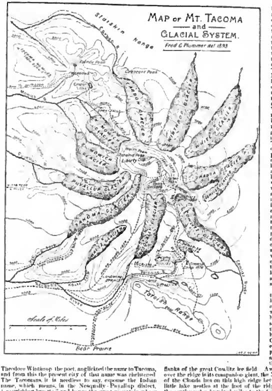
It is this region which it is proposed to erect into a new national park. The initial steps then to have been taken. As one of the closing acts of his administration, President Harrison issued a proclamation setting aside an area of 1500 square miles to be known as the "Pacific Forestry Reserve." The reserve is some forty miles in width, east and west, and thirty five miles long. It includes one of the most varied, inspiring, and scenically opulent regions in the world, and the incoming Congress will be asked to make the withdrawal of the land permanent, and join the State of Washington in an appropriation sufficient to build a wagon road about the mountain, and make it otherwise accessible to tourists and explorers.

The name of the new park, as of the mountain itself, has already grown to a bone of serious contention between the neighboring cities of Seattle and Tacoma, involving as it does their rival ambitions. Just a century ago, when George Vancouver, of the British royal navy, entered the strait of Fuca and sailed up the beautiful body of water before him, he beheld what was to him an unknown land, enchanting of view and air. Assuming the right of a discoverer, he proceeded to a reckless libel of every available point of the landscape, with the names of his former companions of the mess. Reserving the island where he first touched to himself he burdened the unequalled expanse of inland sea before him with the name of his lieutenant, Peter Puget. Against the eastern sky line rose the long crest of the pine-darkened

ON THE SUMMIT, CRATER PEAK.
Altitude, 14 444 feet.

Cascades, while far above, spacing the horizon at intervals of a hundred miles, were lifted the snow cones of three immense extinct volcanoes, and these he christened, from three British lords of the Admiralty, Hood, Baker, and Rainier.

Now Vancouver, be it said, was not a discoverer. Spanish settlements existed on the sound when he came, and Spanish, Italian, and Japanese explorers had visited and mapped the region before him. Nor is it easy to see why on these three superb peaks should be saddled the names of three nautical nobodies, who never saw the peaks nor even the continent on which they rest. For the last and greatest of the three mountains the Indians who dwelt at its feet had a far more musical and proper name. They called it, in their varying dialects, Tah-ho-ma, Tah-co-mah, or Tah-co-bet. In 1851



backwoods settlement in the very depths of the forest. Thirty miles further, or sixty in all from the railroad, are Longmire Springs, valuable for their medicinal qualities and hot baths. The owner, James Longmire, is a hardy mountain climber, and the most accomplished raconteur of the region. Paradise Valley is but a few miles distant. It is here that Nature revels in her most gorgeous scenic and chromatic effects. The valley is a deep, broad natural park, in the shape of an uncompleted horseshoe. It is about ten miles in length and two wide, and carpeted with a luxuriant and tropical foliage. The landscape is spread with flowers of every hue and blend, as if the sunlight filtered through some vast prism. Not far distant are the towering basaltic columns of the huge walls of the Nesqually Palisades, three times the height of the Palisades of the Hudson.

Near the head of the park are the beautiful Paradise or Sluiskin Falls, which leap the high brink above and shimmer down to the rocky depths below. Paradise Glacier lies at the extreme head of the park, while back and far above are the huge dazzling flanks of the great Cowlitz ice field. Away to the left and over the ridge is its companion giant, the Nesqually. Camp of the Clouds lies on this high ridge between the two. A little lake nestles at the foot of the ridge, while away to the southward, a hundred miles to the Columbia, the rough broken country stretches away like the dark angry waves of a choppy sea. St. Helen's, or Tah-one-lat-clah ("fire mountain"), lifts its cold crater in the distance, and, far beyond, Mount Adams and Mount Hood. From the Camp of the Clouds begins the real ascent.

Theodore Winthrop, the poet, anglicized the name to Tacoma, and from this the present city of that name was christened. The Tacomans, it is needless to say, espouse the Indian name, which means, in the Nesqually-Puyallup dialect, "nourishing breasts," and hence the great mountain whose breasts nourish the adjacent country.

The aspect of Mount Tacoma from the high bluffs of the city is one that baffles the photographer's art, as it has so far defied the artist's skill. Thousands of negatives have been spoiled, nor has any painting yet been made worthy of exhibition. All alike fail of producing even a moderate counterfeit of the living reality. Although distant from the city forty-three miles, the mountain seems hardly ten, so low and overhung with a blue haze is the intervening country. From out of this murk up towers Tacoma's Jovian front, a robe of purple forest circling its base, succeeded by the black crevasses and rocky ribs worn by glacial ploughshares, while above for more than half its height breast, shoulders, and broad imperial brow are masked in perpetual and unmelting snow.

Yet finer and more magnificent is the view from Vista Peak, six miles distant from the mountain, and twelve from its summit. Here, after a toilsome and arduous climb up through the deep-shadowed thick-matted forest, the mountain bursts on the view in all its regal beauty, and here its detail may be studied with accuracy. For those who do not care to brave the perils of the ascent to the top, Vista Peak will be a favorite point of observation. The ascent of Tacoma itself is perhaps, on the whole, less perilous than arduous. No serious accidents have yet befallen any of its daring climbers. The first white man to gain the top was General (then Lieutenant) A. V. Kautz, who in 1857 left Fort Steilacoom with two companions and an Indian guide. They followed the high ridge to the left of the Nesqually Glacier, and reached the saddle back below Peak Success, but hunger forced them to an immediate descent.

A more successful attempt to explore the top of the mountain was made in 1870 by General Hazard Stevens and P. B. Van Trump, accompanied by the old Indian guide Sluiskin. They chose what is now the accepted route, through Paradise Park and up by the side of the Cowlitz Glacier and Gibraltar Rock, reached Crater Peak and Peak Success, and spent a night in the crater caverns. Sluiskin awaited them about half-way up, in reality never expecting their return. No amount of urging would induce him to make the ascent. Tah-ho-ma he regarded as the dread abode of an evil spirit who would hurl avalanches on the impious mortal who dared to penetrate his sacred precincts. The Indian superstition of the mountain is general, and in the picturesque legends of these red men there runs the story of one who climbed to the top and found there a fiery lake, but was hurled down by the spirit who abides there, indicating that the mountain has been in eruption within legendary times.

Van Trump, at a subsequent ascent, reached Liberty Cap or Tahoma Peak, whose broad glistening dome gives the contour of the mountain as seen from the sound. Since then several successful ascents have been made, and in 1890 Miss Fay Fuller, a dashing young lady of Tacoma, braved the rigors of the climb, and won the honor of being the first woman to reach the summit.

A popular trip which many now enjoy is to Paradise Park and the Camp of the Clouds. These are on the southern face of the mountain, and are its most interesting and picturesque part. A stage runs as far as Eatonville, a little

When it is remembered that Paradise Park is at an elevation of 6500 feet, and is merely a "half-way station," some data for a conception of the climb may be had. The Camp of the Clouds is at a higher elevation than is the top of Pike's Peak above the city of Denver. There is still a mile and a third to be scaled before the summit of Tacoma is attained—7000 feet of ascent over thin rocky ridges and slippery glaciers that bend on either side into engulfing chasms a thousand or more feet in depth, along narrow ledges by the side of sheer precipices, around Gibraltar Rock, cutting each slow step in the ice, and all in air so thin that fifteen steps is sufficient to exhaust for the moment strong men. Not infrequently, too, the wind blows a frightful gale, adding to the perils and hardships of the journey. The ice affords insecure footing, the snow is blinding, and the cold bitter and penetrating. There is no water; there is a quenchless thirst, and food is usually nauseating. Vegetation has been left a mile below. It will be seen that those who attain the honor of an ascent gain it at no light cost.

The equipment for climbing is similar to that in the Alps. Heavy flannels are donned, boots heavily corked, the face blacked with charcoal and grease, goggles are worn, head and ears and hands carefully muffled. With ice-hatchet and stock, and tied together to a rope at intervals of fifty feet, the party is ready for the try. The climb from Plummer's Camp, 1000 feet above the Camp of the Clouds, begun at daybreak, occupies till late in the afternoon. Gibraltar Rock, the most perilous part of the journey, must be surmounted before the sun has begun to loosen the rocks, or, worse, an avalanche.

The character of the summit may be understood from the accompanying map, furnished me by Mr. Frederick G. Plummer, civil engineer, whose knowledge of Mount Tacoma is authoritative, and to whom I am indebted for much of the material for this article. The top is in the shape of a giant crescent three miles in curving length, with Liberty Cap or Tahoma Peak at the northern extremity, Peak Success at the southern, and Crater Peak in the bend. Disposed about Crater Peak are two broad craters, joined on one side, from whose caverns pour streams of hot sulphurous steam. These form beautiful grottos of brilliant green ice, and in these latter the climbers must spend the night, the steam toasting them on one side and freezing solid on the other. A terrific wind usually prevails on the summit, and the view, it must be said, does not equal that of a lower altitude. It is too high up, and the country below, when not obscured by the clouds, appears a dark, streaked, and broken floor. Nevertheless, the ascent is the experience of a lifetime.

Another interesting trip is to the opposite side of the mountain to Paradise Park, into the region of the great Mowich Glacier. The route is via the coal mines of Wilkeson, and is not more than twenty-five miles from the railroad. Here is seen the long cascades of Lace Falls, which tumble down the mountain 4000 feet. Here is seen also the curious disappearance of Lost River into the bowels of the earth. The ascent of the glacier affords a magnificent view of the sound, the Olympics, Mount Baker—or Smalam, as I prefer it—and the circumjacent country. But the summit is not accessible from this side.

Some idea of the immensity of this volcanic pile will be gained when I note that at 5500 feet altitude—the snow line—the mountain is twelve miles in diameter. It contains, roughly, some 200 cubic miles of ice, rock, and molten lava, for it is by no means extinct, and has mild eruptions at intervals, and frequently rocks the sound country with a gentle earthquake jar.

Space limits will permit but a brief reference to the glaciers. They occupy, General Stevens asserts, a region equal in extent to Massachusetts. The glaciers, some thirty in number, range from a mile to twelve miles in length, are frequently more than a mile in width, and from 400 to 800 feet in depth. The snow-fields number into the hundreds. The largest of the glaciers is perhaps the Tahoma, seven miles long, a mile wide, and 600 feet in depth. The White Glacier is twelve miles in length, and from it issues a considerable amount of water. From the Nesqually glacier, one of the largest, bursts in full head the Nesqually River—a turbulent milk-white stream fifty feet wide and waist-deep. In all, six large rivers, flowing to different points of the compass, take their rise in this great field of ice.

The whole region included in the proposed park abounds in beautiful snow-fed lakes of limpid depth, roaring cataracts, rocky deep-furrowed cañons, and mineral springs, to say nothing of mountain game. It includes, too, another wonder of nature—a forest that rivals an Amazon jungle. Nourished by the rich volcanic soil and the heavy rainfall, the firs and cedars grow to a height of 300 and 350 feet, while about their close-nestling trunks lie the fallen giants and the thick luxuriant undergrowth, all in wild confusion—an almost impassable natural stockade. There are sections in this park from which, it is said, 30,000,000 feet of lumber may be cut—an almost unheard-of yield.

Taken as a whole, the region included in the proposed park is one of marvellous and unique interest, where wild and rugged character and formidable inaccessibility have hitherto prevented the attainment of its just fame. The Alps are its counterpart, but far from its equal, while Tacoma itself might be fitly described as the American Matterhorn.

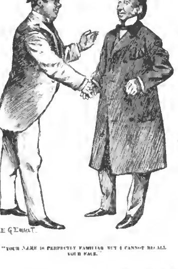
CARL SNYDER.

A THOUGHT.

HERE in my heart's a tumult
  As of great foes at strife
Grim forces aye contending
  For regnancy o'er life.

And somewhere there's an acre
  Still-eloquent as God,
Where sun and wind meet mildly
  And simple daisies nod.

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.



"YOUR NAME IS PERFECTLY FAMILIAR, BUT I CANNOT RECALL YOUR FACE."

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WHERE THE TUG BEGINS ON THE PATH OF ASCENT.
Showing Glacier Rock 900 Feet High in Front, Cathedral Rock to the Right, the Summit in the Distance. Altitude, 9000 Feet.—From a Photograph by Mitchell, Puyallup.

MOUTH OF THE GREAT NESQUALLY GLACIER.
Nesqually River bursts in Full Flood from the Ice-cave in the Foreground.—From a Photograph by Mitchell, Puyallup.

VIEW OF MOUNT TACOMA FROM BACK OF CITY.—From a Photograph by Carpenter.

LOOKING SOUTHWARD ACROSS SOUTH GLACIER, PUYALLUP RIVER.
From a Photograph by Partlow.

UPPER END OF PARADISE VALLEY
From a Photograph by [illegible]

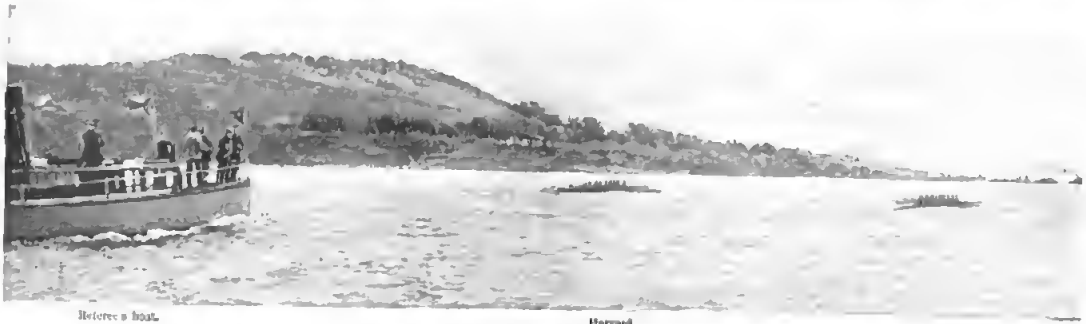
[illegible] PASSE IN THE NESQUALLY GLACIER
[illegible] Altitude, [illegible] feet. From a Photograph by W. O. Amsden.

THE PROPOSED NEW NATIONAL PARK.—[See Page 674]

FRESHMAN START—COLUMBIA, YALE, AND HARVARD—JUNE 20TH.

THE VARSITY RACE.
Representatives of the Press on Board the *Mohican*.

WATCHING THE RACE FROM THE "CORA."



Referee's boat. Harvard. Yale.

THE FIRST HALF-MILE OF THE VARSITY RACE.

Harvard. Yale.

THE FINISH.

THE HARVARD-YALE BOAT-RACE AT NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARDSON.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT."]

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THE LOST SIXPENCE.

BY WILLIAM JAMES BAKER.

Last summer my friends thought I needed a change of air. Old Dr. Blakeslee said, "Well—um—yes, undoubtedly. By all means. Anyway, it could do no harm. Perhaps you might try it, but go among the hills, and be careful you don't catch cold."

So the middle of June found me, gripsack in hand, walking up the dusty road from De Wittville to Pine Hill. The railroad has a station at the former place. There was none when I was a boy, but I had often walked the four miles, for much of my schooling was done in the valley, with my home in Pine Hill as a base of supplies.

That day it was something over thirty years since I had seen either place.

The once familiar features of the country seemed at first strange to me. The hills were lower and not so steep, though before I got to Pine Hill I was convinced that the distance was not diminished. Timber had been cut down here and there, and in a few places new growth was perceptible. Every turn of the road remained the same. Some of the old houses were deserted, and two or three quite pretentious modern structures had been erected, but there were more new barns than houses.

Near Pine Hill the country was wilder, but even there to a great extent the old worm fences had been removed and the atrocious barbed wire substituted—very inconvenient for the chipmonks. But in the pastures the cows were grazing and switching the flies with their tails as contentedly among the yellow buttercups and white daisies as their great grandmothers had done twoscore years before.

The sky was blue, the clouds bright, and the sun very hot indeed.

It was nearly noon when I entered the little tavern on Pine Hill. Here the boys used to congregate after school to see Barnabas Smith drive his stage-coach up. Round the corner it came, with blast of horn and explosive whip-shots, rocking like a boat. Barnabas always reined his horses suddenly on their haunches, tossed the mail-bag out, and jumped down before the steeds could right themselves. Then he walked up on the tavern stoop, thrust his hands into his pockets, and stood while the hostler watered each of the four horses in turn. Barnabas knew everybody, but rarely saluted any one. Sometimes a passenger alighted and stretched his legs while he smoked a cigar. In a few minutes Barnabas would call out, "All aboard!" toss up the mail-pouch that Thomas Kelly had brought, swing himself up, grasp the reins, crack his whip again like half a dozen pistol-shots. There was a clatter of hoofs, a roll of wheels, a cloud of dust, and the event of every other day for Pine Hill was over. Barnabas Smith was a great man in those times. To drive a coach and four with his flourish and style seemed to us boys a glorious achievement, and was an openly cherished ambition with many.

To-day there was no one about as I walked into the bar-room. I laid my gripsack on the counter, turned to the pitcher which stood on a rickety wash-stand, poured out some water, and refreshed face and hands, drying on a not over-clean towel. Then with an old splint broom I was dusting my clothes, when a barefooted, tow-headed child opened a side door and stared at me. Then the door closed, and a shrill voice called, "Ma! Ma! There's a man in there!"

"Go an' call yer pa. Don't ye know nothin'?" came the reply, in wiry acid tones.

In a few minutes there was the thump, thump of a crutch, and a short man entered. He was sunburnt, barefooted—indeed, wore nothing but his shirt, trousers, and a battered straw hat. He looked at me and nodded as he dropped into an arm-chair.

"That's right," said he, "make yerself to hum."

I perceived that this was the landlord, so remarking, "Fine day," seated myself.

In the country haste or directness is apt to be construed as bordering on incivility. I therefore waited to give my host the next inning, which he was a good minute in taking.

"Walked, I reckon?"

"Yes," I replied, with as much indifference as possible.

"Waal, ef yer knowed I go for th' mail arternoons 'bout three ye could hev rid with me."

"Oh, well, I liked the walk. Guess I'll eat as much dinner as if I'd rode."

"Waal, that's so." Then, reflectively: "Mebbe dinner 'll be a little late. Alviry Anne she's washin'."

I now understood that I had registered.

The air came in, warm but fresh, through the open door and windows which looked on the once familiar green. The sun glistened on the white houses. No one was stirring. I noticed that the liberty pole was gone. My thoughts did not incline me to conversation. I was tired with the walk, and having sat a few minutes, began to feel drowsy.

My reverie was interrupted by the landlord, who remarked, "'Pears to me I don't recollect to hev seen yer face before."

"No?" said I. "I think I know you. Isn't your name Smith? Didn't you used to drive the stage?"

"Yes, sir. I did till I got all crippled with this 'ere rheumatiz. Yes, sir! An' no un could tech Barnabas Smith fur fetching his mail reg'lar! I knew every inch of the twenty-four mile, day an' night, storm an' shine, summer an' winter. Yes, sir! Them days I didn't ever think I'd come to this. Arter all, it don't make no difference. I've got three acres with the old shebang, an' Alviry Anne—well, she helps."

I had touched the right chord. Barnabas dwelt in a proud past. The glory of the old stage route was his. We speedily became acquainted. He hobbled off to give directions about my dinner, which I ate in solitary state with a clean spread and napkin. Ham, fresh eggs, potatoes, good bread, sweet butter, tea, and a dried-apple pie with orange peel in it. The pie had an old-time flavor, and smacked of my boyhood.

Alviry Anne was not visible; Barnabas waited on me himself. So much for the old stage-coach and leisure. Had I asked in a direct way for my dinner, no doubt I would have taken my chances with the family—a scrub dinner, rude, dirty children, and general disorder.

Barnabas gradually informed me of the fate of the old families. The Baileys had gone West, the Lamboys were all dead save David, with whom I used to play; he was in a lunatic asylum, incurable. John Welton, another playmate, was a minister. What a rough boy he had been! Ben Brooks was of no account, father and mother both dead. Theodore Hubbard was a lawyer in Chicago, and making heaps of money.

Almost all whom I had known were dead or gone. I began to feel sad. How could I stay a month in this place, so memory-haunted? But my most intimate friend, George Corbett, was still living on the old farm. He has served a year in "Legislatur' t' th' capital," Barnabas informed me, "an' when he kem out he sed he'd never stan' another term in sich a kerrup' place. Now he is one of th' 'sessors. Everybody likes George, he's honest. Not a word agin George Corbett."

I determined that when I had rested, in the course of the afternoon, I would renew my acquaintance with George.

"I kin take ye over in my buggy 'fore I go fur th' mail," offered Barnabas.

"I think I'd just as lief walk."

"Ef ye wait till arter supper like ez not George 'll tek ye over himself. He's 'most allers down fur th' mail."

"Guess I won't wait; it's only about a mile."

"Waal, I must say, ye hev powerful feet fur a sick man. Ye'll be back here to sleep? I telled 'Viry Anne."

But though I left my gripsack in the bar-room, I did not go back till the next day.

I cut across a part of the Cedar Swamp, that had been drained and cleared off since we had moved away; now it was planted with corn. Out from the young plants flew a couple of woodcock. In my boyhood I had always supposed these to be young partridge. In the swamp several sure-enough partridge boomed away.

As I drew near I counted two new barns, one was a very large one. The house was the same; red, two-story, overhung with elms, and Virginia creepers twining all about the porch. An L had been added to it, and everything was in good repair, the yard dressed with a lawn-mower and kept free from rubbish.

George himself came bounding out to meet me; with a whoop he ran past, giving me a light tap on my arm. "You're *it!*" and he ran round the house out of sight. It was George no more; certainly neither he nor I ever addressed strangers in that way. But times are different. For a moment I had been back forty years. A boyish voice called, "Mother! Uncle John has come!"

"Hush, Wallace! That isn't your uncle. I'll go to the door."

Wallace was marvellously as I remembered his father; but *we* hardly played tag with our uncles at sight.

Mrs. Corbett told me that Mr. Corbett was in the field, and offered to send her son for him. But I preferred to go alone, wondering if he would know me.

The hired man leaned on his hoe and looked at me a moment without speaking, then nodded and went on with his work. George looked up with a "Good afternoon!" but finished his hill of corn and did another. Then, as I waited, he stopped and said, "Fine day!"

"Yes," said I; "it's hot. You are Mr. George Corbett?"

"Yes, sir."

"I used to live about here. You don't remember me? My name is Edward Brockway."

"Well, well, Edward!"—grasping my hand with a pressure that made me frown. "So you're Ed Brockway? Well, I've often wondered how you were coming on, if you were alive! Haven't seen you in nigh on to thirty years. Well, I'm glad you've come. Marx, I guess you can finish what's cultivated before supper. I'll take Bess up. Let's go up to the house, Mr. Brockway."

"No, George," said I, "my name is Ed, just as it used to be."

George's eye gleamed with the retrospective look possible only to people who are past middle life. He stood a moment gazing into the distance, then unhitched the horse and led her, I walking beside him.

I cannot say that it made me young again to renew my acquaintance with George, but it freshened my memory of many people and events, some almost, others quite, forgotten, and was very pleasant.

George, too, was on the right side of everything—politics, the silver question, the tariff, temperance, woman's rights. He was intelligent, up to the times, and moderate. He had no expectation of fixing the world over to his own liking, but, though not satisfied with it as it is, looked for slow and sure improvement in the future. He was prosperous, had a most excellent wife, three children—two girls and the young Wallace.

But there was a skeleton in his closet, a small one—so small that most of us would have swept it up with the rubbish that accumulates in such places, thrown it away, and forgotten all about it.

While we were at supper it came on to rain, and George said to his wife: "I guess, Anna, that Edward will stay with us all night. I meant to have him anyway. Marx can go for the mail and bring his trunk."

"Well," said I, "I promised Smith to be back there to sleep. He was to bring up my trunk when he went to De Wittville. I walked. But if Marx is going, he might bring my satchel."

After supper George and I adjourned to the front room. On the mantel-piece, under a small bell-glass, was what looked like an old coin. When I used to come to see George that was not there. I stood a moment looking at it. I am a bit of a numismatologist myself, so asked, "What is it?"

"Oh, that?" said George, with a laugh that was like a sigh. "That isn't much in your line. It isn't so very old, though it is rare enough nowadays. We used to see them—an old Mexican sixpence."

I did not press him for any further explanation. But old memories were thronging on both, and he was in a communicative mood.

"Come out on the porch," said he. "It's warm and dry there. I've often felt that I would like to tell some one about that, but never did—not even Anna."

We settled ourselves in comfortable chairs, and George began:

"It must have been when I was about eleven years old. I started out for school one morning, and on the walk out there that leads from the side door lay a silver sixpence—that one you just now saw. It was bright then. I picked it up and ran along, thinking I would give it to father at night. I knew it must be his. But I was late. It was in my pocket all day; I looked at it very often. A sixpence was a good deal bigger then than it would be now. Fourth of July was coming, and I kept thinking of the extra bunch of fire-crackers it would buy.

"When I came home at night, while doing the chores and eating supper, I forgot for a little about it, but when I was going to bed it came into my mind, and I recollected, too, that it had not been inquired for. Mother sometimes went through our pockets after we were asleep, so I hid the sixpence. Next morning no sixpence was asked about. It seemed very curious, for father always knew just what change he had about him, and mother and he both knew what was in the house.

"Before school I hid it over again more securely, and I suppose I speculated on the number of crackers there would be in the extra bunch that sixpence might buy more than twenty times. I drew pictures on my slate of myself letting them off singly, in a bunch in a barrel, frightening Parson Hawkes's old Dobbin with them, of Baldwin's yellow dog running with them tied to the end of his tail. There was no limit to the fun to be had from that bunch of crackers. I put them in the school-house stove, and when my fancy saw Miss Salter—she was teaching that summer—jump as they blew the stove door open, I laughed out loud. I could not give any reasonable account of my hilarity, and had to sit with the girls the rest of the afternoon; didn't know my lessons, and went to the foot of all my classes. That was the most demoralizing coin I ever heard of, even in fairy tales.

"By night I had made up my mind that the sixpence was mine. Then it seemed a long time to wait—a whole week to the Fourth. I had a bank with some small coins in it. One morning I shook a ten-cent piece out, and at noon I went to Baldwin's and got a bunch of crackers. I did not like as yet to spend that identical sixpence, but kept it in reserve to make good my expenditure.

"Of course the boys found out I had the bunch, and after school they crowded round to know what I was going to do with it. 'Save it for the Fourth.'

"'Ho! what's the use?' said Si Nelson. You remember him. And with that he grabbed them and was making off. I started after, some of the boys headed him off, shouting, 'That's mean.'

"Why weren't you there?" said George, turning to me. "I don't seem to remember you that evening."

"No," said I. "It must have been one of the times when I went to De Wittville to spend the week of the Fourth. My aunts lived there, you know. I remember hearing about your bunch of crackers, though. But go on."

"Well, the boys all wanted the fun at once; and it seemed to me that the bunch would make a little extra Fourth like. We waited in the wood-shed until Miss Salter was gone. Then Wicks Bartlett ran over to his house and hooked some matches. There were ten of us boys. I gave each one five crackers. We let them off in the shed; they had more 'ring' in them, and in a few minutes there was nothing left but smoke and powder and smell. There hadn't been much fun to the affair, after all.

"We were busy stamping out the burning paper—that is, three or four of us were, the rest cut as soon as the crackers were gone—when Wicks spied his father coming. Mr. Bartlett was one of the school trustees. Wicks ran. I don't know whether his father saw him or not, but the old gentleman gave the rest of us, and me in particular, a dreadful scolding for endangering the school-house. 'Didn't we know we might set it on fire?' One of the boys was saucy, and told him he had better keep his own boy to home, then; which was not very honorable, according to our code, but we understood that Wicks's ma generally shielded him."

"Yes," said I. "I remember when Wicks fired a lead cannon in that same shed, it burst, and a piece grazed a girl's arm. Bartlett came over red-hot, but cooled off suddenly when he found the cannon was his own boy's casting."

"I went home quite down-cast," George resumed, "for I knew that father would hear about the escapade, and I would have to settle with him. Sure enough, he had ridden by unobserved, and had seen the crackers going off. He called me to account for spending money without permission, but I did not own up about the sixpence, and no inquiries were ever made about it.

"I was not allowed to have any more Fourth of July for that year. There was a Sunday-school picnic and doings, but I had to stay home 'to look after things.' Along in the afternoon I was lonesome and angry with that sixpence. It seemed to me to be the cause of all my misfortunes. I took it, went behind the barn, and flung it away as far as I could. Then I remembered that it was father's money, and went to look for it. I could not find it, of course, and my conscience began to smite me. I had the same as stolen it, and now it was out of my power to replace it. I went to my bank and shook it, but there was no sixpence in it. I took a ten-cent piece and slipped it into a pocket in one of father's vests. For a little while I thought that now it was all right. Then I remembered about restoring fourfold, and slipped another ten cents into another pocket.

"Next day I had a curious feeling when I heard father ask mother about those two extra ten-cent pieces. It was a guilty feeling, as though I had been lying, and I was more than before dissatisfied with myself. I got a monomania—it must have been—of restitution. Any one whom I could remember to have wronged in the most fanciful way I did the fourfold back again to, and was liberal against myself. I think I must have put three or four dollars in ten-cent pieces into father's pockets. Sixpences did not seem right unless I could have found *that* sixpence.

"Father was puzzled, and mother too, but they never guessed the truth. All that year, and part of the next, I kept putting all the money I earned into ten-cent pieces, and they all went into father's pockets.

"I don't know but that I would be at it still," George concluded, mournfully, "but father died suddenly—fell off a load of hay and broke his neck, you know."

"Why, George," said I, "you seem to take this very much to heart for so small a thing."

"So small?" said he, surprised. "Why, don't you see I was a thief? Yes, that's the right name! It isn't the amount, you know. Stealing is the same, whether it is ten cents or ten thousand dollars. Besides, if I had only told father! He was so kind and just. What reason was there that I didn't own up to him?"

"You were very young then," I observed. "But you have not told me how this is connected with the sixpence you are keeping so carefully."

"No," said George. "I forgot the end of my story. But as to my being young, I was old enough to know the difference between right and wrong; my conduct shows that.

"Well, after father was gone, mother kept the place. My brother Seymour was big and strong, and we were all willing. The fall after father died Seymour was ploughing the lot behind the barn, and he picked up that sixpence. It was black, as you see. He wanted to clean it, but I coaxed him to give it to me."

"How did you know it was *that* sixpence?" I asked.

"There was a mark on it." George had worked himself into a lugubrious frame of mind, and he spoke sadly. We were both silent for a while.

"George," said I, suddenly, "what sort of a mark was it on that sixpence? Had it been punched in the centre and rayed with a sharp tool all around the hole?"

"Yes," said he. "What made you think it?"

"George," said I, "you must surrender that coin to me

with compound interest for all this time. That sixpence is mine! In fact, you'll be lucky if I don't swear out a warrant for you."

"No, no, Ed!" said he. "It is too serious. Don't fool! You don't know what I would give to be able to tell father all about it."

"But, George, that sixpence is mine. Let me tell you. I had just such a coin, and I remember being at your house on an errand one evening, and when I got home that sixpence was gone, and I never found it. Now if it had been your father's money he surely would have inquired about it."

Just then Marx returned with Uncle John, Mrs. Corbett's brother, and my hand-bag.

The next morning George said to me, with a twinkle in his eye, "Ed, I've been talking to Anna, and we both hope you will stay and board out that sixpence."

It was the end of August before I could break away from so good friends, and I had gotten my old self back, for I worked and chored on the farm as well as boarded.

All that summer I heard George Corbett well spoken of, especially his scrupulous integrity, and as often I thought of my sixpence, and how faithfully George had tried to retrieve his one misstep.

But I did not take back my lost sixpence. That stays under the little glass bell yet.

As George shook hands for good-by he said, "You must come again, Ed. You haven't begun to board out that sixpence. You don't know how glad I am that it was yours and not father's!"

FEELING IN EXCELLENT SPIRITS.

THE RUPEE IN INDIA.

A SKETCH.

Ever since the days of Lord Clive and Warren Hastings the rupee has been a potent factor in the interests of the civilized world, but it has been reserved to the year of grace 1893 for this current silver coin to exercise an influence and to produce almost a monetary crisis on this side of the Atlantic. The rupee in India is very much what the silver dollar is to us in America, but with this marked difference, that whilst in India the rupee is a current coin in active circulation, the bright silver dollar with us finds its representative in the dirty dollar bill. It is true that the government of India issues from its treasury notes of values ranging from five rupees upward, but these have in no way superseded the popularity of the rupee. Every servant of government, from the young assistant magistrate to "the general commanding," gets his pay in real white metal, and on pay-day Bhulur, the faithful bearer, may be seen trudging home from the treasury with a large netted bag on his shoulder bearing his master's pay, which, if he be the chief magistrate of the division, is not less than 3333 silver coins for the month. Even on Sunday morning, as the young subaltern dons his full-dress uniform and buckles on his sword for "parade service," his faithful attendant, who is usually his master's treasurer, places on the Book of Common Prayer (the present perhaps of a loving sister at home) a silver rupee for the collection.

A string of Bactrian camels are trudging through the dark defiles of the Khyber, guarded by native soldiery. They bend beneath the burden of heavy boxes slung across their curved backs. These boxes contain lacs of rupees (a lac is 100,000), real silver coin and nothing less. Abdur Rahman, the Ameer of Cabul, would never dream of receiving his subsidy in government bills or in a draft upon some Cabul banker. It must be in hard cash.

On the first of the month the British officer who bears the burden and heat of the day on the plains of India settles accounts with his numerous retinue of servants. To the man who cooks his dinner when in camp, and stands behind his chair as he sits at the mess-table of his regiment, he gives eight rupees. To Bhulur the faithful attendant aforesaid, only seven. The perquisites of his office, commissions on articles purchased, backsheesh for duties done, more than compensate for the smallness of Bhulur's pay.

In India salaries are large. The Viceroy, a very king of kings, receives the princely pay of Rs20,833 per mensem, and the governor of a province some Rs10,000.

But what is the value of a rupee? "Ah, there's the rub." It depends entirely whether you are Governor-General or Thomas Atkins the private soldier, or merely an officer of the army, the magistrate of a district, or some other ordinary person. To Thomas Atkins and his Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General of India the rupee is worth exactly two shillings of English money, or fifty cents of American. For by statute these extraordinary persons get their rupee at par value in England. But to ordinary beings the case is far otherwise. For the past twenty years or more the depreciation of the rupee has been simply alarming. At one time its value was beyond par, but gradually its worth descended with rapid strides, and if the legislature of British India had not taken some decided steps, this current coin would have been scarcely worth a shilling. Its value has now been fixed at one shilling and fourpence, and Anglo-Indians enjoying the sunny clime of that favored land, and working at the call of duty with the thermometer at 110 in the shade, breathe more freely.

The great manipulator of the rupee in India is the Mahajun, or native banker. This man of money does not trade in stocks or gamble according to the fashion of these civilized days, but he deals in interest—such interest as would have rejoiced the heart of Shylock. As he takes no security, he considers twenty-five per cent a very just demand. The Ajmeer banker is an inspiration. For native banks never break. Why should they? The leading city bank of a native town usually consists of a table placed at the corner of the street, upon which the banker and his assistant are seated cross-legged "on change," with piles of silver, transacting the money dealings of the people. At sunset the piles of coin are cleared away and placed in a deep recess within the banker's little cell, over which he or his assistant sleeps the livelong night. Sometimes he is killed and the money stolen. This seldom happens. But even then the bank does not break. There are native bankers connected with every European and native regiment, and during my twenty years' residence in a military cantonment I never heard of the failure of one of these regimental bankers. In connection with the government treasuries (and there are treasuries in every large city) a native banker is appointed who handles the money, it being found much safer to intrust it to a native banker than to an English official, and these men, being backed by large Ajmeer firms, seldom forfeit their security.

The Indian banker will give you a hoondee or hindoowee or draft upon almost any city in the Asiatic world from Calcutta to Tashkend or from Bombay to Yarkand. These drafts are always honored, and I have never heard of one of these checks being forged. It would therefore seem that the great Western world has something to learn from these ancient Asiatics in the matter of the ethics of trade. Can it be that there is something less demoralizing in the silver rupee than in the silver dollar? Or is the explanation to be found in the circumstance that the current expenses of banking establishments in Asia and the requirements of a banker's family are so modest that it is not "worth the candle" to risk a trip to the penal settlements of the Andamans for the luxury of doing wrong? These bankers of Ajmeer have probably learnt by long experience that, as Cicero saith, economy is the greatest source of revenue.

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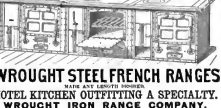

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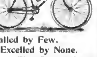

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"MAMMY, won't you tell me 'bout 'Runnerway Sally'? It's so hot, I can *not* go to sleep!"

Mammy looked critically at her six-year-old darling, and then said, decidedly:

"Of cose you kain't, honey. You has scrumped roun' so to dat bed de sheets is all in a scruggle, an' you look laik you had de heat. I's gwine bathe off yo' face an' yere wid dish yere colone, an' den we'll go out in de cool gal'ry, an' rock to sleep to de tune ob yo' deah Sally story.

"Dere! How's Mammy's baby girl feelin' now? I knowed yo' wud feel better when I gets yo' cooled off. I don't guess nobody's very comfe'ble dish yere hot night.

"Now fer dat story. Well, wen mah gre't-gre't-gran'mammy wuz a little gal, 'bout like yo', Tennyssee wuz a wild place, full o' bars an' wolfses an' varmints till yo' couldn't rest fer de racket dey made in de night-time.

"Yo' gre't-gre't gre't-gran'puppy wuz Ole Marse, jes laik yo' gran'puppy is Ole Marse now, on dis yere very plantashun.

"Little Sally (my gre't gre't-gran'mammy, yo' know) wuz de peartest an' sassiest an' cutest little niggah in de place. Ole Marse, he laik her kase she hain't skeert o' nottin', not even him.

"One day he scold her fer bein' so sassy, an' she says to him, as peart as yo' please, 'I's gwine to run away, Ole Marse!' An' he looks at her as he jumps on his gran' black hoss an' laffs hard; his eyes twinkle, an' he says, 'I wud if I was yo', yo' sassy little baggage; but if yo' goes dis evenin', be suah yo' takes yo' yaller pup Zip, kase we'd feel so mighty bad if he wuz heah to remind us ob yo' all de time.' Den, wid annuder laff, he gallops off, neber t'inkin' no moh what Sally says.

"Sally she stan's dere a long time t'inkin'. Den she says: 'Cum on, Zip! I don't guess yo' an' me's wanted heah no moh.' Den she goes to de quarters an' gits a chunk ob cohn-pone, an' dey goes off inter de wild woods what Ole Marse himself wud a bin skeered.

"Well, on an' on dey goes, till de dark, dark night sets in. Den Sally she gits kinder skeered, fer far away off she heahs de bars growl, jes laik dis yere, so, 'Mo-o-o of' and 'Orn-o-owl!' Den de wolfses dey 'gins to bark, laik dis yere, jis so, 'Bow wow, bow, wow!' only, ob cose, hit seemed worser'n dat; so mighty sollem and fierce laik hit wuz. Hit skeers me mos' to deff now to t'ink how mighty bad hit wuz.

"Dat poh little niggah she sits down on de groun' an' cries fer a minnout. Zip he know dose dreffal noises means trubble, an' he whines an' licks Sally's face. Sally she kiss him an' say: 'Zip, we alls goin' to be et all up—et right up an' our bones *scrunchelled* up by dem wicked bars and wolfses. I's a poh little niggah chile, an' yo' is a little yaller niggah pup; but dat hain't no matter to dem critters; in de dark dey won't know we alls 'longs to Ole Marse. dey'll take us fo' poh white trash. Den dewo dey'll chaw us.'

"She shivelled all over, laik she's cold. Den she t'inks ob dat cohn pone an' she says, 'Zip, le's et de cohn-pone ourse'fs, urise de bars 'll git dat too.'

"So dem poh little mites dey et it all up. I guess dey don't hatter have any water to drink, 'twuz so soaked wid tears. Dey felt better after dey had et, but de growlin' an' barkin' ob de bars an' wolfses kep' soun'en nearer. Sally she t'ink she had better climb up de big gum tree, to be safer, yo' know. She didn' have no clo'es on to bodder her but her pinafore, an' dat she take offen her an' tie Zip up in hit. Den she slung him ober her back an' tie his agin 'roun' her neck, an' 'gin to clim' 'way, 'way up to de top ob de gum-tree, an' dere she stay all dat dark, dreffal night. She didn't git no chance to gwine to sleep, fer de wolfses foun' her out, an' dey barked an' scratched an' fout wid derse'fs all de time. How glad dat niggah chile feel when de mawnin' broke in all hits glory! But dere wuz dem wolfses yit, a-fitin' to git after. Den Sally say:

"'Zip, I's on'y sed my pra'rs sof' laik. Now I's gwine to *holler*, cose He kain't heah me wid dem wolfses all yawpin' so down dere! Huc cum I's furgit to holler a pra'r befo'?'

"Den Sally holler out, loud an' high,

"'O Lawd Gawd a'mighty! Heah I is—heah I is—poh little niggah Sally; an' Zip is wid me—Zip what hain't never been sassy laik me; right up heah in de top ob a big gum-tree. De wild beasteses is on de groun', dey's waitin' to et me an Zip. O Lawd, don't yo' lettem! I's a sassy chile—but I won't no moh! Yo' jis try me once, an' see fer yerse'f! O Lawd, sen' my Ole Marse dis way, to take me out o' dis yere gum tree. I 'clare if de wolfses *do* gwine away fum heah, I kain't git down, 'kase I's so stiff fum de dew on me. I's skloched tight in de crotch ob de gum tree. O Lawd, take good kyah ob poh little Sally an' Zip, fer Gawd's sake. Amen.'

"Honey, I know de Lawd heah dat chile, fer jis den she heah a soun: 'To-o-ot! To-o-ot!' 'Twuz de hohn, an' den Marse' voice callin', 'Sa-l-ly! Sa-l-ly!' Fust she t'ink 'twuz Gawd talkin' to her, an' she say, sof'ly, 'Yas, Lawd! Heah I is! Heah I is!' laik she's skeered; but when it kem agin, 'Too-ot! To-o-ot! Sa-l-ly! Sal-l-y!' she knowed it wuz her deah Ole Marse, an' she holler louder an' gladder—but hoa'se an' croupy laik; 'Heah I is, Ole Marse! Heah I is, Ole Marse!' An' Zip he bark an' bark till Ole Marse wuz under de gum-tree, wid all de plantashun niggahs.

"Dey had to fight dem wolfses hard, I kin tell yo', but at las' dey's all skeert away.

"Den big Sam went up dat tree an' got dat poh little chile an' Zip, Sally hollerin wid de roomatiz pain.

"Ole Marse say, his voice all shaky, 'Bring dat poh chile to me,' an' Sam he lays her in Ole Marse's arms, den leads de hoss, gentle an' sof'ly laik, trou de woods home. Sam he says de tears rull down Ole Marse's face, an' he kep' sayin', 'Poh little chile! Poh little chile!'

"Sally she hed roomatiz fever—de misery all ober de poh little body. Her Mammy an' Ole Miss nuss her well agin, not in de quarters, but in de gre't house; an' she neber wuz so dreffal sassy agin.

"She's ded an' gone, an' so's Ole Marse an' Miss, but yo' is heah an' I is heah. We all's bin servin you alls ever since, an' allers will, please Gawd, till Gabrul's trumpet soun's.

"Now yo' kiss yo' Mammy an' go far to sleep.

"Our blessed Lawd an' de angels is watchin' over His little white lam's—yes an' black ones too, fer dey's both kin's. 'Sh-sh-sh-sh dere, now—'sh-sh-sh!"

The rocking-chair ceased swaying back and forth; the child was gently placed on the cool bed and the linen sheet drawn softly up over the little white-gowned figure.

"I don't guess in all dis yere world dere's chillen laik ours Missy May," said Mammy, later, to the child's mother, "dey's so brave an' fitin' laik. Yo' has to tell 'em de kind o' stories to smoove an' smove 'em to sleep dat wud skeer de kink outern niggah chillen's wool, an' white trash's chillen—dey—*why, dey wud be skeert to deff!*"

A LILY POOL.

By mossy woodways, under
 The arches of the trees,
I followed, lost in wonder,
 The bidding of the breeze.

It ever bade me follow
 The winding paths along
The fragrant woodland hollow,
 Sweet with its sylvan song.

And ever close beside me,
 White-footed through the green,
A dulcet voice to guide me,
 Went singing all unseen;

Until at last, when o'er me
 Outspread the branches cool,
Gleamed suddenly before me
 A shaded, tranquil pool.

There in her boudoir stilly,
 Lost in delightful dream,
I saw the white-clad Lily—
 The princess of the stream.

Then with the woodfolk loyal,
 Who live to gladden her,
I hailed the Lily royal,
 A willing worshipper.

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THE JOHNSON FAMILY VISIT THE GREAT WHITE CITY.

PATERFAMILIAS (*entering the gate at the head of the procession*). "GREAT LAN', GLORIAH! I'D A RIBBEN DAT SPOTTED MULE OB MINE FOR DE CONTRAC' OB WHITEWASHIN' DIS YER PLACE!"

AMATEUR SPORT

THE HISTORY OF THE HARVARD-YALE boat-race can be told in a very few words. Harvard led for the first mile, was passed down in the third half-mile, held during the fourth half-mile, and easily beaten on the home-stretch. The Yale crew won entirely on its merits, and it deserved to win. It was not as finished a crew as last year's, though its form and pluck were put much more severely to the test than were Yale's '92 champions. It was a crew that from start to finish rowed the race as it had been planned, and never for an instant gave evidence of any consternation at being in the rear for the first mile. It won on superior watermanship and recover, and a clean stroke pulled through steadily to the finish. Compared with Yale's rowing, Harvard's appeared somewhat jerky; the blades went into the water with a jab, and there seemed an instant in the middle of the stroke, when the power let up. Yale's stroke was shorter than last year's, while Harvard's was considerably longer; Harvard's, indeed, seemed too long to permit of that steady, smooth gliding forwards and backwards in the boat that characterized Yale's work. The Harvard oars appeared to get hold of more than the men could carry straight through to the end, and made one think of the novice in the gym who puts twice as many pounds on the pulleys as he can well handle, and then starts off, with the weights nearly jerking his arms out of their sockets at each movement.

There is no excuse to be made for Harvard's defeat. It was a good square beat after a hard, game struggle, and is a triumph of skill pure and simple, and not of better material (except that it was educated in a more advanced school) or greater strength. The greater strength was probably in the Harvard boat, and no one who saw the race could shake off the impression that, given the Yale stroke as rowed June 30th, the Harvard crew must have won.

IF IT IS NOT THAT THE YALE STROKE is so much the better, why is it the Yale boat, being driven by a fewer number of strokes to the minute than the Harvard shell, continued to gain? There were no breaks in the Harvard boat great enough to explain the inability to hold the lead on a higher stroke. Cummings at 7 was making such tremendous efforts that his work was not very smooth. Vail was a little slow, but there was no "break" to keep the boat back. The men laboured like galley slaves, but they could not carry the stroke through steadily to the very end, and they had no such recover as had Yale, this and their very bad watermanship answer for the defeat. Fennessey sat up to his work like a major, and rowed a fine race from start to finish. No man in the boat worked harder than, or indeed worked so hard as, Cummings. His leaves at the water were mighty, but represented a great deal of wasted effort.

WHILE THE HARVARD MEN ROWED a plucky race, it must be said that had they kept their wits and feathered high in the rough water, they would have certainly made Yale row harder in the last mile, and been nearer it at the finish. It is a matter for expert oarsmen to argue whether Harvard could have won even had the water been smooth, and its inferior watermanship therefore the less of a handicap, or, to go further, it is a question whether it could have won if its watermanship had been fully as good as that of the Yale crew. What won that race for Yale, and what may be said to have won all its races, is the great drive the boat gets by good leg work, a stroke pulled straight through, and a recover so smooth that the progress of the shell is not retarded for an instant. A quicker stroke and great strength may counterbalance such work for a spurt at the beginning of a race, but with strength anywhere near equal in both boats, the form displayed by the Yale crews and their recover must win in a long-mile pull every time.

IN SPITE OF THE FACT that Yale has won eleven of the eighteen races since the eight-oared annual race was inaugurated between the two in 1876, Harvard has every reason to feel encouraged over the progress made in the form of its crews. The improvement has been slow, but there were many lessons to learn, the last one coming only in 1892, and much time was wasted in changing policies with the breaking up of crews. Yale has been the instructor in rowing, as in football, and Harvard cannot expect to contest on an even footing until it has acquired the skill which the perfect system of its great rival imparts. Last year's football eleven showed what can be done in that direction, and this year's crew, though vanquished, has again demonstrated the necessity of holding to a system, perfecting it by constant practice and study, and, what is quite as important, thereby developing and graduating coaching material. Harvard owes a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Thomas Nelson Perkins, who alone had the burden of coaching the crew from the very beginning until the last two weeks, and to Harry Keyes, who put on the finishing touches at New London.

NOT UNTIL HARVARD has held to one system long enough to have graduated a few capable oarsmen will the crew at Cambridge enjoy the coaching advantages of the Yale crew. Instead of one man, Yale has four able coachers within call during the work at New Haven, to say nothing of an occasional visit from Mr. Cook, while two of the ablest coachers in the country, Robert Cook and Alfred Cowles, do the finishing off on the Thames. In football Yale's coachers are legion, with such a general as Walter Camp always on duty.

This is what Harvard needs, and this is what it must patiently work for by sticking to a system. It looks as if it were getting it in football, and another year or two should do as much for rowing.

THE VERY GREATEST NEED Harvard has is a slower recover, and it is to this point all Harvard boating men must direct their attention if it is hoped to win from Yale. Rowing the stroke they have the last few years, I doubt if any eight men could be found to beat an average crew pulling the Yale stroke and using the Yale recover. There are other facts, too, Harvard men should consider—a better choice of men for nines, elevens, and crews, and a more careful election of captains. A recognized system in each branch of athletics is the step that is certain to bring about the much-to-be-desired result. Harvard's individual material is always of the best; but the system is lacking to round it into the most perfect team work, and somehow or another that "do-or-die" spirit which is a striking characteristic of all Yale's teams is never apparent. These are facts for all Harvard graduates and undergraduates to digest. Lack of system and lack of spirit are accountable for Harvard's defeats, and as "hard luck" nor anything else can be held up in excuse.

RECORD OF HARVARD-YALE BOAT RACES UP TO DATE.

Date	Place.	Class.	Miles.	Winner.	Time. M. S.
1852	Winnipiseogee	6	3	Harvard	.....
1858	Springfield, Mass.	6	3	"	22 30
1859	Worcester, "	6	3	"	18 19
1860	" "	6	3	"	15 30
1864, July 30	" "	6	3	Yale	19 01
1865, " 25	" "	6	3	"	*
1866, " 27	" "	6	3	Harvard	18 33⅘
1867, " 19	" "	6	3	"	18 12⅘
1868, " 24	" "	6	3	"	17 48⅘
1869, " 29	" "	6	3	"	18 09
1870, " 21	" "	6	3	"	20 30
1876, June 29	Springfield, "	8	4	Yale	22 16
1877, " 30	" "	8	4	Harvard	24 30
1878, " 28	New London, Ct.	8	4	"	20 45⅘
1879, " 27	" "	8	4	"	22 14
1880, July 1	" "	8	4	Yale	24 11
1881, " 1	" "	8	4	"	22 18
1882, June 28	" "	8	4	Harvard	20 47⅘
1883, " 27	" "	8	4	"	20 49⅘
1884, " 26	" "	8	4	Yale	20 31
1885, " 26	" "	8	4	Harvard	20 18⅘
1886, July 2	" "	8	4	Yale	20 11⅘
1887, " 1	" "	8	4	"	19 39
1888, June 22	" "	8	4	"	20 16
1889, " 29	" "	8	4	"	21 20
1890, " 28	" "	8	4	"	21 29
1891, " 26	" "	8	4	Harvard	21 22
1892, July 1	" "	8	4	Yale	20 48
1893, June 30	" "	8	4	"	22 01⅘

* Time of this race disputed.

† Race given to Harvard on a claim of foul, Yale's time being 19m. 49s.

HALF-MILE TIMES MADE BY EACH CREW

	Yale. M. S.	Harvard. M. S.
First half-mile	2 52	2 51
Second "	3 00⅘	3 00
Third "	3 01	3 10
Fourth "	3 03	3 07
Fifth "	3 10	3 10
Sixth "	3 17	3 21
Seventh "	3 13	3 19
Eighth "	3 13⅘	3 19

The time at each half and strokes per minute follow:

	Yale.			Harvard.	
Miles.	Time.	Strokes.		Time.	Strokes.
½	2 52	30		2 51	40
1	5 52⅘	30		5 57	38
1½	9 00	35		9 20	38
2	12 03	30		12 29	39
2½	15 22	34		15 29	37
3	18 38	34		18 50	38
3½	21 50	35		21 50	36
4	25 01⅘	36		25 15	38

Harvard wants a man like Mr Perkins or Mr Keyes at the head of her rowing, the baseball team is already well started on a good system under Mr Winslow, the football next autumn will be under the direction of Mr Stewart. These are all steps in the right direction. But these gentlemen must remember that while they know a great deal, they, perhaps, do not know it all. And while they are the ones to direct, they should not overlook the aid which they may have for the asking. No one man can, in these days, bring victory to a Harvard or any other college team. It must come as the result of well-directed, and combined effort. The election too of Colonel Bancroft, Harvard's well known oarsman, to the Board of Overseers, is good, since it puts one more in the highest office of the university who is in sympathy with the broadest interpretation of college athletics.

Once started under a proper system and success is bound to come to Harvard as often as it comes to Yale, for the material at Cambridge is fully as good as it is at New Haven, and all that is needed is to have that material properly handled.

Just as I am finishing, the mail brings a page from the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* of July '93, with an article by H. M. Hurlbut, '74, on the Harvard stroke, which so thoroughly points out the difference in the Harvard and Yale stroke, showing what Harvard loses by the quick recover, and bears so significantly on what has been said here, that we print it in full.

THE HARVARD STROKE.

If, as the figures show, we had in men an initial advantage over Yale of 40 per cent., why were we beaten at New London last year by 64½ seconds? In ten years Yale won six races, with an average stroke of 35.96 to our 36.47 per minute. In the same period Harvard won four races, with an average stroke of 36.6 to Yale's 40.0 per minute. In the Yale victories we do more than 1½ strokes per minute in excess of Yale. In 1892 Yale rows 20 m. 48 s. at 34.75, or 723 strokes. In the same race Harvard rows 21 m. 48½ s. at 36, or 791 strokes. This excess of 68 strokes, more than 3½ strokes per minute, is 8 per cent. of Yale's 723. This 8 per cent., expressed in feet, is 1695 feet. Assuming the course to be 21,120 feet, Yale's 723 strokes averaged 29.21 feet advance, while Harvard's 791 strokes averaged but 27.04 feet. Yale's 678 strokes averaged 24.[illegible] feet advance; Harvard's 902 strokes averaged [illegible] feet advance.

In 1893, Yale, 25 m. 1¾ s. at 28.1, or 678 strokes; Harvard, 25.15 at 35.7, or 902 strokes. Excess 2.6 per minute, or 74 strokes, or per cent. [illegible], or 1750 feet.

Here, then, we have two remarkable facts; first, Harvard covered 1695 feet more than did Yale; second, Harvard advanced each stroke 2.17 feet less than did Yale. Either condition would insure our defeat. Both together suggest the query: is it possible to go to New London this year with a stroke that will win? Or, rather shall we go there with a stroke foreordained to lose?

In 1893 Harvard covers 1750 feet more than Yale. Harvard advances each stroke 1.87 feet less than Yale.

Our crew could not do 36 strokes while Harvard does 34.75 except for two conditions. First, the Harvard blade must remain in the water a shorter time than Yale's blade. Hence less work is got out of it. This explains our need of extra strokes. Second, Harvard's quick recover enables her to prepare for the next stroke before Yale can do so with her slower recover. This explains the possibility of extra strokes.

But how account for 68 extra strokes, meaning an extra 1695 feet? If Harvard's quick recover reduces her advance each stroke by 2.17 feet, she has this 2.17 feet to go over again, multiplied by her total strokes, or, in 1892, 791 × 2.17 feet, or 1695 feet.

In 1893, Harvard has 1.87 × 902, or 1750 feet to do over a second time.

If we admit as a result of 36 strokes per minute that we do less effective work at each stroke than is possible at 34.75, and, by the quick recover, lose a part of the work done even then badly, may not the two defects when taken together explain our defeats?

Oxford and Cambridge rowed their last race at 34.5 and 34.7 respectively. A difference of .2 per minute seems slight, yet Oxford beat her rival 66 feet, and broke the record by 34 seconds. We might do worse than follow Oxford's stroke this year. But is it necessary to adopt a stroke which results in extra strokes, or 1695 extra feet, upon the Harvard crew?

H. M. Hurlbut.

The race on the Thames this year was one of the most interesting in the history of the intercollege contests. Both crews caught the water together, but Harvard went off at a 40-to-the-minute gait, and quickly jumped their shell ahead of Yale, which was rowing 36. Harvard reached the half-mile flag a second before Yale, with all the men well together, and shoving the shell along at a lively pace. At the mile flag Yale had decreased the lead a trifle, and Harvard began to feel the effects of the quick stroke and bad watermanship, and Yale, pulling the same stroke with which they started, passed them at about the mile and a quarter.

Once passed, although pulling their hearts out, Harvard did not seem able to regain the lead, or even pull up even. Their time fell off, and there seemed no one to shake them together. Their great effort in maintaining so rapid a stroke and the rolling of the shell told on them. They had rowed themselves off their stretchers, and seemed unable to get on to them again. Such an exhibition of watermanship as Harvard gave in the third half mile was hardly to be expected from men who for nearly three months have rowed every day. Had they never rowed better there would be no such surprise, but having done so it was rather unexpected they should begin such an exhibition with the rival crew astern of them. Had they kept their oars off the water on the recover, Yale would not have passed them when they did. But half a mile of pulling and backing water completely tired out the Harvard crew, and from the two-mile flag to the finish Yale had it all their own way. At times they would let Harvard come up a little, then with well timed leg work, regain all that had been lost, and add a little more to their lead. In Harvard's great anxiety to keep ahead the men thought more of a mighty than a timely heave.

Yale, on the other hand, kept steadily at work. While they did splash quite a little, they nevertheless did not allow their shell to roll, and after striking the water once, every man knew enough to lift his oar higher on the next recover.

The strong points in the rowing of the Yale crew were good time with the blades, clean watermanship, a hard drive with the legs, and a slow recover beautifully executed. That with initial material inferior to any since '85 (always excepting '91) this crew should have been brought up to form not so finished as last year's eight, but up to the average, is another evidence of what system can accomplish. Harvard rowed in poor time, with wretched watermanship, a quick recover, and doing little with the legs. The result was what might have been expected, and what every true lover of the sport wants to see, namely, the better crew win.

Although Yale's time reads slow, 25.01¾, it really was good. The water was the roughest in which a race has ever been pulled at New London, with a very strong wind dead ahead. Under good conditions the time would certainly have been below twenty-one minutes. Harvard's time was 25.15. Yale averaged in weight 166 pounds; Harvard, 160.

The Harvard-Yale-Columbia Freshman race on the 29th resulted as expected, Yale showing such marked superiority as to make the contest for first a procession, with Harvard and Columbia struggling for second. Had not No. 7 in the Columbia boat caught a crab Harvard would have had a close shave for second. The most interesting feature of the race was the worth of Yale, the form of these youngsters was the best shown by any Freshmen ever seen on the Thames, and they pulled straight through without a break. They rowed the half-mile in 2.15. Cornell in the race with Columbia covered the same distance in 2.17. Yale won over Columbia by about thirteen lengths, while Cornell crossed the line ten lengths in advance of the New-Yorkers. These comparisons show that had Yale and Cornell met the struggle would have been a grand one with odds in favor of Yale. The times were:

	Half-mile.	Mile.	One and a half miles.	Two miles.
Yale	2.15	4.57	7.30	10.25
Harvard	2.22	5.10	7.51	10.47
Columbia	2.21	5.16	7.59	11.03

Yale had an extremely heavy crew, the average being 171 pounds. Harvard's average was 163¾, and Columbia's, 158. Yale's wisdom in giving much attention to Freshman rowing has shown itself last year and this and will still more so next year in the make-up of the 'varsity. It is in the Freshman boat the 'varsity oar gets his preliminary drilling.

This Freshman race dates back to 1880, when Harvard and Columbia entered into an agreement to pull annually on the Thames an eight-oared two-mile straightaway. In 1886 Yale requested and was granted admittance and thus the race became triangular. The records are as follows:

Date.	Winner.	Time. M. S.
1880, July 7	Harvard	10 38
1881, June 30	Harvard	
1882, July 1	Columbia	10.56
1883, June 27	Harvard	11 00
1884, June 26	Columbia	9.48½
1885, June 26	Harvard	12.22
1886, July 1	Harvard	11.32
1887, June 30	Columbia	11 10¾
1888, June 29	Columbia	11.04
1889, June 27	Harvard	12.21
1890, June 27	Columbia	10.54
1891, June 24	Columbia	9.41
1892, July 1	Yale	12 16
1893, June 29	Yale	10.25

Columbia has the distinction of rowing the two fastest two miles on the Thames, and one of them, 9.41, stands to-day as the world's record. This year the crew had hard luck, sickness and one thing and another interfering very much with the men's work. Harvard had a touch of hard luck also, but the result of the race was quite in accord with the relative merits of the contestants.

Probably the most interesting feature of the Cup and People's Regatta, which was very successful, held July 4th on the Schuylkill, was the time, 8.12, of the Passaic junior eight for one mile and a half. The best time made in the regatta was 8.03, by the Malta senior eight, the second crew in this event, Fairmount, doing 8.16¾. The Passaic rowed a crude Yale stroke, and the fact that so many of the boat clubs are securing college coaches shows that the superiority of this stroke is being generally recognized.

There has seldom been a more flagrant exhibition of incompetency than displayed by referee Berens in awarding the four-oared race for the Downing Cup to the Pennsylvania Barge Club crew on the ground of a foul by the Ariel of Baltimore. The race was finished in such a blinding storm that the contestants were completely invisible to the referee. The claim of the local men was allowed despite an utter lack of evidence to substantiate it.

Harvard won the third and deciding game, (6-4), July 1st, in the baseball series with Yale on timely and scientific batting. Carter did uncommonly well to strike out twelve such men, and to hold them down to four singles, a home run, one three, and one two-bagger. Nothing but the cleverest work could keep such a team of batters from knocking the pitcher out of the box, and clever as was Carter, he could not fool Harvard with his slow ball, for Mason caught one in the first inning for a home run, and Sullivan another in the fourth for two bases, that brought in three runs. Mason's home run in the first unquestionably gave the Harvard team just the encouragement it needed, and kept the men up to the notch they had not reached in the previous two games. It was the only game of the three in which there were earned runs—all the others in the first two games being made, and in fact the games won, entirely on errors. Harvard played good ball; by far the best of the season; they had shown no such team-work in previous games. Mason did a little better in catching Highlands, but his throwing, with one astonishing exception, was no better than what he has shown during the season, and he muffed a foul that was almost in his hands, though this came about by his being hooted at by a small band of Yale *alumni*, directly back of him in the grand stand, whose vigor outweighed their sportsmanship.

This reminds that the cheering in this series has been, generally speaking, really very sportsmanlike, and certainly a great improvement on last year. Legitimate cheering is one of the most attractive and inspiring features of college contests, but hooting at individual players on errors or in attempts to rattle them, and indulging in personalities, turns admiration into disgust. For the sake of good clean sport do let us be gentlemen in the grand stand as well as on the field. It is a remarkable fact that graduates are often greater offenders than the undergraduates.

Trafford played a fine game, his catch off first of a difficult ball being as clever as anything seen in the series. Cook's play was not brilliant. Highlands pitched a great game and made a couple of very hard stops besides. He struck out nine men and allowed five singles, three of them to the ninth inning when he had let up a bit, and one double. Frothingham has made an error in every game but he has more than evened up by making some remarkable stops, and his three-base hit in the last game was a sure home run had he not fallen at third. Hallowell ends this season as he did last—at the top.

The Yale team played hard and well, and that they should have made a third game necessary speaks volumes for their spirit and the Yale system. Yale lost nothing by the undergraduate rule, the great amount of talk to the contrary notwithstanding. O'Neill with his professional tendencies, would hardly have been used and Norton is no better than Beall. Bowers certainly is not in the same class with Carter. But Yale commands admiration by the way this nine, almost second class compared with Harvard's at the beginning of the season, has been drilled and worked up to a point where they won one game and made the other two very uncertain. Harvard, on the individual strength of her men, should have won all three games, but their play was so uncertain in the first two that it made the third look like Yale's. However, they got in that batting streak spoken of here before, and did what they should have done earlier in the season.

Murphy's muff of Trafford's fly was one of the most astonishing features of the game. Arbuthnot did likewise, with the same result on the spectators, and Case did some very poor base running between first and second. Stephenson was not up to his record and Hiles came near being put down for misjudging Mason's hit, but his few steps in really made no difference, the ball was way beyond him.

The annual race of the Eastern Yacht Club was, to say the least, a great disappointment, and in this respect remarkably like all the races so far attempted this season. The fact is that of late years the interest has centred in one or two special classes which for various reasons have come to the fore for the time being. The building of new racers is confined to these special classes, and it has proved well nigh impossible to get the new yachts ready for the early events, so that as a rule only the old boats are seen, and as they have generally found their place during the preceding season, the slow ones drop out and the classes do not fill. In reality the racing season for large yachts begins with the New York Yacht Club cruise. More than ever is this so the present year when the eighty-six-footers absorb all attention. The Goelet Cup race will be the first in which they will meet, and even then it is a question if some of them will be fully prepared.

The only class in the Eastern race where the result was not a foregone conclusion was in the large schooners. Here *Mayflower* surprised everybody by the way she held *Volunteer*, and unless Commodore Forbes's schooner was decidedly off her best form the alterations in *Mayflower* have been a great success, for she sailed fast enough to make the result doubtful as long as the breeze held.

The Larchmont Yacht Club was a bit more fortunate in its July 4th regatta than the Eastern, since it did bring out a couple of the new yachts—the *Emerald* and the *Elsie Marie*. In point of sport, however the Larchmont was far and away in the lead, for the regatta furnished some very interesting races. *Ramona* and *Dauntless* had a grand fight from start to finish, the former winning by six minutes and a half on corrected time. *Emerald* left *Alona* nearly out of sight, and the latter appears to be no more of a success this season than she was last, while *Emerald* has much improved in her recent races. *Loma* seems to be about the only one in her class now that can give her a race, and she was expected to start on the 4th, but failed to do so. *Katrina* and *Huron* renewed old acquaintance, and had a pretty race for half the distance, when *Katrina* reached home first by about five minutes, though getting the race on corrected time by only five seconds. *Huron* quite outdid herself. *Elsie Marie* did only fairly well against *Atlantic* for one leg, and then withdrew, her performance not being up to what was expected. Nothing prettier has ever been seen than the picture made by *Emerald*, *Ramona*, and *Dauntless* leading the fleet, the Larchmont Club flag-ship completely covered with canvas, and the more modern *Emerald* scudding ahead with hardly enough to cover one stick of Commodore Colt's schooner. It was by far the most successful regatta of the year, and the racing good.

The Middle States tennis championship tournament, held for the second year at Orange, New Jersey, was chiefly remarkable for mediocrity. Only two players among the men showed any quality other than that of promise. Mr Arthur Foote, a young player from Yale, had no difficulty in winning the open singles, and it was hoped that he would make it interesting both for Mr Richard Stevens and the spectators in the championship round. But this was not to be, the holder of the cup taking the match in three straight sets, 6-3, 6-2, 6-2. Mr Stevens was playing his peculiar patient, colorless game in great form, and he literally wore out the younger man. It must be admitted that Stevens's game is almost invincible among second-class players, whereas he has seldom beaten a first-class man.

Miss Mabel Cahill had no difficulty in winning in the ladies' singles in which there was a fairly good entry, including Miss Bessie Moore and Miss Helwig.

The Tuxedo tennis tournament, always interesting, this year has proved more so than ever, owing to the higher class of entries. The feature of the tournament undoubtedly was the invincible form of Clarence Hobart. In the West Newton tournament the week before he had, on an "off" day, lost a match in two straight sets 6-1, 6-2, to R. D. Wrenn, the Harvard player, but the defeat proved a warning against over-confidence, and Hobart did not repeat the mistake at Tuxedo. Not since his best days in '91 has he shown such form as in the matches this year. He seems to have acquired greater skill than ever in his difficult stroke and his drives have been so hard that his opponents could do nothing with them. His placing too is a great improvement on anything he has ever done. Larned could do nothing with Hobart, although playing good tennis, and lost—6-1, 6-2. Hovey also lost in two sets, but not until he had made them so close that the result was always in doubt—10-8, 8-6. The surprise of the week was Wrenn's defeat by J. W. Nichols—6-3, 7-5—the former showing little of his usual form. Marion Wright in the final round put up his steadiest game against Hobart, and though succeeding in getting a set—6-2, 0-2, 8-6, he really was out-classed. Neither Hovey nor Larned have yet equalled their last year's form, and each must get much steadier to hope to defeat Hobart. Hobart kept up his pace when he met E. L. Hall for the cup, and though the latter showed rare judgment, and lobbed very cleverly, he could only secure one set. The dirt court suited Hobart, his drives being terrific, and he won handily—6-3, 6-3, 4-6, 6-3.

O. S. Campbell and V. G. Hall made a very poor showing in the doubles, being defeated by Hobart and Hovey 6-0, 11-9, 6-0. Larned and E. L. Hall did better and in fact came near winning from Hobart and Hovey—6-2, 4-6, 7-5. With this combination in doubles we are assured at least one interesting match this year in the National championship. Larned and E. L. Hall will always make a match with the Tuxedo winners very uncertain in results.

The State championship being settled this week at Saratoga promises quite as brilliant play as seen last year.

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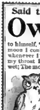

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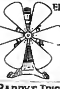

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A SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER. By Horace White. In this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVII.—No. 1860

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1893.

TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

ON THE WAY TO CHICAGO—THE OBSERVATION CAR.—DRAWN BY CHILDE HASSAM.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 22, 1893

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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POST-OFFICE SCANDALS.

SOME time ago the newly appointed postmaster at Terre Haute, Indiana—the home of Senator VOORHEES—virtually usurped the control of the post-office before he was entitled to it. He did this for the purpose of making a clean sweep of the employés and of putting his own creatures into their places just before the civil service rules, which were to go into effect there a day or two afterwards, would confine his appointments to those who had passed the civil service examinations and been put on the list of eligibles. It was manifest that he had resorted to his high-handed proceedings merely to "beat" the law. The Civil Service Commission investigated the case, and made its report to the President accordingly. It was hoped that the administration would promptly put the seal of its disapproval upon this audacious circumvention of the law by removing the perpetrator as a man who could and should not be trusted with the administration of public duty. He was not removed. Nothing is more natural than that he should have found imitators, and he has found plenty of them.

Substantially the same unblushing outrage was committed by newly appointed Democratic postmasters at Kansas City, Kansas, at Plattsburg, New York; at Bloomington, Quincy, and Galesburg, Illinois; at Columbus, Rome, and Atlanta, Georgia; at Little Rock, Arkansas; at Anderson, Indiana; and at Topeka, Kansas. In each instance advantage has been taken of the necessary delay in preparing examinations to make a clean sweep of the offices for partisan reasons. In each instance the spirit and purpose of the civil service law have been shamelessly violated. That the postmasters in those towns knowingly did a thing injurious to the efficiency of the service by removing experienced men and putting green hands in their places is a matter of course. In Bloomington the postmaster allowed his new appointees to pay the old employés who had just been removed $35 and $5 a day extra apiece to teach them their duties. The new postmaster at Topeka, not being permitted under the law to remove the letter-carriers by his own act, reported them to the Postmaster-General as inefficient and insubordinate, and thus secured their removal by the authorities at Washington. And then he told the removed letter-carriers himself that they had been displaced merely on account of their politics, and tried to coax them to remain for some time by the side of the new men who had been put in their places, to instruct them in what they had to do. The removed men very properly replied that if the service was injured by their removal they ought not to have been removed, and, moreover, that since they were no longer in the service of the government they were not permitted to handle the mail. The result is that the mail service in Topeka has become insupportably bad, that the department at Washington is pelted with indignant letters from the suffering community, and that a formal petition for relief has been sent on signed by a large number of citizens.

The Postmaster-General, Mr. BISSELL, has always been regarded by those who knew him as an honorable man. He has passed even for a civil service reformer. He must permit us to say to him that if he suffers such outrages to be perpetrated with impunity under his very eyes, he having the power in his hands to redress them, his official conduct is utterly incompatible with the fair reputation he has so far enjoyed. We are informed that in some important respects the postal department is better managed by Mr. BISSELL than it was by Mr. WANAMAKER. But we venture to predict to Mr. BISSELL that if the looseness of discipline which reveals itself in these occurrences goes on increasing during his administration, as it will unless checked with energy and firmness, he will at the end of his official career hardly appear as an improvement upon his predecessor, nor perhaps even his equal in merit. Mr. BISSELL is already on the verge of losing one point of advantage in the comparison. At the beginning of President HARRISON's administration the railway mail service was to pass under the civil service rules. Just before it did so pass Mr. WANAMAKER permitted it to be ravaged by Republican politicians for spoils purposes. The outcry in the Democratic press about this act of foul play was loud and just. At the beginning of Mr. CLEVELAND's administration certain post offices are to pass under the civil service rules. If, just before they do so pass Mr. BISSELL permits them to be ravaged by Democratic spoilsmen, will it not be perfectly fair to conclude that he would also have permitted the railway mail service to be ravaged had he been in Mr. WANAMAKER's place?

According to credible report, the Postmaster-General declares that the postmasters are held to obey the law, and that this is as much as can be asked. What we complain of is that the postmasters who did the things here discussed, flagrantly, obtrusively, ostentatiously, *circumvented* the law; that the one at Topeka, by falsely reporting the letter-carriers as inefficient and insubordinate, and thus inducing the Postmaster-General to remove them, made Mr. BISSELL himself a direct accessory in his offence. If Mr. BISSELL permits himself thus to be used by postmasters under him he must not expect us to believe that he makes them obey the law. On the contrary, he educates his subordinates in contempt for the law. He teaches them that they may defeat the spirit and purpose of the law if they only keep just within its letter, and that he will call this obeying the law. He teaches them that they may by false reports cheat him, even himself, into participation in a circumvention of the law, and he will find it convenient to accept the false reports as true, and call this obeying the law. He gives them to understand that as to the observance of laws he is an easy man to deal with, and finding that in this case they could defraud the law with impunity, they will feel themselves encouraged in taking further liberties with the law of even a more serious nature. The Postmaster-General must have noticed what a numerous offspring the unpunished outrage at Terre Haute has had. We earnestly warn him that unless he with a strong hand sets right these glaring wrongs, his weakness will undermine the morals of the service in a way calculated to result in a lasting disgrace to the administration of which he is a member.

We must call Mr. BISSELL's attention also to the fact that he is losing his point of advantage with Mr. WANAMAKER in the matter of the fourth-class postmasters. The Democrats made much capital out of the proceedings of "headsman" CLARKSON, whom Mr. WANAMAKER permitted to make a clean sweep of the fourth class postmasters. Mr. BISSELL should know that he is understood to permit "headsmen" MAXWELL to do the same thing. There are two differences between the two. One is apparent and the other real. Mr. WANAMAKER's man CLARKSON did the work openly and quickly. Mr. BISSELL's man MAXWELL has to do it covertly and slowly. It is given out that Mr. BISSELL will not remove a fourth-class postmaster without "cause" unless he has been four years in office. While every true civil service reformer seeks to bring about the repeal of the demoralizing four-years' term law, Mr. BISSELL extends the principle of that law to sixty thousand postmasters whose places were formerly not touched by it. He knows that if every postmaster having been in office four years is removed and another man put in his place there will have been a clean sweep before the end of this administration. He knows also that if he permits Mr. MAXWELL to go on at the present rate of removals the clean sweep will be accomplished some time before Mr. CLEVELAND goes out of office. More than a clean sweep Mr. WANAMAKER would not accomplish were he in Mr. BISSELL's place. If Mr. BISSELL does accomplish it he will have done as much for the perpetuation of the spoils system as Mr. WANAMAKER could have done; for this clean sweep will provoke another with the next change of party in power. The difference between doing the evil slowly or quickly, the result being the same, is therefore only an apparent one.

The real difference is that Mr. BISSELL professes to be a reformer, which Mr. WANAMAKER did not. If now Mr. BISSELL follows essentially the same policy that Mr. WANAMAKER followed, he sins against the light that is in him, and the advantage will morally be altogether with Mr. WANAMAKER. As sincere friends and well-wishers of Mr. BISSELL we ask him soberly to consider whether he desires to stand in that position in the history of his country. If not, he cannot too promptly rectify his course.

TWEEDISM IN BROOKLYN.

WHEN Mr. BOODY was elected Mayor of Brooklyn, his choice was recognized as "Boss" McLAUGHLIN's tribute to virtue, for very few of his fellow citizens bore a fairer reputation than Mr. BOODY. Men with memories, however, wondered if the CHAPIN episode were to be repeated. Mr. CHAPIN also went into office with an excellent reputation in the discharge of his duties as Speaker of the Assembly and as Comptroller of the State. It was not long, however, before it was discovered that Mr. CHAPIN was under the control of McLAUGHLIN and the ring that for years has made the government of Brooklyn a byword and reproach. It was probably Mr. CHAPIN's conduct in connection with the purchase of the Long Island Water Company's property that compelled the nomination of a man of Mr. BOODY's standing as Mr. CHAPIN's successor. Mr. BOODY had already demonstrated his popularity, having been chosen to Congress by an increased majority in his district, his selection being hailed by the press as a recognition of merit.

It is to be regretted that Mayor BOODY has not kept the promise of his reputation. He has not lived up to his opportunity. On the contrary, he seems to be an illustration of the strange power possessed by HUGH McLAUGHLIN, which is even greater in King's County than CROKER's power in Tammany Hall, greater than the power of any man in the history of American politics except that of TWEED in the palmiest days of that distinguished public plunderer. In some respects McLAUGHLIN's power is even greater than TWEED's, for there is not that ostentatious vulgarity about it which marked an inherent weakness in the rule of the old New York "boss," and is beginning to display itself in the daily life of his present successor.

McLAUGHLIN holds the Democratic party of King's County in the hollow of his hand. No one of his followers and creatures thinks of disputing or of disobeying his mandates. His control of the Assemblymen and State Senators from King's County is as absolute as his control of the Mayor, the Aldermen, and the Supervisors. Last winter these Democratic legislators voted for EDWARD MURPHY, JOHN, for United States Senator, and for Mr. SULZER for Speaker, and it is commonly believed that their votes were given under a bargain of McLAUGHLIN with Tammany and the State machine by which Brooklyn members controlled the committees having jurisdiction of the subjects in which the Brooklyn ring was especially interested. So complete was this man's control of the last Legislature that his party followers were able to secure the passage of an act relieving them from the consequences of a breach of the law.

The most recent exhibition of this extraordinary and dangerous power is the action of District-Attorney RIDGWAY in saving Mayor BOODY and thirteen Aldermen from indictment by the Grand Jury. The Aldermen were accused of parting with valuable street railroad franchises under circumstances and conditions similar to those that characterized the great Broadway Railroad steal in this city. Mayor BOODY gave validity to these doubtful grants by his signature.

The matter was called to the attention of the Grand Jury. From the first District-Attorney RIDGWAY took a great and unusual interest in the case. His conduct is easily explained on the theory that McLAUGHLIN compels all his creatures to act together, especially in defending one another's public acts, which are presumably dictated by him. Mr. RIDGWAY advised, of his own volition, that the law gave to police magistrates exclusive original jurisdiction of misdemeanors. It was of misdemeanors that the Brooklyn officials were accused, and therefore the interpretation of the District Attorney held in effect that Mayor BOODY and the Aldermen could only be tried before other creatures of the McLAUGHLIN ring.

It was extraordinary conduct on Mr. RIDGWAY's part, and suggests a discreditable motive. He need not have given this advice in any event. To the courts might have been left the task of making the ruling. Moreover, the correctness of his interpretation is questioned by high judicial and legal authority. The law which seems to have been passed for the protection of corrupt King's County officials is similar to a law upon which TWEED's counsel relied. That law gave to the Special Sessions of this city exclusive original jurisdiction in misdemeanor cases. But Judge DAVIS held that this statute did not prevent the Grand Jury from indicting for misdemeanor, and this decision has not been reversed or overruled.

Although the District Attorney's advice saved Mr. BOODY and the Aldermen from indictment, the Grand Jury censured them, and would have indicted if it had not been for RIDGWAY's advice.

Mayor BOODY has asked that the minutes of the Grand Jury be published. This is not the effective way to establish innocence. Mayor BOODY should demand a trial. It is charged that he seeks to attack the secrecy of the Grand Jury room in order to deter witnesses from giving information against corrupt officials. Whether this is true or not does not matter. Its truth would not add a feather's weight to the load of shame which Brooklyn is carrying. Tweedism without its magnificent debauchery, without its vulgar diamond-bestudded display of vice and wealth, but with all its effrontery and its contempt for law and decent public sentiment, reigns in Brooklyn.

THE REVOLT IN PARIS.

THE recent revolt in Paris is a fresh illustration of the stability of the republic. The uprisings of the Parisian mob has frequently furnished the occasion for the enemies of the government to incite the whole country to revolution. It was so in the time of the first NAPOLEON, and so in the times of LOUIS PHILIPPE and of NAPOLEON III. Whenever the French government has been weak any rioting in the streets of Paris resulted almost invariably in its overthrow.

There is no doubt of the weakness of the French government at the present time, but it is the administration and not

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the republic that is weak. There are plenty of enemies of the republic in France. They are so numerous that they elect considerable numbers of Deputies of various shades of disloyalty. Legitimatism and Bonapartism have so many and such influential advocates and adherents that hostility to the established form of government is not considered treasonable, and even if it were taken with arms in its hands it might not be prudent to inflict the death penalty. Yet these enemies of the republic have not been able to take advantage of two occasions, either of which a century ago would have been an opportunity, which have been offered to their enmity within the last twelve months.

The first was the Panama scandal, in which some of the most prominent republicans of France were implicated. The conservatives and the radicals of all schools did their utmost to make this the occasion of exciting a revolution against not only CARNOT and the cabinet, against the most honored advocates of popular government, but against the form of government which they illogically and forgetfully charged was the fountain of such corruption.

It was noticed then by observers of French character and students of French history that the army remained quiescent. In other words, the army itself, which since the terrible lesson of the German war has ceased to be a disturbing element in politics, and has become a military machine, remained loyal to the republic. This was disheartening, for in order to overturn the government through a crisis the assistance of the army is needful.

To those who insisted that it was an important bit of testimony that the republic had not been shaken by the Panama scandal, the answer was that it was only an evidence that the people had not been aroused. But now the people have been aroused, if by people is meant, as is usually the case, the mob of Paris. The students have been insulted, and they in turn have insulted and driven from office an odious Prefect of Police. They have also insulted members of the government and Senators, and, while the cause of their outbreak was ridiculous, they were joined by the lawless elements of the capital, and made the Place de la République unpleasant and dangerous. The police were powerless, and the cavalry was called out—the dreadful cavalry that has trampled so many rioters under its feet, or joined anti-them according to its mood. But the troops did not join the mob this time, and although the enemies of the republic were quite willing, they did not see their opportunity to take advantage of the rioting. Nothing yet has happened which can change the belief that the republic is an established institution in France.

A SUBMARINE INVENTION.

THE idea of a submarine boat has always fascinated the inventor almost as much as that of perpetual motion or of automatic freight car couplings. But its practical realization has never been accomplished; the swimming waterfowl, rather than the fish, has remained the living prototype of navigable vessels. A year or so ago one baffled inventor tired of following the fish *ignes fatuus*, determined that there was, after all, enough in the duck idea if properly developed. He therefore announced the invention of a car-boat on the "whaleback" plan which could dive and remain submerged for a minute or two, precisely in the manner of the ingenious duck, and while under water peck a hole in the bottom of the enemy with its powerful iron beak. A light minded writer at that time frivolously suggested that the intelligent inventor had not followed his duck idea far enough—that he ought to provide his boat with wings, so that, being caught in shallow water by a superior force, it could rise up and fly away, uttering loud and defiant quacks on a steam quacker. But nothing ever came of it, and we never heard anything more of the amused duck.

But another submarine inventor now comes forward, and with a new idea. He shows wisdom in his selection of a reason to press his notion. The dark unfathomed depths of ocean must be cool, and anything that is cool is welcome. Even the shallow and utterly unnavigable mint julep now reverses. But to return to the new craft. This inventor, for some reason, shrouds his identity, and allows only a description of his boat to be made public. It appears that it was brought to light by certain recent advertisements of the government for submarine craft. He boldly casts away all former notions on the subject, and strikes out on lines so new as to be almost startling. His idea is nothing more nor less than to put his boat on wheels and run it on the bottom of the ocean. Whether, when he gets under the enemy he intends to rise in some way, or to shoot surfaceward with cannons sitting up straight like smoke stacks, or to liberate cork covered torpedoes like balloons, we know not, but we do know that the notion of a boat on wheels galloping about on the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, with the captain peering through a skylight for flocks of ships, appeals to us strongly, and we hope to see the plan tried.

On the whole, too, we are rather impressed with its feasibility though there are undoubtedly problems still to be solved in connection with it. There is, for instance, the question of roads. Nobody knows what is the condition of the submarine roads. We presume they are not dusty, but they may be muddy. The climate must be damp, to say the least. We do not know who attends to the submarine roads. If the mermen "work out" their road tax in the way that the birdmen do, the prospect for good traveling is poor. Twelve or thirteen mermen cannot sit around on the rocks half a day and fix about how they can chop cord wood or drive bulky horses or bush corn and improve their roads, any more than can a like number of farmers similarly employed for the same length of time help the state of *their* thoroughfares. We are also in the dark as to how the new craft is to be propelled. Our own ideas would be Fifth Avenue stage-horses in diving suits, but we lay no special claim to expert knowledge in submarine coaching. A good pointer dog at the skylight might perhaps see a war ship as soon as any body. He could be taught to bark when he sighted the enemy, and the captain of the submarine boat could hide behind a rock and get his guns up on end. Perhaps divers—or, rather, risers—could be sent up to fix torpedoes to the bottoms of the ships. Or a good stout cable might be attached and the other end fastened to a large rock. The consternation of the commander of a big battle ship who suddenly found himself tethered in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, like a goat on a vacant lot, and heard the mocking submarine laugh of the driver of a four in hand cruiser coming up out of the depths, would be something painful to see. We are apparently on the eve of a great revolution in naval architecture. With pneumatic tires on our war ships, unless we find the track altogether too heavy, foreign nations would do well to keep their flimsy surface craft in dry-dock.

THE BOY AND THE CAT-BOAT

THE fond parent who objects to his boy's becoming acquainted with the water is disappearing. At least we do not hear about him as often as we used to, and we hear a good deal of the boy who goes sailing on the river or pond in a cat-boat. It may be an attribute of age not to hear of mothers who spend anxious hours while they are in the country, where they should be enjoying themselves, lest their offspring should be guilty of the turpitude of natation. At any rate, that brief chronicler of the times the funny paragrapher is jesting less and less year by year about the mother who detects her wayward child by his wet hair, and subsequently tries to teach him that the water is bad for growing youth.

Time was in this old town when the average boy wore tassels on his cap and walked abroad holding the hand of an over careful parent. Then cigar-cigarette-smoking was looked upon as a sure precursor of intemperance, and the boy was taught to regard his vices as manly because their practice was rebellion. Fathers and mothers are more sensible than they were, much to the advantage of the youngsters.

Every father who lives in the vicinity of navigable water, and who can afford it, ought to give his boy a cat-boat, or at least a sailing canoe. That is, of course, assuming that the boy has a healthy body and a mind that works with ordinary accuracy and coolness. If he cannot afford to buy a boat for the boy, he ought to seek out opportunities for him to learn to sail in other boys' boats. To neglect this is to neglect one of the best of the means of youthful education. The mastery of a cat-boat improves every faculty of the boy. It makes him strong of body, alert of mind, cool in danger, thoughtful of the rights of others, self respectful and firm in maintaining his own rights, for no boy can sail a cat-boat without racing with another boy's cat-boat, and when he races he must obey the law of right of way, and he must insist on every advantage that is rightly his. His reasoning faculty, too, is more largely developed than in any other game except that of football, which a cat-boat finely supplements, the football field enabling the boy to measure himself against contending human intelligence, while the cat boat enables him to contend against the invisible elements of inanimate nature.

"But accidents occur with cat boats!" So they do, and so they do with horses, bicycles, row boats, balls, bats, dogs, and the sportive game of tag. Will you have your boy a "muff" or a "sissy"? Accidents do happen in cat boats, and sometimes they are fatal, but how many fatal accidents have happened to boys who have been properly taught to handle their cat-boats? Not many. The usual cat-boat accidents happen to the full grown ignoramus, who, not knowing a sheet from a sail, fills his boat with other ignoramuses, and reaps the consequences.

Such accidents as these are not to be taken into account. Notwithstanding them, it is true that if you would make a real man of your boy, he should be taught to sail a boat.

THINGS TALKED OF

It is not surprising that the hotter headed men in the silver mining States should talk of "boycotting" the rest of the Union unless they can have their own way in Federal legislation. They are only trying, probably for the last time, the tactics that have perfectly served their purpose for more than half the lifetime of a generation. The silver laws of the United States, extremely hazardous as they have been, illogical and inconsistent, have been so largely extorted from Congress by threats that it is no exaggeration to say that without these threats they never would have been passed. We like to think that ours is a government of the majority, but it is often government by a very small minority which, standing between two parties of nearly equal strength, dictates the policy of one and largely influences that of the other. That was what was done by the silver men previous to the Bland Allison act of 1878, and has been largely done by them ever since. The silver legislation has never been fairly before the people, and the principle on which it proceeded has never been approved by a popular vote. It has been the outcome of party manœuvres in Congress, and especially in the Senate, where the disproportionate representation of the small States has given the silver faction very great power. The law of 1890 was passed not, as some of its advocates now claim, to avoid free coinage, but to avoid the necessity of a veto by Mr. Harrison of a free-coinage act, which that veto would unquestionably have killed. One plain lesson from this history is worth noting and enforcing. The cowardice of 1890 was wretchedly poor politics. Had a free-coinage bill been passed in that year, it would have had a large majority of Democratic votes, the party would have been committed to it, Mr Cleveland could not have been the party candidate in 1892, and the President who vetoed the act would, in all human probability, have been triumphantly re-elected. That shows that unflinching courage and reliance on the good sense of the people are the safest qualities with which to meet the present situation.

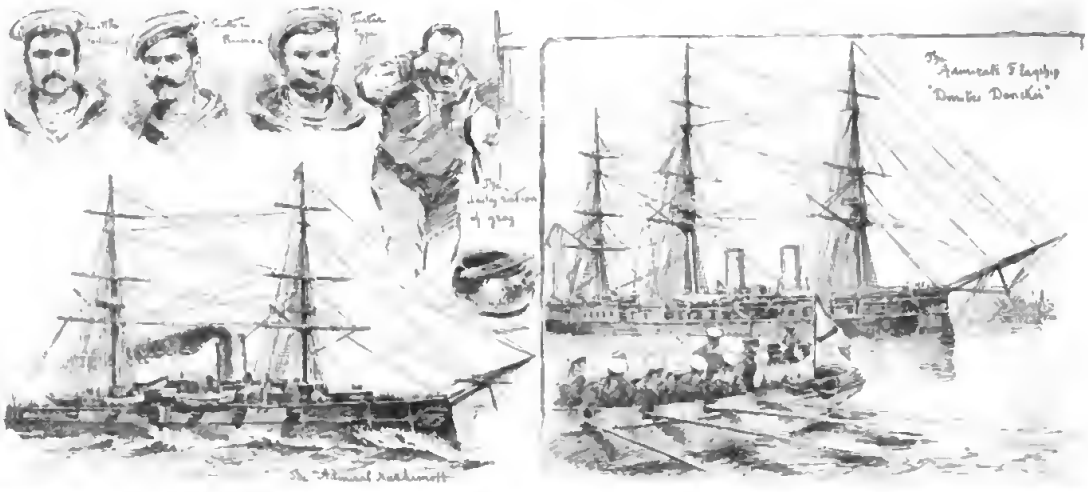
The arrival has been announced of a young French newspaper writer, M. George Grandin, who proposes to "tramp" from New York to Chicago. When we say "tramp," we do not mean merely to walk, but to make the journey not only on foot, but penniless, in the rôle of an amateur beggar. Doubtless M. Grandin, if he carry out his project *en pied de la lettre*, will get chances to note a great deal that he would not otherwise see, but he will have only a dim and inadequate idea of what the life of a real American tramp is. He might have come nearer to it had he preserved his incognito inviolate from the start, for he would not have made the journey, had he made it at all, in full light of the publicity which now his *confrères* of the press must inevitably shed on his path. But even then he could not have sounded the depths of a tramp's experience, which is determined not by an intelligent temporary resolution not to work, but by an inherent invincible aversion to work under any and all circumstances. Moreover, M. Grandin will have a specific destination in view, and, what is still more irreconcilable with the tramp nature, a definite object. He may, by the use of a lively imagination, figure to himself something of the spirit of the class in which for a time he enrolls himself, but he could have done that though he paid his way and made provision for his bodily comfort. He might as well have started for Palestine with only scrip and staff with the intent to obtain the experience of a mediæval pilgrim—see Thoreau on the origin of "saunter," in *Sainte Terre*—as to think that he, presumably a Parisian *du dernier bateau*, can realize the life of that inscrutable creature on American tramp, by trying to go dead-head and on foot from New York to Chicago.

It is possible that if the Hebrew Scriptures had been written by women, it would have been Adam and not Eve who was known to their posterity as the original rebel against authority, and Eve would have been reported as warning him and laying up an evident justification for an eternal "I told you so." But whether Eve really started them wrong or not, there is a marked tendency in the female sex to disobey general and public rules. There are two rules posted in all the street cars in all large cities of this country, one forbidding passengers to get off before the car stops, the other requiring them to get off on the side nearest the walk. They are both needful rules, and both are made particularly for women. But it is only rarely, and then by more or less show of force, that women are induced to obey either one of them, and they always by look or voice resent their enforcement. We wonder why. Of course men disobey the rules also but with far less risk, and generally accept a conductor's restraints or warnings good-naturedly. Here is a problem in psychology which we commend to the study of the summer schools of philosophy. When they discover the cause of the phenomenon any trade union of street railway employés will give a handsome reward for an effective remedy.

The Australian panic, as we have taken occasion to point out heretofore, has unquestionably been a collapse of credit due to over-speculation in land, followed by the fall of the banks which had made the largest advances, and this, in its turn, by a panic among the bank depositors. An extremely well informed observer, in a personal letter from the capital of Victoria, writes: "Melbourne is just now in the position of a city whose supplies of food are almost all locked up in the citadel, with the doors fastened on the inside and the doorkeepers afraid to open until they get the password, which none of us can remember." But with the great resources of the continent it will undoubtedly recover, if the government can restrain themselves from "monkeying—the term may be slang, but it is very expressive—with the currency, which, unfortunately, they show some disposition to do. If the cry for "more money" is listened to and doubt be justified as to the future value of the debt-paying medium, the recovery will be much slower and more uncertain.

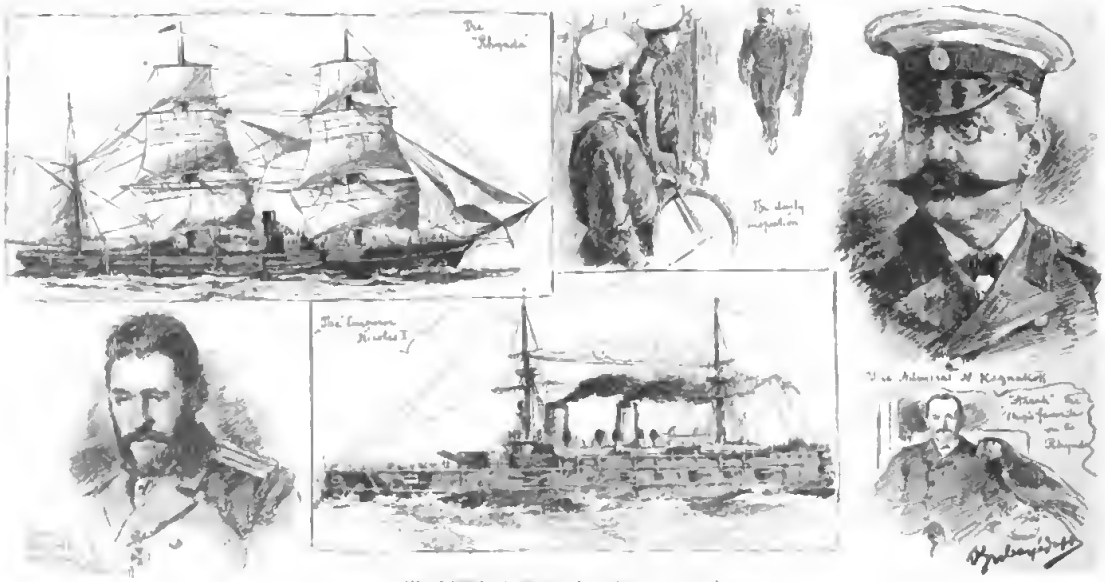
According to the Secretary of the Excise Reform Association there is reason to think that an active effort to secure a genuine high-license law for the cities of the State from the Legislature of 1894 might be successful. The experience of other States—Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Nebraska, Iowa—affords increasing evidence that the system works extremely well; that it checks the extension of the retail liquor trade—of the kind that does most harm, and among the classes most harmed by it, while it returns more money to the treasury of the cities, it improves the character of the trade. The association expects to receive before long a report from London made by a gentleman who spent the whole of last winter studying the workings of the high-license laws wherever they are in force in this country. We trust that the report will be widely published. If the investigator be a sensible man, there is no doubt as to the general judgment he has formed of the relative merits of high license and low license but he ought to be able to throw valuable light on the details of the system. Meanwhile the Excise Reform Association is doing excellent work—painstaking, unpartisan, and practical. Its office is 90 Walker Street.

The Secretary of the Treasury has appointed as Chief of the Bureau of Statistics Mr Worthington C. Ford, of Brooklyn, who during Mr Cleveland's first term had charge of the consular reports made through the State Department. The acceptance of such a post by Mr Ford, who is the possessor of an ample private fortune, is a notable instance of public spirit and honorable ambition. Though still a young man Mr Ford enjoys a high reputation as a student of economics and a writer thereon. With a very clear mind he has the patience, the analytic and synthetic faculties, and above all the scrupulous fidelity and candor, which are necessary to fruitful work in a statistician. Could we hope that the conditions of our civil service would permit it, we should expect to see Mr Ford make of the Bureau of Statistics a department of constantly increasing value, such as our government sorely needs. As it is, four years of skilful and intelligent work may do much, and it is a cause for sincere satisfaction that a man of such rare attainments and so high character has been found willing to undertake the task.



Lieutenant Ekirinkoff. Capt. Krueger (*Rhynda*). Capt. N. Zelenoy (*Dmitri Donskoi*). Lieut. Alexander Bontokoff.

Lieutenant Shishkin. Lieutenant Apostoly. The Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch.



OUR RUSSIAN VISITORS.—[See Page 703.]
From a Photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, and Drawings by V. Grinoyeloff.

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THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.*

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

XV.

AFTER Brainard's withdrawal Addie and Ogden sat for some time in silence. The moon sank, the clatter of hoofs on the asphalt sounded less frequently; some of the neighbors wer the way had pulled in their rugs, and were now seen, by new lighted gas jets, at upper windows pulling down their shades. The breeze freshened, it rustled the lilacs and syringas in the side yard, and it swayed the stringy mass of wild-cucumbers that had taken it upon themselves to hide the red hideousness of the barn.

Suddenly Ogden spoke. "There! I knew I should forget it, and I have. I laid it on my bureau the last thing, too!"

"What?"

"Why—*A False Start.* You haven't wasted it, have you?"

"No; keep it if you like. I've read it."

She meant: "Keep it; please do. Keep it, for my sake."

"It's a pretty good book; didn't you think so?" he asked.

"Yes; I liked it ever so much. He married the right one after all, didn't he?"

"Might have done it before," Ogden commented. "No earthly reason why not. Only you know how they spin these things out."

There was a sudden shutting down of windows over their heads. Ogden draw out his watch, and turned it so as to profit by the lamp-post on the corner. "Why, I'd no idea!" Bart and Cornelia had not returned from the park, or, if so, had passed on the other side of the street. "Good-night."

"It isn't late, is it?"

"Only for a North-Sider."

"Good-night," she said, slowly, and sat alone on the steps until her father came down and called her in.

On the 1st of July Brainard summoned George into his own private room.

"We have about decided to have an assistant cashier here," he said. His voice was gruff, but his glance was a little sheepish. "Mr. Fairchild thinks it will be convenient about signatures and a good many other things. Burt's out a good deal, and likely to be off all through August, and I don't like to have drafts signed in advance. You could make up the reports, too, and swear to 'em. Besides, it's elective—puts you in the Bankers' Almanac, for one thing. As to salary, I suppose we could stand an extra five hundred—or six."

He looked at George with some constraint, but his intention appeared to be friendly.

"We might expect you to go on helping with the tellers' work on occasion—vacation time, for instance. Now, about your own vacation—"

George bowed with an additional acknowledgment of the favor, he had expected to pass an unbroken summer in town.

"Thursday's the Fourth. Put five or six days with it, if you like—to get accustomed to the new deal."

He turned to his desk. "That's all right; talk to Fairchild." It seemed that anything beyond the merest word of thanks would be distasteful, and George withdrew.

He accepted his elevation and his vacation with unfeigned pleasure, he attributed his advance to the old man's soft-ened mood occasioned by his son's engagement to Cornelia McNabb. Bart, a few mornings back, had told his father, plainly and promptly, that it was his intention to marry Cornelia—and soon. He had prepared himself for remonstrance—even for opposition, and he had braced himself to demonstrate to his father that he was going to have his own way. The old man, however, made no difficulties; Cornelia had certain qualities that he appreciated, and he knew that Bart had a strong and a strengthening will. Besides, a son-in-law was one thing, and a daughter-in-law another. A daughter's husband must come as an ally, offensive and defensive; he must contribute money, and if not money, then abilities. There must be abilities in actual exercise, or there must be the certain promise of their development in the pursuit of some such career as could be recognized and endorsed by business men of his own sort. That ten-dollar-a-week man—that anthem singer! His fist clinched and his eye glared at the very thought of him. But a son's wife could be moulded—if not moulded, then coerced. There was to be no breaking away from two such wills as his and Bart's. He liked vim; he recognized snap; he was prepared to welcome Cornelia as a vital force.

"Oconomowoc," murmured George to himself. He was bending over his bureau drawer, sorting out his collars. The gas flame reflected itself in the mirror and threw a doubled glare upon his face.

"Eh?" said Brower, sitting cross-legged on his trunk. He held the book down across two of the top slats; it was *David Grieve*—he read everything.

They were still in the Rush Street house. Mrs. Ogden had a room on the floor below.

"Did I speak?" asked George.

"You said—Oconomowoc. Is that where you are going?"

"Queer name, isn't it? What's the place like?"

"If you've got a chance to go there, you go." The oracle spoke and retired into his book.

George went. The train made its rapid run up to Milwaukee, took its short stop, and turned westward on its way towards La Crosse. At Pewaukee there was the usual halt, it lengthened to an unusual halt. George paced the long platform impatiently; his mind had projected itself through Nagowicka and Nashotah and Okauchee to Oconomowoc, and his body was eager to follow.

"What's the trouble?" he asked the brakeman.

"St. Paul express late—passes us here."

The platform was swarming with passengers and townspeople. A figure rushed through the crowd and grasped George by the hand.

"So you're gallivanting too? And I'll bet a nickel you've been aboard all the way up—parlor-car. Now haven't you?" The voice sounded a trumpet note of wide-flung triumph. It was Cornelia's.

Her cheeks blazed and her eyes burned with the magnificence of conscious conquest. Her glory spread about her the same succession of flowing circles that a stone spreads over a pond. It seemed as if her expansiveness must crowd the train from its track and the station from its foundations.

"Ma," she called back into the crowd, "come here—do! I want you to meet Mr. Ogden. He's one of my most particular friends, but I guess you don't need to be told that—you've heard enough about him. Mr. Ogden, this is my mother, and she's about the best mother that ever lived."

Mrs. McNabb smiled bravely and took Ogden's slender palm in her large, capable grasp. She wore a sedate black bonnet; her gray hair was parted in the middle and fell right and left in two wide, crinkly folds.

"And I want pa to come too; no dodging." An elderly man came forward reluctantly, in his loose, short trousers and his thick boots with broad, square toes; he seemed to find Ogden, in his modified tourist guise, a disconcerting object. He lifted up his shrewd but retiring eyes, placing one embarrassed hand on his grizzled chin whiskers and giving George the other; it was rough, and the nails were broken.

George shook hands with the old fellow—who went well enough with other features of the Wisconsin landscape: the shaggy tamarack swamps, the gashed sides of gravelly "log-backs," the long stretches of disordered barbed wire fences, the rusty rods of depots and storehouses, and the marshy ponds, edged by the ragged scantlings of gigantic ice-houses.

Cornelia did not perceive this harmony—or ignored it.

"Yes," she declared, "ma's the best sun, and pa ain't far behind. Now don't say, pa; Mr. Ogden is more scary than you are. He'd been trying for near three months to ask me to go to the theatre with him, when along came Burt and plumped out and asked me inside of a week. Burt's enterprising; no mistake."

The old people smiled at each other, half embarrassed by Cornelia's frankness.

"But we won't shut out George—oh dear! I mean Mr. Ogden—altogether. Bear witness, both of you! I ask him to be one of my ushers."

George stared. Was the girl meaning to be married in church after—everything? Then he bowed. "On Abbie's account—if at all," he thought.

"Going to Cooula for the Fourth, I suppose?" Cornelia continued.

"Coonie?"

"Oh, well—'Coo'n'woo, if you must have it all. Well, we're on the move too. Good-by. But"—meaningly—"you'll find us all again in town pretty soon; and if pa and ma don't see the whole place from the tip top of the Clifton, my name is McMudd. On a clear day, too—when you can tell where the smoke ends and the haze begins. Good-by. Our house is on the right, a mile farther; watch out for it."

Oconomowoc, from Ogden's point of view, appeared as one wide street running between two small lakes that were only a few hundred feet asunder. The business part of the street was built neatly and compactly of the cream colored brick of Milwaukee, and the rest of it was a thickly shaded stretch bordered with a double string of summer cottages, which fronted on the street and backed on the water. In the midst of the cottages stood a big hotel of yellow brick; it was faced with a lofty row of seven immense white columns, and above the maples in front it there rose a steep roof set with a series of dormer-windows. George was given a room which one of these dormers lighted, and presently stepped down the street to inquire at one of the cottages for Jessie Bradley. He soon stepped back again, she was not expected for two days yet. He thanked Brainard again for his full week, and threw himself into one of the chairs under the big colonnade.

The town was at the beginning of its annual patriotic flurry; after the Fourth it settles down, and the real season begins a week or two later. A good many young people were scurrying about, many of them in aquatic attire, those who did not carry rackets carried banjos. Nobody noticed him except the young wife of the proprietor. She stood in the

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1164.

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doorway; her black eyebrows were contracted in a study of him. She wore her raven hair in a Japanesque fashion, but she corrected the plump dumpiness of the Japanese maiden by a tall and slender grace of her own. "He's all right," she said to herself, and sank down in a chair beside him.

"You poor lonesome man," she began, with a graceful audacity that was her peculiar possession, "let me talk to you."

"Do," answered George, smilingly. He seemed to have known her a week.

"That is, if you're not just married or not just going to be. Are you?"

"N-no."

"We see so much of that sort of thing. May is dreadful. This year we had five couples in a week—it's so pleasant and quiet here then. The fifth was from Detroit; they staid quite awhile, and when they went away they thanked us all over. We hadn't done a thing for them—we simply left them alone and let them go about. But they were just chuck full of it—they'd have been in glory anywhere. What do you think of our columns?"

Two men could hardly have spanned their fluted shafts. George cast his eye up to their capitals on a level with the third story windows. "They're great."

"Aren't they? They've only been on two or three years. We call them the Seven Bridegrooms."

"The Seven Bridegrooms? Is each the gift of a happy man?"

"Not quite; one happy man gave them all. He was here a week; he gave us one every day. Think how happy he must have been."

She smiled at his inquiring glance.

"He wanted things his own way, and could afford it," she said. "His name was Ingles."

Ogden did some lounging up and down the street. He crossed a bridge where one lake fell into the other over a mill dam and found himself in another cluster of cottages. They stood on a bluff and looked down the three miles of the lower lake. Both shores were diversified by promontories and islands, and the red roofs of other cottages showed everywhere over the tufted foliage of the shores.

"How it balances—how it composes!" he said of the view, as he recrossed the bridge. "And how it's kept!" he said of the town, as he retraced his steps to the hotel. "Really"—with unconscious patronage—"it's the only thing West so far, that has tone and finish."

He took a boat. The next day, the same. The town was full, but was lying back quietly for the excitement of the morrow; he had the water almost to himself.

Sloops and cat-boats were being rigged for a coming regatta. A scow for fireworks was being anchored two or three hundred yards from shore. He paddled about with a trolling line. But the line was neglected. He had a good deal to think about; here was place and time to do it.

His future was assured. He could now marry. He wanted to marry. There was only the question—which?

He had surrendered his primitive theory that marriage was a matter which concerned only the two principals. Kittie's marriage—who had come to be more deeply concerned in it than he?

He thought of Abbie Brainard, and he thought of her family—a divorced sister, a disreputable brother, whose future was to sound, perhaps, depths yet undreamed of; another brother, whose coming marriage was but conclusive evidence of the coarseness of the family grain.

And the father—his scandalous success, his tainted millions, his name a byword. Those hangings in the streets, those disgraceful and degrading pictures, the stench of the whole scandal.

His oars dropped idly, and he sat with his eyes fixed on the bottom of the boat.

But the old man would die. Yes, and then would come the division of the spoil. If there had been so much trouble in a poor sixty or eighty thousand, how much more might there be in all these millions? If he had found such difficulty in getting restitution from McDowell—a restitution so incomplete as to be even yet largely in the future—what might there be to expect from other brothers-in-law and from other new relations that so much money would be sure to bring?

He ran his troubled eyes along the shore. A party of children were wading and splashing at the foot of a high, wooded point.

That money—those millions! It was the talk of the bank that Burt, on his wedding day, was to have five hundred thousand dollars as an out and out gift. And if Burt, why not Abbie—in the proper degree? Those shameful, indecent millions—millions that it would be a disgrace to receive, to handle.

"Boat ahoy!" A sloop swept by. He dodged its bowsprit and was tossed by its wake. He threw out his oars to steady himself.

The husband of a rich wife—another Valentine. My house—my furniture!

Then, he had meant to get on—in business, in society. Was he to marry a recluse?—a girl inexperienced in the ways of his world—perhaps incapable of adapting herself to them—surely careless of them.

Abbie was before him in her tender and steadfast serenity, in her staunch and genuine capability. He set his teeth, and took up his oars again, and rowed half a mile with a furious vigor. He stopped, panting and exhausted, in a clump of reeds off a sedgy shore, near a group of linden trees. He had left Abbie behind.

An elderly couple were standing among the rushes. They regarded him with a friendly and companionable smile. They seemed to offer him the "middling lot" that the sage and poet have called the best and safest. "No hazardous and complicated relationships," they seemed to say; "no struggle over dead men's dollars, no swamping of self-respect in ill-got gains, only our daughter—"

George pressed his forehead confusedly and raised his eyes to get his bearings; the late afternoon sun dazzled him with its level beams. He saw a house set high among the trees, and on its porch, amidst a tangle of bittersweet, a girl was standing. He shaded his eyes. It was as if she waved a handkerchief at him. Presently she strolled to the brow of the bank.

"Glad to see you," she called; "we have just driven over."

It was Jessie Bradley.

XVI.

Cornelia McNabb became Mrs. Burton Brainard during the first week in August. Neither of the pair was inclined to wait, and neither had such a circle of friends as to make a midsummer wedding less preferable than a later one.

The wedding took place in church—as Cornelia had intimated to Ogden. She was not disposed to let false delicacy clog the heels of success, and she had her way. They were married in the daytime, as a partial concession to the social inexperience of one father and the social indifference of the other. The young men of the bank were drawn on freely; Ogden served as an usher—as Cornelia had requested. Adrian Valentine supported Burt at the chancel rail, and gave some friendly counsel as to details at both church and house.

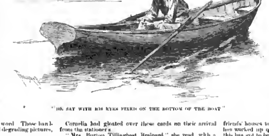
Cornelia's circle of girl friends yielded nothing suitable in the way of bridesmaids; but there was the groom's sister—and one maiden attendant was enough. Abbie therefore took this part—for the first time. She walked up the long aisle with a bashful modesty. She had a dozen opportunities to meet Ogden's eye, but her embarrassed shyness prevented her from once looking into his face.

Mary Brainard was still in exile, and her mother was confined to her room by one of her nervous attacks; but in one of the back pews, in the twilight under the gallery, a dark, meagre, and dissolute looking young man had taken his post. And as Burt, with a proud and prosperous smile, led Cornelia down the aisle, tears of indignant rage started from the eyes of his banned and mistrusted brother.

The Brainard marriage was celebrated in print, just as the Brainard divorce had been. Some of the cuts that had illustrated the one were also used to illustrate the other.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton Brainard went to California and were absent a month. On their return they took up their quarters in the Brainard house, while Bert considered the question of building. Cornelia had made up her own mind where this building should be done.

They returned to town in accordance with the mandate conveyed by certain cards that had been sent out directed by the serviceable Abbie, during their absence. These cards announced that "Mr. and Mrs. Burton Tillinghast Brainard" would be "at home" on the "Thursdays in September."



"HE SAT WITH HIS EYES FIXED ON THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT"

Cornelia had gloated over these cards on their arrival from the stationer's.

"Mrs. Burton Tillinghast Brainard," she read, with a vigorous hitch of her shoulder. "H'm! now we're ready to knock out your Smiths and your Joneses." She tossed her head. "And then bring on your Floyds and your Ingleses!"

Before going away she had wrung Ogden's hand and had committed her parents to him during the concluding days of their stay. Especially was he enjoined to take them up to the top of the Clifton on the very first clear day. A clear day came; he conducted them to the roof observatory and showed them the city, and they numbered the towers thereof.

The old people tiptoed gingerly around the parapet, while Ogden waved his hand over the prospect—the mouth of the river with its elevators and its sprawling miles of railway track; the weakish blue of the lake, with the coming and going of schooners and propellers, and the "cribs" that stood on the faint horizon—"that's where our water comes from," George explained; the tower of the water works itself, and the dull and distant green of Lincoln Park; the towering bulk of other great sky-scrapers, and the grimy spindling of a thousand surrounding chimneys; the lumber-laden brigs that were tugged slowly through the draw-bridges, while long strings of drays and buggies and street cars accumulated during the wait.

"My! don't they look little!" cried Mrs. McNabb.

George smiled with all the gratified vanity of a native. "And that," he said, pointing southward down the street, "is the Board of Trade."

"Where we was the other day," the old man reminded his wife. "And that gilt thing on the top of it is a ship, I swan. And wasn't they noisy, though! Well, now, Josephine, ain't it handsome?"

A simple soul found to admire the tower of the Board of Trade—let it be put on record.

George and McNabb had got on very well. The old countryman had felt rather frost-bitten on seeing George in full social regalia, but seemed to find him more human and approachable in a simple business suit; he had thawed out again. Mrs. McNabb had taken to him kindly from the start. Most women did, though he appeared never to have observed it. She joined with her husband in wreathing him in an atmosphere of simple friendliness.

The other father concerned in the festivities had also thawed towards George, though it would be a mistake to attribute simplicity to any friendliness shown by the head of the Underground. At one stage of the proceedings Eustace M. Brainard had laid his hand on Ogden's shoulder and the young man had asked himself with distrustful circumspection what it meant. It might have been to his advantage if he had found an answer.

George's engagement to Jessie Bradley was now an accomplished fact; the nail was driven—only a formal announcement was required to clinch it. He had preferred to withhold this until his affairs with McDowell were more accurately adjusted. Freeze & Freeze had put on a pretty positive pressure, and an arrangement had been contrived that had some of the externals, at least, of an adjustment.

McDowell's affairs had not been taking a very favorable turn; some of his ventures had been too rank for even gullibility itself, and his hope of relations with Ingles was now completely at an end. Ingles, in fact, had signified to him that an accounting for of the St. Asaph funds was desired by himself and the other contributing members of the former committee, that a remittance in accordance therewith was looked for, and that his resignation of the financial guidance of the choir would receive prompt consideration.

This communication might have been made by Ingles personally, or it might have been sent by his office boy, or it might even (as a physical possibility) have been pushed in under the crack of the door between them. As a matter of fact, it came through the mail. So formal a transmission of so formidable a communication was conclusive; McDowell felt at once that all possibility of personal relations between himself and Ingles was at an end—that door in the wall between them was as good as bricked up.

Kittie came around late one afternoon to see her mother. "Do you know, George," she said to her brother, "that Eugene is going to give up our pew at St. Asaph's? Can you imagine why?"

He had heard and read a good deal in his lifetime about the fine penetration of feminine intuition; he wondered why feminine intuition always failed when it came up for application to business matters. The pretty, high-held female heads that would droop in shame if they could come to learn the how and wherefore of their own costly bedeckings! Poor innocent Kittie—sitting there and twirling in unsuspecting surprise the sparkling novelties that encircled her fingers, and never caring or thinking about the means by which they had come to be there!

The principal instruments in McDowell's settlement with the Ogden estate were certain promissory notes and certain warranty deeds—warranty, after quit claims had been refused, and Ogden found himself in possession of his brother-in-law's signature on several bits of paper which he hoped might realize their full value when the time came, and also of two or three largish tracts of suburban property in which the general public interest seemed rather diminishing than increasing. McDowell saved the best here, just as he had managed to secure the best of his father-in-law's estate for his wife. In the original division—fair according to appraised values—his knowledge of tendencies of growth had put into his wife's third almost everything that was likely to show a quick increase in price. George took his notes and his lands, and the task of turning them into money; and he left to Kittie an unimpaired trust and confidence in her own husband.

The matter of a house shared his thoughts along with the McDowell business—an October wedding, a week for a trip, and then the beginning of housekeeping on the first of November in a home of their own.

"You want to see Mrs. Cass," Floyd had told him; "she fixed us up when we first came out here."

"Who is she?"

"A clever little woman who makes a sort of specialty of North Side houses. She has got desk room somewhere up-stairs—sixteenth or seventeenth. She married badly—her husband doesn't do anything. She began by renting friends' houses to other friends, and has kept on until she has worked up quite a business. In such a big town as this has got to be you need to go to a specialist for almost everything. You might take in the whole lot of those big house-renting agencies and never get satisfied."

The office of the Massachusetts Brass Company was as much a social exchange as ever. Jessie frequently came down with Mrs. Floyd and Ann and Claudia, and George would sometimes step up to see her for a few minutes during his noonings. Mrs. Floyd looked upon the meetings indulgently enough, but Ann seemed to hold against Ogden a deeply seated grudge.

She had been considerably embarrassed in the matter of her special assessments, and she had as much feeling against George as against McDowell himself. Her efforts to fortify and to recoup herself had led her into other fields of business, and she was now spending a good part of every forenoon in the neighborhood of the Board of Trade. Thus far she had not been so successful as to lessen the grudge.

The particular institution in which Ann was interested bore some external resemblance to its great prototype across the street. It was smaller and, if possible, uglier; but it, too, had its quadrangular arcade, its big square skylight, its ladies' gallery. In this gallery Ann sat daily for several hours along with other women of a like turn of mind, and kept an eye on the proceedings generally. After a few sessions she became accustomed to the mere externals of the place—the endless shuffle of feet on the grimy floor, the sharp yawps of raw and eager voices, the flinging aloft of excited arms, the little tangles of noise and passion that were instantly woven around every new comer with an offer to buy or to sell. She looked over this choppy sea across to the promised land that was being portrayed on the opposite blackboard; the artist paced to and fro on a long, high, narrow platform, and worked in the uncertainty of a single drop-light. He frequently changed his mind, and his alterations usually had a deep and sometimes a discouraging effect upon Ann and her associates. Every now and then one would retire into the hallway and consult with her agent, and then there would be the rustle of greenbacks, and the agent would take the elevator down and presently be seen among the crowd of men on the floor. The agent was likely to be a gallant fellow, only too happy to be of service to a lady.

Ann was now a member of Floyd's household, in good and regular standing. She felt herself very much at home. What was her brother-in-law's was her sister's, and what was her sister's was hers. She was usually the first to unfold the morning paper; she pre-empted the bath-room with little regard to Walworth's established habits, and if the idea of some trifling delicacy occurred to her she would order it from the grocery, and after it had appeared on

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Wainwright's table it appeared again in his bill. She did not stand on ceremony: she waived all stiff formality, coolly and frankly she was quite one of the family.

As such she aided Wainwright's office quite freely, and in the same capacity she joined in the conferences which the Floyds were now beginning to hold with Atwater up under his great skylight in the roof. Atwater's little house for Claudia had given great satisfaction, and he was now about to do a larger one for Claudia's parents, who had begun to look upon their banishment to the West as a perpetual fact. Claudia's house had been delivered with its stairs, its windows, its red chimney, and its chandeliers—which last were composed by a pushing young draughtsman who was as anxious to make interest with Atwater as Atwater had perhaps been to make interest with Floyd.

Atwater was accustomed to people who didn't know their own minds, to people who knew their own minds too well, to people who had too many minds to really have any mind at all, and to people who had so much money that they didn't need to have any mind. He was imperceably suave and unruffled, but he had the immense advantage of being able to impress the unduly brusque and capricious and exasperating among his clients with the fact that they were dealing with a gentleman and an artist. He also put a good deal of "presence" into the rendering and the collecting of his accounts, there was no same disputing his charges than his taste.

He took equally, with his urbane imperturbability, the anxious carpings of Mrs. Floyd and the easy joking of her husband. Ann he quietly ignored, and Wainwright thanked him, for his sister-in-law's interest in the new house was becoming oppressively personal. As for Claudia, he always saw that she had, out of his sample cabinet, all the bits of tiling and scraps of marqueterie that she needed, and if she fancied a promenade among the boards and trestles of his drawing-room, her whim was gratified. Ogden and Jessie, who sometimes came too, he welcomed pleasantly—the guests of the present were the clients of the future. Ogden admired his beautiful manners and his white nest hair, one day he amusedly recalled Jessie's determination to make her husband's hair like it.

He looked at Atwater, who was explaining his preliminary sketches to the Floyds, and was trying to fix the general bearings of hall, stairway, and closets; his hair looked whiter still under the diffused glare from the skylight.

George turned to Jessie, with his hand on his own head, so smooth and shining brown.

"This is the hair you are to whiten," he said, and he lifted his eyebrows in a smile.

"I never saw such a boy," she murmured in a repressed ecstasy. "Do you remember *everything* I have said?" No one was looking, and she placed her own hand on his other temple.

"Wouldn't powder do?" he asked, lightly.

"Only for girls."

"Couldn't it be bleached?"

"Not and get that color."

"Must I suffer, then?"—with his hand still on his brow.

"I'm afraid that's the only way." She lowered his hand in her own, and gave it a tender pressure in its descent.

"Must it be lingering or something sharp and sudden?"

She pressed his hand again, and looked affectionately into his eyes. "Both, perhaps."

"Will it be fear or anxiety or shame?"

"Wait and see."

Atwater rolled up his sketches and threw them into a drawer. Then he went to his cabinet and took out a few small strips and squares of encaustic tiling in yellow and gray.

"And now I wonder if our little Colleen wouldn't like to take some of these home to play with?" He turned courteously to Mrs. Floyd, while his hand traveled out for a sheet of brown paper.

"They're not too—too heavy?" she asked, cautiously. "Not too easily broken?"

The child opened wide her brown eyes, in one of her sober little ecstasies. "Oh, please, mamma! Oh, have me have them—do?"

Ogden turned to Jessie, mutely asking her to share his appreciation of this. But she did not seem especially amused. He remembered, then, that to himself he had frequently called her treatment of Claudia "uneven." Sometimes the child entertained her, sometimes she annoyed her. Jessie seemed to regard her—and he felt now and then that she so regarded children generally—as a doll to be played with until weariness came, and then to be carelessly thrust away.

"Oh, let her have 'em," said Ann, with an air of authority.

"Very good of you, I'm sure," said Floyd to Atwater.

"Not at all. I'm sampled to death. There my child." He gave her a neat little package. "I'm sure they'll understand you when you get to Paris."

(To be continued.)

THE IOWA TORNADO.

The tornado which swept through a portion of northwestern Iowa on the evening of Thursday, July 6th, was the widest in extent, the most terrible in force, and altogether the most fatal of any storm known in the history of Iowa. The fatal storm at Grinnell in 1882 gave a record of not more than one third as many persons killed as this, and the Comanche storm in 1869 most resembles it in extent, although the loss of life was not as great.

The recent storm spent its greatest force at the little town of Pomeroy, having less than 1000 inhabitants, in the extreme northern portion of Calhoun County. Pomeroy is located in a flat and marshy region, although the centre of a fine farming country. It is on the direct line of the Illinois Central Railroad, and many trains pass through the place each day.

This appears to have been a true tornado, resembling the cyclone in everything except extent. There was plenty of opportunity to observe it, for it started in the sunny part of late afternoon, and its fury had been expended before the natural hour for darkness. In fact, there was plenty of opportunity to have photographed the traditional funnel-shaped cloud, or more than one of them, for there were undoubtedly sections or members of this storm, as observation has shown in all disturbances of a similar character in this part of the West. The tornado culminated first in the southeast quadrant of the storm area, or place of lowest barometric pressure, which appears to have embraced portions of Plymouth, Cherokee, Woodbury, and Ida counties. The first traces of the tornado are in the southeastern portion of Cherokee County, where houses and barns were razed, crops destroyed and stock and people killed. Thence the main tornado seems to have taken a course generally east, or almost following the Illinois Central Railway. It crossed Storm Lake, and at Pomeroy its greatest fury was exerted. It struck that peaceful village at 7.10 P.M., and in half an hour the town was almost literally swept from the face of the earth, at least two-thirds of it being entirely levelled, while most of the remaining buildings were more or less badly racked.

There had been indications of violent disturbance all the afternoon. The air was full of electricity, and the weather stations had sent out telegrams presaging severe local storms. Whether these warnings had any effect or not does not appear, but it was a fortunate thing for the people of Pomeroy who live to tell the tale that they were quite well provided with cellars and with "cyclone caves." The storm did not come so quickly that there was not time to seek places of safety, and it is a notable fact that nearly all those who were saved had taken refuge, while a number of those who were killed had ventured out, after once seeking safety, either to save life or property or through sheer recklessness.

The part of Pomeroy which was destroyed was the residence portion of the town and a majority of the people living there were at their homes at the time. Some of those killed lived in other places and were visiting at Pomeroy.

At this one town 44 were killed outright, 9 have since died, 109 are seriously injured and require surgical attendance, while hundreds more were hurt. The number known to have been killed and fatally injured at other places in the track of the storm will bring the death list up to about 75.

Those who saw the funnel-shaped cloud which struck Pomeroy say it varied in shape and appearance, sometimes looking like a balloon, and again like the trunk of an elephant, rolling and twisting, and having both a vertical and horizontal rotary motion. At times it lifted, and again it dipped down to the earth. It seemed to be possessed of some baleful intelligence for in the country it several times dipped down to where a farm house stood in the midst of a grove, destroying the house and leaving the grove intact. Horses, houses, wagons, cattle, trees, and agricultural implements were lifted up and hurled hundreds of yards through the air.

At Pomeroy in some cases whole families were killed, and in others one was taken and the others left. A mother was killed and the baby in her arms was entirely uninjured. A woman who left the cellar where she had taken refuge, to save a child which was seen dangerously near an open well, was caught up into the air and blown several hundred feet, and was finally deposited in a tangled heap of débris, comparatively uninjured.

There was a terrible scene just after the tornado had passed, Thursday night. The town was enveloped in total darkness. The survivors crawled from the wreckage or from their places of safety, and with a few flickering lanterns began to look for the wounded, whose agonizing cries sounded like the product of a battle field.

Vice President Dorrington, of the Illinois Central Railroad, happened to be within a few miles of Pomeroy in his special car, and all the accommodations of the railroad were placed at the disposal of the stricken town.

On Friday aid was sent from Fort Dodge Sioux City, and intermediate towns, and Governor Boies soon appeared on the scene, with Company G, Fourth Regiment I. N. G., which was immediately set to work on guard duty. Within two days fifty competent surgeons were procured and hospitals were improvised. Train loads of provisions and clothing were sent from Des Moines, Sioux City, and other places, with contributions of money aggregating more than $5000 already. All that is possible is being done for the comfort of the survivors and the succor of the injured, and the wreckage is being cleared away.

The damage to crops for an area several miles wide and one hundred miles long is complete. Of one thousand acres corn fields nothing is left but short stubble, as if cut with a machine. The devastation is terrible, but it is in the midst of a rich country, and the fortunate will help their suffering neighbors.

EDWIN H. BROWN, *Sioux City Times.*

THIS BUSY WORLD

MR. GEORGE KENNAN finds willing listeners in England to what he has to tell about Siberian horrors. A London paper says that he "has a strong and striking face with piercing dark eyes, and speaks with the cool precision and direct force of many Americans." The impression he gives in London is that he looks upon the struggle for freedom in Russia as long, perilous, and doubtful, but that the miseries of it may be checked in some degree by publicity.

Some one has died and left the "Lounger" of the *Critic* in sole possession of a story which he admits to be of such interest as to be a burden to his conscience because he is not at work writing it out.

Tell it, Lounger—tell it, by all means. If absolutely you have not time to turn it into literature, at least you can transmute it into type written "copy." There is very little excuse for not telling a story (if one has one to tell) in these days of stenography and machine writing. The trouble is rather that the facilities for composition tempt people into story telling who are destitute of real tales.

Which recalls a professor of literature who was lately asked what was the truth about contemporary verse, and whether or not it possessed real merit. His complaint was that it was not about anything, that it was just verse, and bore same such relation to authentic poetry as soda water does to cordials. It is an immense comfort to meet a man who professes, however modestly, to know something thoroughly. If one can warm an opinion out of him that tallies with a suspicion one had previously entertained, the resulting accretion of self respect is most grateful to the spirit. It does not quite make one feel that he knows something himself, but it helps him to believe that he might have learned if he had begun in time.

Another possibility of gratification that inheres to a professor who really does know something all through lies in his ability to expose the ignorance of people who assume to have deep knowledge of matters whereof in truth they only possess a smattering. A professor of anything in particular who knows his specialty can always tell you about people who write on his subject with all the assurance of authority, but with only a mere glamour of authoritative knowledge. Next in consoling qualities to the assumption that one might have known if one had tried is the assurance that the claims of some one who assumes to know are not well founded. To respect the learning which one lacks himself is creditable to one's good sense though costly to his self esteem, but to respect the learning that some one else pretends to and has not got is a gratification without any drawbacks.

Between the Italians who come to this country to dig ditches and build railroads and those who come to represent the Pope there seems to be a growing prospect of better acquaintance in these parts with the Italian character and abilities. They are far better worth knowing than the average American of the past generation has suspected. Archbishop Satolli has been a revelation all in himself of Italian discretion and lucidity, and laborers by thousands have pieced out the picture by their daily demonstration of Italian industry and physical strength. There is such a thing also as contemporary Italian wit. A French paper (of course) tells the story of how Count Herbert Bismarck, whose manners are notoriously brusque, crowded rudely against the shoulder of an Italian gentleman at a railroad station. "Who are you, insolent?" the gentleman demanded. "Herbert de Bismarck!" was the answer. "Ah!" replied Italian, avec un léger sourire, 'ça ne justifie peut être pas votre conduite, mais ça l'explique.'"

An interesting little row is reported from Bar Harbor. A crowded train from Boston, due there on Sunday morning, was held for two hours at Bangor, until the arrival from somewhere of the private car of "a well known railway official." The train usually stops at Bangor fifteen minutes for breakfast. By the time that that fifteen minutes had lengthened into an hour, and the hour had doubled itself, the feelings of the passengers had progressed through all the stages from irritation to passionate exasperation, and when the railroad magnate's car came in there was an incipient riot awaiting its occupant. On the delayed train were two or three millionaires and a number of people of legit consideration, from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, who saw not much used to awaiting other folks' convenience. They reached Bar Harbor pounding their hair and gnashing their teeth in the expression of a resolute purpose to see what authority the man in the private car had to confiscate two hours of their play time. What the end will be may depend somewhat on the soothing influences of the Bar Harbor atmosphere.

Having completed the chronicles of the line of Rougon-Macquart, M. Zola has been saying that he has already written too much, and that he wishes now that he could do some talking. He has much that he wishes to say. He desires to devote himself for the rest of his life to the defence of certain social theories, but he wants to do it not with his pen, but by word of mouth. But alas for M. Zola! He declares that he has not the speech making faculty. He finds that talking and writing exercise two different divisions of the mechanism of the head, and that the oratorical machinery in his head will not work. The gestures, the exaggeration of thoughts and words, the magnetism, that go into successful speechifying he has not got, and despairs of attaining.

He may console himself with the reflection that his experience is not novel. Speech making does not come by practice in writing books. There are men, like the late editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, who talk as well as they write, and do both with consummate skill, but it happens oftener the other way. The orator's tricks of speech are apt to be blemishes in his writing. The writer gets the habit of thinking with his pen, and finds himself when called upon to think without it too much like a cripple deprived of his crutch.

But let M. Zola comfort himself. In these times, as between oratory and literature, he has chosen the better part. He will return to his desk presently and defend the social ideas of his choice in the way he knows best. If he yearns uncontrollably to speak, he can begin by lecturing, which is a thing between writing and oratory, and perhaps after a while he will learn oratory itself.

The London *Times* finds in Mr. Henry James one compensating advantage of the discovery of Europe by the Americans. The *Times* is very kind to Mr. James. It cites his latest book of essays "an admirable illustration of the blending of the finest European culture with native American genius." It speaks further of his possession of "an advantage which a cultivated American often enjoys as compared with an equally cultivated Englishman, in that he sees the whole culture of Europe in a common perspective, and assimilates all its elements indifferently." But Mr. James by this time must have achieved this advantageous point of view as to either side of the Atlantic. He has lived abroad long enough now to be of real use to help his old time countrymen to see themselves as the truly initiated see them. It is to be hoped that he will make a voyage to the New World again some time, and tell us about ourselves, and in particular determine whether we have grown since he knew us before, and if so in what respects. Mr. James's views of the civilization of Chicago, if founded on adequate personal inspection, would be of the highest interest, but whether any prospect of usefulness to his fellows would tempt him to make a personal inspection of Chicago that would be adequate is a question that may well give pause to the inquirer.

The managers of the New York Flower Mission desire that their friends among the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY should be reminded that the Flower Mission is as active in well doing this year as it has been in any of the twenty two years of its existence. Its rooms at 104 East Twentieth Street (basement) are open every Monday and Thursday, and from them is conducted the work the mission has long carried on of distributing flowers through missionaries and visitors to the sick in the hospitals, tenement houses, industrial schools, and asylums. The work of the mission is not limited by any distinctions of creed, and its flowers are personally distributed, with friendly words of greeting that are as cheering as the flowers themselves. The Mission asks for contributions of fresh flowers (fragrant ones if possible), and for small contributions of money to be spent for eggs, beef extract, and meat, to be sent in some cases with the flowers to the sick in tenement buildings. Contributions sent to the rooms of the Mission will be acknowledged by the secretary. The managers report that the contributions have fallen off in some degree because of the impression that the work of the Mission had been given up. They especially desire that this erroneous impression should be corrected.

E. S. MARTIN.

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A WHOLE FAMILY TAKEN OUT DEAD.

VIEW FROM THE WEST.

THE MORNING AFTER THE STORM.

CITY SCHOOL BUILDING.

GENERAL VIEW OF SECTION OF RUINED CITY.

REMAINS OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.

VIEW OF RUINS FROM THE SOUTHEAST.

WHERE A BARN ONCE STOOD.

THE RECENT CYCLONE AT POMEROY, IOWA.—[See Page 691.]
From Copyrighted Photographs by F. A. Garrison.

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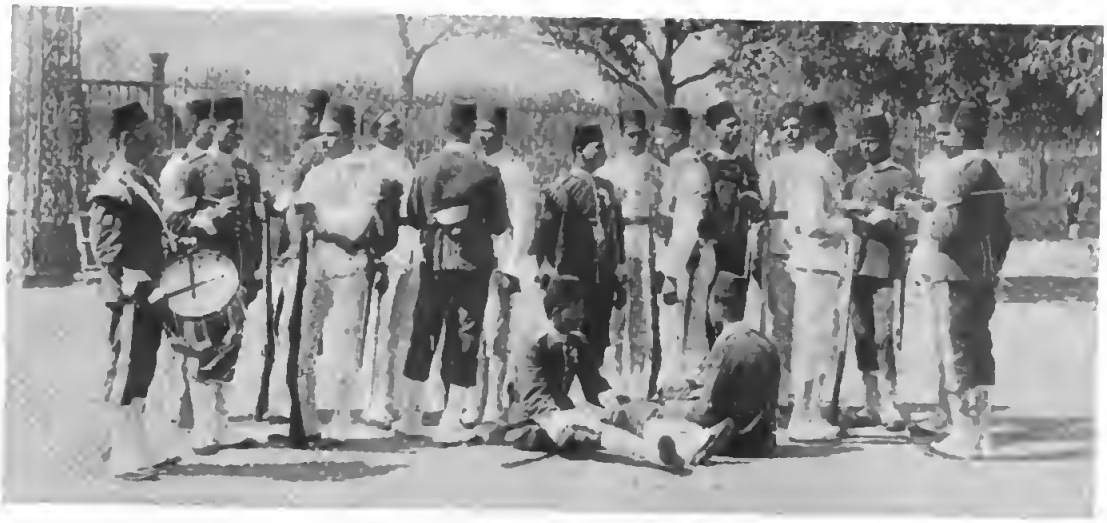
A GUN OF THE MULE BATTERY IN ACTION

AN EGYPTIAN LANCER.



EGYPTIAN INFANTRY IN THEIR DIFFERENT UNIFORMS.

THE GUN MULE OF THE MULE BATTERY.

A CAMEL CORPS PATROL AT WADI HALFA.

THE ENGLISHMEN IN EGYPT.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE "THE RULERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN," PAGE 694.]

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V.—THE ENGLISHMEN IN EGYPT.

WHEN the visitor to Cairo first grasps the extent of his own ignorance of Egypt, and appreciates that if he is to understand its monuments and the signs of past times about him he must study the history of the whole world for forty centuries, he is apt to retreat precipitately. Later, as a compromise, he proposes skipping thirty nine centuries and limiting his researches to the study of the political and social conditions of Egypt during the last ten years. And when he begins painfully on this he finds that all that has gone before, from Rameses II. to Mehemet Ali, is as simple as the line of Popes in comparison to the anomalies and intricacies of government that have arisen within the last decade. Yet the very intricacies of the subject give to this study a fascination entirely apart from its picturesqueness, and no matter what manner of man he may be, he cannot but find some side of the situation that appeals to him. If his mind be constituted like that of a ready reckoner he can revel in unravelling the intricacies of the Caisse and the Laws of Liquidation; if it is judicial, he can perhaps elucidate the powers of the Mixed Tribunal; if romantic, he has the career of Ismail the most magnificent of patriots and prodigals of monarchs, and if it turns towards adventure and the clash of arms, he can read of the heroic frantic ness of Fuzzy Wuzzy, the son of the Mahdi, of the futile mission of Gordon, of Stewart's march across the desert, and of the desperate valor of the fight at Abou Klea.

But it is the paradoxical nature of Egypt's present situation which gives it its chief interest, and which leads to it the peculiar fascination of a puzzle, or one of Oscar Wilde's whimsies. For, while Egypt is not free, as is Morocco, or under a protectorate, as is Tunis, she is still free and still protected. She is free to coin money, to maintain an army, and to make treaties, and yet she pays $6,000,000 a year tribute to Turkey as a part of the Ottoman Empire, and her army that she is allowed to maintain is officered by English soldiers, whom she is also allowed to maintain. She may not pay out the money she is allowed to coin without the consent of foreigners, she cannot punish the man who steals this money, be he Greek, English, or American, without the approval of these foreigners; and her official language is that of one foreign power, her ostensible protector is another, and her real protector is still another, whose commands are given under the irritating disguise of "advice."

Alfred Milner, the late under secretary for finance in Egypt, whose book on *England in Egypt* is the best book on the subject, though it reads like a novel, has put it in this way: "It is not given to mortal intelligence to understand at one blow the complexities of Turkish suzerainty and foreign treaty rights; to realize the various powers of interference and obstruction possessed by consuls and consuls-general, by commissioners of the public debt, and other mixed administrations, to distinguish English officers who are English from English officers who are Egyptian, foreign judges of the international courts from foreign judges of the native courts, to follow the writhings of the Egyptian government in its struggle to escape from the fine meshes of the capitulations, to appreciate precisely what laws that government can make with the consent of only six powers, and for what laws it requires the consent of no less than fourteen."

It seems rather unfair to saddle the responsibility for all of these burdens and for this remarkable condition of affairs, which is unequalled in history, upon the shoulders of one man, but one man is responsible for it directly and indirectly. He is still alive, a lounger on at the court of the Sultan of Turkey, he who was at one time the most picturesque monarch of the world. Ismail Pasha became Khedive a little before the time of the close of our civil war. Egypt had never been more prosperous than then—owing but $15,000,000 of money. In 1876, when Ismail was deposed and his son Tewfik Pasha put in place, he had increased the debt of Egypt to $445,000,000. Ismail was a typical Oriental ruler, he had the typical Oriental ruler's French veneer and education, a combination which has been found to produce most serious results. When an Oriental is left alone he is a barbarian, or he used to be, now, after he has been made the talk of Paris for nine days, and has been given a state dinner at Marlborough House, and a few stars for his coat, and called "consin," he goes home with no particular disgust for his former eccentricities of misgovernment, but with a quiver full of new tastes, desires, and ambitions, and thereafter plays his rôle of monarch with one eye on the grand stands of Europe. He wants their good opinion, but he wants to get it his own way—the old way. He begins to build railroads and hospitals, but he continues after his past custom, to draw the money for such improvements from licensed gambling houses or from the sale of opium. He has a French cook, but he retains the kurbash, he puts up telephones, but he does not give up the bowstring.

Ismail was the first Khedive who discovered that the easiest way to get money is to borrow it. He found that all one has to do is to sign a paper, and you get the money. It was very easy for Ismail to borrow money, because the credit of Egypt was good and sound in itself, and because foreigners who even at that time swarmed in Egypt, knew that the reputation of debts, while possible in a powerful or free government, was not to be feared from that country, so there began a reign of extravagance for which history has no parallel. If "money breeds money," it is also true that those who spend money freely are given more chances to do so than any one else. Adventurers, charlatans, rascals of every climate and every nationality, swarmed down upon Cairo, and fought with one another for a chance to glut themselves at the repast which this reckless profligate spread for all comers. No man probably was ever so basely cheated as was Ismail, or on so magnificent a scale. Nothing remains but ruins to show where the money spent on his own personal pleasure was bestowed. That other magnificent reprobate, William M. Tweed, left monuments like the Court House to commemorate his thefts of public money; but Ismail's palaces are falling in pieces, the rain has washed the paint off the boards, the tips of the crescents are broken, and great gardens filled with fountains and mosaic paths are choked with weeds and covered with fallen leaves and the dirt and dust of neglect and decay. You can walk over long marble floors which have sunk by their own weight through the rotten foundations, and see yourself at full length in blurred mirrors surrounded by the gilt borders and blue silken curtains of the Second Empire. Ismail ordered these palaces as men order hats, and threw them away as you toss an empty cartridge from a gun-barrel. And that was all the most of them ever were, empty cartridges, mere shells of wood painted to look like marble, and gilding and mirrors, as tasteless as the buildings at the Centennial Exposition, and lasting as long.

These extravagances and these eccentricities were all in keeping with our idea of what an Oriental despot should be, but it would be most unfair and ungenerous to give this side of Ismail's character only. He was a man of much mind and of large ideas, as well as a man with the tastes of a voluptuary, and the means, for a time, of a Count of Monte Cristo. It was he who built the harbor of Alexandria, and the railways and canals that others have completed were started under his régime. All of these things—railroads, palaces, canals, and grottos made of sand, cost money; and there were other expenses. Knights of industry and rascals of all degrees extorted vast fortunes from him in indemnities for supposed failures on his part to keep up with his agreements, and to stick to the letter of concessions. Some of these, like the payment of $15,000,000 to the Suez Canal Company, were just enough, but there was also an enormous sum given in backsheesh to Turkey to gain the consent of the Porte to a proposed change in the line of succession and the establishment of the rule of primogeniture. Up to that time the eldest male member of the ruling family had always succeeded to power, but Ismail obtained a firman from the Sultan allowing his son to follow him. The gratification of this natural vanity or love of family was not obtained for the asking and cost his people dear. They were already groaning under a multitude of taxes, the army was unpaid, the bureaucracy was rotten throughout; bribery and extortion, unfair taxation, and open seizure of the property of others had reduced the country almost to bankruptcy. Ismail in sixteen years had brought about a state of things that threatened utter ruin, to not only the native, but to the strangers within and without the gates. The strangers made the move for reform. I have told this attack of Ismail not because it is new or unfamiliar, but because it shows how, through his misrule, the foreign element was able to obtain a footing upon the shore of Egypt, which footing has now grown to a trampling under foot of what is native and properly Egyptian. This entering wedge was called the Dual Control, and France and England were appointed receivers for Egypt, just as we appoint receivers for a badly managed railroad, and Ismail was deposed, his son Tewfik taking his place.

But although this was the first important and most official recognition of the right of the stranger to dictate to Egypt, he had already obtained certain rights in Egypt through capitulations, or those privileges granted to the past in foreign residents in Turkey and its dependent state of Egypt. In the sixteenth century the foreigners who traded in these Oriental countries stood in actual need of protection from the natives. Because they were foreigners they were regarded with such lack of consideration that, in order to balance the disadvantages of having their throats destroyed and their throats cut, the Sultan gave them certain privileges—such as immunity from taxation, immunity from arrest, the inviolability of domicile, and the exemption from the jurisdiction of the local courts. These privileges were unimportant when the foreign element in Constantinople was so little and so weak that the position of the Chinaman in San Francisco in '49 was that of a powerful aristocracy in comparison; but the snake warmed at the hearth stone grew, and the Sultan's empire dwindled, and the privileges which were given to bribe the foreigner to come and to remain became a tax to Turkey and a curse to the weaker state of Egypt. The inviolability of domicile, for instance, is at this very day made use of by foreigners who are carrying on some wickedness or who have committed a crime for which they cannot be arrested by an Egyptian policeman unless he is accompanied by an official representative of the country to which the foreigner belongs. Let us suppose, for example, that the police of New York wished to raid a gambling house. This, I know, is asking a good deal of the reader's intelligence, but we will suppose it to be a gambling house which has not paid its assessment to the police regularly, and which should be given a lesson. All that the proprietor of the house would have to do, did capitulations extend in New York, would be to lease the house to an Italian or to take out papers of naturalization from the British government. You can imagine the chagrin of an officer of the law who, when he goes to make an arrest, is confronted with a German who says he is an Englishman, and whose domicile is accordingly sacred. This as you can imagine, would impede the wheels of justice. When I was in Cairo a Greek who had taken out papers as an American citizen flaunted this fact in the faces of the native police whenever they came to arrest him for keeping a gambling-house. They applied to our consul-general, Mr. E. C. Little, of Abilene, Kansas, who so far differed from the etiquette observed by some other consuls general in Cairo as to delay and not to warn the criminal. He sent his soldiers to be present at the arrest. The offender met this by bringing forth another American citizen of Greek parentage, to whom he claimed to have leased the house, and whose family were inside. Mr. Little, feeling that the American flag did not look well as a cloak for gambling houses, and being a young man who has assisted at county seat fights and who can pitch three curves, said that if the roulette tables were not out of the house in twenty four hours he would himself break them into kindling wood with an axe. This incident shows how the capitulations of the sixteenth century are acting as stumbling blocks to the Egyptian of to day, even when the consuls general are willing to assist the native government, which is seldom.

This is not all. The immunity from full taxation, now that the foreigners are among the richest inhabitants of Cairo, is most manifestly unjust, and though the mixed courts of an international judiciary have done away with trial of the foreign resident, or lack of trial, by the several consuls general, the abuses of the capitulations are still a grievous and most unjust imposition by the great powers, countries included, upon a weaker one. To return to the Dual Control and to the story of the growth of the foreigners' hold on Egypt. The Dual Control was unpopular, so was the foreigner and his capitulations, who, waxing fat on the weaknesses of the country after Ismail's debauchery of its strength, grew insolent—so insolent that the cry raised by a general in the Khedive's army of "Egypt for the Egyptians" was taken up, and found expression in the Arabist movement or rebellion. Its leader was Arabi Pasha. He wanted what the Know Nothing party of America wanted—his country for his countrymen. What else he wanted for himself does not matter here. He was, in the eyes of the Khedive, a rebel. In the eyes of some of the people he was the preserver of his country against the plague of the foreign invasion.

The trouble began at Alexandria, where the excited people attacked the foreign residents, killing some, and destroying valuable property. Men-of-war of the two powers represented in the Dual Control had already arrived to put down the rebellion. When the riot on shore was at its height, the English war-vessels bombarded the city. The bombarding of Alexandria was war, but it was not magnificent. There are certain things made to be bombarded—forts and ships of war—but cities are not built for that purpose or with that ultimate end in view. The English people, as a people, however, regret the bombardment of Alexandria as much as any one. The French war vessels, for their part, refused to join the bombardment, and so were requested by the English admiral to sail away and give the other half of the Dual Control a clear field. Different people give you different reasons for the departure of the French fleet at this crisis. Some say that M. Clemenceau, who hated M. Freycinet and his policy, possibly raised the cry of the German wolf on the frontier, and pointed out the danger at home if the army and navy were engaged otherwise than in protecting the border. Others say that, like the good one of the two robbers in the *Babes in the Wood*, one of the Dual Control drew the line at murder or at the bombardment of a country she was supposed to protect. Plundering the Egyptians was possible, but not bombarding their city. They stopped at that. The English followed up the bombardment of Alexandria by the battle of Tel el Kebir, which ended the rebellion. The Citadel of Cairo surrendered at their approach, and the Khedive's rule was again undisturbed. The English remained, however, to "restore order," and to see to the "organization of proper means for the maintenance of the Khedive's authority." They have been doing that now for ten years, and it is interesting to note that they have made so little progress that the last "disorder" in Cairo was due to the action of the British consul general himself in allowing the young Khedive just twenty-four hours in which to dismiss one of his cabinet. This can hardly be described as "maintaining the authority of the Khedive."

After the battle of Tel-el Kebir the English stood undoubtedly in the position of the saviors of the Khedive if not of Egypt. They had crushed the rebellion, and as they had sent their Only General and one of the royal family and many thousands of good men to do it, and as they had lost not only men, but money, they thought they deserved something in return. The something they have taken in return has been taken gradually, and is the control of Egypt at the present day. It is possible that had the English not lost many more man and much more money in the campaign in the Soudan, which followed immediately after the suppression of Arabi, they might not have gone so far as they have gone in settling themselves in Egypt. But there was a not unnatural feeling that the Soudan campaign, which had cost so much, and which was a failure in all but in showing the bravery of the British troops, ought to be paid for, or made up to the English in some way. I should like to go into the story of this most picturesque and heroic of campaigns, but it would require a book by itself. Its history is briefly this: The religious and military chieftain known as "the Mahdi," shortly after the defeat of Arabi, threatened all Egypt from the Soudan, which rose under his leadership. General Hicks, an Englishman, with ten thousand men, in the service of the Khedive, was sent against him. He was killed, and most of the troops with him. The English, who were at that time the only power in Egypt with authority of any sort back of it, and who were virtually in control, felt that they should take the responsibilities of their position as well as its benefits, and avenge the massacre, drive back the Mahdi's forces, and, if possible, crush him and them for all time. The campaign was later further complicated by the presence at Khartoum of Major General C. G. Gordon, who had gone there to lead back in safety the Egyptian troops still remaining in the Soudan. He was after his arrival in Khartoum, virtually a prisoner at that place, which is a mud city on the banks of the Nile far above the fifth cataract. The attempts to rescue him and to suppress the Mahdi were equally unsuccessful. This is, in a few words, the story of a campaign which has been unequalled within the last twenty years in picturesqueness, heroism, and dramatic surprises. It had been said that the old days of personal bravery, of hand to hand slaughter, and of the attack and defence of man against man, were at an end that owing to the new weapons of war, by which an enemy can be attacked when several miles distant from the attacking party, when the pressing of an electric button destroys an army corps, and when turning a handle will send three hundred bullets a minute into a mass of infantry, the necessity for personal courage was over. On the one hand were the naked supporters of the Mahdi, armed with their spears and knives and protected only by bull-hide shields, but actuated by a religious fanaticism that drove them exulting at their

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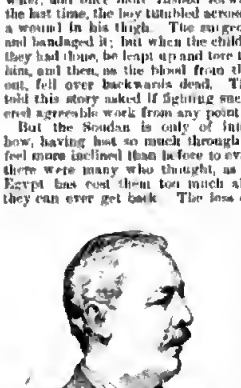
enemies, and a bit no fear of death, but with the belief that through it they would gain joyous and proud immortality. Against them were the British troops, outnumbered ten to one, with hundreds of miles of sandy desert before, behind, and on every side of them, cut off from communication with the outside world, in a country barren and unfamiliar, and attacked by tens of thousands, who came when they pleased and where they pleased, rising as swiftly as a sand storm rises, and disappearing again as suddenly into the desert.

When I was in Cairo I was told of one of the Mahdi's men who continually rushed at a British square during an engagement holding his shield clear of his body as he advanced to throw a spear, and then retreated again. This looked like the worst form of foolhardiness to the English, until they saw that he was protecting with his shield his little boy, who was hiding behind it, and that when the chance offered, this child, who could not have been more than seven, and who was as naked of protection as his father, would throw a spear of his own. The father was wounded four times, but each time the bullet struck him he only shook himself, as a dog shakes off water, and once more rushed forward. When he fell for the last time, the boy tumbled across him, unconscious from a wound in his thigh. The surgeons dressed this wound and bandaged it; but when the child came to and saw what they had done, he leapt up and tore the clothes from around him, and then, as the blood from the reopened wound ran out, fell over backwards dead. The English officer who told this story asked if fighting such men could be considered agreeable work from any point of view.

But the Soudan is only of interest here as showing how, having lost so much through it, the British did not feel more inclined than before to evacuate Egypt, although there were many who thought, as a few still think, that Egypt has cost them too much already, and more than they can ever get back. The loss of Gordon was perhaps the disaster of all the most keenly felt. How keenly is shown partly by the statue the English have placed to him in Trafalgar Square, surrounded by their kings and greatest generals. It shows him with one foot placed on the battlements of Khartoum, with his arms folded, and with the head thrown slightly forward, looking out, as he had done for so many weary months, for the relief that came too late. This monument is a reproach to those whose uncertainty of mind and purpose cost Gordon his life. It was doing a brave thing to put it up in a public place, being, as it is, a standing reminder of the neglect and half heartedness that lost a valuable life, and one that had been risked again and again for his country. It is not only a monument to General Gordon, but to the English people who have had the courage to admit in bronze and stone that they were wrong.



LORD CROMER,
The English Diplomatic Agent in Egypt.

For the last ten years the English have been as tardy in getting out of Egypt as they were in going after Gordon into the Soudan. They have repeatedly declared their intention of evacuating the country, not only in answer to questions in the House, but in answer to the inquiries of foreign powers. But they are still there. They have not been idle while there, and they have accomplished much good, and have brought benefits innumerable to Egypt. They have improved her systems of irrigation, upon which the prosperity of the land depends, have strengthened her army, have done away with the corvee, or tax paid on labor, and with the kurbash, or whip used in punishment, and, what is much the most wonderful, they have brought her out of ruin into such a condition of prosperity that she not only pays the interest on her enormous debt, but has a little left over for internal improvements. There has also been a marked change for the better in the condition of the courts of justice, and there has been an extension of a railroad all along the Nile.

But the English to-day not only want credit for having done all this, but they want credit for having done it unselfishly and without hope or thought of reward, and solely for the good of mankind and of Egypt in particular. They remind me of those of the G. A. R. who not only want pensions and medals but to be considered unselfish saviors of their country in her hour of need. There is no reason why a man should not be held in honor for risking his life for his country's sake and honors, if he wants them, should be heaped upon him, but not money too. He either served his country because he was loyal and brave, or because he wanted money in return for taking certain risks. Let him have either the honors or the money, but he should not be so greedy as to want both. England has made a very good thing out of Egypt, and she has not yet got all she will get, but she wants the world to forget that and look upon her as an unselfish and enlightened nation that is helping a less prosperous and less powerful nation to get upon her feet again. Of course it is none of our business (at least it is our policy to say so) whether England stalks forth like a roaring lion seeking whom she may devour all over the world. Americans travel chiefly upon the Continent, and unless they go into out-of-the-way corners of the world they have no idea how little there is left of it that has not been seized by the people of Great Britain. For my own part I find one grows a little tired of getting down and sailing forth and landing again always under the shadow of the British flag. If the United States should begin with Hawaii and continue to annex other people's property, we should find that almost all of the best corner lots and post office sites of the world have been already pre-empted. Senator Wolcott once said to Senator Quay: "I understand, Quay, you want the chairmanship of the Library Committee. You seem to want the earth, if you don't look out you will interfere with my plans."

If the United States should take away the little princess's island from her and continue to plunder weaker nations, she would find that England wants the earth too, and that she is in a fair way of getting it if some one does not stop her very soon. There are a number of good people in England who believe that for the last ten years their countrymen have spent their time and money in redeeming Egypt as a form of missionary work, and there are others quite as naïve who put the whole thing in a word by saying, "What would we do with our younger sons if it was not for Egypt?"

RIAZ PASHA,
Prime Minister of Egypt.

Three-fourths of the officers in the army of the Khedive are English boys, who rank as second lieutenants at home and as majors in Egypt. They are paid just twice what they are paid in the English army, and it is the Khedive who pays them and not the English. In this way England obtains three things: she is saved the cost of supporting that number of officers, she gets the benefit of their experience in Egypt, which is an excellent training school, at the expense of the Egyptians, and she at the same time controls the Egyptian army by these same officers, and guards her own interests at Egypt's cost. As if this were not enough, she plants an Army of Occupation upon the country, for which Egypt pays as well; that is, she makes the Khedive support the troops who menace his authority. This is like making the prisoners in a jail subscribe toward paying the salary of the warders and the guards. The irrigation of Egypt has of late been carried on by Englishmen entirely and paid for by Egypt, her railroads are built by the English, her big contracts are given out to English firms and to English manufacturers; and the railroad which has just been built to Kosseir on the Red Sea may have been built in Egypt's interest to carry wheat, or it may have been planned to carry troops to the Red Sea in the event of the seizure of the Suez Canal or of any other impediment to the shortest route to India. We may not believe that the Egyptians are capable of governing themselves, we may believe that it is written that others than themselves shall always rule them and their country, but we must prefer that whoever do this should declare themselves openly, and act as conquerors who come and remain as conquerors, and not as "advisers" and restorers of order. Napoleon came to Cairo with flags flying and drums beating openly as an enemy; he did not come in the disguise of a missionary or an irrigation expert. And there is always the question whether if left alone the Egyptians of the present day could not govern themselves. Those of the Egyptians I met who were in authority are not men who are likely to return to the debauchery and misrule of Ismail. They would be big men in any country, they are cultivated, educated gentlemen, who have served in different courts or on many important diplomatic missions, and whose tastes and ambitions are as creditable and as broad as are those of their English contemporaries.

The two most prominent advisers of the Khedive at present are his Prime Minister, Riaz Pasha, and his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Tigrane Pasha. The first of these is a Turk, the second an Armenian and a Christian. It is told of Riaz that he was brought to Egypt when a boy as a slave. A man who can rise from such a beginning to be Prime Minister must have something in him. He showed his spirit and his desire for his country's good in the time of Ismail, whose extravagances both he and Nubar Pasha strenuously opposed, and his aid to the English in establishing Egyptian finance on a firmer footing was ready and invaluable. He has held almost every position in the cabinet of Egypt, and is not too old a man to learn new methods, and if left alone is experienced and accomplished enough as a statesman to manage for himself.

Tigrane Pasha struck me as being more of a diplomat than a statesman, but he showed his strength by the fact that he understood the weak points of the Egyptians as well as their virtues. It is not the enthusiast who believes that all in his country is perfect who is the best patriot. To say that such a man as this—a man who has a better knowledge of many different governments than half of the English cabinet have of their own, and who wishes the best for his Khedive and his country—needs the advice or support of an English resident minister, is as absurd as to say that the French cabinet should govern themselves by the manifestoes of the Comte de Paris. These men are not barbarians nor despots; they have not gained their place in the world by favor or inheritance. Their homes are as rich in treasures of art and history and literature as are the homes of Lord Rosebery or Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and if they care for their country and the authority of their Khedive, it is certainly hard that they may not have the right of serving both undisturbed.

The Khedive himself has been very generally represented through the English press as a "sulky boy" who does not know what is best for him. It is just as easy to describe him as a plucky boy who wishes to govern his own country and his own people in his own way. And not only is he not allowed to do this, but he is treated with a lack of consideration by his protectors which adds insult to injury, and makes him appear as having less authority than is really his. He might very well say to Lord Cromer, "It was all very well to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me down stairs?"

TIGRANE PASHA,
Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Sir Evelyn Baring, now Lord Cromer, and the ruling figure in Egypt, has served his country as faithfully and as successfully as any man in her debt to-day. He has been in Egypt from the beginning of these ten years, and he has been given almost unlimited power and authority by his own country, of which his nominal position of Consul-General and Diplomatic Agent is no criterion. He is a typical Englishman in appearance, broad-shouldered and big all over, with a smooth-shaven face, and the look of having just come fresh from a bath. In conversation he thinks much more of what he has to say than of how he says it, by that I mean that he is direct, and even abrupt; the Egyptians found him most unpleasantly so. But were he more tactful, he would probably have been better liked personally, but would not have succeeded in doing what he has done so well.

I do not like what he has done, but I want to be fair in showing that for the work he was sent to do he is probably the best man England could have selected. A man less self-reliant might have feared to compromise himself with home authorities, and would have temporized and lost where Lord Cromer bullied and browbeat and won. He is a very remarkable man. He reads Homer for a half hour every day after breakfast, and plays tennis in the afternoon. When he is in his own study, with a pipe in his mouth, he can talk more interestingly and with more exact knowledge of Egypt than any man in the world, and your admiration for him is unbounded. In the rooms of the legation, on the contrary, or, again, when advising a minister of the Khedive or the Khedive himself, he can be as intensely disagreeable in his manner and as powerfully aggressive as a polar bear. During the last so-called "crisis" he gave the Khedive twenty-four hours in which to dismiss his Prime Minister. He did this on his own authority, knowing or trusting that the home government would support him. He then called with one hand to Malta for troops and with the other stopped the Black Watch at Aden on their way to India, and called them back to Cairo, after which he went out in full sight of the public and hanged a mule bells about until sunset. A man who can call out "forty, love!" "forty, fifteen!" in a calm voice two hours after sending an ultimatum to a Khedive and disarranging the movements of 6000 of her Majesty's troops will get what he wants in the end, and a boy of eighteen is hardly a fair match for him. As I have said, the English press have misrepresented the young Khedive in many ways. He is in the first place much older both in appearance and manner and thought than his age would suggest, and if he is sulky to Englishmen it is not to be wondered at. They could hardly expect his Highness to regard them as seriously as his friends as they regard themselves. The Khedive gave me a private audience at the Abdine Palace while I was in Cairo, and from what he said then and from what others who are close to him told me of him, I got a very different idea of his personality than I had received from the English.

He struck me as being distinctly obstinate—a characteristic which is so marked in our President that it can only be considered one of the qualifications for success, and is probably the quality in the Khedive which the English describe as sulkiness. What I liked about him most was his pride in his army and in the Egyptian people as Egyptians. It is always well that a ruler should be so enthusiastic over what is his own that he shows it even to the casual stranger, for if he exhibits it to him, how much more will he show it to his people! The Khedive has gentle tastes, and is said to find his amusement in his garden and among flowers and on the farm lands of his estates, he speaks several languages very well and dresses and looks—except for the fez and his attendants—like any other young man of twenty three or twenty four in Paris or New York. His ministers who know him best describe him as having a high spirit, and one that, as he grows older and will be guided by greater experience, will lead him in firmer authority for his own good and for the good of his people.

One remark of the Khedive's which is of interest to Americans was to the effect that the officers in his army who had been trained by Stone Bey, and those other American officers who entered the Egyptian army after the end of our civil war, were, in his opinion the best-trained men in their particular department in his army. This is the topographical work, and the making of maps and drawings, but those Americans who are in charge of Egyptian troops on the frontier are also well esteemed. It is the English, however, who have made the fighting part of the army what it is. Before they came the troops were unpaid, and badly treated by their officers, but now the infantry and the camel corps and artillery have no trouble in getting recruits.

ABBAS II.,
Khedive of Egypt.

The Egyptian is not a natural fighter, as is the Soudanese, who fights for love of it, but he has shown lately that when properly officered and trained and well treated, he can defend a position or attack boldly if led boldly. I suggested to the Khedive that he should borrow some of our officers, those who have succeeded so well with the negroes of the Ninth Cavalry and with the Indians, for it seemed to me that this would be of benefit to both the officers and the Egyptian soldier. It was this suggestion that called forth the Khedive's admiration for the American officers of his army, but, as a matter of fact, the English would never allow officers of any other nationality than their own to control even a company of the Egyptian army. They cannot turn out those for engineers who are already in, but they can dictate as to who shall come hereafter, and they fill all the good billets with their own people, and if there is one thing an Englishman apparently holds above all else, it is a "good billet." I know a good many English officers who would rather be stationed where there was a chance of their taking part in what they call a "show," and what we would grandly call a "battle," than dwell at ease on the staff of General Wolseley himself, but, on the other hand, if I were to give a list of all the subalterns who have applied to me for "good billets in America," where they seem to think fortunes grow on hedges, half the regimental colors from London to Malta would fade with shame. And Egypt is full of "good billets." It is true the English have made them good, and they were not worth much before the English restored order, but because you have humanely stopped a runaway coach from going over a precipice, that is no reason why you should take possession of it and fill it both inside and out with your own friends and relations. That is what England has done with the Egyptian coach which Ismail drove to the brink of bankruptcy. It is true the Khedive still sits on the box and holds the reins, but Lord Cromer sits beside him and holds the whip.

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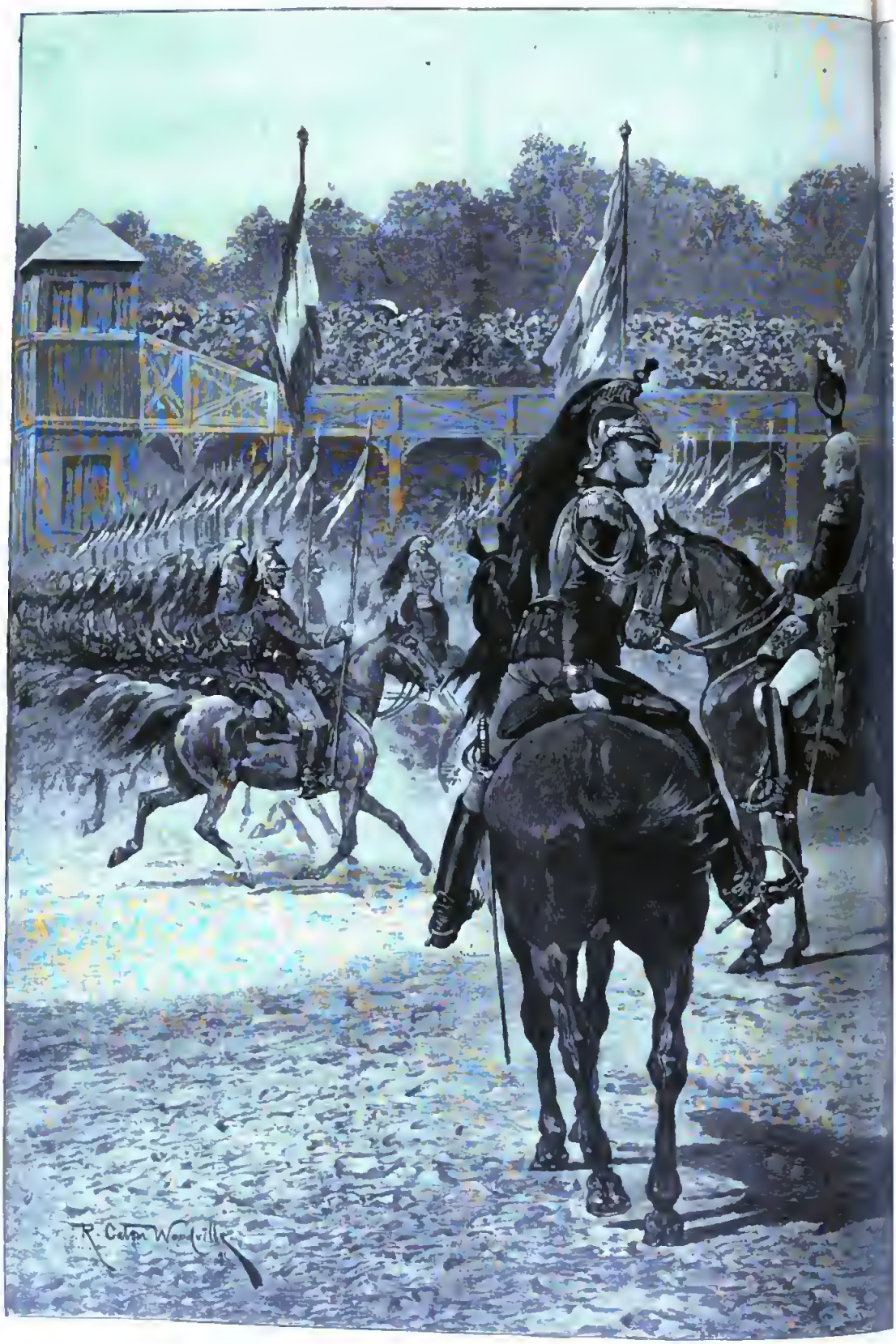

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE FALL OF THE BASTILE—REVIEWING T

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NCH TROOPS AT LONGCHAMPS.—Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.—[See Page 703.]

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A SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.

BY HORACE WHITE.

TWO head lines in juxtaposition in a morning newspaper attracted my notice the other day, viz.:

"Congressman Epes Wants a Substitute for Silver."

"How to Keep Out Cholera."

Why, I thought, should not these lines be transposed as follows.

CONGRESSMAN EPES WANTS A SUBSTITUTE FOR CHOLERA.

HOW TO KEEP OUT SILVER.

This put me upon the inquiry, Why do so many people who agree that the Sherman law ought to be repealed say that we must have something else in place of it? The wants of Brother Jonathan as regards money are the same in kind as the wants of John Bull. The latter is supposed to know a thing or two about money. Especially does he know where to get money when he finds himself running short of it. He asks Brother Jonathan or some of his other acquaintances to send him some of theirs. Then if they want money less than he does they send it. If they want it more than he does they keep it, or even make him send them some of his own. How do we know which of them wants it most? By observing which of them will pay most for it. The country that offers the highest rate of interest (coupled with equal security for the principal) will get the money, and *all* the money that it wants.

When the inquiry is put to me, What shall we have in place of the Sherman law? I reply: What does England have in place of the Sherman law? What does Europe in general have in place of the Sherman law? What does our nearest neighbor, Canada, have in place of the Sherman law? What did we have in place of the Sherman and the Allison laws before Congress bestowed those boons upon us? Is it not possible that getting rid of the Sherman law is itself the boon, and that asking a substitute for it is like asking a substitute for the cholera? As thus, "If you take the cholera from us, do at least give us the small-pox."

Now I am not indifferent to a good banking system. Such a system is indispensable to us, and will surely come after a few existing hallucinations pass away. But what I want to make clear now is that the demand for something to take the place of the Sherman law is based upon the idea that there is no such thing as gold in the world, or that if there is such a thing it is "not for the likes of us." It may be affirmed without the fear of contradiction that this is the only thing in the world that is too good for us, and the only thing that we cannot have if we want it. The spices of India, the silks of China, the diamonds of South Africa, the champagne of France, the glass of Bohemia, all these things we can have and do have in abundance; but gold, of which we are the largest single producer in the world, is much too precious for our use. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Austrians, Turks, anybody may have it, but not Americans. So we take it out of our Treasury at the rate of forty to fifty million dollars per year, and buy silver bullion with it in order to get a poorer kind of money—a kind poor enough for us. We cast a mournful look at our gold as it goes abroad, but it never occurs to us that it is a suitable thing to be used as money *by us*. If anybody whose memory goes back to the ante bellum period makes a suggestion that gold is a good kind of money, the answer comes straightway that there is not enough of it to do the business of the world. This is generally taken as a knock down argument. Logically, however, it implies that *if* there is not enough gold to do the business of the world, Brother Jonathan will resign his share to John Bull, or the Great Mogul, or anybody between, so that the Armenian wheat buyer in the centre of Asia Minor may have a plentiful supply of napoleons to distribute among the buffalo drivers of that country, or, as Thomas H. Benton said half a century ago, so that the free negroes of San Domingo may have a plentiful supply of a metal that the yeomanry of America have been deprived of.

Now what does England do without a Sherman law? In Heaven's name, what is her substitute for that? She has, in the first place, £15,500,000 of Bank of England notes issued against public securities; none of them, however, smaller than £5. It follows that everything in circulation smaller than £5 is gold and silver. The smallest gold piece is ten shillings, and the largest silver piece is five shillings. If commerce requires any more Bank notes of the denomination of £5 and upwards than the aforesaid £15,500,000, commerce can have them by paying gold at the bank at par for them. The Bank is required to give its notes for gold on these terms to any extent. It need not be British gold. It may be any gold that ever was mined. It may be hyzants of the days of the Crusaders, or old Spanish doubloons, or a nugget just found in Montana. The Bank must take it at the rate of £3 17s. 10½d. per ounce of standard fineness and give its notes therefor, which notes are legal tender in the United Kingdom. This is obviously a contrivance for saving labor and time in handling, transporting, counting, or weighing gold. The gold is the real thing that thus gets into circulation.

I am not saying that this is a perfect monetary system. In fact, I do not consider it the best possible system even for England. I think that the Bank of France rests upon a more scientific basis. But the only point under consideration now is this: What is England's substitute for the Sherman law? We see that she makes shift to get along without buying 4,500,000 ounces of silver per month, and building vaults to hold it, and issuing legal-tender notes for it. How does she manage it? The answer is that she dips her hand into the world's gold reservoir, takes out what she needs, and goes about her business. Very remarkable, isn't it? England pays for the gold that she takes out of the reservoir, but we pay for the silver that we take out of the other reservoir. So the only difference is that we get silver and she gets gold. Anybody can see what her substitute for the Sherman law is. It does not require any great stretch of the imagination to infer that we might have a similar one if we wanted it.

In fact, our present laws would bring about this kind of a substitute if the Sherman law were simply repealed. Anybody who takes gold to the Treasury can get gold certificates to any amount in denominations of $20 or upwards, corresponding substantially to Bank of England notes issued against deposited gold. It is needless to say that gold eagles, half eagles, and quarter eagles would circulate in this country in the same way that sovereigns and half-sovereigns circulate in England, if the people wanted them. We are accustomed to the use of small notes, and we prefer them. It is needless to say that the government can issue small gold certificates as easily as small silver certificates or small greenbacks. The provision of the law which requires the Secretary of the Treasury to suspend the issue of gold certificates whenever the greenback reserve falls below $100,000,000 is a technical matter, and does not affect the principles under discussion.

This is another instance, of which history has so many examples, where the only thing needed is the repeal of a bad law. The only substitute required for the Sherman law is an influx of gold, and this will surely come when that law is repealed—will come to whatever extent more money is needed. This substitute for the Sherman law is perhaps too simple to be accepted by the "friends of silver," but it looks now as though they would have to try the experiment. Let them make a virtue of necessity and cultivate the friendship of gold for a short time. I predict that they will have more money in their pockets at the end of a twelvemonth, and what they have will be more generally current.

The "friends of silver" ought, by good rights, to take the silver bullion that has been accumulated in the Treasury under the Sherman law at the price the government has paid for it, but of course they cannot do this. The nation will have to bear that loss as best it can. To sell that silver, or any part of it, now or soon, would utterly smash the market. The disposition to be made of this metal will be one of the problems of the future, and will be all the more vexing as it will be complicated with the interests of our own silver miners. Let us hope that we have heard the last of attempts, either national or international, to "sustain silver." All the attempts heretofore made have led to the production of larger supplies. It would be very strange if the production of a metal so widely distributed over the earth's crust should not keep up with the artificial demand created for it. And we may fairly ask why the government should sustain silver any more than turnips, or type-metal, or Babbitt metal.

How did the country ever get in the frame of mind which made these successive silver laws possible? Neither our own country aforetime, nor any other country at any time, has ever done such a thing as to buy a money metal on a great scale and turn it into legal-tender coin. How did it happen that the universal Yankee nation came to be so befogged and befooled? The answer, as I think, is this. In matters financial, as in most sublunary affairs, the effect of to-day becomes the cause of to-morrow. The war caused the greenback and the legal tender act, and these led people to believe that the government could make money. It was a great convenience to have plenty of money. If the government can make money, why should it not make money plenty? It came near to being an accepted doctrine a few years after the war that the government ought to increase the greenback issues, ostensibly to pay off the bonded debt, but really to make money plenty by means of cheap dollars. Only those who were in the thick of that fight know how near the inflationists came to winning it. But the absurdity of trying to enrich the nation by filling its belly with the east wind was too apparent. Inflation was killed in 1875, but there was stalking behind the greenback another cheap dollar, against which the same arguments could not be made effective. Silver, which had been too high in price to circulate on the ratio of 16 since that ratio was adopted by us in 1834, had fallen about ten per cent. This was better than nothing to the beaten inflationists. They looked at the law, and found that the silver dollar, the only legal tender coin of that metal, had been abolished by an act of Congress passed in 1873, and that those of them who were members of Congress at that time had voted for it. So they said that they had been tricked and deceived, that this act of 1873 was a conspiracy against the debtor class, that it was passed secretly, that it had its beginning in England, and that a man named Ernest Seyd was sent over to this country with a corruption fund in his pocket to bribe Congressmen to vote for this measure. (Seyd, it should be remarked, was a stout bimetallist all his life, wrote a book in favor of bimetallism, and was eulogized as a champion of that cause in the Paris Conference of 1881.) These and similar untruths were accepted and believed by those who wanted the government to make money plentiful, but who had been beaten on that issue in 1875.

Believing these things honestly they determined to "undo the wrong." Many people who had no particular interest to be served by inflation really thought that a wrong had been done. Some of them thought that the wrong had been done to silver itself. They personified it and proclaimed their intention to avenge it. Avenging the wrongs of corn bread on people who do not like it would be quite as rational. As the battle became hot other queer notions advanced to the front and became part of the arsenal of the strife. It was said that gold was aristocratic, while silver was the poor man's money. Of course we all sympathize with the poor man, with his horse, his ox, and his dog. Why not with his money? It was not remembered that when we sympathize with the poor man we desire that he shall have a better horse, ox, and dog, and that logically we ought to wish him a better money.

All these crudities and oddities were carried into the political arena in 1876. Dominant over all was the idea that whatever wrongs had been done, whatever evils existed, they could be cured by voting. A Congress was elected which was to do something for or about silver, but what it should do was not settled in the minds of those who had so voted. The House passed the Bland bill remonetizing silver; the Senate substituted the Allison bill providing for government purchase and coinage. The latter was supported on the ground that the Bland bill would give an undue advantage to bullion brokers and speculators, while the Allison bill would save all this for the government. This was true, but it was not the whole truth. It satisfied the craving for "more money" which the greenbacks had whetted, but it did not provide any more, since every silver dollar cost a gold dollar. The government, indeed, made a nominal profit equal to the difference between silver and gold on the ratio of 16 to 1, but no citizen could get or ever did get a silver dollar for less value than a gold dollar.

After the Allison bill was passed the "friends of silver" settled down to the quiet and joyful contemplation of two million new dollars dropping from the Mint every month, not observing that this institution consumed two million gold dollars, or thereabouts, *pari passu*. Here were two operations going on side by side. The Mint, regarded as a manufacturing establishment, was buying bullion and selling coins, crediting itself with the difference between the raw material and the finished product. This was one operation. The other consisted of a people who needed a certain number of instruments of exchange called dollars for the transaction of their daily business. These instruments they paid for with their labor and their property at the rate of 100 cents per dollar. Obviously they could have whichever metal they preferred. Gold value will always bring gold, *ex vi termini*. But the silver dollars would not circulate abroad, while the gold ones would. So the gold ones went abroad, or (which is the same thing) staid abroad, whereas they would have come here to meet a demand for instruments of exchange which must be satisfied. This is the other operation. Taken together, anybody can see that the Allison bill did not make money more plentiful, although it seemed to do so.

In no wise different, as regards this matter, was the Sherman law, as it is commonly called, which was substituted for the Allison law in July, 1890. The latter provided for an increase in the government's purchases of silver. The intention was to double the purchases, and to require from the silver men in return the concession that the government should redeem its silver issues, of all kinds, in gold. This arrangement was carried out. The point we are considering now relates to the supply of money. The operation was identical with the operation under the Allison law. It made not the least difference whether the bullion that the government bought was coined and stored and certificates issued for the coins, or whether the bullion was stored in bulk and notes issued for a sum corresponding with its cost. In neither case could the amount of money in the country be thus increased, because each silver dollar takes the place of a gold one in the manner above described.

It is possible, however, that the amount of money in the country may be lessened by the process, and this is what I think has taken place. A large part of the floating capital in the country belongs to foreigners, who have placed it here for the sake of a higher rate of interest than they can get at home. They can withdraw this money when they choose to do so. They will surely do so if they think that the country is on the eve of a change in the standard of value by which they may lose a part of the principal. Thus it may happen, and does happen, that money is a drug in London, while in New York and all over the United States it is terribly scarce. As I write these lines (July 10th) I read in the cablegrams from London that "the rate of discount in the open market for three months bills is 1½ to 1¾ per cent." Also that "short-time money is unlendable in Lombard Street." In Wall Street, on the other hand, we read: "The demand for money is large and urgent, as merchants have reduced their indebtedness to a point where business must be curtailed or loans obtained. Rates are high, but to obtain good-sized amounts they would be willing to accede to them. Nominal quotations are 8 to 12 per cent." Why does not some of this unlendable Lombard Street money come to Wall Street to participate in the "nominal" 8 to 12 per cent. loans which are here obtainable? "Nominal" means, in this case, that the borrowers who are accommodated at all are accommodated at that rate, but that there is a still larger number who are not accommodated on any terms.

I conclude this article by saying that the right "substitute for silver" that so many people in and out of Congress are looking for is gold. This reminds me, as Mr. Lincoln used to say, of a little story, and it is one out of a hundred thousand or so that I heard Mr. Lincoln himself tell. A certain man who had been in poor health for a number of years went to consult a celebrated physician. The doctor questioned him a long time about his symptoms and his habits of life and finally advised him to get a large tub of tepid water and a pound of soap and a flesh brush; to take off all his clothing, get into the water, lather himself from head to foot with the soap, and then apply the brush vigorously to his cuticle, agitating himself in the water meanwhile. "Is not that very much like washing one's self?" asked the patient. "Yes," replied the doctor, "it is open to that objection." If anybody objects to my substitute for silver on account of its simplicity, I acknowledge that it is open to that objection.

MR. JUSTICE BLATCHFORD.

BY JOSEPH H CHOATE.

THE death of a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States is necessarily at all times an event of national interest. The character and personal weight of the individual judges who constitute that Court are in each instance a matter of vast importance to the whole country, for it has not only to deal with the gravest questions of law and momentous property interests, but in construing and maintaining the written Constitution of the United States, and in moulding and adapting its principles to the ever-changing conditions and the rapid growth of the country, it performs a unique judicial function which no other court in the world has ever been called upon to discharge. That it has proved wholly adequate to the performance of this great duty is manifest from the success of the experiment by which a Constitution made for the thirteen little Atlantic States with their three millions of people has grown by construction with the growth of the nation, until now, after a century's trial, it exactly satisfies the common needs of the forty-four States with their seventy millions of inhabitants, occupying the whole breadth of the continent. The jurists and statesmen of other nations have studied with equal wonder and admiration this remarkable result, which has been due not more to the foresight of the framers of the Constitution than to the wisdom and common sense of the judges who have administered it.

Judge Blatchford, in his ten years of service in the Court, has borne his full share of its great labors and duties, and leaves a name and a record deservedly high upon the roll of its associate members. His whole judicial career of more than a quarter of a century upon the Federal bench has been one of patient and laborious study and self-discipline. His acquired experience and learning were of immense value to the business of the Court, so that down to the close of the last term in which he sat he was one of its most useful members, and was in each year of his progress a better judge than he had been before. Up to the time of his appointment by President Arthur the tradition and general practice had been rather in favor of selecting men fresh from the bar—among its prominent leaders, or judges already distinguished in the State courts—for vacancies in the Supreme Court, but the departure in his case was a wise one, giving the nation in its great court of last resort the benefit of long experience acquired in its inferior courts. It has since been followed in other cases with great success, and may well be encouraged as the general rule.

Although Justice Blatchford was of recent English descent, his grandfather, who was a dissenting minister in England, having emigrated to this country in the latter part of the last century, his father, Richard M. Blatchford, who himself became a successful and prominent lawyer and a public-spirited citizen of conspicuous position, was born and bred in Connecticut, the land of steady habits, and seems to have transmitted to his distinguished son those habits of industry, frugality, and upright conduct which went in the making of successful and useful men in New England in those days. No yeoman on the banks of the Connecticut ever followed his plough with more untiring patience than did Judge Blatchford labor with his pen and his brain from early manhood down to the day when for the last time he put off his judicial robe. He was born in New York on March 9, 1820, and had the good fortune to prepare for college under Dr. Charles Anthon—still remembered in New York as a great scholar and a wise teacher, a rare combination anywhere or at any time. He entered Columbia College at the age of thirteen—a signal proof of a well spent boyhood not largely wasted in unnecessary vacations—and there he graduated in 1837.

Before attaining his majority he became intimately associated with Governor William H. Seward as his private secretary, and so continued until he came of age in 1841, and having been admitted to the bar in the following year, he commenced the practice of the profession in New York with his father, who, among other large employments, was counsel of the Bank of England in the United States—a connection continued to this day in the office which he founded. In 1843, however, after Governor Seward's term had expired, and he had resumed the practice of the law at Auburn, he invited Mr. Blatchford to join him there. They practised as partners until 1854, when Mr. Seward's absorption in public life practically terminated his professional labors. This long continued intimacy and daily contact with so great a man as Governor Seward afforded the young lawyer rare opportunities for growth and development—as such contact always does, but are not always improved as he improved them, for when in 1854 he returned to New York and took up again the threads that he had dropped in his father's office, establishing on its foundation with Clarence A. Seward the firm of Blatchford, Seward & Griswold, he came as a thoroughly equipped lawyer, highly competent for every branch of professional service, and already familiar with the principles of public and international law. On May 3, 1867, he was appointed United States District Judge for the Southern District of New York, in place of Judge Samuel R. Betts. Judge Betts had been a great admiralty judge in his day, but had become superannuated, and it severely taxed his powers to deal with the great questions of prize and of public law, of vast importance to the community, which flooded the Federal courts, and especially his court, in the years of the war and of reconstruction. It was hardly a well kept secret that for some years he had received most able assistance from Mr. Blatchford, so that when his resignation and the appointment of Mr. Blatchford in his place were announced, the advent of so well equipped a judge to a place of such transcendent importance was received with great satisfaction, both by the profession and the community. He fully met the public expectation and but for his unfailing industry and vigor the court would have been swamped by the vast pressure of business which was thrust upon it in the five years of his incumbency. The passage of the Bankrupt Act, with all the new questions of principle and of practice which it involved, threw upon the District Judge in New York a volume of business which for a long while was sufficient to occupy the entire time of a single judge, and the other business of the Federal courts grew apace in all directions, but he devoted day and night to hard work, and was able to cope with it as few other men could have done. He at once took a front rank among admiralty judges, and in that interesting branch of jurisprudence he has always been recognized as a leading authority. In 1872, upon the death of Alexander S. Johnson, one of the wisest and most honest judges that ever sat upon the bench, he was promoted to the office of United States Circuit Judge of the Second Circuit, and here for ten years more he grappled alone and unaided with an ever increasing mass of business which tasked even his great power of labor to the utmost. It was here that he attained to great distinction in patent cases and settled the law and fact as to many intricate and complicated inventions that came before him. It is generally supposed that the chief function of the court in patent causes consists in the solution of subtle and technical questions in the arts and mechanics, but, after all, common sense is the great solvent of most of them, as the perusal of the opinions in such cases will show, and in this leading and essential quality Judge Blatchford never failed. It was well for the community that he was a man of some wealth, and was willing and able to serve it for fifteen years on the Federal bench in New York with the inadequate compensation which the niggardly policy of Congress doled out to its district and circuit judges, but he could not have been more faithful and diligent if he had been in the annual receipt of the crowning pecuniary rewards of the leaders of the bar. His patience was inexhaustible, and he well withstood the temptations of the exercise of almost uncontrolled power in the court of which he was the sole judge. The annoyances and the undue pressure of business to which he was always exposed were sufficient sometimes to put to the test his calmness and self-restraint, but the good will of the members of the bar and the general esteem of the community followed him to Washington when President Arthur in 1882 appointed him to succeed Judge Ward Hunt—with that general approbation of the country which ought always to be required for an appointment to the Supreme Court.

The transfer from presiding over the hand-to-hand conflicts at the bar in the district and circuit courts to the serene atmosphere and calm repose of that dignified tribunal must have been most grateful and welcome to Judge Blatchford after his fifteen years of arduous service. He had attained the summit of his ambition, and devoted his remaining years with the same unsparing industry to the discharge of the exalted and responsible duties of his office. Although he was always an ardent Republican, politics never touched or touched him on the bench, but, as was quite inevitable in one of his decided Federal, Whig, and Republican predilections, he concurred in all those great decisions of the Court rendered in his time which recognized and confirmed the supreme and exclusive power of the Federal government in all matters committed to it by the Constitution, and also in certain decisions which, as some of us think, extended that power beyond its legitimate bounds. In fact, he seldom joined in dissent. His vote, where the Court has been divided, will generally be found with the majority, for he deemed it the true policy and duty of the Court to be a unit as far as possible. He was a fair-minded judge, and in more than one signal instance will be found to have overruled himself without hesitation or ill humor when convinced of his previous error. This quality is rarer than might be wished for among judges, especially old judges, with whom experience sometimes increases positiveness and self will.

Upon the whole, it may be said that Mr. Justice Blatchford has lost a most distinguished and useful judicial career, and has left a vacancy which cannot easily be filled. The President can hardly hope to find a man either at the bar or on the bench who will at the start combine his large and varied experience, great learning, power of labor, unfailing industry, manly vigor, and high character. Judges as a rule should have a chance to grow upon the bench, as he did, and generally this can only be done by appointing comparatively young men, and giving them an opportunity to develop as he developed.

A SIASCONSETT DAY.

THE tricksy spirit of the wind is at play
Upon the meadow gold with buttercups,
The sky is cloudless like a waste of pearl,
And white and crisp the restless billows roll
And frolic on the shining beryl sea.

Their music breathes in tender undertones,
Like a sweet prelude to a pleasant sleep,
Broidered with blissful dreams that hold the heart
Captive to all their subtle witcheries.

The earth is held in a most blissful spell—
A sense of music with no jarring note
Invests the scene with airy loveliness,
And looking o'er the land and o'er the wave

Wedded in so serene a harmony,
Like the white gull that drifts on idle wing,
I feel it is a boundless perfect joy
To live and breathe upon a day like this.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

VIII.—TERRIBLE ENCOUNTER WITH WOLVES

"SPEAKING," said Jackson Peters, "of the ingenuity of man—I just spoke of it myself," he explained hastily as he eyed Jones. "Speaking of—"

"Pardon me, Jackson, one moment, please, before we listen to your fascinating narrative," broke in Jones, with great suavity. "It occurs to me that you may be a descendant of that historic man who had but one story, a long-gun story. You remember he used to bring his fist down on the table after dinner with a terrible bang and then remark: 'I declare sounds like a gun, doesn't it?' On by the way, speaking of guns, and that he would reel off his gun story for the next thirty minutes. Father's or mother's side, Jackson?"

"You are in uncommonly high spirits, Jones," replied Jackson Peters. "Perhaps we are to be favored to-night with the exact facts in regard to your encounter with the blue-racer, having taken a month since you promised it to construct them. My reference to the ingenuity of man was legitimate, and was prompted by the subtlety of the waiter in whisking away as imaginary fly with his napkin in the hope of augmenting his tip. From that I was about to tell of a Texas horse thief I had just read of who ten years ago had the operation of tracheotomy performed on himself and a silver tube inserted through which he could breathe. He has been lynched twenty-three times since that, but as the rope always comes above the tube—"

The young man was interrupted by a cheery laugh from Jones. "Really," broke in this individual, "that was an ingenious idea. Do you know, Jackson, I believe you come of a clever family."

"Thank you, Jones."

"Extraordinarily clever family. I knew as soon as I gathered that the fellow was another uncle of yours that he'd do something bright, but I was hardly prepared for this. Friends have in the past been so kind as to say that I am myself ingenious in getting out of difficulty, but I never rose to anything like that. I remember a little brush I had with wolves in northern Wisconsin before the war. The wolves there were of the large timber variety, and it being a hard winter, they were constantly hungry."

"But, Jones," interposed Robinson, "somebody mentioned the blue-racer story?"

"Not to-night, Robinson; not to-night. I have got to look up certain facts and figures which I noted in my diary at the time before I can trust myself with that. I would not deceive you about that blue racer for anything in the world. There are always temptations in a blue racer story which I must guard against. Those wolves, I repeat, seemed always to have a gnawing sensation in the stomach. They were fierce and dangerous, and would readily attack a man even when there were no more than two or three of them together. One day in January I was going from Ojibway City to Pomme de Terre River on foot, accompanied only by my dog, which was named Bones, from his fondness for this article of diet. He was a good dog, but he had read somewhere that discretion is the better part of valor. Bones was not a dog that would ever go about the country asking folks in his poor stumb way where he could probably find a

large pack of wolves. If a wolf ever succeeded in meeting Bones he had to bring good letters of introduction from mutual friends. When about fifteen miles from Pomme de Terre I noticed that Bones was becoming uneasy. Five minutes later I observed that he was wearing the hair on his back pompadour. I suspected wolves, and I was right. They soon came up, not fifty yards behind. There were at least one hundred of them—large, gaunt, hungry, savage wolves. Their fierce howls reverberated through the startled forest like the diabolical shrieks of frenzied demons in torment. I saw that a hand-to-hand conflict with them was out of the question. Flight was my only hope. Picking up Bones by the nape of the neck I tucked him under my arm and started. For forty minutes, gentlemen, I ran like a cat in a dog show. I suppose I covered ten miles notwithstanding that the snow was deep in some places and in others the underbrush interfered. The wolves kept close behind. When I turned my head I could feel their hot, venomous breath on my cheek. They leaped up and nipped at the tail of poor Bones, which was waving and tossing behind on the terrific wind which my flight engendered like the plume of a knight of old going into battle. Their howl, weird and hideous as the sinking wail of ten thousand lost souls, shook the pine needles from the trees and tore the nerves of the unfortunate Bones in a way which was painful to see. At the end of ten miles I began to tire. A large spruce tree stood in my path, and I climbed it. Perching myself on a lower limb some fifty feet from the ground, and tying Bones in place on another with a bit of string, I looked down on the angry surging sea of wolves below. I felt safe, and lit my pipe and gave my faithful dog a ham bone which I had in my pocket. But soon, to my surprise, the wolves began most extraordinary tactics. Nothing less, gentlemen, than gnawing down the tree. One hundred sets of ravenous fangs tore and bit at the trunk. I saw that the tree could not stand half an hour. I knocked the ashes out of my pipe and began to look at the situation seriously. I noticed on the branches about me chunks of raw spruce-gum about the size of my fist. Taking my pocket-knife, I pried one off and dropped it to a wolf below. He snapped his jaws together upon it with famished greed. He never opened them again, the resinous mass holding them firm as a vise. At the end of twenty minutes I had the jaws of every wolf welded together past all hope of opening. I then descended with Bones, who now barked savagely and attacked the wolves with great spirit. With his assistance I drove the baffled, helpless creatures to Pomme de Terre like a flock of sheep. There was at that time $10 bounty on wolves. We rounded them up in the court-house yard, and I drew $1000 from the county treasurer, after which I repaired to the Le Grand Monarque Hotel and ordered supper, not forgetting to bespeak the largest soup-bone in town for my trusty dog. I returned to Ojibway City the next day, but saw no wolves. That is all, gentlemen. Pardon the tameness of my narrative, I doubt not our time might have been better employed."

"Jones," said Jackson Peters, "you refused to tell us the blue-racer story because you had not yet looked up the exact facts, did you not?"

"Yes, Jackson. What of it?"

"Nothing."

H. C.

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THE CHICAGO FIRE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 702.]
Burning of the Cold-Storage Warehouse at the World's Fair. Brave Firemen cut off from Escape on the Flaming Tower.

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HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF NEPAUL ON A HIMALAYA PONY.

THE HIMALAYA PONY AND HAWAIIAN RIDERS.

THE influence of Arabian blood has travelled mainly westward. All that we especially prize in Europe and America in the way of horseflesh owes its highest qualities to the steed of the desert, whose peculiar traits have been conserved and improved in the English thoroughbred. But Arabian blood has not penetrated much to the eastward. It is principally through the influence of Europeans that the race has made a slight impress on the horse of India, and beyond this peninsula only individuals have been imported. But there is in the far East a horse to take the place of the Arabian—the Himalaya pony—and he is as wonderful in his way as the best of Syrian stock. His origin is apparently in the foot-hills of the great range, but he has been brought down to the plains on either hand. You find him in India, where the natives use him, among other things, as a polo pony, you find him in China mixed with the native horse. But he is at his best when nearest to his mountain home.

This pony runs from the size of a small shetland to about that of a common American broncho. But, unlike the latter, which is a small horse, he is a true pony, with big head, fine but bushy hair, and chunky build. He has exceptional strength and endurance and even the small ones will pull a rub with several people in it. He is good natured and intelligent, and not only performs all the duties that the ass does in the Orient proper, but is a capital mount besides. His legs and feet are made of iron. There is by no means the thoroughbred look about him which an equally small Arabian will have—his type is different, but he is built for wear, and on his native hills he would soon kill his nobler cousin.

The little Manipuri polo pony is one of this Himalaya breed—rather a small specimen. You would not believe that he could carry a good sized man as easily as he does, but we are wont to underrate the strength of all the smaller animals. They can do proportionately much more work than the larger ones. A Percheron weighing three-quarters of a ton can haul a big load, to be sure, but he could not go half the distance that a little broncho which weighs but a third of that amount handily covers, even if the latter should carry as heavy a man. We are apt to think that it needs a big horse to carry a big man or woman. Such a one certainly looks better fitted for his work, but a small colt or even a little knife blade thoroughbred will often carry more weight safer and farther than the taller fellow. The Himalaya pony is a great weight carrier, very much like the Shetland, and the little beggars will scurry over the polo-ground at a gait and with an ease which are surprising.

Polo in the Orient is a very ancient game. It was brought from there by the English, and, as we think, has been improved by our methods. This may be doubted so far as mere skill is concerned, but in speed and "go" our polo is away ahead of the game among the indolent sons of the Prophet.

The pony in the picture of the young King of Nepaul is quite a typical Himalayan. The little sovereign is not yet out of leading strings but when he gets to be eighteen he succeeds to his throne, with the power of life and death over all his subjects. Nepaul is one of the kingdoms of northeastern India over which Great Britain exercises only a species of protectorate. I have never seen the King of Nepaul, but I recently crossed the Pacific with a

HAWAIIAN EQUESTRIENNE.

HAWAIIAN MULE-RIDERS.

MANIPURI POLO-PLAYERS

THE NAWAB OF RAMPUR.
From a Photograph by Talot.

HAWAIIAN AND HIMALAYAN RIDERS

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similar monarch, the Nawab of Rampur, who is travelling around the world as a preparation for assuming the government of his kingdom next year. He is a sensible, pleasant lad, and joined in all games on board the *Gaitie* quite informally. He speaks excellent English and appears to be fairly well informed for a youth of his years. I found that he talked very intelligently upon many topics. He liked to tell about his people, among whom are many of the ancient Rohillas, one of the finest tribes in India. No doubt it is the Nawab will be the better ruler for his trip. He was accompanied by his suite and by an English tutor; and an English army officer, who is British Resident at Rampur, had especial supervision of the Nawab. You will soon see him in New York.

In China and the countries south of it you find that the best of the not very good horses bear the impress of the Himalaya blood, just as our horses do that of the Arabian. Despite this fact, the Chinese pony is a pretty mean fellow, principally because the people are not good horsemen, and take no manner of care of him. When you go further north the Tartar or the Siberian horse is a Steppes runt of a different order, and vastly more serviceable.

In Hawaii there are two very peculiar horsemen. Fancy riding a bullock! Aint yet if you could see the beautiful little bullocks of India as sleek and fine as Jersey heifers, with legs like a deer, and with soft plaintive eyes, and would see how rapidly they haul the little native carts, you would not despise such a mount on a pinch. The Hawaiian bullock is a coarse creature, really not fit for saddle-work, but in a land where there are no native horses, and where the roads are often only paths along the mountain-sides, impassable for wheels, any creature which can carry a pack or a man is worth having. And a bullock can usually be made to walk very rapidly and test quite a respectable gait. What a sensation one could make with a fawn colored saddle-bullock in Central Park! And how the horses would fly the track at sight of the intruder!

The other Hawaiian who interests us is the lady who rides *à la mahone*. This appears to be the uniform habit among both the native women and foreigners. When the dress is awkwardly made and worn the style is lamentably ungainly; but I saw several young ladies there with trimly cut cloth habits which looked not only neatly an horsewomen, but rode well. The native women merely add to their every-day upper garments a pair of very wide overalls, twice as long as their legs, and made of calico of any common pattern. This rig is neither pretty nor commendable in any sense. But the trimly turned suits I saw seemed to be of the genus trouser rather than a divided skirt, cut not too loosely about the hips and no longer than would make them naturally hang down to cover the foot about as much as the modern habit. They had a tailor made look, and were fitted snugly enough not to drag upward nor look bunchy when the lady was in the saddle. They were as pleasing as the native suit is distressing.

It seems to be a task beyond any one's power to accomplish to introduce among women either the new reform dress or the man's seat in the saddle. Is it Dame Fashion who stands athwart the path of these questionable improvements? Or is it that women have the idea that men will not like too much poaching on their sartorial manor? Surely imitation of men's attire has gone as far of late years as it well can and retain the woman's special attributes. I have always resented the extremes of fashion; and I have been an advocate of a woman's occasionally changing from right to left side in the saddle, so as to equalize the use of the muscles, but I am not quite sure that I approve of the *fin de siècle* tendency away from the womanliness we were brought up to know either in dress or equitation. I think men admire and love women because they possess certain qualities that men can never aspire to. People are apt to like or want just what they themselves are not or have not got. I doubt whether women who are too manly often gain that peculiar admiration from men which their somewhat less pronounced sisters so readily capture. *Camaraderie* is an excellent thing in woman, according to the modern idea; but the great character reader of all time said that it was a low soft voice which deserved that encomium, and if we construe "a low soft voice" in its broader meaning, I think we shall all agree to prefer it to the mere comradeship, even if this does include knickerbockers in the street and a man's seat in the saddle.

THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE, U. S. A.

THE CHICAGO FIRE.

THE first serious fire upon the exposition grounds since work was begun occurred on the afternoon of July 10th. Shortly after one o'clock a small blaze was discovered at the top of the chimney of the Cold-storage Building, erected and used as a warehouse and ice skating rink by the Hercules Iron-Works, the concessionaires for those privileges. The chimney was surrounded by a tower, which rose high above the main portion of the building. An alarm was at once turned in, and was responded to by the Fire Department and the Colombian Guard. The companies first upon the scene secured far more than sufficient to extinguish the blaze. Led by the Marshal of the Fourteenth Battalion the firemen at once attacked the flames, ascending almost to the top of the tower. A more deceptive fire has been rarely known, for while this score or more of men were working high in the air, the flames seeming to the thousands of spectators who had gathered as though they might be at once put out, they burst forth with an appalling fury many feet below, cutting off without warning the men above. Marshal Murphy ordered his men down from the doomed structure by means of the life-lines which they had brought. One by one these ropes were lowered, to be instantly cut in twain by the greedy flames, which rose higher to the balconies above. Then came the realization that all hope was lost, and this body of gallant men, comrades in many a hemic fight, drew closely together, awaiting calmly the death before them. The hundreds of firemen and guards desperate in their helplessness, could do nothing, no power could save them. It was a heart breaking scene as they clasped hands in their last farewell. The flames, fanned by the brisk east wind swept about their forms which were clearly outlined against the glaring whiteness of the tower, and man by man they dropped in full sight of the agonized throng below. While one or two yet remained the great tower tottered and fell, crashing through the roof and carrying with it the unconscious men. Captain Fitzpatrick, who had been connected with the Fire Department of the exposition since its organization was one of the first to fall. Fatally hurt, he was found by Marshal Murphy just as there came a great upheaval of the main roof, caused by an explosion beneath, he was still alive, but was cut off from aid by a great volume of fire. Hastily descending to the ground, Murphy ordered a ladder placed against the trembling wall at a point where Fitzpatrick could be reached, and called for volunteers to attempt the rescue. It was a call to battle hand to hand with death, yet three men stepped forth, and this heroic quartet, with the Marshal in advance, mounted the insecure ladder, disappearing in the flames. Few dared hope for their return. Presently, however, they reappeared, bearing the helpless man, and carefully lowered him from the wavering cornice, this done, they had scarcely reached the ground, three by means of the ladder, the fourth by sliding ninety feet down a line of hose, when the entire walls fell in. It was a gallant effort to rescue the brave Fitzpatrick, who died from his injuries in a few hours. Sixteen men, eleven of whom were members of the Fire Department, are known to have perished. Besides these some fifteen were injured. Within one hour, so fierce were the flames, the entire building was consumed. M. B. P.

HICKS'S PAYTENT COOKER.

"I WOULD like to call your attention to my paytent cooker," said the mild mannered man with the soft low voice to the rector of St. Bartholomew's. "It consists, as mebbe you run see—"

"But I don't desire a cooker, and would not look at one if I did," interrupted the rector of St. Bartholomew's in as irascible a manner as is permitted to his cloth.

"They come in three sizes," continued the mild mannered man with the soft low voice—"small, mejum and large. They're made of this, genuwine block tin, not rolled tin. I have frequently been congratulated on the quality of my tin. Said Bishop Dobson to me, 'Hicks, I congratulate you on the quality of your tin.'"

"Bishop Dobson?" queried the rector of St. Bartholomew's with languid interest. "I don't remember to have seen his name in the Church Calendar."

"Methody," explained the mild mannered man. "I'm a Methody. Here's a certificate from my pastor saying I am an individual of moral character and use good tin in my cookers. Here's a letter from the Rev. Edward Atkins—but I don't set much store by that, bein' as he is a Baptis' and no judge of tin. The principle on which my cooker is based—"

"You will have to excuse me," said the rector of St. Bartholomew's, looking hard at the heavy gold watch presented him by the parish on his last birthday, "but I have a sermon to write."

"Mebbe your lady would like to see the cooker," said the mild-mannered man. "It's made of genuwine block tin, and Bishop Dobson himself said, 'Hicks, I congratulate you on the quality of your tin.'"

"I have no wife," said the rector, with the merest suspicion of a blush.

"Then buy a cooker and git one," said the mild-mannered man, confidentially. "With Hicks's paytent cooker as an argumint, you will git one easy. They come in three sizes—sumall, mejum, and large. This here is the small one. Folks all up, you see, like a telescope. Mebbe you wouldn't believe it, but one of them small-sized cookers saved my life once. It was in the spring of 1853, or the fall of 1852, or the winter of 1854, I don't remember which and it don't make no difference, that the Rev. Dr. James Wilyums D.D., and I took passage for Africky to the brig *Thomas J. Walkup*, goin' an missionaries to some of the numerous cannibal tribes that keeps down the population, and consequently swoums for the depressed values of real estate in the Dark Continent. The Rev. Dr. Wilyums was to teach the savages religion, but my mission was a more important one. I was to introduce Hicks's paytent cooker among 'em. You can see that even this large-sized cooker won't hold a man, to my nothin' of the mejum and small ones. Now I calculated to teach the savages to use my cookers, and when they got so attached to 'em as to never eat nothin' except what was cooked in a cooker—seein' that you couldn't cook a man in 'em—cannibalism would naturally die out. When I broached my plan to Bishop Dobson his eyes shone and he said 'Go, Hicks, go. Your work will supplement the work of the Rev. Dr. Wilyums. I heartily commend your plan, and I congratulate you on the quality of your tin.' Then was his words, and I went.

"Well, sir, the mornin' after I arrived in Africky I began to talk to the chief about my cooker, when what does he do but take me down to the feedin' grocery store of the town and show me the Rev. Dr. Wilyums chained up.

"'Can you cook him?' axed the chief.

"'No,' said I, my breath all gone with surprise at the turn affairs had took.

"'Well,' said the old chief, 'there's the kind of victuals we eats. We don't consume much in the way of breakfast foods, infants' foods, and the like. If your cooker can't cook our style of provisions we ain't got any use for it.'

"And with that they put me in their jail, and that was the last I ever see or heerd of the Rev. Dr. James Wilyums, D.D. They would have et me at once, but the chief's daughter, Ugogina, fell in love with me, and made 'em put off the obsequies, or festivities, according as you looked at it from my stand-point or the savages'. I talked nice to Ugogina, and got her to bring me my small sized cooker, the only one the old witch doctor what kept the cookers would let tar have; and with that I cooked them savages the finest kinds of victuals they ever et, and they set me free and made me royal cook, and the chief kinder smiled indulgently at the way Ugogina was makin' up to me. So you see the small-sized cooker saved my life."

"I'll buy the small size," said the rector, hastily. "I have a sermon to write."

"Now you just take my advice and git a mejum size. You can afford it. When you take that small sized cooker round to that young lady you're after, when you ask her to marry you what I'll ahe think? Why, she'll say to herself that in hayia this small cooker you are layin' out not to ever have any company to meals, and if she's a gal that is fond of company, you're runnin' a risk. Wait till I tell you how the mejum sized cooker saved my life. Well, the old witch doctor took a big dislike to me, and kept tellin' the folks that I would make a better meal cooked than I would cookin'. I goslin wanted to marry me, and the chief was willin', but the witch doctor proposed a lot of calamities if the marriage took place, and scared the chief. Now I didn't want to marry Ugogina, but I could see that if I did I would be saved from been et, but I thought I would try to save myself and get out of the marriage also. I could have run off to sea any day, but there warn't no boats. I could see ships sailin' by quite often, but there warn't no way to get off to 'em. I decided to fix the witch doctor first. I got Ugogina to wheedle the old feller to give me my mejum-sized cooker, the small sized not bein' large enough for my purposes. Then I got a lot of African beans and some hollow reeds and some sticky clay. I set the beans a cookin and put the reeds into a little hole I made in top of the cooker. I invited the witch doctor to, and told him this was some of my new vaporized atmospheric air, and told him to put his mouth to the reeds and suck some in. You know, if you have studied chemistry, that beans are highly charged with gas. Especially is this true of the genuwine African bean. Well, sir, that old chap swallered a lot of that gas, and quicker than a wink I gogion and I knocked him over and plastered his nose and mouth up with clay and I'm a damned liar if that gas didn't float that old feller right up in the air, clear out of sight. You see, he was remarkably capacious, and the gas was remarkably strong—remarkably strong. I stood there in front of the people when he was floatin in the air, and told 'em I was a magician, and could set 'em all floatin' They was scared, wanted to elect me chief, but I wasn't used to high political honors, and compromised with Aldermen and President of the School Board. Well, sir, Ugogina was alyin' to marry me at once, but I staved her off for a time by sayin' I wanted to git my trousseau ready. That's how the mejum sized cooker saved my life."

"I will buy a medium sized one," said the rector, faintly. "It can be used by St. Margaret's ward of the guild at church fairs."

"Dr county fairs either. However, I think you would like the large sized cooker for the church fairs. But you wait till I finish my story. Now I was engaged to a girl in the United States. If I married Ugogina, what would be the consequences? Breach of promise suit for $50,000 and me with no assets but three sample cookers of block tin. What then? Default of payment, State's prison for life. 'Sides, I didn't want to marry Ugogina. What did I do? Well, sir, one day I see a ship goin' by, and stretchin' out the large-sized cooker—they are all our right—I jumped on it and paddled off to the ship, pounding on the small and mejum sized all the way to scare sharks. That's how the large sized cooker saved my life."

"Put me down for the large size," said the rector of St. Bartholomew's, wearily.

"I knowed you would," said the mild mannered man with the soft low voice. "There's something affectin' in the story of how them coobers saved my life."

WARDON ALLAN CURTIS.

THE NEW NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR.

CHIEF Naval Constructor Philip Hichborn, U. S. N., was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, on the fourth day of March, 1839. In '55 he was graduated from the Boston High School, the now Hon. Samuel Pasco, Senator from Florida, and Mr. Hichborn being the only boys in the class. From the Boston High School Mr. Hichborn was indentured to the government under the tuition of the late Melvin Simmons, U. S. N., then master-shipwright of the Boston Navy yard. While under instruction, and in recognition of his merit, Secretary Toucey, then Secretary of the Navy, ordered that Hichborn receive a course of theoretical training. This two years' course was fruitful in remarkable progress in ship-designing and calculations. Through steady application to the theoretical and practical phases of his profession Mr. Hichborn reached, at an unusually early age a degree of proficiency rarely attained.

In July of 1860 Melvin Simmons was appointed Naval Constructor, and immediately ordered to the navy-yard, Mare Island, California. A little over a month later Mr. Hichborn, then twenty-one years old, left Boston in the clipper ship *Dashing Wave* for California, serving in the capacity of one of the ships officers. From work in connection with the Pacific Mail Company Mr. Hichborn soon entered the employment of the government at the navy-yard, Mare Island, and rose in two years to the position of master shipwright of the station, a position that often involved the direction of large numbers of men and the complete control of the construction department during the absence of the Naval Constructor. In '64 he was tendered the appointment as Assistant Naval Constructor, but declined the honor, as the salary allowed was much less than he received as master shipwright. In '69, however, he made application for an appointment, and in May of the same year passed a severe examination and was duly appointed on June 29th as Assistant Naval Constructor, United States Navy, with the relative rank of Lieutenant. Mr. Hichborn's California days are full of bright and picturesque remembrances of those early times in the history of that golden State, and to those old Californians who knew him and who served with him and under him no name is dearer than his, and no affection warmer than the lasting regard with which he is remembered.

From California he was ordered to the navy-yard, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1870. The five years spent at that station were full of hard work, and many were the trying demands upon his ability. In 1875, after an unusual competitive examination, he received his commission as a Naval Constructor, marked No. 1. In the latter part of '75 Mr. Hichborn was detached from the navy-yard, Portsmouth and ordered to League Island, Pennsylvania. At that time the old yard was being abandoned, and the machinery stores, ship-houses, etc., were being transported to the new yard, League Island. The larger part of this important work devolved upon the Naval Constructor as the representative of the construction plant of the yard. In '76 he also took a prominent and important part in the Centennial Exhibition. In June, 1884, he was selected by the Secretary of the Navy for special duty in Europe. His report upon European dock yards embodies the result of his investigations. This work has become a text book among the profession. Upon its first appearance much concern was manifested by foreign powers, for nothing so exhaustive or conclusive had been published or obtained before.

For six years Mr. Hichborn was a member of the Board of Inspection and Survey, of which the late Admiral D. D. Porter was president. In '91 he was made a member of the first Naval Advisory Board, and was prominently associated with all matters affecting the designing and construction of the new naval vessels. He has for many years been a member of the Institution of Naval Architects in England. In 1894 he was ordered to the Navy Department as Assistant Chief of Bureau.

While Mr. Hichborn's lines have sometimes fallen into pleasant places, his duties have never been arduous. Through his recognized and acknowledged ability he has been selected for multifarious duties.

Mr. Hichborn has devoted a good deal of time to literary

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work, chiefly upon subjects of a professional nature. His article upon "Sheathed or Unsheathed Ships," published in the proceedings of the Naval Institute, April, 1890 provoked editorial discussion in the leading and representative papers of this country. His advocacy of sheathing ships is rapidly gaining favor among the thinking men of the navy. Besides his professional and executive ability, Mr Hichborn has a strong inventive turn of mind.

A life of valuable usefulness has invariably characterized his career, and it may be truly said that he is a self made man, and has risen by his own exertions to the position of Chief Naval Constructor of the United States navy, and, in so far as we can learn, has pushed no one aside to reach his present high and responsible position.

THE REVIEW AT LONGCHAMPS.

Paris and republican France recall, with imposing military spectacles, one of the notable events in the history of the world—the fall of the Bastile, which took place on the 14th of July, 1789.

Paris is the only capital in Europe having full facilities for the display of troops. There is the Champ de Mars, where a large body of troops can be massed, the broad quays which skirt both sides of the Seine, the avenue of the Champs Élysées, the Bois de Boulogne, and Longchamps. Strategic conditions in Paris have not been overlooked, so that large bodies of soldiers can be manœuvred within the city. The magnificence of Paris, its open grounds, the acquaintance the French have with artistic effects, all make a Parisian military display wonderfully effective.

There are elements in a French military parade which are novel to those who recall the past. To-day, in addition to the well-known troops of various branches of the French service, there are bodies of men designated *territoriaux*, who are citizen soldiers recruited from men who have been in service, who in time of stress will be ready to take part in battle.

As far as relates to French uniforms, they are unsurpassed. The neatness of the men is wonderful, and the condition of their weapons of the best. As to the attire of the infantry, there never can be anything more jaunty and springy than the *pas* of the French soldiers. Military education in its most sweeping sense, beginning with the private and ending with the general, has received in France the utmost care since the disasters of 1870. Putting aside all sentimentalism, 14 millions of francs have already been spent and millions have yet to be expended on the army. "Why," asks the matter of fact Frenchman, "should we not have the best of warlike mechanisms for our money?"

For several days before the 14th of July mounted courriers, fine specimens of light cavalry, have been on the gallop through the streets of Paris, bearing despatches to headquarters. The machinery necessary to move a hundred thousand men in a limited time past a given point, and to do this without hitch or delay, is a serious military problem.

Mr Caton Woodville, in his picture, shows the cavalry passing in review before the general-in-chief, with the brilliant état major and the invited guests, the military attachés of the American, English, Italian, and Russian legations.

In the tribune the President of the republic, M Carnot, is seated, and with him the Minister of War and the higher military officers attached to the government.

The review opens when M. Carnot has taken his place, when a salvo of twenty-one guns is fired. Regiment follows regiment. Military experts note the variety of the cavalry—the *chasseurs*, the dragoons, the *cuirassiers*, the Arab contingents. It is a quickly passing spectacle, moving as if by clockwork, accompanied by the crash of military bands, the clear sound of the trumpets, the rattle of drums. One fine body of men attracts attention, and is loudly cheered. This is *l'infanterie marine*, the sailors who are soldiers, popularly known as the "marsouins." This parade of the 14th of July is the finest of European military pageants.

OUR RUSSIAN VISITORS.

BY V GRIBAYÉDOFF

The presence of the Russian squadron now lying in the harbor of New York is especially noteworthy, not only because it indicates the friendly attitude of the Czar towards America, but for the further reason that both in point of numbers and of efficiency it is the most formidable foreign naval force that has ever visited our waters either in time of peace or war. The cruisers *Dmitri Donskoi*, *Rhynda*, and *General Admiral* were despatched to take part in the naval review of April 27th last. Since that time the *General Admiral* has left, and the number of the visitors has been increased by the arrival of the large cruiser *Admiral Nachimoff* and the line-of-battle ship *Emperor Nicholas I.* Each of these vessels is a model of the most modern pattern of construction, and in their own class they present the finest examples of the ships of the third naval power in the world.

The squadron is under the orders of Vice-Admiral Nicholas Kasnakoff, and his flag ship is the *Dmitri Donskoi*, Nicholas Zelenoy commander. The *Donskoi* is a steel cruiser, with engines of 7000 horse-power and a speed of 16½ knots. The *Rhynda*, in command of Captain Krueger, is also a steel cruiser, and she can make 14½ knots. The steel cruiser *Admiral Nachimoff* is 333 feet long by 61 feet in the beam, and her speed is 16.7 knots. Her commander is Captain Lavroff. The war ship *Emperor Nicholas I.* is commanded by Captain Laroque. She is 326 feet long by 67 feet in the beam, and draws 23 feet of water. Her displacement is 8440 tons, and her speed is 15 knots per hour. She carries two 12-inch guns, four 9-inch guns, and eight 6-inch guns, with twenty rapid firing guns.

The reception which has been accorded to these visitors has been most cordial, and it is a tribute to the controlling influence of the conservative class in this country. For at the time when our guests arrived the impolitic extradition treaty was on the *tapis*, and the strong anti-semitic feeling in Russia had driven to this country large numbers of a dangerous class, whose hatred of the country they had left was such that it might take the form of violence at any moment. But from the day that the Russian sailors marched in the land parade in New York, amid the heartiest cheers from the spectators, down to the present time, nothing has occurred to mar the harmony of the event. And to this end the visitors have contributed their full share. Vice Admiral Kasnakoff has shown himself on all occasions to be possessed of both tact and ability, and nothing could have been more graceful or forcible than his tribute to Farragut's memory at the grave of that hero in Woodlawn Cemetery in the early part of May last. Captain Zelenoy also won golden opinions on the occasion of the unveiling of the monument to the same great man in Boston on the 28th of June. His speech, which was delivered in English, as was that of Vice-Admiral Kasnakoff, was the event of the day, and when he recalled the visit of Farragut to Cronstadt in 1867, and the general order issued in his honor by Boutakoff, the then commander of the port at that place, the audience manifested the greatest enthusiasm.

In the cities of Boston and Philadelphia as well as in New York the officers have been singled out as the recipients of social attentions, and they have expressed themselves as gratified and pleased at the treatment they have received. One of the most flattering occasions in their honor was the municipal reception tendered to them in this city last week.

The Russian navy of to-day has been largely built up by the genius and foresight of the present Emperor, Alexander III., who clearly recognizes and grasps the fact that Russia can never expect to cope with her powerful rivals without the aid of a great naval force. The progress made under his administration is almost incredible, but an idea of the types and strength of the vessels may be gained by a reference to the book on this subject recently published by the Grand-Duke Alexander himself, and from which our sketches of the ships are taken by special permission.

Among the distinguished visitors on board the squadron are the Grand-Duke, First Lieutenant Alexander Michaelovitch Romanoff, son of Michael, the uncle of the Czar; Prince Urieffsky, son of the late Czar and Princess Dolgourouki; Rimski-Korsakoff, a nephew of the well-known composer of the same name; Dr Botkin, surgeon of the *Rhynda* and son of the great physician, Lieutenant Sergius Vsevolojsky; M Bilnoff, a famous Russian marine painter, who is especially commissioned by the Czar to accompany the vessels; and Nicholas Masinoff, a well-known Russian journalist and war correspondent.

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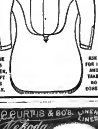

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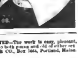

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THE LEVEES OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

BY WILLIAM STARLING,
Chief Engineer Mississippi Levee District.

THE Mississippi River proper, or Lower Mississippi, is the great trunk composed of the united streams of the Ohio, Upper Mississippi, and Missouri. It begins at Cairo, in Illinois, and extends to the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of about 550 miles from north to south, and nearly double that much (1060 miles) following the convolutions of the river. It flows through a vast alluvial valley, or flood plain, of an average width of about 35 miles, bounded on either side by ranges of hills. Between these limits the great river wanders very much after the fashion of inferior streams, approaching the highlands now on the eastern side of the valley, now on the western, and skirting sometimes the very base of the hills.

By this alternate approach and recession of the river the great flood plain is divided into a number of subordinate basins. Some of these are of enormous extent — several thousand square miles in area; some are comparatively small, some are completely isolated by the approach of the river to the uplands at the head and foot of the basin, all are nearly independent of one another.

It is this conformation of the great alluvial plain which has given origin to the levee system as it exists to-day. The isolation of each basin from the rest of the valley enables the several districts to adopt each its own plan of protection from the invasions of the river without depending on concerted action with the others. For the Lower Mississippi Valley is nothing but a great "bottom," such as is found along many creeks and rivers. Its soil is made of the disintegrated materials of the older rocks, brought down by the tributaries in time of flood and spread broadcast over the banks by the successive inundations. The plain is not entirely the product of the modern stream, but consists of a foundation built by the river in a former state of existence, and finished by a "veneer," as it has been very appropriately called, of late alluvium. Being formed by overflow, it cannot in any of its parts be above overflow, except where it has been subjected to disturbing influences since its formation, as has sometimes happened.

The banks of the flood plain on either side are highest next the river where the overflowing waters have been most densely charged with sediment, and where the current, by lateral dispersion, has received its most sudden check. Hence the plain slopes away from the river east or west to the base of the hills, where runs the tributary, often a considerable river itself, which carries off the drainage of each basin. Thus while in the natural state nearly all the lands are subject to overflow, yet they are submerged to various depths, least at the margin of the Mississippi, greatest at remote distances.

It has not been found profitable to cultivate lands which are overflowed often or deep. Elevated tracts, where the inundation comes seldom, is shallow, and soon recedes, may be occupied and tilled, but nine-tenths or more of alluvial land, if unprotected, would tempt only to ruin. Hence, from the earliest settlement of the Mississippi Valley, efforts have been made for protection, first by individuals, then by associations, by counties, and finally by still larger bodies.

The levee system of the Mississippi River, then, as at present constituted, is rather a series of independent systems based on the natural division of the alluvial plain into basins. The great basins are named after the watercourses which drain them, and are hence called the Saint Francis, Yazoo, White River, Tensas, Atchafalaya, and Pontchartrain basins. Each one of these has one or more levee districts, consisting of several counties each.

The districts are the units of levee administration. They are organized under State laws, and their affairs are managed by levee boards composed of representatives or delegates from the several counties composing the district. These boards are powerful executive and semi-legislative bodies, with authority to impose taxes (within certain limits) and condemn lands for levee purposes, etc. They elect their own officers, and are little interfered with by the State. In the intervals between sessions, which are held twice a year, their executive powers are committed to a president, who has almost despotic power in emergencies. The rates of taxation are usually severe. In the Lower Yazoo district the levee tax is about two per cent. on the entire valuation of property.

The levee system as it exists at present is of very recent origin. The efforts which were made by individuals, associations, and counties previous to the civil war were only of limited extent. In Mississippi it was not until 1859 that a levee district was organized, and this is believed to have been the first of its kind. The labors of these bodies were soon interrupted by the civil war. Most of their records were lost during that time or the period of rebellion and confusion which followed it. They seem to have gone to work with vigor, and those of their constructions which have survived show a fair comprehension of the magnitude of the task which they had undertaken. After the war the work was resumed with varying degrees of spirit. Some districts had never been perfectly organized, and now lost all heart. Others took hold again with the first return of peace. The Lower Mississippi (Yazoo) District was reorganized in 1865, the Upper in 1884, the Arkansas districts in 1887, the Fifth Louisiana in 1888. Most of the districts of the last named State are of recent origin, their work having formerly been done by parish (county) organizations.

The Mississippi River Commission, created in 1879, gave a new impulse to the construction of levees by its surveys of the river, its continuous lines of levels, and its allotments for levees, the first of which was made in 1882. Since that time the work has proceeded by the co-operative action of the government and local authorities, the latter, however, having contributed much the larger proportion. From 1865 to 1890, according to the testimony taken by the Senate in the latter year, there had been expended by the States $22,000,000, by the government, $3,000,000. Since 1882 the proportion has been about two dollars by the local organizations to one dollar by the United States.

The levee system, as it stands, is very fragmentary and incomplete. The Arkansas levees, for instance, remained without work for about twenty-three years after the war, and the line was almost destroyed by the lawless of the waters. The rebuilding of them was only begun in 1887, and it is hardly one-third completed. The line has been made continuous, but it is low and weak. Louisiana and Mississippi are much better, but they fall very far short of the standard demanded by the government and local engineers. All along the river, in fact, the levees are a patch-work, some old and some new, some known to be safe, some known to be unsafe, some merely suspected. In former times it was not thought necessary to take minute precautions in the building of levees. Stumps of trees were left in them. Excavations were made too close to them. They were of insufficient dimensions. The stumps are now decaying and are leaving large internal cavities in the levees. The dimensions which were sufficient for a head of water of seven feet are very inadequate against twelve feet.

Wherever defects were known to exist they have been remedied if means allowed. But defects are mostly concealed, and are often first made known by a break. Means, too, are wofully inadequate. The occasional disasters which happen in the alluvial valley must not be charged against the levee system as if the latter were a complete whole. Despite exertions which may fairly be called heroic, the lowlanders of the Mississippi Valley must still meet many reverses in their conflict with the great river, more formidable as it is more restrained. These exertions should not be disparaged. The Mississippian or Louisianian is as much attached to his "swamps" as the Swiss to his mountains, and as surely as manful energy will eventually overcome obstacles, so surely will he at length gain a title to his homestead by the best of all rights—by reclaiming it from nature.

HYPNOTISM AND MARVELS.

BY JOSEPH JASTROW, PH.D.,
Professor of Experimental and Comparative Psychology in the University of Wisconsin.

THE impression of one's first experience with hypnotism is similar to that of a first evening with a Herrmann or a Kellar: for the one the laws of nature seem to have obligingly stepped aside in order to make possible his magical transformations and disappearances, while the phenomena presented by the hypnotized subject seem to different and opposed to every-day laws and doings that an air of marvel clings naturally and persistently to the entire subject. Between the two impressions, however, there is one significant point of difference. In comprehensible as the conjurer's tricks may be, our faith in the uniformity of physical laws is not seriously disturbed by his enjoyable and clever performance, while in our introduction to hypnotism we seem to touch at the portal of another world, and cannot escape a slight but real suspicion that we are face to face with those stranger things than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

That hypnotism presents many phenomena alike strange and important no one is less likely to deny than the discerning student of its problems, but no result of such study is clearer and more urgent than the necessity of resisting the notion that because some phenomena are unexplained, all demand recourse to ultraphysical laws for their explanation; the necessity of wisely discriminating between the clearly established and the conjectural, between that which seems rational and explicable and that which contradicts and claims to transcend a long and carefully treasured experience.

Hypnotism is not the science of the marvellous, and does not depend for its value upon its power to demonstrate the supernatural. It has won scientific recognition because it presents an altered condition of the nervous system that is of great interest to the physiologist, the psychologist, and the physician. The present revival of its study dates back some fifteen years, when a small group of French scientists re-established and elaborated the strictly demonstrable and physiological effects of this interesting condition. They succeeded in rescuing the subject from the odium that a peculiarly checkered and notorious career had cast about it and in securing for their investigations the attention and sanction of a respectable portion of the scientific world. The last decade has witnessed a most remarkable activity in the study of hypnotic phenomena; special centres of study have grown up in Paris and in Nancy as well as in the larger cities of other countries; its literature is so vast that a bibliography of recent contributions, comprising several thousand titles, is far from complete, journals devoted exclusively to its interests have been established; and almost every country of civilization has contributed something to this vast aggregate of investigation and interest.

A résumé of the chief results of this activity, however pertinent and interesting must give place in the present writing to a consideration of the distinction between the demonstrable and valuable results of hypnotism and certain wonderful tales and views which in the public mind have become intimately associated with this name and subject. We may obtain some notion of the hypnotic state by recalling our nightly experience in dream-land or the action of drugs and anæsthetics. Unconsciousness, a lessened sensibility to external stimuli and pain, great suggestibility, are some of the prominent phenomena common to these conditions and to hypnotism. In both cases we have good reasons to ascribe the bodily and mental phenomena to an altered condition of the nervous centres, to the removal for the time of the control of the directing and coordinating powers, and the consequent placing of the subject at the mercy of outside suggestions. The great variety of suggestions that may thus be imposed, the continuance of these suggestions into the waking state, the naturalness with which a complicated suggestion may be executed, the peculiar mingling of the subject's own mental traits with those that have been imposed upon him, the tenacity with which impressions that are present to the degree of being normally painful are refused admission to consciousness, or, again, the slowness and quickness with which the slightest trace of an expected impression is detected—these and many other phenomena contribute alike to the bizarre effect of the whole and to the attractiveness and psychological value of the study. But they are not marvels in any other sense than dreams are marvels, or the change in thought and feeling that follows a dose of hashish is a marvel. In the accurate delineation and interpretation of such phenomena in the determination of the subjective and objective factors of their causation and in their practical applications, lies the true study of hypnotism.

When we read, however, of transference of thought apart from the usual avenues of sensation, of susceptibility to the magnet's action, of perceiving the effect of things at a distance, of a peculiar and mysterious rapport between subject and operator, of the externalization or transference of sensibility from subject to an inanimate object, and what not, then indeed we are in the land of marvels and equally in the region of the undemonstrated.

The most general explanation of the origin of such notions is unconscious suggestion, the subject already suspects the vaguely intimated theories or surmises of the operator and acts upon them. Some experimenters have acted upon the belief that the hypnotized subject was oblivious to all words and actions, when careful observation would have evinced the very opposite. If we look into the history of the subject, we find views held and supported that to-day would be pronounced absurd, and if we inquire how they came to be advanced and defended by men of note and training, we find the most likely clew in unconscious suggestion. In the of illustrating this view in detail one may refer to the recent examination and complete refutal by Dr. Ernest Hart* of Dr. Luys's exhibitions of marvellous hypnotism at the Charité in Paris. The alleged miracles are shown to be the result of such patent suggestions and misinterpretation of easily explicable phenomena as to startle us by their simplicity.

It is doubtless difficult to apply this explanation in detail to many of the observations reported on worthy authority. It is equally true that we have not reached the limits of knowledge of hypnotic conditions and possibilities; and yet it is allowable, and for the maintenance of a wholesale interest in such studies eminently desirable, to accept the fact that the study of hypnotism has not demonstrated the existence of any transcendent mental faculty, of any supernatural mode of manifestation of psychic powers. The observations supposed to prove such claims have quite largely failed to meet with the approval of competent judges, and have only served to stimulate a semi morbid interest and curiosity on the part of those who are more appreciative of startling and sensational results than of the careful and systematic progress of true science.

* *Hypnotism, Mesmerism, and the New Witchcraft.* By Ernest Hart. New York: 1890.

AMATEUR SPORT

THERE IS MUCH TO COMMEND ITSELF to the attention of the New York Yacht Club in the suggestions made some weeks ago by the London *Field* regarding an earlier date than October for the *America*'s cup race.

It is so rare for the yachting editor of the *Field* to unbend Americaward to the extent of a suggestion, that the present one comes with all the pleasing freshness of novelty. Mr. Kemp fails to interest us as dictator, but as an adviser we may listen with profit.

Although there is a precedent for the international race in October, both the *Cambria* and *Livonia* having tried for the cup in that month, it is unquestionably true that there is ample time aft through August to get our defenders in racing trim, and plenty of good wind in September to carry through the final struggle successfully. It is also true that the weather in October is apt to be pretty heavy for a racing sloop of eighty-six feet water-line length to cross the ocean. There are many good reasons why we should hold the international race as early as the best condition of our defender will permit, and give the British opponent a chance to get home before the coarse autumnal weather.

AND THERE IS ANOTHER MATTER in this international racing that should receive the attention of the New York Yacht Club now before the race this year is sailed, and that is the conditions which govern challenges for the *America*'s cup. It is, of course, understood that the challenger will always be handicapped to some extent, from the fact that he must build a boat that can cross the Atlantic on its own bottom, while his opponent need only construct a racing-machine regardless of whether she could or could not stand an ocean voyage of sixteen to eighteen days. But this is entirely a legitimate advantage, since it must always be that the holder of any championship trophy have the privilege of a defender. Here, however, the advantage should end, and the contest in all other respects be as fair for one as the other. The British should have the same power as American yachtsmen in picking their boat from a fleet as large as they choose to build.

THE ROGERS CUP-DEFENDER "COLONIA."

IT IS ENTIRELY PROPER THE CHALLENGE should be made ten months before the race, and the class stipulated, but beyond that there should be no restrictions, except those governing all contests between sportsmen. As it is now, the challenger must name his boat, and race that particular boat no matter how she turns out, while the defender may build half a dozen, and choose the fastest. As an instance, if Lord Dunraven had built the *Calluna* and challenged with her, instead of the *Valkyrie*, he would have been obliged by the present conditions under which the *America's* cup is held to come over with *Calluna*, notwithstanding the fact that she has been a tremendous disappointment, and the slowest boat of the new ones. Once the challenge is made, British yachtsmen should enjoy the privilege, as we do, of choosing a challenger from as many yachts as they care to build within the rating set forth in the challenge. These would be absolutely fair, sportsmanlike conditions, and go a long way towards keeping yacht-racing alive. We need the incentive of international racing, of that there is no doubt, and no better foundation for its future could be laid than a congress of British and American yachtsmen that would discuss and act upon the many intricacies and differences of the present rulings, and formulate those that will give us an annual contest on a sportsmanlike basis. International racing will never thrive as it should until better and more equitable conditions are made, under which the yachts of the two nations may come together yearly.

NO ONE OF THE FOUR CUP-DEFENDERS will be followed with more interest than the *Jubilee*, which in her tuning up process has, as far as may be judged, done some very lively work. She is a combination of fin-keel and centreboard type, and therefore differs from all the others, which are distinctive. She has the long overhangs popular with designers since the advent of the *Gloriana*.

All her lines are easy and graceful, and give the impression of speed and power. Her fin is about forty feet long on top, tapering to thirty at the bottom, and with the aft end perpendicular, while the forward end slopes from bottom to top at a considerable angle. The main centreboard, which is a steel plate one inch thick, twelve feet long on the bottom and nine at the top, works in the usual way, using the fin as a box. The auxiliary fin forward is likewise of steel three feet broad and about eight feet long. It works up and down through the keel, and its chief value, the Paines declare, will be to aid the helm in a light breeze. The boat is built of steel throughout, and although the material is lighter than in the others, it is very strongly put together. Her boom is over ninety feet, and she carries about forty tons of lead at the bottom of her fin. Her dimensions are: length over all, 128 feet; water-line length, 83 feet 6 inches; beam, 22 feet 6 inches. Draught of hull, 4 feet 6 inches; of fin, 9 feet—total draught, 13 feet 6 inches. Captain John Barr, who sailed the English *Thistle* (now the *Meteor*, belonging to Emperor William) in her races against *Volunteer* for the *America*'s cup, is the sailing master, and, together with General Paine, will get out of the *Jubilee* all there is in her.

THE PAINE CUP-DEFENDER "JUBILEE."

THE TRIALS OF THE *Jubilee* have demonstrated that she can carry her large sail spread with ease, and be steered without difficulty. She is, in fact, very quick and easy on the helm. Her young designer has settled these two questions to the satisfaction of all who have seen his production under sail. With these two questions, which have been under discussion ever since the yacht was started, settled in her favor, it follows as a matter of course that a boat with her easy lines, small displacement, and large sails must be fast. And that the *Jubilee* is a very fast boat is an assured fact. How fast nobody can say, for there is nothing under sail around Boston that can even serve as a trial horse. *Volunteer* she simply plays with even on the schooner's best point, and tug-boats are easily distanced when the sloop gets a good breeze. Yet this is no more than all of the new boats should and probably will do. It will be only when they come together that any estimate of speed can be made, but, in any event, the boat that outsails the *Jubilee* will be very fast.

THE "PILGRIM" IS THE SHOT BACKWARD of the cup-defenders, and will in consequence be handicapped to some extent by her preliminary tuning being cut short. It was hoped she would be got ready for a trial the last of the week just ended, but at this writing she is still several days from a sail. Since yachtsmen had an opportunity of seeing her on the dry dock (while her fin was being put on), the opinion prevails more stronger than ever that she must be a big success or a failure, and more are inclined to the favorable than to the other verdict. Certainly her lines are remarkably smooth, and not a hollow run be found to her from stem to stern. Her midship section is one unending curve, and there is, in fact, nothing abrupt in her construction. Her form impresses one as being easier to drive than even that of *Jubilee*. The fin is an interesting study, it is thirty-six feet long at the top, seventeen feet deep, and about eighteen feet long on the bottom. At the bottom of the fin the plates form a short angle on either side, and on this angle rest the twenty tons of lead bulb, in two halves, secured with bolts that pierce from side to side. The centreboard, which is to be used like the *Jubilee*'s auxiliary to assist in steering, is about seven feet long.

The dimensions of the *Pilgrim* are 122 feet length over all; water-line length, 85 feet; beam, 23 feet; depth of hull, 8 ft. 6 in. Draught of hull, 5 ft. 6 in.; draught of fin, 17 ft.—total draught, 22 ft. 6 in.

Captain Edward Sherlock, who last year sailed the *Marguerite*, will command, aided by the Adams brothers, who are among the most skilful Corinthians in the country.

THE MORGAN-ISELIN CUP DEFENDER *Vigilant* has been putting in the past week about Bristol, making short runs and getting into shape generally. Her first trial was good enough to assure her owners that they have a fast boat. The leak at that time had not been effectually stopped, and it is not improbable it may be necessary to haul the boat out before it can be found. The *Vigilant* will have the largest sail spread of all the new 86-footers, and bids fair to be equal to it, for in her trial she stood up well under mainsail, staysail, jib, and working topsail, went to windward handsomely, and minded her helm nicely.

Colonia has also been at work about Bristol, under the watchful eyes of the Herreshoffs, her designers, and Mr. Rogers, the best-known yachtsman, of her owners. She has not had a really good trial yet, but what little she has done gives promise of better things when her sails are properly fitted. She is built very much after the lines of Mr. Rogers's *Wasp*, the fastest 46-footer of last season.

Although none of the cup-defenders is likely to be raced until the New York Yacht Club cruise, it will not be more than a week now before they will all be sailing in earnest, and some idea of their actual quality may be formed. Thus far those that have been tried suggest speed of a degree that has never yet been got out of a yacht, and with their several distinctive types the trial races will be intensely interesting as well as instructive. The dimensions of the four yachts are given in the table on the following page.

FROM PRESENT INDICATIONS the tuning up of these yachts will not be rapid, and it looks therefore as though the time set for the international race in none too late if the cup-defenders are to be at their best. The first trial race has been announced for September 7th, and they will be continued from that date until the defender has been chosen. As there may be five races sailed before the committee determines on the boat, it is not unlikely these trials may last until even the 22d or 23d of September.

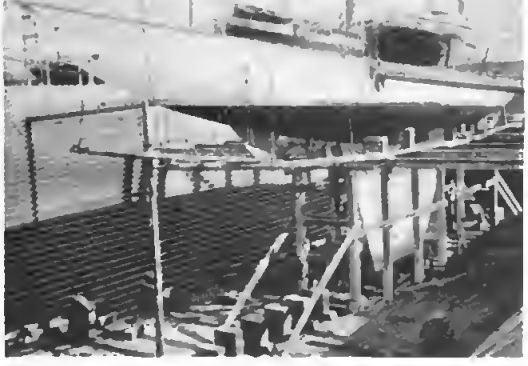
While the cup defenders may, and one or two of them undoubtedly will, be seen in the runs from port to port on the N. Y. Y. Club cruise, yet they will probably race together for the first time in the Goelet Cup races off Newport. They will again meet in the Astor Cup races, also off Newport, August 17th, 18th, and 19th, and yet again in the special race given by the Corinthian Yacht Club of New York off Newport the last of the same month. It is not unlikely, of course, that one yacht of the four may have so thoroughly demonstrated her superiority in these races as to make the official trial events more or less perfunctory, and in that case the choice of the boat to meet the *Valkyrie* could be made by the 10th of September.

THIS IS POSSIBLE, BUT NOT ALTOGETHER PROBABLE, for if the little work a couple of the boats have already done is to be taken as any criterion the contests promise to be close. It is more than likely there will be so little difference between one or two as to use up the limit of trial races in determining on the better defender in all kinds of weather.

If it should happen that the New York Yacht Club committee is able to announce its choice by September 10th, there would be no reason for not following with the international races as soon as the chosen one has had her final grooming.

LORD DUNRAVEN'S "VALKYRIE" CONTINUES TO BE the best all round boat of the British fleet, and both English and American sportsmen will rejoice that she is, for it would be an empty honor indeed to successfully defend the *America*'s cup against a boat that was only second class in home waters. She is strong to windward, and the harder it blows the better she seems to like it, and fast on a reach. *Britannia* has been doing some fine work; she is not so good to windward as the *Valkyrie*, but pulls up a little on a reach and a run when the wind hardens.

Satanita seems too big for working round a course nicely, but gives a long reach or run, would prove a very fast boat. That, however, is not yacht-racing. The great difficulty



THE BOSTON SYNDICATE CUP-DEFENDER "PILGRIM" ON THE DRY DOCK.

against which her captain has most to contend is to keep spars and sails above her, and this looks as if there had been an overstepping of the mark.

The *Calluna* has been too heavily weighted. She stands straight when the other boats are down to the covering-board, and even with the three tons of lead off her keel carries club-topsail when the others have jib-headers. There is much disappointment over her in Scotland, and unless the recent changes improve her greatly she will be left hull down by *Valkyrie*, *Britannia*, or *Satanita*. Taking *Iverna* for comparison, *Valkyrie* and *Britannia* are about twenty-five to thirty minutes faster than *Meteor* (*Thistle*).

The arrival of the *Navahoe* in British waters after a good trip and with all well is good news to Americans.

	Owner.	Designer.	Type.	Length over all	Beam.	Draught.
				Feet.	Ft. in.	Ft. in.
Jubilee	John B. Paine.	John B. Paine.	Centreboard Fin.	128	22 6	13 6
Vigilant. ..	E. D. Morgan *et al.*	Herreshoff.	Centreboard.	128	26	14
Pilgrim	Boston Syndicate.	Stewart and Binney.	Fin Keel.	123	23	22 6
Colonia ...	Archibald Rogers *et al.*	Herreshoff	Keel	128	24	16

"CARMITA," THE NEW FOSTER 46-FOOTER with a fin keel, which was expected to lower *Wasp's* colors, did not appear at the Eastern regatta, and would not have been a winner had she started, for she is not showing the speed expected. In fact, she has not nearly sail enough, and will have a much larger spread, besides being lightened two or three tons inside, before entering the races. Under her present rig she "stands up like a church," and is heavy. If she is any criterion by which to judge the larger fin boats, they will carry their sails with ease.

As a matter of fact, *Carmita* was not designed for racing, the idea of her owner being to test the fin keel in a cruising yacht which should be fast, able, and roomy, and give some data as to the merit of the fin in larger boats than any in which at that time it had been tried. Since *Carmita* was set up, however, the building of the two Boston cup-defenders promises to solve in one jump all that Mr. Foster had planned, and absorb much of the interest that would otherwise have centred in his craft. Still, her owner is entitled to the credit of coming forward to make the experiment, just as he did when two years ago he built *Barbara* from Fife's lines for the good of the sport. *Wasp* seems to have lost none of her speed, and when she met *Harpoon* recently disposed of her without difficulty, although the margin at the finish more than represents the actual difference in sailing, as the wind lightened at the end of the race.

THE PROSPECT FOR GOOD RACING in the 21-foot class, so popular in Eastern waters last season, is not of the best. *Alpha*, the fastest of last year's fleet, has gone West; *Freak*, her closest competitor, will be in new hands; while *Tadpole* and several others are out of it, and no new boats have as yet been built to take their places. It appears that the Stewart and Binney boat built by Lawley is for the 25-foot class in New York, and unless some new boats are brought out to meet her, she will have a walk over in ordinary New York racing weather.

It is to be hoped this class, which has made such a revolution in yacht-designing, will be kept alive, not only for experimental purposes, but also because it is a class in which Corinthians will always be in the majority. It is a good training-school for amateurs.

An effort is being made in Boston to revive the 40-footers as a racing class, on the ground that there is just as much to be learned from this class as from the 46-footers, and at much less cost. Let us hope it will prove successful. There never was any excuse for building up the 46-foot class at the expense of the 40's. No valuable knowledge was gained, the cost of building and racing was increased, and thereby a large number of enthusiastic Corinthians were debarred from competition. A boom in the 40-foot class would be acceptable, and it is auspicious that some of the progenitors of the larger class are of this opinion.

THE CANOEING SEASON THUS FAR has developed nothing of significance, and the general interest seems to be below that of last year. There is to be no race for the international cup, and it reflects somewhat on the sportsmanship of Canadian clubs that no representative is forth-coming. *Ford Jones* has challenged and sailed for the cup with commendable persistency the past few years, and now that he is unable to make another try at it this year, the canoe clubs over the line appear content to let the honors rest where they are. The division camp on Chimmon's Island is not popularly located. The Association ought to have a book for the registration of the annual blunders of committees on transportation and site, and insist on its perusal by newly elected officials.

SPORTSMEN WILL NOT UPHOLD the secretary of the Central Association of the Amateur Athletic Union in his present discussion with the parent body. The case may be summed up in a few words. February 18, '93, the Board of Governors of the A.A.U. passed this rule:

"*Resolved*, That no person shall be reinstated as an amateur who becomes a professional after February 18, 1893, and applications for reinstatement by persons who became professionals before that date shall be received and acted upon only by the Board of Governors of the A.A.U."

This was one of the most salutary pieces of legislation the A.A.U. ever did, but it would have been still better if it had been retroactive absolutely, without being referable to any board.

Mr. Wilkins, the secretary of the Central Association, disputed the right of the A.A.U. Board of Governors to define an amateur in his district, and forthwith reinstated two professional baseball players in direct disobedience of the above rule.

Following this, Mr. Wilkins sent an amendment to section 3 of article 5 of the constitution of the A.A.U. to the Board for mail vote, which read:

"But nothing in this constitution shall be construed as giving the Board of Governors of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States the power or right directly or indirectly to amend the constitution of any association of the Amateur Athletic Union, or to take from any such association any right or privilege conferred upon it by its constitution."

And which has not and will probably not be voted upon.

The whole matter is so clearly a tempest in a teapot that it seems absurd to take up good space with its recital, and I should not but for the fact that it involves the whitewashing of professionals.

MR. WILKINS DISPLAYS MUCH IGNORANCE of the A.A.U. constitution and various rulings. The Central and other associations are to the Board of Governors of the Amateur Athletic Union what the various State legislatures are to the United States Senate and House of Representatives. They are entirely for local government pure and simple, and altogether auxiliary. The question of what constitutes an amateur is, athletically speaking, a national one, and a subject for the Board of Governors of the A.A.U., and for them only, to legislate upon and guard from New York to California, wherever there is club allegiance. The Central Association, so long as it remains a member of the Amateur Athletic Union, has no more reason to assume the right of defining an amateur in its district than the Legislature of Michigan has to pass on questions of Federal jurisprudence in that State.

THE CENTRAL ASSOCIATION is clearly in the wrong and has not enhanced itself in the opinion of sportsmen through the exploitation of its case in the Detroit *Tribune* by a writer who mistakes vituperation for argument.

So much for the case itself. Now as to the desire to whitewash professionals, which has brought about all this discussion, the Central Association cannot be too severely criticised. The spirit that has characterized the backsliding from good clean sport in the make-up of the Detroit Athletic Club baseball nine this season is vastly different from that of the club a couple of years ago. Two professional baseball players have been reinstated simply because the club wanted them, and are now playing on the nine. If Mr. Wilkins and his associates of the Central Association consider the whitewashing of professionals a proper way to serve the cause of amateur sport, the sportsmen either in his district or in the country at large do not, and they will uphold all legislation that helps on the good cause.

THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION of Canada has at last set about to encourage its athletes, which up to this year have had nothing but their own enthusiasm to train on. It has been decided to hold championship games every spring, open to Canadians only, and the first meeting was given last week with excellent results. The track performances were all good, considering the rain and the consequently heavy track, the field events were not so good.

H. D. Carr, who has much in him if properly developed, won the sprints as easily as Waldron did the quarter and Orton the one and two miles. George Moffatt, the ex-M.A.C., made his reappearance after several years of retirement, and won the high hurdles easily. In Carr, Waldron, and Orton, Canada has three athletes who have an equal chance with the best in America of attaining championship honors, not only in Canada, but at the national events in Chicago. Carr has never yet been in form when he met a good man, but has shown a great burst of speed. Waldron used to give Dohm harder work than any other outside of Downs, and Orton and Conneff are so nearly matched as to make a race always dependent on condition. There is plenty of material in Canada, and now that it is to be given some encouragement, we shall not see every one of the Canadian championships going to athletes from the States. The sportsmanship that for several years has continued giving meetings in the face of all these discouragements is about to reap its rewards.

E. W. GOFF, NEW JERSEY ATHLETIC CLUB, won the All-round Individual Athletic Championship of the A.A.U., June 28th, rather easily. There were five contestants, but the general performances of all save Goff were so poor as to make the contest thoroughly tiresome. Mediocrity ruled the day. There was no entry from either the New York Athletic or from any Boston or Philadelphia club, to say nothing of the Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, and others within reach. It is too bad this branch of athletics should have fallen so thoroughly into desuetude, and that it has is one of the results of the obeisance to the gilded gods. Sportsmen sigh for the days when they could attend games and see their kind competing.

Goff has been known chiefly as a running broad and high jumper, nearly touching the world's record in the former. He was second last year to O'Sullivan in the all-round, and is second class compared with Malcolm Ford and A. A. Jordan. Goff's performances were: 100 yards, 11⅕ sec.; 16-lb. shot, 32 ft. 8 in.; running high jump, 5 ft. ¾ in.; half-mile walk (a ridiculous event on an all-round programme), 4 min. 18⅖ sec.; 16-lb. hammer, 78 ft. 3 in.; 120-yards hurdle, 17⅖; 56-lb. weight, 17 ft. 2 in.; pole vault, 8 ft. 11 in.; running broad jump, 21 ft. 7 in.; one-mile run, did not compete. The list of champions include—1884, M. W. Thompson; 1885, M. W. Ford; 1886, M. W. Ford; 1887, A. A. Jordan; 1888, M. W. Ford; 1889, M. W. Ford; 1890, A. A. Jordan; 1891, A. A. Jordan; 1892, M. O'Sullivan; 1893, E. W. Goff.

THE LAWN-TENNIS SEASON, which may be said to have fairly opened with the tournament at Tuxedo, was continued brilliantly at Saratoga, New York, last week, and at Seabright, New Jersey, where the contests for the State championships were decided, the title in each case being lost by the defender. At Chicago the Western singles were won by Samuel Chase over Evart Wrenn in a match that showed some good play.

The chief interest, however, was centred at Saratoga, where the first three players of the country (Hobart, Hovey, Knapp), barring the champion (O. S. Campbell), were assembled for the men's singles, while the ex-champion in women's singles, Miss Cahill, and Miss Moore were to meet for the first time since '92. The men's doubles lacked much of the equality of former years, the entries being much below those of last year, when the Hall brothers won over Hovey and Huxley and Slocum and Clark. Hovey and Hobart this year were the only strong pair, and had no difficulty in winning from Candler and Talmadge—6-0, 6-1, 6-3.

The mixed doubles, however, were the best probably ever seen in America, Miss Moore and Mr. Hovey winning from Miss Cahill and Mr. Hobart, after an exhibition of very clever team work—6-3, 3-6, 6-3.

THERE WAS NO PARTICULARLY INTERESTING PLAY in the men's singles until Hovey beat J. F. Talmage, Jun., in the semifinal round. The court had been rather softened by the rains and this somewhat handicapped Hovey's play, aside from which Talmage played a stronger game than he was thought capable of, and surprised every one by winning the first set. He could not keep up the pace, however, and Hovey took the remaining two easily, 4-6, 6-2, 6-0.

It was expected Hobart and Hovey would come together to decide who should meet W. Percy Knapp for the cup, and after Hobart's play at Tuxedo, and its continued brilliancy the first of the Saratoga week, his win over Hovey was quite in order. Some believed Hobart's game would be weakened by the softer turf courts, but it seemed to make no difference in his play, for his game was even more brilliant than it had been on the dirt courts at Tuxedo. His side line shots went over the net like lightning, while his cross-court drives more often struck the line at the joining of the base and side lines, bounding away out of Hovey's reach. There was small opportunity for smashing, Hobart playing altogether from the back of the court, and placed his drives down the side-lines so beautifully that only on one occasion was Hovey afforded the satisfaction of getting in his favorite stroke. While his pace was slower than usual, Hovey scored points throughout the match on good placing, and held on in pursuit of the first set until 5-4 and vantage had been called three times, when a terrific drive from Hobart down Hovey's right court struck an unevenness in the ground, and failing to rise, clinched to the set for Hobart. The second belonged to the latter from the very beginning. In the third, when Hovey had the lead with 5-3, Hobart pulled it up to 5 all, but Hovey took on a great brace and pulled off the set. Hobart took the fourth and the match—6-4, 6-2, 5-7, 6-4. This is the fourth time this season Hobart has defeated Hovey.

HOBART MET KNAPP FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP with the prestige of two weeks of fine play, and it showed its effects by the dash of his volleying and the confidence with which he placed balls in the extreme corners of the court. Knapp played his usual game of dogged persistence, and hung on to Hobart so closely that the match was intensely interesting and more uncertain than any of the tournament. How Percy Knapp manages to play such strong games against the best men in the country, and men who are constantly at practice, is a puzzler. Knapp is rarely seen at tournaments; in fact, last year he played only at Saratoga and at Newport, and will play no oftener this year. He therefore misses the practice and drilling which tournament play gives. Yet Knapp always plays a hard game and a strong one, and makes it necessary for his opponent to show much pluck as well as skill in order to win from him. That Hobart should therefore have played with such accuracy proves that he is in magnificent form. He did not show the speed he had put on against Hovey, and Knapp by clever work took the first set handily. Hobart put on a spurt in the second, and took it as well as the third, but not until Knapp, by returning some of the hardest balls and keeping Hobart hard at work, had brought the score to 9-7. Knapp's tireless game told in the fourth set, and he took it easily, 2-6, outplaying Hobart, and doing some very pretty work. Hobart put on his irresistible pace again in the fifth, and took it and the match and championship, 3-6, 6-4, 9-7, 2-6, 6-4.

THE MATCH BETWEEN MISS CAHILL and MISS MOORE was of peculiar interest, owing to the fact that the latter had been beaten by a narrow margin by the former in the championships of '92, and that they had not met since. The play throughout was brilliant and the first set very close, the score at one time being 5 to 4 and 30 love in Miss Moore's favor. Sharp volleying saved Miss Cahill, but the struggle continued, Miss Moore doing some clever smashing down the left court of her opponent. Miss Cahill's hard drives were well handled by Miss Moore, who had the score 7-6, when, by a cut stroke dropped tidily over the net without much chance for a bound, Miss Cahill again saved herself. The next two games of that set and the second set were not so interesting. Miss Moore seemed to have spent her force, and knocked balls out of court. Miss Cahill continued strong, and she took the set easily and the match—9-7, 6-1.

A feature of the match was the backhand strokes of both players, showing the improved form of women in tennis.

THE NEW JERSEY CHAMPIONSHIP at Seabright was a marked improvement over last year, when the entries were meagre and the play tame. In fact, Richard Stevens had a practical walk-over for the cup in '92. This year the entries of V. G. and E. L. Hall, W. A. Larned, Marion Wright, A. W. Post, Dean Miller, and H. M. Billings gave promise of excellent sport, which was fulfilled before the end of the tournament. It was something of a surprise to see V. G. Hall beaten by Wright, 6-1, 11-9, the latter playing really a strong game, though the victory of Larned over E. L. Hall, 8-6, 6-2, 6-1, was expected from the latter's play thus far this season and Larned's improvement since the Tuxedo tournament. Neither of the Halls is playing in form yet, and E. L. will take a rest. Billings showed his usual excellent game, but at its best it is not good enough to stand against E. L. Hall, even out of form, and the latter won in two straight—7-5, 6-2.

Stevens played his same persistent game, remaining at the back of the court and returning some balls thought safe. The wind was bad for his game, but aside from that he could not do much with Larned, who showed the best form this season and smashed and volleyed in fine style, and finally taking the match, 6-3, 4-6, 6-3, 6-3.

In the doubles Campbell and Larned beat the Hall brothers 6-4, 8-4, 6-4. Longwood this week is the centre of attraction.

THE IRISH LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS decided in Dublin resulted in the defeat of E. Renshaw, holder of the cup, by Pim, who gave evidence of his form when in the semi-finals he beat W. Renshaw, the once invincible champion, with apparent ease. Pim's play throughout the tournament was wonderfully good; he had all his matches in hand from the first, and his strokes, back play, net play, forehand and backhand drives, were each and all object-lessons in the game. He is always on the lookout, never misses a chance to follow up the smallest advantage, and plays more with his head probably than any other of Great Britain's tennis experts. Renshaw made a good battle, though not so hard a game throughout as he has shown, and could only secure one set—the final score being 6-1, 6-3, 4-6, 6-4.

It is proverbial that Irishmen like dead courts, and perhaps for this reason they are more fortunate in their native land than elsewhere. It remains to be seen whether or not Pim will be able to repeat his triumph at Wimbledon this month. Many men in the position that W. Renshaw held for so long in the tennis world would, when they had once reached the top, have abandoned the game altogether rather than risk defeat. He is much too keen a sportsman, however, to be deterred from competing simply because he is no longer certain to win all his matches, and if he fails to regain his lost laurels it will not be for want of trying.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

"PRACTICAL LAWN-TENNIS."—BY JAMES DWIGHT, M.D.—ILLUSTRATED.—16MO, CLOTH, PRICE $1 25.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVII.—No. 1910.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1893.

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THE GERMAN ARMY BILL.—[SEE PAGE 726.]

THE VICTORIOUS CHANCELLOR, AND SOME OF THE PARTY LEADERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 29 1893.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY. $4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

MORE MONEY.

ONE of the sages of the People's Party in Kansas some time ago delivered himself at a public meeting as follows: "If all the money that is in the banks were in the pockets of the people, the country would be better off." This good man was evidently unaware of the fact that the money which is in the banks does not belong to the banks, but to people who deposited it there, and can draw it out again when they please; that, meanwhile, this money is lent out by the banks to people who can give sufficient security; and that, when so lent out, it circulates among the people in the channels of business, and is, therefore, virtually in the pockets of the people. The sage had probably applied to a bank for a loan without offering sufficient security, and the loan being refused, he concluded that the money in the banks was maliciously withheld from the people. What he really meant to say was, that if the money which was in other people's pockets were in his, he would be better off. Of which there is no doubt. But this sage and his disciples will have to consider that there are but two honest ways of getting money—to sell something for it, or to borrow it. So long as you have things to sell that other people want, such as corn, or dry goods, or your labor, you can always get money in exchange for them. If you have things of value to pledge, which the lender of money considers sufficient security that he will get his money back, such as land, or wheat, or cotton, or good railroad bonds, you can borrow money. The recognition of this fact moved another Western stump speaker, who had turned the matter over in his mind, wisely to remark: "What we people need is not more currency, but more collaterals"—a great truth.

But our Populist thought he had found a way to get money for those who had neither anything to sell nor anything to pledge and that was to have the government issue more currency in the shape of silver dollars or paper dollars. He called this "cheap money," because, being made of cheaper material, it would be easier to get. There seemed to be an idea floating in his mind that if the government issued lots of currency, there would be government officers with big bags of money going around the country to put some of it in the pocket of every one needing it. But our Populist would soon discover that, after all, money cannot be got except by selling or by pledging something for it, and that the additional issue would again go into the pockets of those having something to sell or to pledge—ay, most of it into the pockets of those having most to sell or to pledge. This not answering our Populist's purpose, he would perhaps conclude that the government has not coined or printed enough silver or paper dollars, and that if it issued still more, and much more, the wished for "relief" would come. In fact, this has been actually done ever since the enactment of the BLAND law and the SHERMAN law; and yet nobody could get any of this "more money" who had not something to sell or to pledge, and no "relief" was perceptible. However large the issues might be, our Populist would find that the conditions of getting dollars would remain always the same.

He may even presently make the discovery that as more of such "cheap" money is issued it may become more difficult, instead of more easy, to get it. The lender of money wants to be secured against loss. He wants to be certain not only that he will get his money back dollar for dollar, but also that the dollar he gets back will be of no less value than the dollar he lent out. When he has reason to fear that after having lent out money in gold dollars, or at least in dollars exchangeable for gold dollars, he may have to take back in payment of the loan silver dollars, or paper money exchangeable only for silver dollars, intrinsically worth only 60 or 70 cents, he will either not lend out any money at all, or lend it out in a way that he may call it back at any moment, and then only under the most exacting conditions as to security. Our Populist might then not be able to borrow money even if he had security to offer which under other circumstances would be considered good. This apprehension on the part of the money lender will inevitably be excited when he sees the government issue so much money of an inferior intrinsic value that its ability of keeping it at par with money of standard value, namely, gold, becomes a matter of doubt. As soon as such a doubt arises the man who has money will not only be extremely cautious in lending it out, but he will probably make haste to call in the loans he has out. European capitalists who under ordinary circumstances largely invest in American securities and enterprises, and send many hundreds of millions to this country will, as soon as they begin seriously to apprehend that the value of our legal-tender dollar becomes uncertain, try to save themselves by selling their American securities and by withdrawing their capital from American enterprises as much as they can. Then, instead of flowing in, good money flows out of this country in large streams.

Our Populist will say that this talk about the intrinsic value of money is very foolish, inasmuch as the government fixes the value of money by law, and that when it declares a silver dollar to be as good as a gold dollar, it is so. This may be taken as true on one very essential condition. If the government declares a silver dollar of the present weight and fineness to be as good as a gold dollar of the present weight and fineness, and couples with this declaration the promise, and makes good that promise, of exchanging a gold dollar for a silver dollar on demand, or of accepting silver dollars in payment and of paying out gold dollars when wanted, then the silver dollar will pass for as good as a gold dollar. But as soon as the government withdraws that promise, or shows itself unable to fulfill that promise, or even causes an apprehension that in the future it will not be able to fulfill it, then people will no longer look upon the two metals as equals in value at the ratio fixed by law; they will be irresistibly moved to inquire how much the quantity of silver contained in the silver dollar is worth in the market; and if they find it to be less than a gold dollar's worth, then they will keep hold of the gold dollars and stow them away, and the foreign creditor or investor will draw as many out of the country as he can. In other words, gold money will go out of circulation, and the quantity of current money will be decreased not only to that extent, but a good deal more; for when the paper dollar which was redeemable in gold is redeemable only in silver, it will represent less value; it will buy less; and the same quantity of it will, therefore, not be sufficient for the same amount of business for which it was sufficient before. Thus it happens that the issuing by the government of "more money" of the cheap variety actually results in less money for the use of the people.

We commend this common sense view of the case to those of our readers in the South and West whose Senators or Representatives in Congress still talk of resisting the repeal of the SHERMAN act, or even of enacting a free silver coinage law, on the ground that the coining or purchasing of more silver will give the people "more money." A little sound admonition from home will do these statesmen much good.

SUDDEN AND SUSPICIOUS WEALTH.

OLD times, old fashions, habits, customs, come round again and again. Old vices follow the universal example, too, and the kind of thing that makes them possible wears out. Twenty one or two years ago there was a great club house on the shores of Long Island Sound, and there were stories of extravagant nights within its walls. Steam yachts and fast horses, expensive houses in town, were the possessions of the club members, who wore diamond studded dicer heads on their shirt bosoms, for they were also in the councils of Tammany. It was a day of vulgar display that angered the good citizens of New York, and finally aroused them to the performance of their civic duties. It was the last act in the drama that ended when the doors of a prison cell closed upon its principal actor.

Are we seeing the last act of another drama, with a like plot, with similar actors, played on the same boards? The good people of New York are hoping so. Twenty years ago the people of New York looked at the New Court-house, and thought sadly of their dollars that were swelling the millions of TWEED and his followers, scores of whom were growing rich without any known business or resources. We have no new court house now, but we have the politicians who are growing rich, and we have no valid reason for their ostentatious wealth. We can only guess, and that most of us do shrewdly enough.

There is one man who used to be a country lawyer and editor whose life for at least fifteen years has been spent in politics, who has not seriously practised his profession in these years, whose official income has been his sole apparent revenue, all for which he rendered legitimate and known service, who, when he was at the height of his career, was forced to borrow money for campaign expenses on notes endorsed by men having pecuniary dealings with him as an official. Suddenly his official income is reduced one-half, and he signalizes this event by purchasing an expensive estate. Another lawyer, younger and poorer than the last, who has also abandoned his profession for politics, has acquired luxurious habits on a salary of $5000 a year. Another man, whose absolute power is greater than that of any human being but Pope and emperors, or of negro chiefs in the wilds of Africa, was once a laborer. For a time his sole distinction came from a charge of murder that was lodged against him. During many years, as far as most of his fellow citizens know, he has had no occupation but politics. He has not held lucrative office. Indeed, there is no office in this country from whose legitimate rewards wealth can be acquired. This man has risen from "beeler" to "boss," and during his progress upwards has not toiled at any business or industrial occupation—at least, with the zeal and distinction which would account for riches. And yet, within a few months he has given abundant evidence of the possession of a large amount of money. He has purchased an expensive house on Fifth Avenue, and has bought a number of valuable race-horses. He has made his appearance on the turf, and already there are murmurs of discontent heard in Tammany Hall—discontent bred by his display of riches. Does any one know how this man's wealth has been obtained? At least, no one has taken the interested public into his confidence.

Another Tammany leader, who has suddenly burgeoned into a moneyed magnate, organizes a wedding for his daughter which recalls the famous TWEED and McLAUGHLIN weddings, to which the subjects of these rulers brought princely dowers in tributes. What is the meaning of it all? Not only the bosses of Tammany, but the captains of hundreds and their lieutenants live on a scale far beyond their official incomes. Men who rise above the ranks in the police force and receive a salary equivalent to the pay of a captain in the army, own houses in New York which a captain in the army could not afford to rent. The signs of luxury spread into the neighboring country districts. From New York to Albany and Troy, and northward still, town and county clerks and treasurers, collectors of taxes, supervisors, and village presidents and trustees appear to be growing rich strangely and mysteriously. They can live in better houses, drive better horses, smoke more and better cigars, and drink richer wines than business men can afford whose known income is five times as much as their salaries.

They are to be seen wherever it is expensive to be, and notably on the race track, where they frequent the betting ring. There are politicians whose yearly incomes from the offices they hold average from $500 to $1500 who annually lose ten or a dozen times their salaries on the race-track. How they recoup themselves would be difficult to tell, whether at faro, roulette, poker, or some more certain game they alone know.

But how is the wealth that supports this magnificence and recklessness obtained? The public does not know. If a private citizen grows rich he has many friends who know his occupations and can give an account of his successes. If his wealth is great enough to give him distinction the whole city knows through the newspapers, the means whereby his riches have grown. It is not so with the politicians. They grow rich secretly, and there are only rumors as to their methods.

These rumors are of bad, even criminal practices. It is the fact that every man in this city whose property or business comes within the power of a city official is fined for that official's benefit, that men and women pay largess for the privilege of breaking the law, that candidates for office are taxed to swell the private coffers of "bosses." It is known that laws are made at Albany whereby brigands in city and country may prey upon property; that franchises are granted for money, and to be sold for profit. It is known that contractors on the public works pay tribute, and secure the money to pay it by charging liberally for "extras" or by making profitable work for themselves by discovering or creating damages to be repaired. There are stories current of large political holdings in various corporations possessing valuable franchises in this city. There are tales told of pools of money formed by corporations that are at the mercy of the Legislature, and this money is used by shrewd and trusted agents to buy elections for the friends of the corporations, and to purchase or prevent legislation.

Whatever may be the truth as to the means by which these men have grown rich, the fact remains that they are rich, and that no one can tell why. In this country no man can grow so rich as they, suddenly or slowly, that hundreds of his neighbors cannot tell you every step he took on the road to wealth. This ought to be enough. The rich politician who has made his money mysteriously is not only an object of suspicion. The presumption is against him and he is unworthy of trust.

AMERICAN INFLUENCE IN BRITISH RAILWAYS.

THE newest evidence of the influence of American manners on English habits appears in the almost simultaneous adoption of third-class dining-cars on several of the more important British lines. First class dining cars have been in use for some years. Nearly fifteen years ago they were introduced between London and Leeds, first on the Great Northern road, soon after on the Midland, and recently and with reluctance on the Northwestern. The next step was taken three years ago when the Great Eastern road admitted both first and second class passengers to its dining-cars between Doncaster and Harwich, and fed its third-class passengers in their own compartments. This line has added this summer third class dining cars to its equipment and has been matched in this innovation by the Midland and the Northwestern roads, both of which have made a like provision for the comfort of third class passengers on their trains between London and Scotland. The English Journals dilate on the perfection with which meals can be served on these last named roads. On the Midland trains trial trip a passenger let a full wineglass stand on the table while he timed the speed of the train. The train was going at the rate of seventy six miles an hour, but the surface of the liquid barely quivered. For luncheons on these trains the charge is, first class, 2s 6d; third class, 2s. For dinners, first class, 3s 6d; third class, 2s 6d. For tea (pot of tea, roll and butter), 6d.

The London *Times* dates the revolution of English railway travel from a visit to America made twenty years ago by the manager of the Midland Railway. That visit it was resulted in the admission of third-class passengers to every

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train on almost all English roads, in a general movement for the abolition of second-class carriages, and in the introduction of Pullman cars both for day and night travel. It expects soon to see the third-class dining-car followed by the third class sleeping-car, "and then," it says, "we shall be in sight of the final result, when, in England as in America, there will be but one class of carriage for ordinary local traffic, supplemented on long journeys by extra accommodation available to all passengers alike on payment of the same extra fare." It does not at all lament this prospect, but rather glories in it, contrasting the increased consideration shown to the contemporary third-class passenger with the primitive methods of half a century ago, when the "swinish multitude" that filled the third-class carriages" were either kept outside the station altogether, or shut into a pound till the first class passengers had started; then they were herded into seatless and roofless pens, in which they travelled along with horses, cattle and empty goods wagons. Possibly," adds the *Times*, "they received treatment as good as their habits and manners entitled them to. Yet it undoubtedly marks a striking revolution in social habits and point of view when the railway managers of to-day, who presumably have good means of gauging the taste of the public for which they cater, propose to set before the lineal descendant of the occupant of the cattle trucks of 1843 a civilized dinner in a luxurious dining car."

The threatened innovation which the *Times* does object to is the prospect that "the blue riband for speed" is to be surrendered without a struggle to American "flyers." That, from "the Thunderer's" stand-point, would be a shame too deep for any (British) railway man with a spark of patriotism in him to characterize in words. Perhaps so, and yet for the solace of our cousins it may be suggested that the final competition for extreme speed just now seems less likely to be between American and British steam-engines than between steam itself and some new-fangled means of locomotion. It would be less irksome on either side to accept a brand-new machine from across the water than to be outdone in the application of methods of locomotion with which English and Americans have had ample time to be thoroughly familiar.

CHICAGO MANNERS.

There has been for years past more or less good natured fun made by the Eastern press about the manners that prevail in Chicago society. The professional humorist could always grind out what would pass for a funny article on this subject when all other topics failed him. Naturally, therefore, the subject has been worn somewhat threadbare, and as it has been shorn of its fun, these articles have appeared to be serious instead of merely humorous. There is a certain large section of the public which reads little else than newspapers, and this section very naturally adopts the ideas of the newspapers as its own. So when the funny article about Chicago manners was no longer funny, but seemed from much use to be entirely serious, this section began to believe that the people of Chicago were vulgar braggarts, ignorant boors, and awkward clowns. They believed that the men in the politest circles of Chicago society had the manners of the stock yards and the grain pit, and that the women chewed gum from morning till night. Now this was very diverting when it was new, but as it has been old ever since the days of Artemus Ward, it seems about time for even the third and fourth rate humorists to find some other topic for a stand-by. There are vulgar people in Chicago to be sure, just as there are in New York, in London, in Paris, in Berlin, or any other great city. There are cads and snobs too, in Chicago, just as in the other cities named, but we are firm in the conviction that the cads and the snobs on the shores of Lake Michigan are much fewer in every five thousand inhabitants than they are in the populations that dwell by either the Hudson or the Thames. The healthy enthusiasm that makes each genuine Chicago man and woman proud of Chicago is an antidote to the meanness and littleness upon which cads and snobs subsist.

If we conceded that Chicago people were rude, impolite, ignorant, and vulgar, we should have to concede at the same time that the American people as a whole lacked those gentle qualities which sweeten life and make existence worth the while, for Chicago is more representative of the whole country than any other of the great cities. The idle twaddle of so-called society leaders and censors is of no account at all in a discussion as to either politeness or gentility. These men and women who arrogate to themselves the authority to make laws and pass judgment are neither polite nor gentle, for they confound, in considering politeness, form with spirit, and seem unaware of the fact that a person who attempts to discuss so indefinable a quality as gentility shows that he knows very little about it, and therefore is a fool for the pains he takes in talking about that with which he has small acquaintance. The visitors to Chicago this summer, or at any other time, will experience more genuine politeness from casual acquaintances than would be met with in many of the older cities. Let a sojourner in Chicago stop a busy man in the street to ask for a direction, the information would be given, in nine cases out of ten, fully, freely, cheerfully. Let the same experiment be tried in one of the older places—well, we fancy in nine cases out of ten the inquirer would be met with an entirely different reception. It is very likely that the average resident of Chicago has not taken on a very high Parisian polish; neither has the average Bostonian, New-Yorker, or Philadelphian, for that matter. But is it desirable that he should do so? We think not. We are not French and, however much we admire that graceful and courteous people, we do not wish to be. Nor do we wish to appear like them, nor yet like second-rate Englishmen, the favorite model for the snob in all parts of America. If American men and women will be but kindly without self-consciousness, they will do very well as they are, and of such the proportion is quite as great in Chicago as anywhere else in this country. The high-fliers at fashion, the cads, and the snobs should be counted out in any consideration of the manners and values of the real men and women in the United States.

THE MAN WHO STAYS IN TOWN.

There is an unusual number of men in town this summer, and there seems to be a growing disposition on the part of those young men who occasionally think, to leave the watering-places to the young women and their mammas. Of recent years there has been more or less complaint crudely but significantly shadowed forth in comic and other newspapers of the absence of young men from places where the refining hop and the ennobling moonlight flirtation hold sway. This absence has been charged up against the young men in the cursory account books of the summer, but the young men have found the debt an easy one to pay by a little extra assertion in the winter.

"Why is it that the young men linger in the shade of the apartment-house, instead of seeking the cool verandas of summer hotels?" we can fancy some modern Glaucon asking of Socrates the mondain.

"Because the young men of to-day," answers the philosopher, "understand that the summer is set apart for the recuperation of the energies exhausted during the winter."

"But," asks Glaucon, "is it not so that the country is the place for recuperation in the summer, and not the city?"

"True it is," responds Socrates, "that the country is the place for rest and recuperation."

"Why, then, do not the young men go to the country?"

"They do, when they can afford long railway travel, guns, dogs, and rods, or yachts, or other expensive muniments of rural liberty, including time."

"Then it is not to the country, the rural recuperative country," foolishly speaks Glaucon, "that the maidens hie?"

"Is silk gingham, is a plank piazza an umbrageous forest, is a cut-glass goblet a tin cup; is a Jersey cow a grizzly-bear?"

The truth is that the young men of to-day do not look respectfully on those of their sex who are willing to do in summer what they must do in winter. They want a rest not so much from the physical as from the social atmosphere of the city, and they secure that by staying in town, if they cannot afford the luxury of a yacht, where they can get by themselves on the salt sea, or the time for a long trip into the Western wilds. The young man of to-day respects his muscles, and is not half so much given as his grandfather was to pure dallying. When society goes into the country, he therefore takes a rest by stopping in town. It is better for him and better for the young women, who are thereby relieved of the temptation to spend too many hot hours dancing under the gas-light or to sit up too late. Therefore they come back to town refreshed and better-looking, and the young men are glad to see them.

Carrying society into the presence of Nature is an exhibition of pretty bad taste, although the young man who stops in town is not actuated by any such lofty sentiment. He stays for comfort. The clubs are full on these pleasant evenings, and those who haunt them, or the Park, or the neighboring sea-shore, or the roof gardens, are thoroughly enjoying themselves, and Socrates the mondain knows it.

THINGS·TALKED·OF

In the hum of discussion heard throughout the land regarding the further extension of the political rights (and duties) of women there is an occasional note of clear-ringing candor and sense that is very refreshing. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, of Boston, was recently asked by one of the interviewing reporters, who prevail even in that town, whether she approved of women serving on juries. She replied, "I absolutely have no opinion on the subject. I have never been able to make up my mind, and I know nothing about it." On the face of it this would seem discouraging, or at least discourteous, to the advocates of women as jurors; but a little reflection would show it to be evidence that Mrs. Wells is an example of the ideal jury-woman. She confesses to the statutory degree of ignorance, and complies with the rational requirement of not forming an opinion without the evidence. For our part we are persuaded that there is a vast amount of excellent raw material for juries in the sex, and that it is unpardonable neglect on the part of the male voters not to avail themselves of it. No man likes jury duty. Why should not the chances of being subjected to it be reduced?

It has recently been announced, on apparently good authority, that the Russian government has determined to keep a considerable detachment of its war vessels in the harbor of New York and its vicinity, and has made a contract with the owners of one of our largest dry docks for such repairs and even alterations as may be required in these vessels. There is no reason in law or public policy why this should not be done, and it would be a very great advantage to the Russian government to be able to winter its vessels outside of its own ice-locked waters. In case of any war between Russia and another nation, the limits placed by international law upon advantages to be accorded to either are well enough known, and would doubtless be faithfully observed. In the notion that this rendezvousing of foreign war ships in our port would benefit us by stimulating desire for and pride in a large navy of our own we cannot share. It is much easier for us to get a navy too big than to keep it as modest as we ought to keep it. It would be almost criminal for us to enter the absurd race in building war ships that prevails among transatlantic governments, for even if we could keep up in it, a great navy would be rather an incitement to war than a defence against a foe. And we confess, moreover, that the peculiar effusiveness recently shown by some of our naval officers in their intercourse with the Russians went far beyond the requirements of professional courtesy. As fellow sailors they are entitled to polite treatment, for the spirit and purpose of the government whose will they must do Americans can have no admiration and only purely conventional respect.

It cost the people of the United States about $25,000 in a couple of hours the other day to settle in the minds of the officers of the Ordnance Bureau whether some armor plates made by the Carnegie and Bethlehem steel works respectively were as good as they ought to be. It was found that they were, and what that means can be imagined when one of the plates was 17 inches thick, weighed 31½ tons, and was attacked by shells weighing 850 pounds each, the last ones fired from a 12-inch gun at a distance of only 310 feet, striking it with the force needed to move a mass of 21,600 tons, or 43,000,000 pounds, through a foot of space. The projectile went through. We take it that that did not surprise even the experts who are used to thinking about those inconceivable masses and velocities. But what did surprise them was that the hole it made was nearly as clean as if it had been drilled, and that not a crack appeared about its edges. Though this particular projectile was lost, having been deflected and fallen into the Potomac, the other projectiles which penetrated the same plate were found in perfect condition and fit to be used again. That seems almost more marvellous than the perfection of the plate. Meanwhile the people of New York may take some satisfaction in knowing that down at Sandy Hook the War Department has just mounted a gun that will throw a 1000-pound projectile and make a hole in the heaviest armor-clad ship now afloat at a distance of six miles. If we must spend money on what we hope are purely peaceful experiments, it is a comfort to know what we get for it.

If ever there was an American in spirit and purpose, of that high type of patriotism of which the pride is not merely in what the country is but in trying to make it what it ought to be, it was Colonel Richard T. Auchmuty, who died at his home in Lenox on the 18th of July. Beginning his service to his country by four years in the army of the Union, a gallant, faithful, and intelligent officer, he devoted many years of his later life to the foundation and development of his now famous trade schools in this city. The original and constant aim of these schools was to give to young men of American birth the chance to earn a living by an honest trade, the right to which is largely curtailed and almost destroyed by the action of the trades-unions. These organizations, in the short-sighted belief that the fewer workmen there are the more work there will be for each, have reduced the number of apprentices as low as possible. At the same time every freshly arrived mechanic from the other side is enlisted in a union as soon as may be, because outside of it he is a rival. The result is steadily to recruit the trades from men of foreign birth, while it is next to impossible for young Americans to learn a trade. In Colonel Auchmuty's schools all the building trades, and tailoring as well, are taught, not for nothing, for they are not a charity, but at moderate rates, and in a thorough scientific and practical manner. And the system is gradually extending to other cities, enlisting the support of intelligent employers and slowly of the better trades-unions. To this work Colonel Auchmuty gave nearly all his time and strength and large sums of money, though he was not a man of great wealth. Happily, by an endowment of $500,000 by Mr. Pierpont Morgan added to the previous gifts of Colonel Auchmuty and his wife, the schools are now permanently established. It was a very noble work, nobly and modestly done.

Sir Henry Thompson, of London, is engaged in the somewhat quixotic enterprise of arousing the English mind to a just sense of the appalling insufficiency of British cooking and the hopeless inefficiency of British cooks. We call the enterprise quixotic, not that Sir Henry has not ample justification in facts, or that we regard the enemy to the fair sex that he is attacking as in any sense imaginary, but because, so far as we are aware, the English mind, and, what is more, the English digestion, are fairly content with both cooking and cooks. Nor is this the worst of it. The *Spectator*, which is the worthy organ of the thoughtful Englishman, while admitting that the cooks are bad and the cooking execrable, calmly suggests that this may be one reason for the conquering tendency of the English race. It points out that ruin overtook Persia and Sparta and Rome in proportion as their diet became first eatable and then palatable, and finally luxurious. All of which may be true, though we have a great horror of strict analogies, but if we were Englishmen we should distinctly and deliberately prefer digestibly cooked daily food to all the possible conquests now remaining on this little ball of earth, and we tender to Sir Henry Thompson the assurance of our distinguished sympathies.

The temper of Governor Flower and the Civil Service Commission in their recent conference with the committee of the Civil Service Reform League was not altogether perfect. It is not unnatural that they should prefer to match records with other administrations to dealing sternly with the defects of their own, but that is not the way to win public confidence or to do their full duty. The evidence is quite complete that there are many places now under the State government that have been filled contrary to law. It is not so important whether these are more or less than two years ago as it is that the wrong shall be righted, and that is quite within the power of the Governor if he is determined to do it. The Comptroller has been "advised" that he cannot legally stop the salaries of persons appointed contrary to law, but if the Governor insisted that he should do so, and let the courts decide the lawfulness of it, we venture to say that the Comptroller would yield, and also that the courts would sustain the Governor. There is no trouble in securing a very thorough enforcement of the civil service act of 1884 when those in charge earnestly desire it. It is being done now in Buffalo under Mayor Bishop, as it was in this city under Mayor Hewitt. If Governor Flower will take it up as he would a business matter he would bring it out all right, and this he has promised to do.

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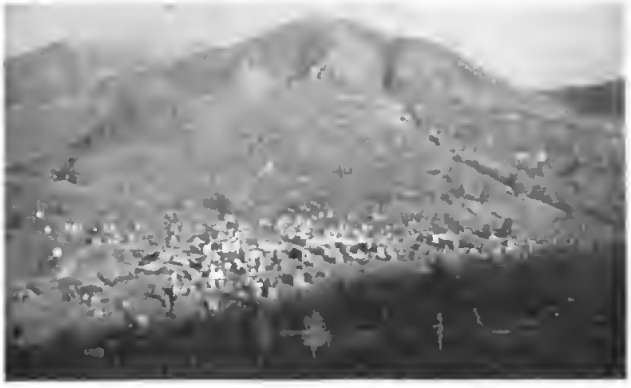
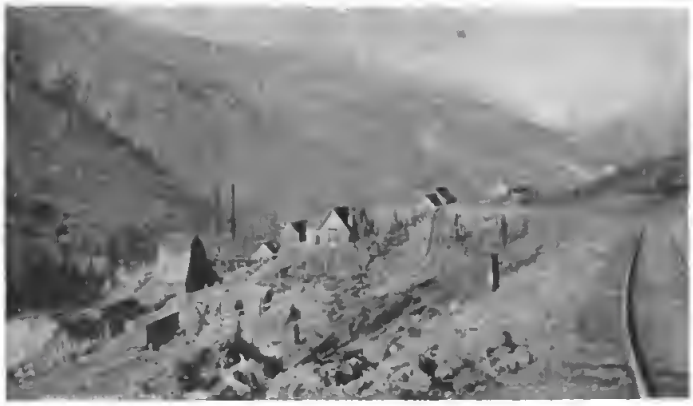
SILVERTON.

STAGE ARRIVAL AT FREMONT, CRIPPLE CREEK.

BURROS PACKED FOR THE MOUNTAINS—A STREET SCENE IN OURAY.



RICO, AND THE ENTERPRISE GROUP OF MINES.



ON SILVERTON AND OURAY TOLL-ROAD, YANKEE GIRL MINE.

BULLION AT THE AMERICAN SMELTER, LEADVILLE.

GOLD KING MINE, CRIPPLE CREEK.

GEORGETOWN, COLORADO.

IN THE COLORADO MINING CAMPS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 715.]

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THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.*

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

CECILIA INGLES.

XVII.

GEORGE OGDEN and Jessie Bradley were married during the third week in October. The wedding took place at St. Asaph's, with the participation of a small section of the choir, and the Floyds opened their house for the reception that followed. Walworth even gave George a small lunch at his club.

For some weeks previous Ogden had watched for the right opportunity to make a formal announcement of his plans to the head of the bank, and to ask for a week's leave. For nearly a month, now, Brainard had not looked at him, had not spoken to him, and when he entered the old man's office to make his request, Brainard still refrained from looking at him, and in speaking to him was as curt as possible.

"We need all our men right here; you must give up any idea of going off."

"How hot, how cold," thought George, and asked Jessie what she preferred to do under the circumstances.

She had planned a long and rapid and lavish tour, and the tears of disappointment started to her eyes.

"Go anyway," she cried.

"Go? Do you know what he is?" And "Do you know what business is?" he almost added.

She lapsed into a sullen silence.

"We could arrange the wedding for a Saturday," he suggested, "and spend Sunday in Wisconsin."

This proposition stuck in her throat, but presently she gulped it down. "Only don't call it a wedding trip," she said, tartly. "Well," she went on, "we'll settle that. We must, because the cards have got to be started out pretty soon—all those people who have entertained me have got to be remembered. There's some in Providence, and in Detroit, and in St. Paul. And don't let me forget those Louisville people that took me to Old Point."

They spent their Sunday in Oconomowoc, along with the Seven Bridegrooms. The day was wet and gloomy, and most of the time they sat in-doors over a grate fire. Mists dulled the blazing red of the maples, and a thick fall of leaves was churned into the mud before the house by the wheels of farm wagons returning home from church. Only at sunset did the clouds clear away, and the full moon rose over one lake while the sun sank below the other.

George recalled this many times in after-years.

They had taken a house in Walton Place for the year and a half from November first. The house had been vacant some little time, and the landlord made no account of an introductory fortnight.

Mrs. Bradley had come in from Hinsdale, and had superintended most of the furnishing and fitting up. She saw the window-shades put into place, and told the men where to set the refrigerator, and Jessie had looked on with the gay irresponsibility of a child who watches puppets being strung.

On their return from Wisconsin they found the house decorated almost throughout with chrysanthemums. The new greenhouse at Hinsdale had devoted the whole autumn to this specialty.

Jessie sank down into one of her big new easy chairs. "Nothing to do but to be happy," she sighed, with a long and delicious expiration.

She had her days, but those dates were of course overridden by her intimates.

Among the first to call were the Floyds. Walworth came over with a pocketful of cigars—to christen the new wall paper, he said.

"Have you got any closets?" was one of his questions.

"Plenty," replied George.

"Then I don't see but what you're all right—just as well off in a house that you rent as we are going to be in a house made to order. If ever I turn architect"—with a glance towards his wife—"I shall begin every house with a dozen closets, and then pour in the various rooms around them. Four drawers in every one, and two rows of hooks. How stuff does accumulate!"

"Yes, the inside is rather nice," Jessie acknowledged; "but the outside might be improved. I have my own notion about the porch and the front door."

George turned to her as if to ask what that notion might be.

Other friends followed—Brower among them.

He went about rather shyly, looking at the draperies and *grilles* and mirrors. In the semi gloom of the dining room he threw his arm over Ogden's shoulder and looked into his eye with a friendly and affectionate smile.

"I never expected you to do it," he said. "You have left me as lonesome as the deuce."

"Do it? Why not?"

"Because you're so careful, you always think things out—regular old Puritan sage."

"Oh, well," began George, with the air proper to a launching out into a broad and easy generalization, "aren't we New England Puritans the cream of the Anglo Saxon race? And why does the Anglo Saxon race rule the globe except because the individual Anglo Saxon can rule himself?"

"Oh, I know," said Brower, discontentedly; "that's all right, up to a certain point."

Others came, among them the Valentines.

"And how do you like your new house?" asked Mrs. Valentine, effusively. She addressed Jessie exclusively; with her everything went in the female line. "We are new converts too, you know—just over from the West Side. We are very much pleased, aren't we, Adrian?"

Her husband gave his corroborative little bow. "We were being left rather aside, over there," he admitted. "And take the South Side for that matter. Business is walking right over them, and the whole section is in a state of mild panic from the Courts to Oakwood Boulevard. Yes, we're safe and quiet, and settled to stay."

Still others came, among them Cornelia Tillinghast Brainard. She called frequently, she usually brought her husband with her, and she never failed to walk him all around the Ogdens' neighborhood. Her favorite time was Sunday afternoon, then she took him along the Lake Shore Drive and through all the adjacent streets, with the full benefit of daylight.

Cornelia now had command over a good seven hundred thousand dollars, and she was arming for the social fray. She meant to bang her shield against the shields of other amazons. The gladiator must come to the arena, and the centre of the arena seemed to be somewhere near the water-works tower. If Burton was going to put seventy or eighty thousand dollars into a house, the site of it must not be too far away from this point.

"I expect I shall cut a pretty wide swath," Cornelia acknowledged to herself.

Jessie had her receptions through November; her intimates appeared at these as well, and so did many of her more formal acquaintances.

On one of these occasions George, having left the bank early, after a light day, hurried home, dressed himself, and hastened down to the parlor. Its contracted space was beflowered and belighted, and quite a little throng of ladies were circulating and chatting there. Mrs. Floyd and Miss Wilde were among them; so were Mrs. Ogden and Kittie; so were Mrs. Valentine and Mrs. Atwater.

His wife hurried up to him, her cheeks were flushed and her large eyes burned brightly.

"If you had only been three minutes sooner! She has just gone. She was telling me why she hadn't been able

"'HOW WELL IT'S DONE!' SHE SAID TO HIM."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1092.

to come to the wedding. I wanted you to meet her so much."

"Who is this?"

"Cecilia Ingles."

"There is such a person, then?"

"Why, George, what do you mean? Of course there is, and she was just as nice to me as she could be."

"Why shouldn't she have been? I see you call her Cecilia. Are you as intimate as that?"

"Everybody calls her Cecilia. See, Mrs. Atwater is trying to catch your eye."

A tall and rather stately woman of thirty-five was standing in the doorway; she seemed finished—in profile, figure, and carriage. "How well it's done!" she said to him. "Who is the presiding genius?"

"My wife's mother, I fancy." He turned and drew her attention to the rustling of Mrs. Bradley's black silk.

"Ah!" she said, indifferently, and turned away.

He had been unable to apprehend the simple costliness of his questioner's dress, and he only half wondered how, in a dozen quiet words, she had conveyed the impression of an expert addressing a beginner; but he could not refrain from asking himself if there was a slight here on Mrs. Bradley. He looked at the old lady again. She was moving about with the greatest show of confidence and good-will. No thought of anything called "differences" had entered her head. She did not believe that anybody would want to slight her or that anybody could. She had come on the ground in the early days of simple friendliness, and perhaps she was too old to apprehend that anything different had developed in the mean while. She certainly seemed to need no defence, and George was assuredly in no position to offer any.

"Cecilia has gone off and left me," Mrs. Atwater resumed; "careless girl!" They were half-sisters and Mrs. Atwater was several years the elder. The Atwaters and the Ingleses ran as a kind of four-in-hand. The rich sister had married a poor man, and the poor sister had married a rich man, and they all went along at the same pace. It was a somewhat rapid pace. "I'm going to see what Mrs. Floyd can do for me. I dare say she has a spare seat."

His wife caught at Mrs. Atwater and bade her adieu with effusion. Did Jessie regard it as a feat and a triumph to have secured her presence? So it seemed to Jessie's husband.

The last of these little receptions was disposed of, and the honeymoon drew to its close. Quiet succeeded this introductory flurry to married life, and George now took occasion to lay a steady hand upon the throbbings of the "pocket-nerve."

His apprehension of any suffering in this part of his financial anatomy was, indeed, largely anticipatory; it was not that the nerve had been roughly touched, but that it soon might be. He had no tendency towards a retrospective study of the journal-and-ledger aspects of his courtship. He had been spared the expense of the wedding journey that Jessie had planned by the unaccountable veto of Brainard. And the remuneration of St. Asaph's choir and kindred matters had fallen to his wife's father to arrange. But, all the same, many small indications arose to make it worth while for him to remember that he was a young man on a moderate salary, and that most of his available means were badly tied up.

He noticed that his wife was developing a disdain of the public conveyances; a carriage was sometimes required of afternoons, and invariably of evenings when dances or theatre-going might be the matter in hand. She was also cultivating her taste for flowers; she had employed them rather lavishly at her receptions (in conjunction with her mandolin-players), and her appreciation of them kept equal pace with the advancing coldness of the weather and their own advancing cost. She also betrayed a ravenous taste for the exasperating superfluities of house-furnishing, and his bills for things needful were attended by a train of little accounts for things quite worse than useless.

"Oh, well, we shall be fitted out pretty soon," he sighed; and he saw his studious face reflected from among the cluttered *bibelots* of his mantel-piece.

The point of completion as regarded the interior was finally reached and his wife's intentions as to the exterior presently developed. She accompanied him out into the vestibule one morning, and stood at the head of the steps to bid him good-by.

"These doors are awfully shabby and old-fashioned," she declared. "Don't you suppose the landlord would put in new ones?"

"I'm quite sure he wouldn't. I wouldn't in his place."

"Well, we have taken this house for a year and a half, and are likely to take it again for a year or two longer. Why couldn't we fix things up ourselves? The entrance counts more, really, than anything else."

"That might be thought about."

"Yes, indeed. If Mary Munson is coming to see me, I want things as nice as they have everything."

Mary Munson was of the Louisville family that had entertained Jessie Bradley at Old Point Comfort. It presently transpired that she was under like obligations to many other acquaintances of her girlhood.

"I must pay them up," she explained. "Besides, I need company—all alone here during the day, and mamma away off there in the country."

The succession of Mary Munsons lasted, indeed, through into spring. Flowers, carriages, and matinée tickets doubled up finely, and the hideous mien of the caterer was seen in connection with frequent lunches.

"I spoke to Mr. Atwater to-day about the front of the house," she said to him one evening towards the close of dinner. "Maggie didn't quite get around to pudding to-day," she went on, as the dessert came in, "so I sent out for this ice-cream. Take some of these lady-fingers with it."

"To Atwater?"

"Yes. Frances wanted me to go up with her and see the drawings for the front of their house. It's going to be lovely. He had some special little drawings for the outside doors, and things like that. He's got beautiful taste."

"I know he has."

"I asked him to design some doors for us."

"You did?"

"Yes. He said he had a new idea that he'd like to try."

"You must get your landlord to pass on that. He might not like the new idea."

"Think not?"

"He might object. It would all come on his hands in the end."

"We'd better go on with it, don't you think?"

"But don't let it be anything too unusual or too elaborate." Architects, he understood, generally charged a commission on the cost of the work, so much per cent.—five, he had heard. "We don't want to go in too deep."

They left the table and sauntered slowly into the parlor—the drawing-room, Jessie called it. The standing lamp sent out a broad glare from under its shade of crinkled yellow paper, and the floor of the room burned with a dull and unaccustomed red—the red of a handsome Turkish rug.

"Ah, what's this?" exclaimed George.

"I picked it up to-day," she said. "It was so pretty and just the thing for this room. Cecilia called it a great bargain—she knows all about rugs."

"Then you have been shopping with Mrs. Ingles?"

"Well, she was getting a few things. She said that sixty dollars was little enough for it."

"Sixty dollars! Did you pay for it?"

"I had it charged."

"Charged?"

"Yes; wasn't that right? Why, George, even poor mamma, away out there in Hinsdale, has her account at Field's."

XVIII.

The drawings for the embellishment of the house on Walton Place were undertaken by Atwater, and their scope broadened under the artist's hands. George, at his wife's request, took the elevator one noon and went up to the roof to see them.

In Atwater's absence he was received by the head draughtsman. The scheme had widened, as such schemes will; there were suggestions for the porch and for new hand-rails. There was also a drawing for a cornice in harmony.

"Um," said George, thoughtfully. "This is all very handsome."

At about the same time that work on the Ogden house began, the work on the plans for the Floyd house received a check. This check was due to the first Western trip of Winthrop C. Floyd, treasurer of the Massachusetts Brass Company. He came on a general visit of inspection.

The morning after his arrival he sat in the office of the Chicago branch; he had come down with Mrs. Floyd and Claudia. His keen and quiet eye ran over the furnishings of the place.

He was a bachelor of forty; he was dressed simply but elegantly—he was completely *comme il faut*, except for his muddy shoes, which seemed to trouble him.

"Well, Walworth," he said, with the manner of an elder brother and of an official whose dictum had weight, "you are pretty well fixed up out here—better than the home office, in fact."

"Have to be," returned the other. "Down East everybody knows the company; you could do business in a coal-shed if you wanted to. Here it's different. People don't know us from a hole in the ground; they go by what they see."

"Do you use all these calls and things?"

The wall was set with electrical devices for calling boys from everywhere for everything.

"Sometimes. Anyway it looks as if we did, and that helps business."

Little Claudia came creeping up to his desk.

"When are you going to begin, papa? I've come down to see you do it."

"Do what, my dear?"

"Make money. You said you did it here. When are you going to begin?"

Winthrop swung his chair towards the window and looked out at the driving rain and at the crowds of vehicles and passengers in the filthy streets below.

"Yes," he said, under his breath, "when are you going to begin?" Then aloud, "What a beastly hole! Is there no government here?"

"Precious little for a million and a half of people, and precious bad what there is."

"A million and a half? Nonsense!"

"Why nonsense? There's the census, and there's the regular annual increase."

Winthrop favored his brother with a stare of frank curiosity. Walworth had spoken with some warmth; he seemed disposed to throw an undue ardor into his defence of his adopted home—a city where quality seemed to count for less than quantity, and where the "prominent" citizen made the "eminent" citizen a superfluity. Then, too, Winthrop coupled with the earnest lines in his brother's forehead a slightly dingy necktie under his brother's chin. He observed, moreover, in the polishing of the shoe which Walworth, for greater emphasis, was beating on the carpet, a neglect of the heel in favor of the toe. And there were several other indications of a growing carelessness in dress.

"Well, Walworth," he remarked, "you are getting acclimated, I guess."

"Not to this sort of thing. Yes, there's a million and a half of us here, and this little quarter of a square mile is probably the most crowded and the most active of any on the globe, and yet it isn't found worth while to keep it clean, or even decent, small as it is. On days like this you feel as if you just wanted to remove the inhabitants and annex the whole place to the Stock-yards."

Mrs. Floyd paused in the adjustment of her bedraggled skirts and looked up fiercely.

"Why remove the inhabitants?" she inquired.

"Frances!" called her husband.

"Why indeed?" asked Winthrop. "I never saw such a beastly rabble in my life."

"Nor I," she cried. All her smouldering resentment against the town broke out with the appearance of a new Eastern ally.

"Except in Madrid or Naples." Winthrop had travelled in his younger days; he never made these European comparisons except under extreme provocation.

"Why are things so horrible in this country?" demanded Mrs. Floyd, plaintively.

"Because there's no standard of manners—no resident country gentry to provide it. Our own rank country folks have never had such a check, and this incredible rout of foreign peasantry has just escaped from it. What little culture we have in the country generally we find principally in a few large cities, and they have become so large that the small element that works for a bettering is completely swamped."

He looked almost pityingly on his brother. "This is no town for a gentleman," he felt obliged to acknowledge. "What an awful thing," he admitted further, "to have only one life to live, and to be obliged to live it in such a place as this!"

But pity was not so important a factor in Winthrop's Western mission. The Chicago office was costing too much and earning too little. There was to be a general reduction and scaling down; the most important part of Winthrop's baggage was the pruning knife.

He remained a week. He used the knife pretty thoroughly. He snipped Atwater's plans for Walworth's house into very small pieces. He left Walworth in a great state of depression—a depression deeper than any he had felt since his failure in coffee and spices.

His last evening in Chicago he spent in Walworth's library. It was a sober little room, and Walworth was the soberest man in it. His wife made only an occasional emergence from her unquiet silence; she no longer looked on Winthrop as an ally. The Fairchilds were there, and the Ogdens dropped in during the course of the evening. Fairchild and Winthrop did most of the talking.

Winthrop's sensibilities had now lost their keenest edge; the weather had improved, and the general aspect of things was a little less disgusting. He listened to Fairchild with the cautious reserve of a maturity that was accustomed to meet elderly strangers. He acknowledged, too, that the city was a big fact, and perhaps a more complicated fact than he had imagined.

"You have seen the foundations," Fairchild said to him. The old gentleman lay back in his chair and spoke in a quiet and dispassionate tone. "It has taken fifty years to put them in, but the work is finally done, and well done. And now we are beginning to build on these foundations. We might have put up our building first and then put in the underpinning afterwards. That is a common way, but ours will be found to have its advantages."

"I dare say," admitted Winthrop, "but you have made an awful mess doing it."

"Well," rejoined Fairchild, "you may look at the external aspect of things, which is distressing enough, I acknowledge, or you may consider the people themselves, who are perhaps the real essential."

"Winthrop finds them rather distressing too." It was Walworth who spoke; his voice came in a muffled tone from the darkest corner of the room.

"What have we done to him?" demanded Jessie Ogden quickly. "Haven't we received him well?"

Winthrop had no ground for individual complaint, and he hastened to make this clear. Personally, he had been made a great deal of. He was rather a large figure at home, and he naturally grew larger still the farther he travelled West.

"I don't think it can be denied," pursued Fairchild tranquilly, "that new-comers are pretty well received here, whether they come to stay or to pass on or to go back. All that a man has to do, in order to insure good treatment, is to put a certain valuation on himself. That done, the more he claims, the more he receives; we take him at his own figure. The more I think of it, the more I am astonished at so much humility among people who have accomplished such great results. Commercially, we feel our own footing; socially, we are rather abashed by the pretensions that any new arrival chooses to make. We are a little afraid of him, and to tell the truth we are a little afraid of each other."

"Hm," said Winthrop, rather grimly; "Boston goes farther than that. Some of our great lights are almost afraid of themselves."

"I've noticed," remarked Mrs. Floyd, "that there is a good deal of watching and waiting for cues—people of plain origin who are beginning to take upon themselves the forms of social organization." She spoke like a princess of the blood royal.

"That is the point," said Fairchild. "Individually, we may be of a rather humble grade of atoms, but we are crystallizing into a compound that is going to exercise a tremendous force. To him that hath eyes this crystallization, this organization, is the great thing to note just now."

"I acknowledge to have seen the ferment of activity, as they call it," said Winthrop.

"You may have seen the boiling of the kettle," returned Fairchild, "but you have hardly seen the force that feeds the flame. The big buildings are all well enough, and the big crowds in the streets and the reports of the banks and railways and the Board of Trade. But there is something now, beyond and behind all that."

"Let me tell Winthrop," broke in Mrs. Floyd. "Since I can't take him to our club, I must bring the club to him. At our last meeting"—there was a subacid relish in all this—"it developed that the present intellectual situation in Chicago is precisely that of Florence in the days of the—the—"

"Medici," suggested Ogden.

"Yes, the Medici," said Ann Wilde, loudly. She looked at him with a sharp aversion; he seemed to be taking part in her sister's joke. "That's just exactly what my paper said, the Florence of the Medici after the dispersal of the Greek scholars from Constantinople by the Turks."

"Oh, murder!" said Walworth to himself; "what will Ann rig up next?"

"The Florentines of that day," pursued his sister-in-law, "didn't know so very much, perhaps, but they were bound to learn, and that was the main thing. And it's just so here."

"Quite right," said Fairchild; "we know what there is to learn, and we are determined to master it. Our Constantinoples are Berlin and London and the rest—yes, Boston too, and all their learned exiles are flocking here to instruct us."

"And the books that are coming in!" cried Jessie Ogden. She was no great reader, and she spoke less as a student than as a Chicagoan—that is, she spoke more ardently than any student could have spoken. "Does the enemy know that four of the biggest buildings in this big city are built of books?"

"The new libraries," her husband explained—"the ones that are going to make us the literary centre."

"Dear me," said Winthrop, "are you expecting that?"

"Oh yes. And we expect to be the financial centre and presently the political centre too—Chicago, plus New York and Washington."

"And where is Boston?"

"A little behind," said Fairchild. "New York is the mainmast yet, Chicago ranks as foremast—at present; while Boston is—"

"The mizzenmast," completed Ogden.

"And we Chicago folks stand at the bow," chimed in his wife, "and sniff the first freshness of the breeze."

"Yes," said Winthrop, in satirical assent, "the 'Windy City.'"

"Don't abuse our wind," cried Mrs. Floyd, "we should all die like flies without it."

"That's so," assented her husband. "The wind is our only scavenger."

"I see," said Winthrop. "If you can only be big, you don't mind being dirty."

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Then, half in amusement, half in amaze, he concentrated his attention on the banker. "Can it be that there are really any such expectations here as these?" He addressed Fairchild exclusively—the oldest and most sedate of the circle.

"Why not?" returned Fairchild. "Does it seem unreasonable that the State which produced the two greatest figures of the greatest epoch in our history, and which has done most within the last ten years to check alien excesses and un-American ideas, should also be the State to give the country the final blend of the American character and its ultimate metropolis?"

"And you personally—is this your own belief?"

Fairchild leaned back his fine old head on the padded top of his chair and looked at his questioner with the kind of pity that has a faint tinge of weariness. His wife sat beside him silent, but with her hand on his, and when he answered she pressed it meaningly; for to the Chicagoan—even the middle-aged female Chicagoan—the name of the town, in its formal, ceremonial use, has a power that no other word in the language quite possesses. It is a shibboleth as regards its pronunciation, it is a trumpet-call, as regards its effect. It has all the electrifying and unifying power of a college yell.

"Chicago is Chicago," he said. "It is the belief of all of us. It is inevitable, nothing can stop us now."

But Winthrop Floyd was glad to withdraw himself on the morrow from his temporary enlistment—or drafting—under the vociferous banner of the Western capital. He did all in his power, as well, to oppose its manifest destiny by transmitting to Walworth, immediately after his return to Boston, a full corporate confirmation of his own anathema against Walworth's office and house. The Chicago representative of the Massachusetts Brass Company was recommended to secure less expensive quarters at the earliest opportunity, and was directed to drop his architectural scheme forthwith.

Walworth at once adjusted matters with Atwater. The architect received his "reconsideration" with composure, but he was doubtless settled to be balked in a work in which he had taken unusual personal interest, and he was also disappointed merely to be paid for his plans, when he had looked for the fees that follow construction. These considerations may have had their influence on the account which he rendered a month later in the Ogdens—friends and relatives of the Floyds, and introduced, too, by them. This account was handed in much more promptly than is generally the case with an accredited client in other professions—the legal or the medical, let us say—and its final footing caused Ogden considerable consternation.

The account was mailed to the house instead of to the bank, and the stationery employed was such as to suggest a personal matter between gentlemen rather than a purely business matter between architect and client, and Ogden opened it under his wife's eyes, to learn that design had cost him more than construction.

"Your drawings are more of an item than your porch itself," he said, rather faintly. "I shall have to step up there and see about it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GOVERNOR WAITE, OF COLORADO.

THE SILVER QUESTION IN COLORADO.

SENTIMENT IN THE MINING CAMPS.

The present decline in silver has been felt more acutely in the mining camps of Colorado than anywhere else in the United States. Colorado's production of silver is about forty per cent. of the whole output of the country, and Colorado and Montana together produce more than two-thirds of the whole. In gold production Colorado stands second only to California. Last year the total value of the precious metals produced in the State was about $24,000,000.

The largest mining camps in the State are Leadville, Aspen, Rico, and Creede but the mountains are full of them. Ouray, Silverton, and Telluride, with Rico, form a group in the southwest which produces a very considerable amount. Red Cliff and Silver Cliff are others nearer the centre of the State.

The principal gold-mining camps are Breckenridge, Georgetown, Central City, and the Boulder County, Ouray, and Gunnison districts, where gold is taken out with silver, and Cripple Creek, where gold is practically the only product of great value.

It is a noteworthy fact that the miners and other people of the gold camps seem to be just as much in earnest, to put it mildly, for the free coinage of silver as those in the silver camps. There are several reasons for this. First is the general sentiment of the State, which carries nearly everybody with it, that the proper basis for money in this country is silver and gold at a ratio of 16 to 1. The opinion is general that if silver had not been demonetized by this country in 1873 parity could have been maintained, and that if gold had been demonetized instead of silver, the relative values would have been, say, 12 or 10 to 1 instead of 23 or 24 to 1.

Another reason is that a good deal of the gold produced is in connection with silver, and it pays better to mine both together than to get out the gold alone.

A third reason and a powerful one, is that the gold produced has been sold mostly to the smelteries, which will not—at least at present—be in running for gold alone, the bulk of their business being in silver, and consequently the shutting down of many smelteries has made it very difficult to get gold ore treated. Nevertheless, the gold mines proper have not shut down, but are having as much of their ore as they can treated at the stamp mills.

The first effect of the drop in silver to 73 cents and the next day to 62 cents an ounce was to paralyze the silver industry. There are three or four mines, like the Mollie Gibson, Smuggler, Last Chance, and Amethyst in which silver can be produced at less than 60 cents an ounce; but in the great majority of the mines that were in successful operation it costs considerably more than that. A meeting of men interested in mining and smelting was held the day after silver touched its lowest point, and it was agreed to close all mines and smelteries. If the smelteries will not treat the ore, it is useless for the miners to produce it, therefore, for a few days, everything came to a standstill. Since then, however, some smelteries have been started up again, in order to treat the ore in sight but very little mining of silver has been done.

The cessation of mining has had a terrible effect upon such places as Leadville, Aspen, and Creede, which have almost no other resources. The miners, being out of work, cannot pay. The merchants dare not grant credit. The banks find their reserves melting away, and close their doors. All business suffers, and many business men fail. The closing of the mines has thrown probably 20,000 men out of employment, at a low estimate.

Relief committees have been formed at the places mentioned to try to keep from actual starvation the families whose bread-winners can no longer obtain supplies, but this work cannot be kept up many months. Of course those who are out of work and can get away, do so, but distances are enormous in Colorado, railway fares are high, and the walking is not good.

It is useless to point out to men who have lost their all, and who may soon be in actual danger of starving, that Colorado has other resources than silver, that iron and coal and petroleum, lead, copper, zinc, and building-stone, are to be had for the digging, that the agricultural output of the State last year was almost double the mineral output in value; that gold-mining is bound to yield rich returns. It is hard for a man who has not a dollar and who cannot get any credit to start in a new business. It sounds to him like mockery to tell him of other opportunities.

It is remarkable that in such conditions the sentiments expressed in the mining camps should not be more angry than they really are. Remember that the miners believe that silver has been depressed of set purpose by a combination of bankers and politicians, that the bread has been taken from their mouths by a conspiracy hatched twenty years ago and carried out with pitiless severity and devilish cunning ever since, remember that for three years back Populist orators have done their utmost to influence the passions of men and excite them to a sectional anger. When one considers these things, it is not wonderful that some men's minds should begin to turn to the idea of a Western empire, or that a few hot heads should have conceived ideas that are revolutionary. Under ordinary conditions men who cannot make any particular industry pay simply count it as "hard luck," and go to work at something else, but in this case the conditions are not ordinary, for the silver men believe that their misfortunes are due solely to legislation. If the Sherman silver purchase act is repealed, the first effect will undoubtedly be to send the price of silver down again and to close absolutely every silver mine in the State. There will be great distress in the camps, and it will be only gradually that confidence is restored, that gold mining absorbs the attention of some who have been engaged in silver-mining, and that proper appliances are put at work for treating all the gold ore that is taken out.

It is needless to say that the other parts of the State do not feel the pinch as much as the silver camps; but they do feel it, and will continue to feel it for a long time. Money is tight, collections are extremely difficult, and people feel poor, whether they are or not.

SKETCH OF GOVERNOR WAITE.

Davis H. Waite, the present Governor of Colorado, is one of those incidents in politics of which the past three years have afforded so many examples. When the Populist nominations for Congress and for State offices were made last year no one supposed that there was any probability of their election. In many cases the nominations went begging, and men were put up, it was supposed, simply as figure-heads and leaders of a forlorn hope. At that time it was expected that three tickets would be in the field. The Democratic National Committee, however, advised the withdrawal of the Democratic tickets, and their advice was taken. The State was carried against Harrison, but the success of the Populist electoral ticket carried with it the Congressional and State tickets also, which perhaps was more than the Democratic Committee had expected. This result was due to the feeling about silver. The Populist campaign was made almost entirely upon the free coinage issue, and although intelligent men were aware that a vote for Weaver was really a vote for Cleveland, who was and is esteemed in Colorado a bitter foe of the "white metal," they voted for Weaver "on principle," just as Prohibitionists are accustomed to do in like situations.

Mr. Waite was born and reared in Chautauqua County, New York, and obtained his schooling at the Jamestown Academy. The family is a respectable one, and the Governor's father held for some years the responsible post of Justice of the Peace. Davis H. Waite had always been considered a harmless enough person—a little peculiar in his notions, perhaps, but of estimable private character. He came to Colorado from Kansas and in 1881 "packed" a printing office plant into the mountains to Ashcroft, near Aspen, which was then the newest mining camp in the State, and began to issue a little weekly paper called the *Ashcroft Herald*. He moved to Aspen when it began to be evident that that town was to be bigger than Ashcroft, and for a time edited the *Aspen Times*, which was then a small weekly paper. This journal is now issued as a daily, and belongs to Governor Waite's son-in-law, B. Clark Wheeler, who is a State Senator, and a man of some influence in the Populist party.

Mr. Waite added somewhat to his income by practice as a lawyer, doing an office business principally, and became interested also in some mining property.

When he was about sixty years old Governor Waite married a second time, and has now a small child young enough to be his grandson. In Aspen, Mr. Waite was somewhat noted for his opposition to drunkenness, gambling, and other forms of vice, and as Justice of the Peace he was especially severe upon offenders. He was also noted as a bitter anti-Roosevelt. In politics he was a Republican, and took such part in campaigns as a country editor and lawyer naturally would. Now he professes a hatred for politics and politicians equalled only by his detestation of newspapers which are politically opposed to him.

As Governor, Mr. Waite's record has been by no means all bad. He fell out with the last General Assembly, and vetoed a very large proportion of the bills that were sent to him. On the whole he has evidently tried to do his best for the welfare of the State as he sees it.

It is on the platform that Governor Waite is rampant. When he gets before an audience he seems to consider it necessary to be as extreme as possible. His utterances at the Silver Convention, however, cannot be excused by the excitement of the moment. His address was carefully prepared and written out beforehand, in order, as he said in prefacing his speech, that he might not be misunderstood or misrepresented by the newspapers. He read closely, interpolating apparently not at all; and the now notorious closing sentence about wading in blood to the bridles of the horses was word for word in his manuscript.

The address would not have attracted so much attention but for the fact that a zealous Populist on the floor moved that it be adopted as the sense of the Convention. The discussion of this motion took two hours, more than half of which was occupied in howling down and hissing the opponents of the motion. It was finally adopted on a rising vote by an application of the previous question after a lightning count by the secretary, who included among the ayes all the spectators who were standing up in the rear of the hall because they had no chairs to sit on, and the result was announced to be: ayes, 824; noes 63.

Governor Waite in private is not a bloodthirsty man and perhaps he introduced his gory peroration simply to give a rousing rhetorical finish to his address. Such utterances have not been at all uncommon in Populist speeches, and nobody has supposed that they really meant anything serious. The Governor has made a great many stump speeches, and has got used to the employment of vivid and extreme language to emphasize his devotion to the silver cause. It is not altogether probable that he meant seriously to advocate the secession of the silver States from the Union, or the invasion of the East by an armed body of Populist cavalry. There are a few extremists who have been talking wildly of rebellion, but, with one exception, the press of the State has either ridiculed or denounced them, and they do not at all represent popular opinion.

It is only fair to say, however, that the feeling about silver is intense in Colorado. The majority of her people really believe that silver was demonetized by a conspiracy, and that the present stringency was brought on deliberately by "Wall Street" in order completely to demonetize silver and defraud the people by raising the value of gold as compared with all commodities. They believe that silver has a God-given right to free coinage, and that this question is therefore not simply one of economics, to be argued academically, but a moral question, and the gold monometallist is not only wrong-headed, but a traitor to the Constitution and a criminal before the moral law. They are not in the mood to listen to argument. In fact, they stand on the silver question just about where Southern Democrats stand on "negro domination."

One of the most creditable things Governor Waite has done was to refuse to call together the Legislature in special session for the purpose of suspending the payment of all debts. This course was urged upon him, but he refused on the ground that it would be unconstitutional.

People of the East may have a chance before long to see and hear Governor Waite. He is to go to the Chicago Convention, and may be sent from there as a missionary in the silver cause to show to the Eastern people the error of their ways.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PLATT.

A CAUTIOUS MOTHER.

MRS. JAMESON. "Miss Albertina is?"

MRS. JAMESON. "Yep; an' I will see dat she stays to home long as sich a queer-lookin' thing as you be prowlin' around outside."

THE KING'S PALACE

THE KING OF SIAM.

A DETACHMENT OF SIAMESE ARTILLERY.

A SIAMESE MILITARY POST ON THE LAOS.

M. GROSGURIN,
For whose Murder by the Siamese the French claim Indemnity.

THE FRENCH ADMIRAL HUMAN.

THE CITY OF BANGKOK.

THE FRENCH DIFFICULTY WITH SIAM.—[See Page 726.]

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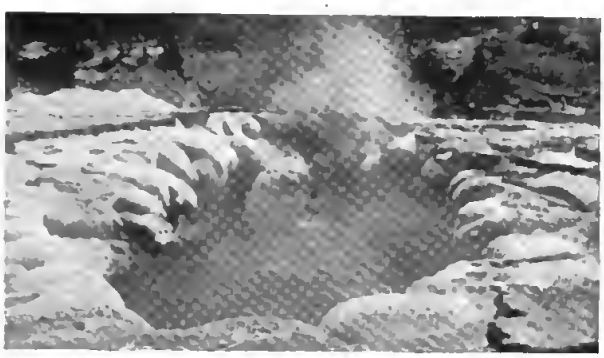

CRATER OF OBLONG GEYSER.

CRATER OF GIANTESS GEYSER.

THE SPLENDID GEYSER.

WAITING FOR THE SPLENDID GEYSER.

GEYSER HILL, FROM HOTEL.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. JAY HAYNES.

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THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

THE Yellowstone National Park is a large and interesting reservation set apart and maintained by the United States government for the pleasure of its citizens and the preservation of its game, which is mainly visited by Europeans. The American citizen has been a possessor of this great tract of land and of its magnificent proof of Nature's power for twenty years, and yet if he is the average man he listens to lectures and reads articles concerning it with open-mouthed wonder, even with incredulity. In all the world there is no such segregation of natural wonders. In this tract of about 3000 square miles there are manifestations of force so enormous that its mathematical expression could convey no idea to the ordinary mind. Nothing but the imagination can grapple with the problem, and the imagination most stimulated and exuberant carries one but a little way on the road to the truth. Foreigners who have read of it make long journeys from over the sea to spend a week within its magic precincts. For the first fortnight of the present season about half of the visitors were from Europe, and at least two-thirds of these were from Germany. A constant stream of travel is passing within fifty miles of the gateway of this treasury of marvels. The dweller on the Atlantic coast goes 3500 miles to look upon the waters of the Pacific, and the tiller of the fruitful grain fields and vineyards of California travels over the same route to behold with his own eyes the rock bound coast of the Atlantic. They pass and repass the Yellowstone region without paying it the compliment of a thought. Others go to distant lands to see the mango, or to listen to the chattering of apes in their native woods, or to the roars of the tiger and lion in their own fastnesses, or to watch the smoke of Ætna or Vesuvius curling above its crater. Some travellers from our States make their way to Iceland or New Zealand to see geysers play.

And all the while they have something richer and more wonderful within the borders of their own country. Here is a park which the government cares for in which they may see the last remaining herd of American bison; a goodly company of noble elk, the graceful big horn, or mountain-sheep, the savage bear, so confident of his security that he has ceased to be aggressive; the wolf, the fox, the beaver, white and black tail deer, and wild ducks and geese. And nowhere else are the animals so constantly on exhibition. For they have learned that here the presence of man is not a menace to their existence. Here also may be witnessed evidences of volcanic force compared with which the hovering smoke of living volcanoes is as the breathing of the giant to the mangled remains of his victim. Here are whole acres of boiling water coming from the bowels of the earth, covered with a thin incrustation of their own deposits, on which one may walk with circumspection, listening meanwhile to bubbling sounds beneath him, his feet warmed meaningly. Here is the region of the oldest geysers in the world, elder brethren of the spirting terrors of Ireland and New Zealand. Here is a cañon whose walls have been rent asunder by an incomprehensible force. Men finely susceptible to beauty have wept on first beholding this wonderful cañon, and hundreds of others, having looked upon its enchanting beauties, have declared that there was nothing left in the world to excite their wonder. And yet, as I have said before, Americans do not visit this marvellous possession of theirs. Probably nine hundred men out of a thousand who spend their summer vacation in trying to see something new think last of the Yellowstone.

Like all other places in which Nature has placed her wonders, roads cannot be built to all of them, and regular guides do not know everything. But the most ordinary excursionist who sees only what is pointed out from the stage or from the piazza of the hotel comes away with a better informed mind than he possessed when he went there. Occasionally the man with a voice or a pen finds his way into the park, but the effect of nature in its grandest moods and its most beautiful forms is often too strong for the nerves of one who is believed to possess the fatal gift of eloquence, and is likely to inspire an outbreak of fustian. There is, indeed, one eminent gentleman upon whose voice for many years listening multitudes have hung who, in the presence of the Cañon, was so overpowered by plenty that he declared, in tremulous tones of emotion, that the richly colored walls were the "upholstery of the Lord God Almighty." The fact that the distinguished orator is a clergyman relieves the perverted sentiment of his blasphemy, for we know that his motives were good even if his imagination had fallen to earth with a thump like a kite with too much tail. Notwithstanding sermons and articles or the reports of visitors, the Yellowstone Park has never had what has been enjoyed by most of the sickly towns and cities that are its neighbors—a boom.

There is, however, a growing class of our fellow-citizens who are thoroughly familiar with the Yellowstone and its neighboring region. Men who like to hunt big game find it in the Rockies, and they are consequently deeply interested in the government's effort to preserve the wild animals of the continent from extinction.

To the sportsman, the Yellowstone is a paradise. The government does not permit a gun to be shot in the precincts of the park, but the animals that are domiciled and that breed there sometimes stray over the border. The region is bleak and inhospitable, but the park offers sheltered nooks where the game can find browsing even in the depth of the severest winters. The attempt to keep alive and to increase the few remaining species of disappearing American wild animals has been at least partially successful, much to the improvement of the hunter's chances just outside the limits of the government's property. It is not stretching the imagination greatly to say that in the States of Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho for many years there has been around this great national game preserve a cordon of eager and expectant gunners waiting for some of the elk or deer or mountain sheep or bear to escape from home. The honest hunters are sometimes rewarded. Sport in the three States has been promoted by the government's care of the game. Poachers are numerous also. There is a pretty thriving trade carried on in trapping beaver by people who travel through the park with an outfit of wagons. There are not enough soldiers to search all the wagons, tramp and otherwise, that travel through the park, and beavers consequently are not so plenty as they once were. The man who is caught in the act of making war on game, however, suffers all the penalties that an acute military mind, bent upon taking care of the nation's dumb wards, can think of.

A year ago men were permitted to carry their guns through the park. The precaution of sealing them was taken, but it was discovered that a bit of tape and wax had no terrors for one possessed of the sportsman's passion, or one lower in the scale of humanity, to whom the price of wild meat is a temptation. Seals were broken, and sometimes dead animals with gunshot wounds were discovered. The guns were confiscated, and this year they cannot be carried in the park. They must be left with the sergeant at the first military station reached by their owners after entering the park. The sergeant gives his receipt for them, and returns them to their owners when they are leaving the park. The utmost care is taken to protect the game, and now there are several thousand head of elk in the park. Captain Anderson, the acting superintendent of the park, estimates that there are at least 25,000 elk in the park—an enormous increase within the last fifteen years.

Perhaps the most interesting group in the park is the herd of bison, the only herd known to exist on the continent. This noble animal disappeared from the plains long ago. It is pretty certain that there are at least 400 bison in the park. They rarely go without its limits, being intelligent enough to know when they are safe. The poachers, however, are their enemies, and many a head that is seen in the shops of the taxidermists in neighboring towns is suspected to have come from bison killed within the limits of the park.

Bears are increasing in numbers also, and a good many people on the outskirts of the park profess to desire the slaughter of these and other carnivorous animals, like the mountain-lions, panthers, and wolves, on the ground that they destroy the elk, sheep, and the deer. If permission were once granted, however, for the killing of what are known as dangerous animals, it would not be long before some hunter bent on bear slaughter would be tempted to try a shot at a gentler and more tuneful beast.

Besides these interesting and important animals, antelope, badgers, coyotes, foxes, are comparatively plentiful. It is the accepted policy of the government to protect these animals, to the end that they may increase. All true sportsmen agree that the maintenance of this great preserve is in the interest of sport. If game were fairly hunted in the neighborhood of the park the region would increase in attractiveness year by year. The sportsmen who have visited it in recent years can bear testimony to the already increased opportunities resulting from the wise precautions of the government and the vigilance of Captain Anderson and the officers and men of his command. But the poacher is still active, and while the law forbids the killing of game, it inflicts no penalty for its violation. The man who sneaks into the park and kills a deer or elk or some other animal, and is caught outside the boundaries with the carcass in his possession, pleads that the shooting was done outside. It is difficult to prove the contrary, although it may be morally certain that he is telling an untruth. Here the law of the States could be of great assistance, and Montana has done its part by enacting a statute forbidding the killing of certain animals for a number of years to come. Therefore if a hunter is found with a deer or elk or bison in Montana, he cannot escape the law by pleading that the shooting was done outside of the confines of the park. If Wyoming and Idaho should follow Montana's excellent example, the security of the animals would be greatly increased. At the same time legislation by Congress is needed. If the laws are seriously intended they should be made strong enough to carry punishment to those who offend against them.

While game may not be shot within the limits of the park, the lake and rivers may be fished, and there is abundance of trout. Besides the fish that are native to the region, the government has liberally stocked the streams with black-spotted, rainbow, Lochleven, Von Behr, and brook trout, and with white fish. These may be caught with hook and line, but not with traps or explosives. Here again the poachers are troublesome, and kill thousands of trout with dynamite, picking up the dead fish down the stream as their bodies come to the surface. Considering the fact that the neighboring country is thinly settled, the park is comparatively safe, but every village and city within a long radius of the government's property harbors a gang of game pirates whose business it is, for the purposes of gain, to prevent the successful accomplishment of the government's praiseworthy design.

The region of the Yellowstone has been known to white men for more than eighty years. It was first described by a Missourian named Coulter, who was one of the men of the Lewis and Clarke expedition. Coulter seems to have first discovered the cañon and the geysers in 1810, but his vivid account of the place and its horrors was given to the credulous people of St. Louis, who irreverently dubbed the region "Coulter's Hell." The Indians—Bannocks, Mountain Crows, Shoshones, Blackfeet, and Sheep-eaters—were familiar with it before this. The Sheep-eaters alone made it a dwelling place, and they, a diminutive and unwarlike race, sought its shelter against their more aggressive and courageous neighbors. The other tribes regarded it with superstitious fear, looking upon its boiling water and its spurting and thundering geysers as evidence that it was the home of the Bad Spirit. The vestiges of the Sheep-eaters—their old camp fires and their burying places—are still to be seen, for they dwelt among these mountains until recent years. For many years in the early part of the century adventurous white men travelled almost constantly within sight of the lands included in the park, but not one of them seems to have had any knowledge of their wonders, at least no one gave any account of them to the world.

It was not until 1858 that an exploration was determined upon by Lieutenant G. K. Warren, and it was then that Professor F. V. Hayden, in company with Captain Reynolds, was selected to carry on geological investigations in the region. For two seasons this party searched for the mystery of the Yellowstone, and did not find it. Nowhere on the continent was there such isolation. Party after party explored the passes of the Rocky Mountains, railroad lines to the Pacific coast were projected, pelteries were purchased, and savage battles were fought under the shadow of the great Tetons, that are visible from several points in the park. Indians told stories of Nature's strange demonstrations within the charmed circle of these apparently impenetrable mountains, and while it was believed that their superstitious bred exaggeration, the curiosity of their listeners was piqued.

The failure of the Warren expedition was followed by a long rest, so far as the government was concerned, but in the mean time men were searching everywhere on the continent for gold, and prospectors visited the Yellowstone region hoping that there might be found something besides the geysers, the hot springs, the boiling mud, the sulphur ponds, that gave to the river in the southerly part of the present reservation the name of the River near the Stinking Water. These men penetrated the park and explored it. Their initials were found by the enterprising Mr. Norris, an early superintendent of the park, carved on the trunks of trees. But the visits of the prospectors added nothing to the knowledge of the world.

In 1869 Montana's Surveyor-General was H. D. Washburn, an intelligent and enterprising man. In the autumn of that year the first successful exploration was made. It was organized and conducted by Surveyor-General Washburn. This party saw the Cañon, the Great Falls, the Lake, the Mud Geyser, and probably the Sulphur Mountains and the geysers of the Fire-hole River.

The success of this exploration led to Professor Hayden's first important expedition in 1871. This was thorough and interesting. The material obtained by this and subsequent investigations made by the geologists of the United States has been of great value, and has excited much discussion on both sides of the water. Since Professor Hayden's expedition of 1871 there have been numerous official explorations of the park. Some of these have been undertaken under the direction of officers of the army, but most of them by geologists connected with the government. The most thorough study of the region has been made by Mr. Arnold Hague, of the Geological Survey, who is preparing a report of his researches, which, it is hoped, will soon be published. In 1872 Congress passed a law reserving the region as a national park.

There are a number of passes through which the park may be reached, but altogether the most comfortable and satisfactory approach is from the north, by way of the Northern Pacific. The station on the road is Livingston, Montana. Thence a branch road runs to Cinnabar, and there the traveller is met by coaches of the Yellowstone Transportation Company, and is carried over a good road for eight miles to the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel. The accommodations for tourists in the park are ample, and the means for transportation excellent. The proprietors of the hotels and of the stage line are under the supervision and control of the government. The business of each is carried on by permission of the Secretary of the Interior. No business is supposed to be conducted within the precincts of the park except with a license of this character. The transportation company must keep their wagons and horses up to a certain standard, and there must be a sufficient number of vehicles to accommodate the maximum travel. That these conditions shall be fulfilled a bond is required. The hotels are owned and managed by a corporation known as the Yellowstone Park Association. The rates of charges permitted by the Secretary are reasonable. The hotel company believes the charge which it is permitted to make to be too low. It is certain that money has been lost every year, that the season—four months—is short, and that the long transportation of supplies makes them very expensive.

The trip in the stage-coach occupies a little more than six days. Cinnabar is reached at about eleven o'clock in the morning, and from there the passenger is carried eight miles to the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel. This is the staging of the first day. The rest of that day is spent in looking at the hot springs and their wonderful and beautiful terraces near the hotel. This is a fitting introduction to the park, and is the mildest surprise which the tourist will encounter. The next morning the stage will start at eight o'clock, and by noon will be at Norris Basin, which is twenty two miles almost due south from the Mammoth Hot Springs. Here is a lunch place and some wonderful geysers and springs, which, however, are satisfactorily seen only by the energetic. Others look at them casually from the top of the stage as they ride in the afternoon to the Lower Geyser Basin, which is twenty miles further to the south. At the Lower Basin is the second hotel of the park series and the second night of the trip is spent there. On the third day a ride of ten miles carries the traveller to the Upper Geyser Basin, where lunch is had, and the party returns for the night to the hotel of the Lower Basin. On the fourth day there is a ride of forty six miles to the Yellowstone Lake. On the fifth day the journey is eighteen miles to the cañon, and on the sixth day it is thirty four miles, passing again through Norris back to the Mammoth Hot Springs. One hundred and sixty miles have thus been made, twenty miles having been added to the journey by the lack of a hotel at the Upper Basin. The ride from the railroad station at Cinnabar is picturesque. The settlement is a frontier hamlet, whose inhabitants are of the kind that the military men of the park suspect whenever a new bison's head is found on exhibition at the shop of a taxidermist in Livingston. The train has run within sight of snow-capped mountains, and through fertile ranches and rich pasture-lands that border the banks of the tumbling Yellowstone. Now the wagon road passes through sage brush land. In the plain that lies between the railroad and the hills that rise along the northern boundary of the park the Gardiner and the Yellowstone rivers unite, and from their point of contact the drive is along the west bank of the Gardiner through a very small village of that name, which exists largely for the preservation of its saloon, which in turn comforts the neighboring troopers and harbors the poaching trapper and hunter. The road gets between the hills once more when the invisible boundary line of the park is passed, and the scenery begins to be picturesque. The ascent is steep, the rise being a thousand feet in the eight miles from the railroad to the hotel. Below, the Gardiner runs swiftly on its way to the Yellowstone, and if the travellers leaves the new for the old road at the foot of the first long climb he will catch his first glimpse of a hot spring. Charming as it is, however, with the exception of this trifle of a hot spring and of an eagle's eyry far up upon a semi detached column of rock, the road is like a hundred roads that one remembers amid the hills of New England, shaded by surrounding heights and accompanied by a rushing musical stream.

It is only when the great plateau at the foot of the Mammoth Springs is reached that the traveller realizes that he is in a strange country. On this broad plain of land which bears herbage only after the most diligent coaxing and in imported soil, are the buildings that are permitted at this end of the park—the quarters and stables, the hotel and

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the buildings connected with it and the transportation company, the house of Mr Haynes, the official photographer of the Northern Pacific Railroad and of the park. Some of the dwellers have brought pine trees from the hills and have tried to give some semblance of cultivation to the barren waste and to secure a little color for their front yards—it would be cruel irony to speak of lawns. Nothing seems to flourish here, however, except the cedar, and a few of these with twisted trunks and knuckles gather in groups here and there to emphasize the desolation that has been wrought by the deposits from the hot springs.

And yet the scene from the broad piazza of the pleasant hotel is very attractive. Sometimes its interest is increased by the drill of a troop of cavalry, sometimes by the arrival and departure of the six and four horse coaches. But always there is the "formation" of the hot springs to the right and Mount Everts rising up 1200 feet on the left, the plateau itself being about 6400 feet above the level of the sea.

The whole region of the Yellowstone is volcanic, and the mighty forces have produced such strange results that scientific men have not yet ceased to make astonishing discoveries. From the southernmost end of Mount Everts for several hundred feet a basaltic cliff as perpendicular as the top of the Palisades of the Hudson, which it resembles crowns the height. Below, the hill is buttressed by conglomerates which have been rolled into folds that in the distance are like soft creases of velvet with their subdued lights and deep black shadows. When the basaltic cliff ends abruptly at the north, the mountain is covered with drift, in which grows the stunted pine the only tree that is seen in the interior of the park. The herbage that grows on this drift makes the mountain an excellent feeding ground for game, and it is the resort of hundreds of mountain sheep.

The tourist, however, does not come to the park to look at Mount Everts or to study its geological structure. He is there to wonder at the hot springs, and to spend the afternoon in wandering over the terraces which the steaming waters have constructed. The white desolation of the plain is caused by the deposits from the springs, and a hole seven of what may have once been fruitful land have been covered by the barren stones and powders, which, but for the eruptive force of the hot water, would have fulfilled their destiny of remaining in the darkness of the earth's interior.

The deposits of the Mammoth Hot Springs cover an area of about three miles. The crest of the terraces is far above the level plain and the hotel. These terraces have been built up by the overflowing hot springs, which in this part of the park are calcareous. The two great terraces are the Minerva and Jupiter. Minerva Terrace is forty feet high, and covers about three fourths of an acre. The spring of Jupiter Terrace is the largest on the formation—about one hundred feet in diameter. There are other interesting and curious objects to witness above these terraces, and it is here that one realizes that every one who has had anything to do with the nomenclature of the park has been oppressed by the feeling that there is a close connection between earth and the infernal regions.

The best way to visit the terraces is to approach them from above. Curious products of the hot water are met with everywhere on the way from the hotel to the summit. First, there is the Liberty Cap, which stands alone in the middle of the white chalky matter that spreads out from the foot of the Minerva Terrace. It is probably the cone of an extinct spring or geyser, for these boiling and spouting waters build up their own cones. It is the gradual work of deposition going on continuously as long as the water pushes out from the hot rocks far below the cool and solid crust of the earth. As the power diminishes and the flow of the spring decreases, the cone is narrowed, and finally when the spring dies it shuts up its cone. This is one explanation of the Liberty Cap and of the Devil's Thumb, which is near it and like it, but very much smaller. The overflow of water, adding as it always does to the outer surface of the structure, has made the cap look as if it were composed of overlapping strata. The cone is more than fifty feet high.

As you mount over the glowing white dust, which is of the consistency of coarse pumice-stone, you smell strange smells and hear the bubbling of boiling water. You see the steam arising from the springs, and the water shining on the surface of the terraces. Soon you get into the pine woods, and if it is early summer you will be delighted, as you will be everywhere through the park, by the wealth of brilliant wild flowers. You will soon keep back of incrustations and chalky deposits and fissures and faults, out of which rises steam, while warm blasts will strike you in the face. On your way down you will see an incipient geyser in which the force is just great enough to make a little larger bubbling than heated air will cause.

At length you will come to the top of the great Jupiter Terrace, and you will be surprised and awed by the strangeness and beauty of the place. You will see pools of the most transparent water, into whose depths it seems as though you might look a hundred feet, or, better still, as if it presented no greater obstacle to the vision than the clear dry atmosphere of the place. Then there is the boiling of the great Jupiter Terrace and the flowing away of the hot water from the central pool, and you will see how the terraces are formed—at least, if you are not scientific, but imaginative, you will awake up your mind that you understand this process, and you will be content.

It seems as if the water ran away in the first place until it cooled a little, and the heavy particles held in solution by it, sinking to the ground, formed gradually a wall about it. And this wall keeps growing through the years. It is said that the water deposits material at the rate of "about one-sixteenth of an inch in four days." This statement is taken from the guide book of the park which was prepared by Mr. Haynes, who is a photographer and not a professional geologist but who knows everything that has been written or said about the park, while the theories that he has accepted are probably as sound as those in his rejected. At any rate, the hot water goes on building up its own entrenchments in semicircles and their modifications, and at the same time the water continues to dribble or run, as the case may be, over the solid rim, and its deposits build stalactites on the front and make other pools at the foot, which, in turn, build their walls and run over. So terraces seem to be formed. This explanation may not be in accordance with what geologists tell you, but it will satisfy the lay mind and perhaps it will enable the reader who has only this text and the reproductions of the photographs to understand how the terraces look.

It is here that you will get the first satisfactory view of the wonderful coloring that abounds throughout the park. The water itself is of the deepest greens and blues. As it flows away from the pools the colors of the surface over which it passes change. You may watch a slender stream and will catch most pleasing effects. Under the ripples of the water you will see the waving of the slenderest thread-like particles like moving filmy of silk or half softened fibrous crystal matter of a more solid substance. And in the centre, at one part, will be a delicate olive thread, and along the edges there will be a faint lemon-color. When the water cools along the sides of the pools the color will deepen into warmer yellows, and the top of the rim will be a deep orange or a ruddy russet, and this will tone down into cooler shades, while everywhere where the water is hot, in the first narrow channel through which it makes its way from the pool or on the prominent projections on the surface of the terrace which it strikes with unabated energy, there will be no color, but there will be such shining white that the eye can hardly withstand its intensity. Inside the pools, and sometimes outside them, will be a glow of rose red, and this will deepen into purples, until at the bottom of the terrace, and reaching nearly to its top, the color will be a rich red brown. Words can convey only an inadequate idea of the wealth and harmony of the coloring with which nature has adorned these beautiful terraces; even the brush of the painter has not yet succeeded in adequately reproducing them.

For hundreds of years these hot springs have been issuing out of the earth from the rocks below through faults and fissures in the surface. No one can tell from year to year how the water will flow, from them, for fains different causes they change their direction, so that the terraces that they construct face variously, and where the water ran last year the surface is dry this year, and where the deposit was dry twelve months ago there is tipping water now. Once vegetation grew in the places where now there is nothing but a heap of powdered chalk, and the remains of trees, dead and hardened with a calcareous coating, protrude from the ghostly deposit that has killed them. The only vegetation now is that which flows down with the hot waters, and which gives their color to the terraces. Here, as everywhere in this country, the vandal finds his way, with his barbarous and active jack knife and pencil—the man who has an insane longing to associate his uncouthness name with the great places of nature and history and human achievement, who loves to write impertinent initials on the topmost beam of a high tower, to scratch a vulgar name on the window pane in the bedchamber of Scottish Mary, or to desecrate a scene that impels the reverence of lofty minds with an intruding announcement that some one has come into its presence whose natural dwelling place is among the cheapest and most commonplace surroundings. This curser and writer of his own infamy has not so free a hand as he enjoyed before the park was guarded by the soldiers of the United States army for he is treated humbly by the military superintendent, who has great contempt for him, and who does not hesitate to express his displeasure in the most practical manner. Occasionally one of the vandals escapes the sharp eyes of the guardians of the park, although usually the tourist finds a soldier at his side when he approaches any of the wonders. It has been the custom of this creature to carve his initials on the front of the terraces, and to write his name in the liquid left in the pools after a geyser has been playing. Years after the writing in the water the name is legible and the pencil-marks are fresh, so slowly do the geysers build up their deposits. The Upper Geyser Basin is fifty miles from Fort Yellowstone, at the Mammoth Hot Springs, and Captain Anderson has sent back to ruin out his inscription more than one person who has accomplished the desecration and made his way in apparent security to the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel on his journey out of the park. The telegraph is the enemy of offenders the world over, and if a tourist travelling with a certain party, and in a stage belonging to the transportation company or some one else, camping in the woods or registering at the hotels, writes his name in a pool, he may be reasonably certain that the fact will be telegraphed to the post through which he must pass who a his trip is done, and there he is very likely to meet an angry captain of cavalry—a captain who will hand him a rubber and send him back fifty miles under guard to erase the name. This is not an imaginative picture, and it is not a solitary case that is here recorded. Several name writing lunatics have been treated to a dose of this Calif-of Bagdad justice.

This year a most pernicious rascal has escaped, but if he ever confesses his offence and returns to the park it will fare hard with him. This particular vandal has committed the grossest act that has ever defaced a national wonder. He has selected one of the terraces richest in deep red color, and on its face he has insulted nature by carving in enormous letters the initials G. D., and in doing this he has given evidence that notwithstanding this is one of the closing years of the nineteenth century, there are still human beings capable of a depravity so contemptible that the savages who once occupied this region never dreamed of it. And this account of vandalism in the park, and of the punishment which Captain Anderson awards to the guilty, is set down here as a warning to those who need it, as many evidently do.

The visit to the terraces commences an afternoon. The following morning at eight o'clock the stage starts on the tour around the park. From the hotel to the Norris Basin the road is very good, although, owing to the fact that the roads are all under the jurisdiction of an engineer officer whose office is at St. Paul, the work of repair is not begun early enough the present season, and much of the annual appropriation for the purpose is wasted in office expenses. For example at the close of the last season there was a balance of $6000 available for road purposes in the park, but when the present season opened only $1500 of it remained; the rest had been expended on maps and salaries. Maps of the park are useful, but not nearly so much needed as roads. When the spring opened even this paltry $1500 was not put upon the roads, but paid out for the salaries and expenses of some civil engineers to enable them to find out what was to be done, although the superintendent and his officers knew precisely what was necessary. Captain Anderson having made a tour of the park as far as the snow would permit before the 1st of June the day on which the season is supposed to begin. The result of this system is detrimental to the interests of the government. It is not only expensive, but it is inconsistent with the comfort, and even the safety, of the tourists who visit the park. After such a winter as that which prevails in this climate, with its heavy snows and the resulting overflow of the mountain streams, some of which, like the Yellowstone, the Gibbon, the Gardiner, and the Firehole, are large and turbulent, there must be serious washouts. Moreover, some of the roads run at the foot of hills of drift and loose disintegrated volcanic rocks, and the frost is certain to heat into the highway dangerous obstructions. There are boggy spots, too, that need careful overhauling every year, and all this work should be done as soon as the melting of the snow permits. But this year, at all events, very little had been done by the middle of June, and nothing at all on the most dangerous stretches of road. The engineer officer in charge had looked in at the entrance in the park, but had even penetrated as far as the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, but had not gone beyond, and although the superintendent had made his way over the roads as far as he could travel, and had sent officers from time to time in examine the roads over which he had been unable to pass, his advice was not asked. On the contrary, a civil engineer was sent out from St. Paul at great expense to find out facts that were within the knowledge of an officer of the government, and therefore available at no additional cost to the engineer charged with the duty of making the roads passable.

All this results from the double-headed management that obtains throughout the park. First we have the Secretary of the Interior making regulations to be enforced by an officer who is under the direction and control of the Secretary of War, and then we have a captain of cavalry with general jurisdiction over the park, but a major of engineers who has sole charge of the construction and repair of roads. The inevitable result is occasional conflicts, and constant waste of energy, time, and money.

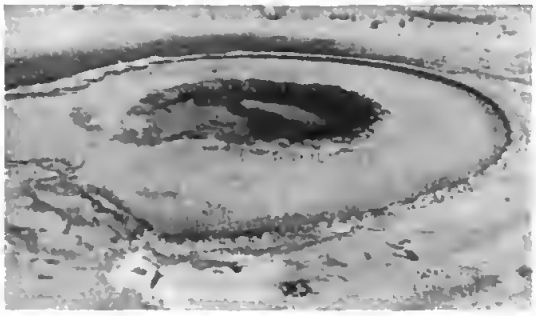
At the same time the engineers have done some admirable work. They have built roads in strange places, and have overcome natural obstacles with their usual cleverness. This is especially true of Lieutenant Chittenden, who has been transferred to other duties, after the inscrutable fashion of the government. When the roads are in repair they are excellent, although with the material in the park there is no reason why they should not be macadamized.

Considering, however, that the park is a wilderness, with little promise that it ever could be used for gain either by the farmer or the miner, the journey through it is delightful. The stage coaches are those comfortable Concord coaches which are familiar to all who have travelled in the White Mountains—roomy, well built, easy, hung on leather springs. These coaches are unique among American manufactures. They have been built since 1853, and they have had no competition. The stage-coach is departing. The superintendent of the transportation company is Mr S. S. Huntley, who has owned stage lines in Montana and the neighboring Territories for many years. He has carried passengers and the mails through Indian Territory when the bucks were on the war path. One of his most distinguished stages was captured by the Nez Percés when Joseph made his journey through the park flying from the pursuing forces of General Howard. He has known what it is to have his property held up, and he sadly shakes his head and speaks of the old days with a tremor, although he is not an old man, but is yet young enough to reap some of the advantages of railroading. But he looks at his coaches in the Yellowstone Park, and tells you that there you see one of two disappearing American institutions, both of which are to be found only in the park—the stage and the bison. How the bison keeps up it is impossible to say, for no one is permitted to taste him, but the stage coach service of the park is excellent, and the superintendent of the company is as accommodating and polite as he is sad and reflective.

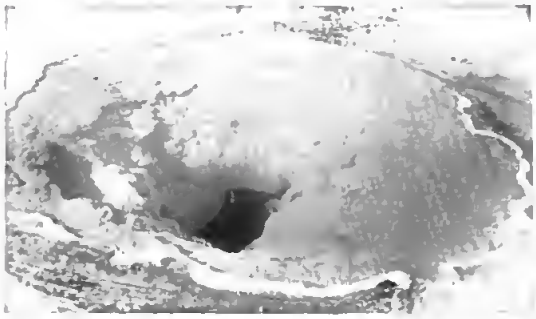
The road from the Mammoth Hot Springs dips down from the plain into the valley of the Gardiner, and then runs away from it over a hill so steep that it seems impossible for the horses to pull the heavily laden coach to its summit. But there are many hills to be encountered in the stage-coach journey that are more formidable than this one. The road passes between two hills, Mount Bunsen and Terrace Mountain. Here is the famous Golden Gate. The trail runs along the edge of a precipice, at the foot of which, from 200 to 300 feet below, tumbles Glen Creek, breaking into a pretty series of cascades known as Rustic Falls. The rocks rise straight up from the road which is an admirable example of engineering work. On the other side the hill shelves down to the water, and is crowned with pines. On both sides the gray rocks are covered with a bright yellow lichen, from which the place takes its name. The hills seem fairly to shine with color. The Gate is a column of rock left standing by the engineers. It is a striking bit in the scene, but a few weeks ago the representative of one of the highest achievements of modern science, a gentleman familiarly known as "Telephone Pete," showed his contempt for the small achievements of which nature is capable by planting a telephone pole directly in front of the solitary gate post.

If the traveller is in his own party and can command his time he had better dismount from the coach after he has passed the Gate and climb Terrace Mountain, in order to obtain an idea of the topography of the park. The Northern Pacific Railroad has recently published a bird's-eye view of the park, and it strikes one on first looking at it that scant justice is done to the plains that must be there; but from the top of Terrace Mountain, which is reached by a very gentle climb, one obtains the same impression that is given by the chart—the impression of a region wrinkled and creased into a thousand hills. The park is set apart and is separated from the neighboring country by mountain ranges. To the northeast a succession of mountains join the Absaroka chain, and on the north and northeast is the Gallatin range. The Madison range and the Grand Tetons, the highest peaks of the Northern Rocky Mountains, are on the west and south.

After leaving the Golden Gate the road passes over level plains and through pine forests. The landscape has a strange beauty, and is unfamiliar to one who has known nothing but the East. The pine forests alone are impressive. The absence of hard wood trees and the miles of solitude are an interesting prelude to the more aggressive mysteries that are to be encountered later in the journey. The road runs straight south for a long stretch as directly as a railroad built on the plains, which has no occasion to dodge hills and other obstructions. At the end of the pass, between Bunsen and Terrace, is Swan Lake, a refreshing bit of cool blue water. The plain is covered early in the season by low red willow bushes, which become a delicate green as the slow summer approaches. The plain has been a favorite feeding ground for the elk, who, when the snow will not permit them to get at the herbage below, browse on these unsatisfying bushes. Far off the mountains rise along the northern and western border. On the north is the Electric Peak, more than 11,000 feet high, the principal elevation of the Gallatin range, white with snow. Its mineral deposits are so abundant and of such a character that in a thunder storm the lightning plays around its head with startling brilliancy. On the west is Mount Holmes, named from the geologist of Professor Hayden's first survey, and there are Bell's Peak, the Quadrant Mountains, and the Bannock Peak. These are of the Gallatin range. Across the plain, part of which is named Willow Park, the road runs by a creek, and into this creek pour the Panther, the Indian, Winter, and other creeks, along whose pleasant banks the



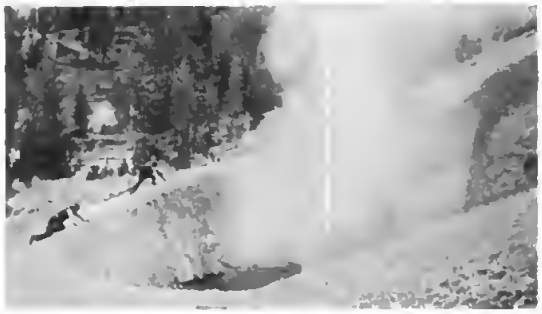
THE BEACH SPRING.



MORNING-GLORY SPRING.

GROTTO GEYSER CONE.

DEVIL'S WELL AND CASTLE CONE



MUD GEYSER NEAR YELLOWSTONE LAKE

EXCELSIOR GEYSER.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. JAY HAYNES.

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DOWN GRAND CAÑON FROM INSPIRATION POINT.

CAÑON HOTEL WITH ELKS IN FOREGROUND.

GRAND CAÑON, POINT LOOKOUT, AND GREAT FALLS.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. JAY HAYNES.

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berbage grows bushy and sweet, making good feeding-grounds for the browsing game.

Suddenly the road turns and winds at the foot of a strange cliff of shining black stuff streaked with red and yellow. It is obsidian twisted and transformed into glass by an intense heat. This cliff is built of blocks of black glass, and rises 250 feet. The road runs along its base for a thousand feet. The road is built of this glass, which has no transparency, and only shines as the sun strikes its black surface. The method of constructing the road was ingenious and noteworthy. Blasting-powder could not be used, so fires were built about the foot of the cliff, and when the glass was heated, cold water was thrown on it, and by the expansion and quick contraction the blocks were burst away. This was a favorite place for the arrow making Indians, who left behind them in great abundance the chips from their workshops in the form of finished and unfinished arrow and spear heads.

Coming almost to the foot of this interesting cliff are the waters of the Beaver Lake a long quiet pool. The beavers have dammed the lake in several places, and built their domelike houses in its waters; but the beaver seems to be the most difficult animal in the park to protect, and it is the belief of some that he is still disappearing. Captain Anderson, however, reports that there are signs that he is returning and increasing in numbers.

From this point there are occasional signs of nature's underground activity. There are road-side springs. One of these is called the Apollinaris, and its water has a taste very like that of the water of commerce after which it is called. It is near the point where this spring is situated that "Telephone Pete" had an adventure in which nature paid him in advance for his silent expression of opinion of the beauty of the Golden Gate. It was in the winter that this useful but unsathetic person was making his way over the road on snow-shoes in the discharge of his duty as a line-man. The trees of these forests have a way of falling down very easily. There is very little soil in the park, and the trees have not much root. No axe is permitted to touch any tree that is not actually dead, and therefore the woods are encumbered with fallen trunks, and the road itself is so often obstructed by them that every careful driver carries an axe or a saw with him to clear his way. "Pete," pushing along on his snow-shoes, encountered one of these obstructions, and climbed over it, to find a mountain lion and her two cubs on the other side. It was a frightful time for the telephone man, for the beasts played with him as if he were a mouse, approaching him with snarls and going off with grins. Whether they were afraid of this strange thing or merely replete with food is not known. "Telephone Pete" does not know. All that he could do, as he says himself, was to stand still and grow gray. He had no arms, for he had not obtained the necessary permission of the superintendent of the park to carry them. This story illustrates the nature of the animals that are found in the park. Their safety seems to have an influence on their characters and to have ameliorated their manners. Most of them will get out of the way of the solitary traveller, and even the bears are said to be gracious. Indeed, I have heard it remarked that the bull elk is perhaps the most ferocious and uncompromising beast in the preserve, and will yield less gracefully than anything that cannot kill a porcupine—which the elk can, and is probably proud of it. An officer of the army, whose word I have no reason to doubt, tells of a bear experience which will strike the denizens of civilization as strange. The bear was a silver tip, uglier than a black, and very like a grizzly. In fact, between the two the line of demarcation is very slight. She was the mother of two as fine looking cubs as ever were seen by this officer, who is experienced in cubs, for he has often captured them for the Zoological Garden in Washington. The old bear was trouting for the young. It was at one of the fingers of the Yellowstone Lake, if I remember correctly, that this incident happened. The lake was full of spawning trout—black with them, as the venerious fishermen say—and the bear was pawing them out for the youngsters. The officer was unarmed, and he thought to try an experiment. So turning over his horse to his companion, he made a break for the bear, who retreated slowly, while her cubs made for the top of a tree. She showed every inclination to be civil and conciliatory, and this officer believes that if he had had a man or two to attract and keep the attention of the mother, he could have captured the cubs without receiving any other harm than a few inconsiderable scratches.

It must not be concluded from this narrative that the bears who visit the hotels in the summer evening are courting the amenities of life, and are eager to increase their acquaintance with humanity. That is not true. What the bear likes about hotel life is the swill in the barrels, and he keeps himself fat and happy on it at the cost of the pigs. Another lesson is also taught by this incident. It is that the books are wrong when they say that black and some other bears cannot climb trees. There is no bear known in the wilds of America who cannot climb a tree faster than any boy who ever shinned his way into branches where cherries abound. Along the side of the road, leaning against a tree, one will catch an occasional glimpse of a rough ladder. The driver will tell the innocent that these ladders are "bear ladders," and are there for the use of tourists when bears attack a stage coach. The tourists are to climb into the trees on them, and are to escape the fury of these man-destroyers. If the reader of this article happens ever to be a tourist in the Yellowstone Park and a driver of a stage coach tells him this story, he ought not to believe it, unless fiction is sweeter to him than truth, for if he does he will believe almost anything, and the driver will not hesitate to take advantage of his innocence. He will tell him for example, when he comes to the bubbling springs known as the "Devil's Frying pan," that the woods around it are full of boiled eggs, because when the birds drink of the water, the next eggs they lay are hard. It is by such tales as these that the drivers and other experts while away the hours of a long stage journey, and if they can secure a tourist who has faith in their stories the familiar monotony of the trip is greatly relieved, and their imagination highly stimulated. The Frying pan, Roaring Mountain, the Twin Lakes—one of them a beautiful peacock blue in color, and one higher than the other, the two being on the divide between the Yellowstone and the Missouri—are the most noteworthy objects between Obsidian Cliff and the excellent lunch station at Norris Basin, which is on a plain of sand on the banks of the Gibbon.

The Gibbon flows north and west around the spot on which is the bunch of tents where a genial Irishman whose wit is refreshing to very tired persons, pours out good coffee. Within a short distance in the Norris Geyser Basin, to and over which the tourist who is wise will walk after he has lunched and will wait for the stage to catch up with him. This basin covers about six square miles, and there are a number of geysers, whose ineffectiveness will be apparent to one who has seen the greater examples at the Fire-hole Basins, but these are strange and startling to the novice. The road skirts along the ridge, and the steaming craters can be seen, the ramblings and roarings heard, and the sulphuric odors smelt from the coach, but whoever would really know what a "formation" is and what boiling springs and eruptive geysers are should walk over the sands. It will be an experience that has been enjoyed by comparatively few, that of walking on the shell formed by the deposits of hot water, and under which the water may still be heard bubbling. Frequently the surface will be covered with running streams of warmish water, and rubbers might to be worn. Sometimes the crust will yield, and the traveller will break through a little, but there is very little danger and a good deal of interest.

Here there is a geyser known as the "Minute-man," or "Constant." It plays about every sixty-five seconds. Of course, when these intervals of time are mentioned, averages are meant. The "Minute man" throws water to the height of from thirty to forty feet. A geyser plays like a fountain, and really is a fountain of boiling water. The power which throws the water out of the center is not the same as that which sends the water out of an artificial fountain's mouth. It is not the pressure of a column of water coming from a greater height, or of a pump, but it is pressure—the pressure of steam generated by the great heat in the earth's interior. There are various theories about geysers, and there are different explanations for the varying intervals between the spurtings of different geysers. This much is certain, however, that however or wherever the steam is accumulated or applied, there comes a moment in the case of every geyser when the column of water can no longer withstand the force below, and is thrown out, with whatever loose stones and other solid material may be carried by it, and this power is accumulated at longer or shorter intervals by different geysers.

As one walks on the crust of this formation one not only hears the constant bubbling of the water, but comes suddenly upon little openings, and one should be constantly on the lookout for these, for it would be far from pleasant to step in. The great geyser of the locality is the Monarch, which precedes and accompanies its eruptions with explosions. Its eruptions occur about twice in twenty-four hours. Here also is a mud geyser, and a mud geyser is a very nasty thing in appearance and in reality. It is a crater, generally a big one, which is filled with boiling mud of such a consistency and density that it is not thrown to any great height, but flops about, as it were, and occasionally rises to the edge of the crater. Its noises and its looks are disgusting, but decidedly interesting. The Black Growler is a big hole in the road, and emits steam, noise and a sulphuric odor that make it a very disagreeable neighbor. There are other geysers and springs in the vicinity of minor importance. It is a weird region, and constantly reminds one of its volcanic origin by the steaming springs that are encountered at frequent intervals along the road side.

The most interesting feature of Norris Basin in this year, 1893, is a big crater that has broken out along the edge of the road. Last year it was a little inconsiderable boiling spring. Last spring, however, this spring blew a great hole in the road, and now the crater is about 30 feet in diameter. The water, which boils briskly, is of the whitish blue that may be observed in a wash tub. The unexpected is always happening at the park and those who dwell within it do not know, when the season closes, what they will find when the snow melts. The springs that flow in one place this year may be sending their water in another direction next year. And an insignificant spring may in a twelvemonth become a spouting geyser.

The road from the Norris Basin to the Lower Geyser Basin runs for a long distance through the Gibbon Cañon. Near its entrance are the Gibbon "paint-pots," a name given to a species of mud geyser or hot spring the material of which resembles white lead as it comes from the factory, before the painter thins it with his oil.

Through the cañon there are constant admonitions of the presence of hot water in the pinnacles of steam here and there. One of the most interesting of the phenomena of this part of the park the tourist generally takes for granted. On the top of Mount Schurz, 1000 feet above the rapid river by the side of which the road runs, there is a geyser basin, a basin of dead and expiring geysers. The cañon is very beautiful. Its bordering cliffs rise sheer from the river on one side and from the road on the other. The road itself is an excellent witness of the skill of Lieutenant Chittenden as an engineer. The falls are fine, and the afternoon's drive from the Norris to the Lower Geyser Basin is full of pleasure. After leaving the cañon the road runs through a pine forest and up steep hills. From the top of the last of these, far off to the south, one catches a glimpse of three beautiful high peaks. They are the Tetons, 14,000 feet high, and 75 miles distant.

The hotel at the Lower Geyser Basin is one of the best in the park. Here in June the extraordinary climate of the park makes it impossible to sit out-of-doors after sunset, and the fire on the great hearth is welcome. Opposite the hotel is one of the great white formations, on the crest of which are the geysers and paint pots. Dr. Hayden has catalogued 693 hot springs and 17 geysers in this basin.

The Fountain Geyser is the one of this neighborhood that most interests tourists, for its eruptions can be plainly seen from the piazza of the hotel. It is not an important, but it is an interesting geyser. It plays every two or four hours, according to the state of the water. Its eruptions are most frequent in the spring when the snow is melting and the surface water is abundant.

The progress of an eruption can be very closely observed at the Fountain, and the tourist who is content with watching the eruption from the hotel makes a serious mistake if he is in search of information about geysers. There is a pool adjacent to this geyser which is connected with it. When the pool and the crater of the geyser are full of water, it is time for the fountain to play. At first the geyser will throw the water in the middle of the crater a few feet into the air. This will be repeated several times, and the spectators had then better go to the windward side. At length there will be a more violent spurt, and finally there will be a mass of shining white water thrown to the height of twenty feet, with occasional pulsations reaching three times that height. The fountain plays for a quarter of an hour, and then the column of water begins to fall. It sinks gradually, spurting now and again and at length disappears, leaving only the steam rising from the crater and streams of water flowing over the surfaces of the formation. The crater and the pool are both empty, and one can look far down into the black shadows of the former. Presently the water from a reservoir in front of the crater begins to flow back into it, the geyser and the pool gradually fill up once more to the brim, and when this process is completed there is another eruption.

The most remarkable paint-pots in the park are in the neighborhood of the Lower Geyser Basin. The basin of these paint-pots measures about forty by sixty feet, and the mud rim around it is several feet high. The tourist looks down into a caldron of mud heated to the boiling point. Most of it is of the purest white, and all of it, as it is aptly described in the guide books, "plops" as the air bubbles are made by the heat. This "plopping" produces curious results. The thick paintlike substance is thrown into curious shapes. Now it is like the round boss, the usual carpenter's ornament at the junction of the flutes and the top of the door frame, now it is a conventional geometrical ornament, now a rose, or a tulip, or a lily, or some other flower. Now the basin seems to be making curious faces at the spectators. It is a most absorbing place, and often a spectator, even one who has experienced the thoughtlessness of others and witnessed the results of carelessness, will walk into the hot mud, to the ruin of his boots, or with much more serious and painful results. An interesting feature of the place lies in the variety of color. The white tones into a delicate lemon color, while one side of the basin is a most delicate rose-color.

Near the Fountain is an interesting region to which the regular tourist road does not extend, because the way there is unsafe. Here is a very powerful geyser, known as the Great Fountain, and a number of springs, in one of which there is the skeleton of a mountain buffalo.

The basin is near the Fire hole River, which, uniting with the Gibbon, forms the Madison, one of the sources of the great Missouri. The road from the Lower Basin leads along the Fire hole, and within a short distance on the way to the Upper Basin passes the Midway Basin. Opposite the old road is a bank somewhat elevated above the stream and this bank is made of "formation." Streams of hot water flow streaming down the sides and into the river, and the banks are colored by brilliant reds and orange and by more delicate tones and shades. A foot-bridge a plank side leads from one side to the other.

This formation is known as "Hell's Half-Acre." The great object is an immense pit about 400 feet in length and 250 feet in width. The surface of the water in it is from fifteen to twenty feet below the top of the opening. There is constantly rising from it an immense volume of steam, but now and then the wind blows rifts in this cloud, and one can see that the water below is a brilliant blue. Ten years after this pit was described by Dr. Peale, one of Professor Hayden's associates, in 1881, it was found to be a very powerful geyser.

The eruption of 1881 began in the autumn. The height of the stream varied from 95 to 250 feet, and the display is described as magnificent. The body of water thrown from such a large crater to such a height is enormous, and with the outpour of water large stones were hurled from the opening to a long distance from the geyser. The next eruption occurred in 1888 and continued through the following winter. The author of the park guide-book, a no has been an eye witness of the eruptions of this splendid geyser thus describes an event which is a most important phenomenon in geyser history:

"Immediately preceding an eruption a violent upheaval occurs, raising the entire volume of water in the crater nearly 50 feet, when instantly one or two, and sometimes three, terrific explosions occur, followed closely by the shooting upward of columns of water, and oftentimes masses of rocky formation, to the height of 200 to 250 feet. Trees of such have in this way been hurled into Fire-hole River some pieces fully 500 feet from the crater, while specimens may be seen scattered all about the vicinity. At each upheaval sufficient water escapes to raise Fire hole River several inches."

The formation is very old, and is worn away by the rolling overflow from the geyser. In one place where this wearing away has taken place there are buffalo tracks in the formation which were evidently made centuries ago. While the eruption is in progress other geysers in the vicinity are inactive, the Fire-hole River rises and the Turquoise Spring in the neighborhood of the Excelsior is exhausted. When the eruption is over the water sinks in the crater to a low level, and the crater itself is found to be enlarged. A new eruption is expected to take place soon, for the pool is full and its waters are flowing over the formation in gentle ripples. It was in this condition just before the eruption of 1888.

The water of the Turquoise Spring is a beautiful blue. A freak of nature in this immediate locality is a spring of cold water very near the Turquoise.

The most beautiful thing in this formation is Prismatic Lake. It is a great pool of about the size of the crater of the Excelsior. Its waters in the centre are a deep blue and then a fresh green. Along the shallow edge they become light yellow and orange, while the edge of the pool itself shows all the colors which are seen in this remarkable region. Steam rises constantly from the surface of the lake and sunshine freaks into rainbow colors in it. The rim of the pool is low, and the water overflows it, building up small terraces after the fashion of the Mammoth Hot Springs.

Now the tourist is near the great geyser region—the greatest geyser region in the world. The formation opposite to him, rich in color and full of steam plumes, is only the beginning. As he rides along the road to the Upper Geyser Basin he passes strange expressions of Nature's power. By the road side are hot pools and springs and active geysers. First there is the Morning glory Spring, where top not only is in the form of the mouth of the flower from which it is named, but it carries the likeness down into its depths, and presents to one looking into it the very form of the blossom. The water is clear and a most delicious green while round the lips of the basin it is orange-colored. This is true of many of the springs in this basin and of the water of some of the great geysers. Near the spring are the Fan and Mortar geysers, and as the road crosses the river after passing these, the River side is seen to the left. From here on the ride is over the formation and past geyser after geyser, many of which have constructed from their deposits grotesque craters that increase the uncanniness of the region.

There is now no hotel at the Upper Geyser Basin. Congress in its unwisdom has passed a law forbidding the construction of a hotel within a quarter of a mile of a geyser. There is absolutely no reason for such a law, and its existence on the statute book must be charged to the account of some one who was interested in not having a hotel at this point. The distance from the Lower Basin Hotel to the building which was a hotel until the Secretary of the Interior discovered that he must enforce this law, but which is now a lunch station, is ten miles, and the programme used to

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make the ride a day's journey. Tourists were thus enabled to spend a whole day in this important spot, to see its curiosities with comparative comfort and at leisure, and to start thence on the following morning for the longer ride to the Yellowstone Lake. But the wisdom of Congress ordered differently, and this year no one is permitted to sleep at the Upper Basin, but must journey back to the Lower Basin Hotel, doing over the ten miles travelled in the morning. Then on the next day the stage goes over the road again, and the trip to the lake is forty six instead of thirty-six miles.

From the porch of the little lunch-house the tourist sees a strange sight. To the right and front of the house, across a little interval of verdure and pine trees, there is a great plain of formation which is seemingly covered with active geysers. From one end to the other are waving feathers of steam, while now and then one of the hot fountains shoots its column of water high in the air. There are twenty-six geysers and 400 hot springs in the basin. It is a wonderful place. Vegetation has ceased to exist. The barren contents of the earth's interior have been spurted out and have covered and killed the soil. It is a great extent of white, brown, and black desolation. Here and there are skeleton trees, dead and hardened with the deposits that cover the surrounding country. Lord Dufferin has said that the place gave him the impression of some modern city that had been overwhelmed and "had so lately sunk amid flames into the bowels of the earth that the smoke of its ruins was still ascending through heaps of smouldering ashes"; and Professor Whitwell has said: "Nowhere else, I believe, can be seen on so grand a scale such clear evidence of dying volcanic action. We seem to witness the death throes of some great American Enceladus."

The geyser that is of most interest to the tourist is naturally that whose eruptions are most regular, and can therefore be depended on. This is Old Faithful, that, beginning after the manner described in speaking of the Fountain Geyser, throws a column of water straight into the air to the height of about 150 feet. The most noteworthy attribute of this geyser is its regularity. By actual and careful observation it has been found that the eruptions occur at an average interval of sixty-five minutes.

This geyser is on the left bank of the Fire-hole. On the opposite bank is the Beehive, which throws a stream more than 200 feet high. This is one of the few geysers that do not throw out any rocks, while the water is so hot that it evaporates in the air. It is safe, therefore, to observe it close at hand, while the absence of overflow leaves it without terraces at its base, which are characteristic of Old Faithful and other geysers. The Giantess, which is very near the Beehive is a very powerful geyser. Its eruptions occur after intervals of about fourteen days, and continue with slight interruptions for about twelve hours. Rumblings, roarings, and earthquake shocks accompany its breakings out while the Beehive, 300 feet distant, is affected by its activity.

This fact suggests the theory of a subterranean connection between the geysers, and affords an opportunity for the imaginative stage-driver or other native to play upon the credulity of those who have not ceased to have faith in Yellowstone humanity. For example, it is to be recorded that one most excellent and worthy driver of horses once took advantage of a travelling Englishman for his own amusement and for the glory of his country's geysers. The Englishman was told that if he threw his handkerchief into Old Faithful the geyser would restore it to him laundered. The Englishman tossed his handkerchief, and the geyser did its part, but the Englishman did not see that the driver had only picked up the handkerchief, and that evening pretended to find it ten miles away at the Fountain, after the Englishman had witnessed one of its eruptions. It is thus that scientific truth is distorted, to the bewilderment of the unary.

The Giantess plays in a manner of its own. At the first every particle of the sparkling blue water in its crater is forced out, and then water and jets of steam are thrown up from 60 to 100 feet. After this is over there is an hour of steam and roaring.

The geysers on this elevation seem innumerable. The Sponge is a small geyser, but it has constructed a crater of the form texture, and color of the sponge. The Lion and Lioness are two large geysers, and the two cubs are two smaller ones that play frequently. The four are grouped together. The Grand is one of the finest geysers of the park, and there is some evidence that it is connected with the Excelsior. The Turban is its near neighbor, and sometimes the two play together. The Turban's hot water is in a state of great agitation after an eruption, and flows into the crater of the Grand. The Giant is another great geyser, and plays about every six days. It throws an immense column of water 250 feet high.

The Splendid is one of the most important and interesting geysers in this group. It plays every other day, and then at intervals of three hours. It is a noisy steaming geyser, and its waters boil constantly. The great stream of water 150 feet high which it hurls out at its eruptions at an acute angle from its conoless crater is beautifully iridescent in the afternoon sun.

Nearly as interesting as the geysers are the cones which many of them have constructed, curious and grotesque, and some of them of a considerable elevation. The Splendid has no cone, and the many fissures, all craterlike in their appearance, make it doubtful from which one of them the column of steam and water is thrown. But most of the geysers build craters. That of Old Faithful is an irregular mass of coral-like formation, and away from its base falls a succession of slight terraces. In the pools standing on these terraces the vandal tourist loves to write his name, where his folly may be witnessed for many years. The Castle cone is a huge structure, seemingly battlemented. One side, however, is a gentle slope up which it is easy to climb for the purpose of observing the interior structure of a geyser crater. But the crater that affords the best opportunity for this kind of study is that of the Oblong, which is large. The texture and forms of the outer rim are characteristic, while the water, when the geyser is not in operation, is so clear that one can see very far into the crater's depths.

It is impossible within the scope and intention of such an article as this to describe all that is to be seen at the Upper Geyser Basin. The tourist will only regret that the itinerary permits so few hours at this interesting place. There are wonders other than geysers in the basin. Not very far from the hotel is the Devil's Punch-bowl, a richly colored basin holding a mass of boiling water, and near this once active geyser is the Black Sand Spring, whose beautiful blue waters ripple over the formation, depositing a most bewildering variety of colors. There is no such spot in all the park for concentrated color, varying from the rich red-browns in delicate pink, and from an orange violent in its intensity and forming in large veins, to delicate cream color. The overflow from the spring has covered a large area with brilliant and delicately colored masses of deposits. The dead trees are covered with the siliceous deposits, and by cutting down below the surface the most beautiful specimens of the action of this water can be obtained. The cutting, however, is now prohibited. A detachment of troops is maintained at every point where there are objects of interest, and the tourist generally finds a soldier at his side no in his immediate vicinity when he is betraying any unusual interest in deposits that are capable of mutilation. It is the business of the soldier to preserve the integrity of nature.

All the pools and springs and many of the crater waters are of beautiful greens and blues, and one pool near the Black Sand Spring is so green that it is called the Emerald. Many of the springs are funnel-shaped. This is true of the Morning-glory and some of the craters, so that far down at the point to which the sides converge is a black hole—so black, so far down, as to seem an opening into a region of which the average man does not care to think.

Beyond the Upper Geyser Basin the road goes to the westward, and runs in the West Bay, or the "Thumb" of the Yellowstone Lake. This is the largest body of water on the continent at so great an altitude—7788 feet above the level of the sea. To the south of the road lies the Shoshone Lake, around whose shores are other geysers. Farther off to the south are the Tetons, of which occasional glimpses are caught from high hillsand through the forest trees. The Kepler Cascades are passed, and the Lone Star Geyser, the last shooting geyser that will be seen by the tourist during the trip. The "Thumb" is eighteen miles beyond the Upper Geyser lunch station, and is the lunching place of the day's ride to the Yellowstone Lake hotel.

The journey to the Lake Hotel, eighteen miles distant, may be made either by coach or water. A steamer, the *Zillo*, plies the lake, which is a beautiful sheet of water, and on its borders the whole season may be comfortably spent. The region is not without its wonders. On the margin of the lake are paint-pots and hot springs. One of these is so near the water that a fisherman may catch his trout in the lake and cook it in the hot spring without changing his position. The hotel at the lake is one of the largest and best of the great caravansaries, that have been built by the association for the comfort of so many guests

HOT SPRING CONE, YELLOWSTONE PARK

Catching Trout in the Lake and Cooking them on the Rock in the Hot Spring.

that all their rooms are rarely occupied at the same time. The trout in the lake are abundant. There are small boats, in addition to the steamboat. That is the one point in the park where there is an outfit for a prolonged stay, and where there are joys beyond the pleasure of looking at the freaks of nature.

Near this part of the lake is the Hoodoo Region. It is not on the road and is not easily accessible, but there are other though less momentous hoodoos in the park, and the tourist will see some modified forms of the grotesque action of heat on the rocks in the ride from the Cañon Hotel back to the Norris Basin.

The road from the lake to the Cañon Hotel passes the Mud Geyser, the most disgusting object in the park. It is a black forbidding growler, and as you look down into its crater there is a sudden upheaval of the ugly mass as if the boiling substance were about to be hurled at you from some invisible power in the depths below. The other object of especial interest is the Sulphur Mountain, a mass of buttes 150 feet high, the principal ingredient of which, as is evidenced both by the appearance and odor of the rocks lying on its surface and at its base, is that from which it takes its name. Off to the west of these odious elevations lie the pleasant slopes of Hayden Valley, which, geologists tell us, were once covered by the waters of Yellowstone Lake, and that being so, it may be that those waters which now drain through the Yellowstone and the Missouri into the Gulf of Mexico may once have joined the streams that make their way to the Pacific. That, however, is a question for those who make it their business to study geology, for the ordinary tourist it is merely something to occupy a stray moment of his time while he is approaching the most beautiful object of inanimate nature that he has ever beheld, and which has been fittingly reserved as the last on the tour, for although there are more than thirty miles of road between the Cañon and the Mammoth Hot Springs, all but twelve of them are those over which the tourist rides on his first morning in the park.

The road follows the Yellowstone River from the lake to the beginning of the Cañon. With the exception of the geysers, the Sulphur Mountain, the steaming vents of dead and alive hot springs, the ride is through endless miles of pine forest. So dense are the shadows and so lofty the elevation that snow lingers here until late in June, and sometimes the roads between the Upper Geyser Basin and the lake, and the Cañon and the lake, are impassable for the coaches of the transportation company until nearly the beginning of July. If the government would cut the timber back from the road in these places for a hundred feet or so it would greatly advance the season of travel. As it is, the tourists who enter the park on the opening day, or at any time within two or three weeks after, are very likely to find that they cannot take the full trip, and that they must leave the park without seeing the lake. A very trifling destruction of trees would greatly enlarge the area of the sun's energy, and would make the roads passable several days sooner than they are now. The snow lingers longest on the eastern side of the road, which is shaded from the morning sun by the high, thick-growing pines. Sometimes the wheels on one side of the coach will raise a cloud of dust, while those on the other side will be up to the hubs in snow.

As it approaches the cañon, the river tumbles over cascades and twists and turns around pine-crowned backs. Great rocks stand up here and there in the middle of its swift-running floods, and pines grow out of their barren tops. There is something strange and inexplicable about these Rocky Mountain pines. They grow straight and high, with needles only a trifle longer than those of the common spruce that is planted for hedges and ornament in the East. They seem to need very little nourishment. They have hardly any roots, and most of those are exposed. Occasionally they grow out of rocks in which apparently there is not a particle of soil, and yet they grow in cliffs and in other exposed places where the strong winds of winter wrestle with them ineffectually. They are so thick that you can see only a little distance into the forest, where, although there is a large number of fallen trunks, there is not a vestige of underbrush.

At length the road passes within hearing of the lower falls, and the tourist obtains a glimpse of the white rushing waters. Then a bridge is crossed at the Crystal Falls, and on the right is caught the first glimpse of the Cañon. As the horses toil up the steep hill to the hotel the traveller gets his first impression of this wonderful result of heat and erosion. Below him dashes the river, and the gorgeous cliffs rising from the brink reveal amid the growing timber a promise of coloring that is to be abundantly fulfilled. It is beyond the hotel that the Cañon lies, and the way to it is a trail through the thick woods. Suddenly you come upon it. It is probably the most splendid gorge in the world. If there is anything richer in coloring, there is no record of it. There are other gorges and cañons higher, longer, and more terrible. This gorge does not frown. The orator who spoke of this frowning chasm was lost to the verbal traditions of his craft. This gorge is bright and beautiful, and its dizzy heights are not frightful. There is a passage quoted in the guide book in which the writer describes himself as holding to the shelf-like rock from which he was looking at the scene. There is no possibility of such a feeling. A man with a large talent for unsteadiness on high places was once so frightened by this harrowing description that he feared he would have no pleasure at the Cañon, but when he reached Point Lookout he was reassured, and he discovered that even Inspiration Point was possible.

No one can describe the Cañon. It is bright and beautiful, and that is all that language is capable of. Thomas Moran has painted two pictures of it, and his fidelity to the coloring of the rocky walls amounts to genius, but even he is inadequate. On Inspiration Point you look down 1500 feet to the river, a slender stream of green and white—really a broad stream with rapids, and even falls—and you look back and see the Great Falls, white and threadlike, really you are looking back three miles at a cascade nearly 100 feet wide and 300 feet high. From Grand View, which is between Inspiration Point and the Great Falls you look at the beautiful Point standing up sharply against the sky, so sharp that it seems impossible that it could support a human foot, and just below it is a group of pinnacles stretching downwards towards the ghostlike river, which looks so noisy and is yet so silent. And everywhere is the color. There is a column of deep and even Pompeiian red, and there are hundreds of acres of solid browns. There are great veins of ochre and milder yellows. There is the rich orange of which nature in these wilds seems so fond. There are borders of bright reds, and suddenly here and there the deeper color coals, and the eye is struck by a great mass of what seems like dazzling white, but which on closer observation tones down into lavender and rose pinks and creams and olives.

Here and there the walls are sheer, and at other places they shelve to the water's edge. Down at the bank no human foot has ever trod. A venturesome person has been let down by a rope, and some one who must be the prince of vandals proposes to put in an elevator, which might deface a beautiful view, it is true, but which would be "a great convenience to tourists." There is a silence brooding over all this beauty that one can feel, and that is now and again intensified by a single bird-note. Far down from the heights on which you stand, or from the trail along the edge of which you ride, you look into eagles' nests that are built on lofty detached columns, and you catch glimpses of the great carrion-loving bird wheeling about in the high spaces between the Cañon's walls. Day after day you can go to this wild place, and sitting far up on the heights, look and look and glut your eyes, and speak not a word to the comrade who may be sitting by you. And days after you have gone away you will think on the entrancing beauty, and wonder why you ever turned your back upon it.

This, in brief, is a suggestion of what one may see by going to the Yellowstone Park. It ought to be known throughout the country, for it is the most interesting and in some respects the most beautiful region within our borders. Its wonders have long been a theme for science, and its treasures have long excited the cupidity of men, who have sought to intrude upon it to their own advantage. It is just about ten years ago that a hotel company tried to invade it for the purpose of transforming it into a resort for sportsmen as well as pleasure-seekers, and they probably would have succeeded if it had not been for the energy and determination of Colonel John Schuyler Crosby, who was then Governor of Montana, and of General Sheridan and Senator Vest, whom he aroused to a sense of the danger that was threatening the region which they had both enjoyed. A new attack is now threatened in an effort to cut off from the park those parts that are in Montana and Idaho. The specious plea is that the boundaries of the park would then be made coterminous with the boundaries of Wyoming and a strip along the eastern side in Wyoming is to be taken in. This change or segregation of the park should be resisted. It is sought to sever the northern border of the park because game feeds there in winter. It is a poacher's move, that is all, but such moves may be expected as long as the park remains a game preserve, and its defence lies in the increase of popular knowledge concerning it and the wonders it encloses.

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PULPIT TERRACE—MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.

HOTEL AND STAGES—MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS

MINERVA TERRACE—MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS

BISCUIT BASIN, SAPPHIRE POOL.

JUPITER TERRACE

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK - FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. JAY HAYNES.

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THE UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "MINNEAPOLIS."—DRAWN BY R. G. SKERRETT.

THE NEW COMMERCE-DESTROYERS.

IN 1890 the Navy Department suddenly awakened to the fact that there were plying between the ports of this country and those of our transatlantic neighbors no less than seven lines of fast steamships easily transferrable into armed cruisers, forming a part of the naval reserves of England, France, and Germany, and varying in their sustained sea speeds from eighteen to almost twenty-one knots an hour. In a country possessing a carrying trade at the present so exclusively in the hands of foreigners the consequences of estrangement became a matter for serious reflection. We couldn't follow our neighbors' example then, and subsidize liners too; but with characteristic originality we determined to meet our needs in our own way, and the U. S. S. *Columbia*, commerce destroyer, was the result. The widespread commendation and favorable criticism that met the department's handiwork when the design was made public justified Congress in appropriating in 1891 for the construction of the *Minneapolis*, a sister ship of the *Columbia*, in appearance a duplicate of her prototype in all but the number of smoke-stacks.

The trial trip of the *Columbia* and the launching of the *Minneapolis* coming so closely upon each other, a description of the latter ship may be of double interest in defining both ships at the same time. The principal dimensions are: Length on load-line, 412 feet; beam, moulded, 58 feet, draught, mean, normal displacement, 22 feet 6.5 inches, displacement, 7350 tons; speed, estimated (required by contract), 21 knots, indicated horse power, 21,000.

These vessels are built of steel, and within the outer skin, or true bottom, there is another bottom, called the double bottom, which serves the purpose of guarding against serious injury in case of grounding or other damage of a mild nature. This intervening space is divided into a number of water-tight compartments, that the damage may be localized. These vessels belong to the protected cruiser type, *i. e.*, their engines, boilers, magazines, etc., are protected by a heavy steel deck and many feet of coal, while in the cases of the *Columbia* and *Minneapolis* a wall of patent fuel five feet thick, extending along the sides in the region of the water-line and throughout the locality of the vitals, protects the machinery, etc., from machine-gun fire, and at the same time forming a reserve supply in case of the exhaustion of the regular coal allowance.

Fearing lest the transmission of 21,000 horse-power through either one or two shafts might be like placing all of one's eggs in too few baskets, the Bureau of Steam Engineering determined to resort to the uncommon distribution of this power through three shafts—one placed amidships, as in ordinary single-screw vessels, and two others placed further forward, one on each side, as is usual in twin screw vessels. By this arrangement the engines can be run at the maximum or most economical speed, and with the nicest distribution of expense, the kile screw or screws being uncoupled and allowed to revolve by the simple motion of the ship, and offering but little resistance

THE UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "COLUMBIA."—DRAWN BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.

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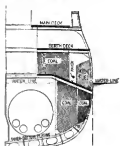
to the vessel's headway. Each shaft will be actuated by its own triple-expansion engine, and each engine will be in a separate water-tight compartment.

In eight large double-ended boilers will be raised the steam pressure of 160 pounds to the square inch necessary to generate the motive force in the three sets of triple-expansion engines, and within these boilers there will be a roaring mass of flames covering an area of 1344 square feet. There will be carried, exclusive of the patent fuel, a normal coal supply of 2000 tons, from which the 36 parched and seething mouths will be fed by tons, that the intense heat may be kept alive that must give birth to the stupendous power required to turn the three screws 129 times a minute. Gallons and gallons of oil will be thrown upon journals and joints, that the parts may slide in and out, up and down, faster than the eye can follow, yet with the regularity and untiring impetus of a mighty clock-work.



MIDSHIP SECTION OF THE U.S.S. "MINNEAPOLIS."

At a cruising speed of 10 knots, these craft will have a radius of action—*i. e.*, a distance that can be covered upon a given supply of coal—of over 26,000 knots, during which time they will be absolutely independent of all other sources of help. The large distiller will generate hundreds of gallons of fresh water, while refrigerating machines will produce ice, and preserve afresh the provender for her complement of 417 souls. An extensive system of pumpage and drainage will exhaust or fill any of the numerous water-tight compartments into which the vessel is divided, to overcome a leak or to quench a fire; while electrical alarms will announce the presence of water or an excessive heat, either in the numerous compartments or the coal-bunkers, and denominate the locality of the trouble at a central station. A system of artificial ventilation will supply fresh air to the remote recesses, and at the same time suck the foul gases from the bilges and coal-bunkers, while the immense fans that generate this draught may be turned into the fire-room to increase the fury of those glaring furnaces.

The vessels will be steered by steam, the anchors handled in the same way, while steam and hydraulic power will obviate hand-power wherever possible. The main battery will consist of one 8-inch breech-loading rifle, two 6-inch rapid-fire guns, eight 4-inch rapid-fire guns, and the secondary battery will be composed of twelve 6-pounder rapid-fire guns, four 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, four Gatlings.

The character of the batteries is essentially speedy, the 6-inch rapid-fire guns being loaded at a single operation with "fixed ammunition"—*i. e.*, powder and shot combined in an immense cartridge standing nearly six feet high, by which the double operation of loading with shot and then the powder charge is obviated. With so powerful a battery, these vessels would prove dangerous antagonists to many large ships more accurately denominated strictly fighting-ships, while their great speed would allow them to choose their foe.

Compared with those transatlantic liners, there is but one, the *Campania*, that might lead these vessels an unfruitful chase, but the unwarlike look of the *Columbia* and *Minneapolis* might prove the very means by which they could creep upon so fleet a craft as this liner, and then, once within the range of those guns, her superior speed would avail her but little. Both of these ships are from the yard of Messrs. Cramp & Sons, Philadelphia, the *Columbia* started in 1890 at a contract price of $2,725,000 and the *Minneapolis* begun in 1891, and at the contract price of $2,690,000, the former to be finished in thirty months, and the latter in two years from those dates.

THIS BUSY WORLD

IF the Rev. Henry A. Adams had a hard time reaching the determination to go over to the Roman Church, at least he allowed himself the solace of giving entire relief to his mind after the determination was reached. Other men before him have grown dissatisfied with the Episcopal Church, and have concluded that the Roman communion was better suited to their several cases and necessities, but very few at the moment of transition have expressed themselves with so much candor as Mr. Adams has about the Church they were leaving. Mr. Adams frankly confesses that from his remotest boyhood the Episcopal Church has grown more and more to be a source of shameful sorrow to him. He declares that "without a parallel in history her parish system stands as the most stupendous and ridiculous monstrosity in Christendom." He says that her successful rectors are poor dumb slaves of rich ignorant, officious, and sometimes immoral vestrymen, and that she either drives out her best men or ruins them by forcing them into unprincipled acquiescence with the less than right.

It is sufficiently evident that the Protestant Episcopal Church was not a suitable field for the further development of Mr. Adams's ministerial gifts and that he has done well to leave it. But, admitting that, it seems still to the lay mind that he might have gone somewhat more gently. When the colt determines that it is time that he was weaned, and that the grass in another pasture suits him better than any sustenance his dam can provide, by all means, if the fence is not too high for him, let him jump it and be off. But, after all, if his dam has done her best by him, let him neigh to her a kindly farewell, or at least leave her unmolested. To make the meadow resound with a parting salutation of his hoofs against the maternal ribs seems a little ungracious.

It is remarked by some of the esteemed contemporaries that the crowds at the Chicago Fair are lacking in joyousness. The correspondents—some of them—complain that most of the fair-goers show an Anglo-Saxon tendency to take their pleasure sadly. Instead of skipping merrily about the grounds, they trudge, and instead of venting their enthusiasm in exclamations and glad cries, they view the wonders of the exposition with a painstaking, stolid scrutiny. They are diligent and persistent, it seems, to a degree, but they do not convey the impression that they are having much fun.

It is probable that this criticism is well founded, but really it is rather an observation than a criticism. The average fair-goer who goes to the fair from a distance does not regard his visit as a frolicsome experience. He does not go to have fun, but to see the fair. He spends money on his visit that he can by no means afford to fritter away on mere dissipation. He wants primarily to be instructed, and whatever amusement he gets at the same time he regards as clear gain. To see the fair in the week that most visitors give to it is hard work at best. In order to accomplish it at all the mind must be kept in a receptive state, which is incompatible with boisterous demonstrations. The time when the fair-goers are likely to show enlivenment is at dinner and in the evening after their day's work is done. But most of their fun will come after they get home, in talking over their experiences with their friends. There is great pleasure in that, and the more they see the more they will have to talk about. If the preliminary labor seems hard, they are fairly entitled to borrow solace from Æneas, and cheer one another's faltering steps with

Forsan haec olim meminisse juvabit.

There is a man in New Hampshire named William C. Todd, who holds to the theory that he is benefiting his fellow-creatures when he puts abundant supplies of newspapers within their reach. He lately provided for an expenditure of $2000 a year for newspapers for the Boston Public Library, and it has since been discovered that he recently made a similar provision for the public library of Newburyport. He believes in the value of newspapers, and yet it seems that he is not a patent-medicine man, as one might suppose, but a retired school-master, who has been a great traveller, and now pursues a life of studious retirement in a village. In extenuation of his action he declares that the press has become the great agency by which information is diffused and the people are educated, and that free reading-rooms are likely to be more in demand in the future than free libraries. It is interesting to notice that he seems not to have suffered from the newspaper publicity about which there is so much complaint, and that even his neighbors in Atkinson, where he lives, were found to possess scarcely any reliable information about his past career or the size of his fortune. They knew him to be frugal in his personal habits and generous in his benefactions, but that was all.

Some one has given the city of New Haven a set of flags, and the city fathers have agreed that the national emblem shall be raised daily on the flag-staff on the green. A daily flag-raising is a distinction that has hitherto been monopolized by the army and navy. If the habit becomes fixed upon New Haven it may grow popular and spread to other towns and villages, to the increased enlivenment and adornment of the country. Certainly if New Haven can flaunt a daily flag in full view of the Yale undergraduate no other city need fear any special difficulties. Undergraduates have matured a good deal within the last fifteen years, but it is still conceivable that the city banner of New Haven may strike the Yale Freshman imagination as a desirable decoration for a college room. To "rag" the flag off the staff in broad daylight would be an even greater exploit than to steal the hands off of a church clock at night. But Freshmen have more sense that they used to have, and police courts have more influence with them.

Every city and village ought to own a flag-staff, and an official flag to fly on occasions if not every day. Many towns have such staffs already, many of them the direct successors of the flag-staff that was indispensable in war times. Associations quickly gather round such poles, and they soon become landmarks and honored institutions.

It seems that Mr. Postmaster Bissell intends to restrict the elegant variety of postal cards invented by Mr. Wanamaker, and sell only one size. If he does that it is desirable that the surviving card should combine the best qualities of Mr. Wanamaker's trio. Such a combination can be achieved by borrowing the size of the medium card and the appearance of the small one. There is nothing about the big card that seems worth preserving. It was neither pretty nor good—a poor bargain-counter thing.

Everything that Justice Blatchford did he seems to have done well. In all relations of life, as a judge, a citizen, a neighbor, a friend, and in his own family and household, his dealings have been held up to be admired and emulated. If there has been any phase of his example that has hardly received adequate consideration it is his conduct as a working millionaire. He is spoken of as a man of "vast wealth." Supreme Court justices are usually well-to-do and more or less independent of their salaries, but if Judge Blatchford was so very rich as to have at his command all the recreations and employments of the extremely opulent, it is the more admirable that he should have chosen that the declining years of his life should have been laboriously spent in the public service.

Learning that the negligee shirt has admitted starch into its collar and cuffs, and that some one has invented a dressing for tan shoes, the *Outlook* laments over the expectation of comfort in dress as a lost hope that was prematurely frustrated by American devotion to style. But the colored shirt, even with a starched collar, is still a most comfortable garment, provided the collar fits and is not too high. If one is committed to coats, the right kind of a starched shirt collar is a source of greater felicity than a limp one, and starched cuffs are no hindrance to the highest personal comfort, provided the shirt sleeves that they adhere to are not too long. So long as starch can be kept out of the bosom of a negligee shirt, such a shirt is still a good thing—far better indeed than the flannel shirt of recent memory, which warped and dwindled in the washer-woman's cruel tubs. As for tan shoes, only swells bother with "dressing" them, and even swells neglect it as soon as they get beyond the supervision of valets and expert hired men. There is no such moral obligation on the community to have tan shoes dressed as there is to have black shoes blackened.

E. S. Martin.

THE GERMAN VICTORY.

THE Emperor and Count Caprivi called it a "victory," the government press was exultant, and the ministerialists indulged in unbounded jubilation over the so-called "crushing defeat" of the opponents of the Army Bill. Upon closer examination, however, even the foreigner who is not wholly conversant with affairs in Germany will be able to rectify all these exaggerated bulletins of victory. It was only after a hard and tenacious struggle, after a complete defeat of the government, that the German Army Bill was pulled through by means of a Reichstag dissolution and of subsequent negotiations with certain parliamentary parties. Only sixteen voices were found in the majority in favor of the bill, and even this small number was secured only through party concessions and promises, the fulfilment of which will be a much harder task for the German government than the passage of the Army Bill.

The most significant characteristic of the election campaign was the almost general outbreak of dissatisfaction with the policy of the "New Course," especially with its agrarian policy. The election issue given out by the government was the Army Bill, but the populace answered with a verdict upon the commercial and agricultural measures of the government. The proprietors of rural estates, the farmers, the leaseholders, the tillers of the soil, all combined and established a powerful league ("der Bund der Landwirthe"), whose influence will be felt very severely during the next session of the Reichstag. This league on the one hand, and the increase of the social democratic vote on the other, tended to weaken and diminish very materially the influence of the Manchester people, who are represented in Parliament by the Freisinnige Partei.

This party was led to defeat by Herr Eugen Richter, a party "boss" of immense personal qualities, a thorough knowledge of budgetary matters, and master of the art of debating, but of unsurpassing stubbornness and helplessly addicted to the sterile cult of abstract principles. Another defeated party leader is seen amongst our pictures on the front page, Herr Stoecker, who is classified as a Conservative but who really is a well-known antisemitic leader. He was found to be too tame for the radical Jew-haters under Herr Boeckel, and they caused his defeat in the town of Siegen. Herr Stoecker now stands for the second election in Neustettin, where that most remarkable individual Herr Ahlwardt was returned to the Reichstag. This gentleman was also elected in Arnswalde, and he has made up his mind to represent this district, thus making necessary a second election in Neustettin.

Ahlwardt, the antisemite, is a short, clumsy, shabbily clad person, with a halting gait and a greasy voice. His physiognomy is barren of expression, and the whole bearing of the man leaves the impression of an individual of a very low social and intellectual standing. But he has courage, if only the courage of the man who has nothing to lose, and a certain ability of thrusting sharply pointed catch-words into the crowds—words which are utterly meaningless, and even stupid, but "catchy," and apt to impress the thoughtless mob. Messrs. Bebel and Singer, two leaders of the social democratic party, are of an entirely different brand. It is impossible to speak of Mr. Bebel's ability and honesty otherwise than with sincere respect, whilst Mr. Singer deserves attention for the fact that he has joined social democracy, although being a large manufacturer and a millionaire. He devotes large sums of his royal income to charitable purposes and to the social democratic propaganda, and is a clever and intelligent speaker. Bebel, Singer, Richter, and Herbert Bismarck, "the son of his father," will be heard of in the next Reichstag session, when they will make it very hot to Count Caprivi, the poor hopeless "victor."

FRANCE AND SIAM.

THE trouble between France and Siam, which has culminated in the delivery of a French ultimatum, with a threat of the bombardment of Bangkok if the ultimatum is not accepted, dates back a good many years in fact, to the beginning of the French occupation and "protectorate" of Annam. The art and mystery of the surveyor are not much esteemed or practised in the international affairs of Asia, but Annam under native rule has always been practically and conveniently bounded by the ocean on the east, and on the west by the mountains; to the westward of these, again, lies the valley of the Me Kong. This valley has for sixty years not been disputed to be Siamese. As the London *Times* has lately pointed out, it is recognized to be so in the standard French atlas of the edition of 1886.

But the "instinct of expansion" by annexation, which was somewhat repressed after the lamentable events of the Tonquin expedition, has reasserted itself in France, and one of its reassertions was the claim in a speech of M. Ribot delivered two years ago, on the part of France as the successor to the rights and possessions of Annam to all this territory between the river and the mountains—a territory actually much larger than Annam itself. The historical basis of the Annamese claim, now become French, is not at all clear. France is so much stronger than Siam that French statesmen have not taken too much trouble about their justification. In fact, it is even admitted that the French claim is in part the rectification of the "mistake" that France made in 1886, when she expressly recognized the sovereignty of Siam over the provinces of Angkor and Battambang.

Having put forward her claim, France proceeded to make it good, not by proposing a boundary commission, but by expelling the "invaders" from Annamese soil, now become French *de jure* and Siamese *de facto*. Naturally this wounded the susceptibilities of the Siamese, and they in turn wounded the honor of France by killing some fifteen Annamese soldiers in French uniforms. Finally, last spring, a French official, M. Grosgurin, who was engaged in "escorting," or, more plainly, expelling, a Siamese mandarin from the territory in dispute, was killed by the mandarin. This homicide, it may be said, was a great windfall to the French "Jingo"

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It naturally produced great popular excitement, which was reflected in the action of the government. Three French men of war, the *Forfait*, *Inconstante*, and *Comète* under the command of Admiral Humann were despatched to Bangkok in support the French demands. Troops have been despatched also not only from the French possessions in Asia, but from Algeria, to back up the fleet. In fact, the French show of force is quite irresistible. The French ultimatum, which was announced in Paris on the 18th, demands the payment of $400,000 by way of indemnity for the killing of M. Grosgurin and of the Anamese soldiers in the French service, the surrender by Siam of the coast region between the mountains and the river, the immediate retirement of the Siamese not only from this region, which France claims as the successor of Annam, but from the provinces of Angkor and Battambang, which she claims as the successor of Cambodia, and the delivery to France, as guarantees of the satisfaction of the French demands, of $600,000 more or the assignment of the taxes till the amount is made up. Forty eight hours only were allowed the Siamese for deliberation on these requirements. Meanwhile the French men-of-war lay before Bangkok with steam up, ready for action.

The helplessness of the Siamese before such an army is so evident to themselves that the king is reported to be making ready to leave the capital. If France has nobody to reckon with but Siam she will of course make good all her claims. Of the justice, decency, and regard for the opinion of the world which these claims show the foregoing recital will enable readers to judge for themselves. The Parliamentary Secretary of the British Foreign Office, Sir Edward Grey, has already announced that the only point which concerns Great Britain in the performance is the territorial claim, that that does affect British interests, and will be made the subject of an amicable conference with the French Foreign Office; and that Great Britain desires to maintain the integrity of Siamese territory. A special cabinet meeting has been held. Instructions have been issued to Lord Dufferin, the British ambassador at Paris, whose leave of absence has been curtailed in consequence of the emergency of the Siamese question, and orders, of which the purport is not published, have been sent to the admiral commanding the British squadron in Chinese waters. On the other hand, it is reported in Paris, though apparently on doubtful authority, that the Russian minister has assured the French government of the readiness of Russia to sustain the French position, and that the Russian squadron in Chinese waters has been despatched to Siam to support the French fleet.

As the London *Times* has said, the interest of Great Britain in maintaining Siam as a "buffer" between India and the French possessions is the same as her interest in maintaining Afghanistan as a buffer between India and the Russian possession, and any reduction of the intervening territory adds greatly to the cost, the trouble, and the responsibility of maintaining the Indian Empire.

Meanwhile those whose interest in the matter is rather human than national will deplore the hard fate of a gentle and inoffensive people under the bullying of a great power. The incident will give new interest to accounts of the country, of which, for popular purposes, the best is that given by Colonel T. W. Knox in the second part of his *Boy Travellers in the East*.

THE CITY PERSON IN THE COUNTRY.

We are now in the very middle of that holiday rejoicing season of the year wherein the city person seeks the country, and all of the pleasures thereunto appertaining and belonging. We do not wish to come in the guise of a skeleton at the feast, but we cannot refrain from speaking of one of the sorrows of the mellow time which is now lying all around about us. The city person in the country hath his woes. We shall not speak of those which cannot be remedied—inherent sorrows—like the hotel landlord who seems to have just stepped from a long, low, rakish craft, and forever to wear a cutlass by his side, and stand with the darkly flaunting shadow of a black-flag resting on him, the vegetables shipped by slow freight from the city; the lusty lunged rooster, bursting with the exuberance of gallinaceous youth, who hails the far-off dawn with superfluous and diabolical crows, the mosquitoes, the bull, the hill, the barbed wire fence, the malaria, of these things, we repeat, we shall say no word. But of the difficulties which too often arise between the city person and the country person we must speak, with some hints succinctly set forth, for the prevention thereof.

We do not need to encumber valuable space with proof that misunderstandings often arise between the city person and the country person, especially between the younger city person and the elderly country person. Everybody knows it. We suspect that both are to blame, but we also have an idea that the bringing about of pleasanter relations must lie chiefly with the city person. The elderly country person is apt to be "sot." If he has imbibed or conceived the notion that he does not wish his cows chased about the pasture on a fast run for the amusement of a young city person, there is no use in trying to prove to him that rapid exercise is good for the cow—even if you are certain that it is. But why should not the city person refrain from chasing the cows? And also from tramping promiscuously through the garden, frightening the chickens, shaking off green apples, and similarly disporting himself? There is no use in trying to reconcile the elderly country person to these playful practices, and the best thing for the young city person is to refrain from them and save trouble, especially as none of them are absolutely necessary for either mental or physical health.

Another point on which the city person is apt to complain is the alleged unappreciativeness of the country individual. It is, let us say, the time of hay, and the city person volunteers to assist at the ingathering of this nutritious vegetable. He goes out and, it seems to him, works desperately, madly, for half a day. He notices that he works harder than the hired man, and handles more hay than the farmer himself. But if at the last he is so unlucky as to scratch the side of the barn with his pitchfork, the said farmer is apt freely and loudly to denounce him as a young person unfit longer to infest the unfortunate earth. This may be injustice in the country person, but it is also human nature. It would promote peace and happiness if the visitor were never to plunge into any work of the resident.

A minor point which the city person should observe, and which will tend to increase his joy, is that of not asking what we hope we shall be pardoned for calling fool questions. Somebody said (or at least somebody should have said) that we learn by exposing our ignorance; but in actual practice it is much better to keep our ears open, and let somebody else expose his ignorance, and then reap where we have not sown by harvesting the reply made to him. The city person should as much as possible secure and retain the respect of the country person. He cannot do this by inquiring blandly of the other when he expects to pull his wheat or thrash his pumpkins. He must not ask (like the fresh air boy), as he observes the cows contentedly chewing their respective cuds, how much gum it is necessary to buy for them, nor mistake a grindstone for a knitting machine, nor let it come out that he has become confused as to the question of precedence in the matter of seed time and harvest. Such things as this invariably cause the unreasonable country person to regard him in the light of an unfortunate excrescence on the otherwise fair face of nature, and to treat him accordingly. It may be no disgrace for the city person not to know these things, but he should not wear his ignorance on his sleeve and bring himself into contempt, rather let him "lay low," and accumulate wisdom by craft. Let him, in short, exercise restraint touched with a slight tinge of guile.

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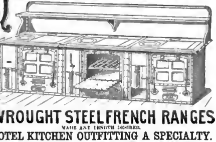

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ROAD LEGISLATION.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

The public-spirited men who have been interested during the past few years in securing the betterment of the common roads of the country have pretty generally recognized the fact that before any considerable results could be obtained there would have to be an active and vigorous agitation of the subject, so that the people would demand that the various State Legislatures should remove from the statute-books those laws that were obsolete and faulty, and substitute in their place other laws which when executed would result in the making of good permanent highways which could be used at all seasons of the year. This agitation has been both vigorous and active, and the leaders of public opinion seem to be united in so far as they recognize and acknowledge that something should be done. But what that something is appears now to be the difficulty that stands in the way of immediately accomplishing anything towards the much-desired and much-needed end. One of the most active agitators of the subject is Mr. A. A. Pope, of Boston. Mr. Pope's heart has been set for a long time on establishing a United States department of roads, and giving to the head of this department a seat in the President's cabinet. The road question is undoubtedly of importance enough to warrant this, and the precedents do not appear to be against governmental building and control of highways for post-roads and use in time of war for national defence. But the best public opinion appears to oppose the governmental building or control of roads at this time. A measure was introduced in Congress calling for a commission to inquire into and report upon the roads of the country. This measure passed the Senate, but was not acted upon in the House, at the session which ended last summer. It came up again this winter and was so changed that an appropriation of $10,000 was made to enable the Secretary "to make investigations in regard to the best method of road-making, to prepare publications on this subject suitable for distribution, and to enable him to assist the agricultural colleges and experimental stations in disseminating information on this subject."

This action on the part of the government, it will be seen, is rather to furthering the agitation of the subject, with the object of educating the people as to the wisdom and economy of making better roads, and also informing them as to the best methods of road construction. In no sense is it a pledge that the United States will itself go into the business of road-making or road supervision. And considering the condition of public opinion on this phase of the road question, it is quite well that the leaders who have been working to secure national action should understand this, for further effort in this direction would seem to be not only wasted, but worse than wasted, inasmuch as it is likely to divert the efforts of others from the more practical method of action by the various States.

Mr. Pope, of Boston—who must not be confounded with Senator Pope of Kentucky, who two generations ago advocated the building of roads by the national government, and secured the legislation for the building of the National Road from the head-waters of the Ohio to the tide water in Maryland—is not singular in his advocacy of national action at the present time, but he is more prominent in it than any one else, and it might quite properly be called the "Pope movement for better roads." There are others who at first were of the same mind as Mr. Pope, but who, having recognized the futility of such an effort, have lent the strength of their influence to other methods. Notable among these is General Roy Stone, of New York, the organizer of the National League for Good Roads, a society which now has branches in pretty nearly every State, and in some States sub-branches in almost every county. The ultimate effort of this league is to have a branch in every school district, and thus secure the co-operation of all of the smallest of the political sub-divisions of the country. If this be carried out the road-question agitation will come very near to reaching every American home. This league is pledged to no particular method of road improvement, and is ready to co-operate in urging any legislation that will lead to a permanent betterment of the roads. Its province so far has been to urge upon the people the importance of the subject, and to show them how to unite into societies for the cultivation and promulgation of general ideas as to the necessity of doing what is at once wise and economical.

The State of New Jersey was probably the first to take up the question of better roads in the modern sense, and a general law was passed permitting any county that so desired to borrow money on bonds and build good roads. This law was passed at the instance of Essex and Union counties, where the political leaders, at least, were alive to the importance of better country highways. Under this law the roads in the two counties mentioned were rebuilt, so that ways which in the summer had been streaks of dust, and in the fall and spring impassable quagmires, became good hard thoroughfares, over which heavy loads could be hauled with ease to the horses and without profanity on the part of the drivers. This improvement of the roads in these two counties occasioned a renewal of agricultural prosperity, to which the people had long been unaccustomed, and to an enlivening of the building of homes in suburban towns, many of which grew in a year or so very greatly in population.

And yet notwithstanding the fact that it worked an immediate and a permanent benefit to the people of those counties, it has not been taken advantage of by any other county in the State, though all of them were free to rebuild their roads under it. The other counties had not been educated up to the point where public opinion demanded better roads. So something else had to be done by communities smaller than the community comprised in a whole county. In 1892 a road law was passed providing "that whenever there shall be presented to the board of chosen freeholders of any county a petition signed by the owners of at least two-thirds of the lands and real estate fronting or bordering on any public road or section of road in such county, not being less than one mile in length, praying the board to cause such road or section to be improved under this act, and setting forth that they are willing that the peculiar benefits conferred on the lands fronting or bordering on said road or section shall be assessed thereon in proportion to the benefits conferred, to an amount not exceeding 10 per cent. of the entire cost of the improvement, it shall be the duty of the board to cause such improvements to be made."

Under this new section of the New Jersey law several sections of road have been built, and others applied for in various parts of the State. And maybe that by building short sections here and there the taste for better roads will be so cultivated that each community will in the end build good roads for itself. But an examination of the history of road-making in the civilized countries of the world does not lead one to have great faith in the universal extension of such a principle. It looks well, but, like pretty nearly all the Utopian ideas cherished of men, it will probably end in a small good to a small number, instead of the desirable contrary. But even this is better than nothing.

In the State of New York a very large measure was launched several years ago, and the bill introduced by Senator Richardson had the influential support of the Governor of the State, Mr. David B. Hill. This bill provided for a road to be built in two directions across each county in the State and paid for by the State. It was argued by Senator Richardson and by Mr. Hill that when the people in the country saw how roads should be built, and also realized the benefits, the purely local roads would be [illegible] and improved according to scientific plans. It [illegible] urged that the country people not only did not know how to build good roads, but did not know that there were such things as better roads than those now by a mistaken courtesy so denominated. And further, it was pointed out that the poorly agricultural people should not in fairness be required to pay for general road improvement in the benefits of which all would participate. But this bill has so far failed to become a law.

It was pointed out in the editorial columns of the [illegible] when Governor Flower sent his annual message to the Legislature, that through an ignorant misapprehension of the question and the past records of road making, the Chief Executive of the Empire State had done his best to [illegible] road improvement in New York, or to retard its progress. His view was that each community would build its own roads if the laws were amended so as to be permissive [illegible] mandatory.

Governor Flower's recommendation as to a road law [illegible] adopted by the Legislature, and has become a State statute. Under it each county can improve its own roads within certain limits as to debts incurred. Some counties [illegible] take advantage of the law, but no man of knowledge, however sanguine his temperament, can hope that the law will lead to a general improvement of the highways. The present general agitation of the subject will tend, however, to make the law less of a dead letter than it otherwise would have been.

The results of the agitation in New Jersey and New York are but samples of what has happened in other States. [illegible] nowhere yet has any supremely wise thing been done

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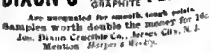

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AMATEUR SPORT

THE RACING CYCLIST WILL NOW PROCEED to run amuck, unless the one or two workers on the Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen are more persistent than the average man, and thoroughly in earnest in their efforts to put the manufacturers' parasite in the professional ranks, where he rightfully belongs. The failure of the Racing Board as a unit to sustain the case against Johnson and Tuttle simply shows the racers that so long as the *personnel* of the Board remains as it is, and the manufacturers and clubs are so obliging with their affidavits, they have nothing to fear. If one of these two men, whose racing career has been almost an open book compared with that of others, and about whom such strong circumstantial evidence had been drawn, can secure three votes for reinstatement from the six members of the Racing Board, then it is almost hopeless to attempt to bring others to justice so long as Messrs. Lewis A. Miller, of Meriden, Connecticut, J. M. Erwin, of the Chicago *Record*, and J. T. Huntington remain members of the Board. The other members, Messrs. H. E. Raymond, Chairman, of Brooklyn, G. D. Gideon, Philadelphia, and E. Meglemry, Jun., Louisville, voted to expel the accused; and as Mr Raymond was the most active in collecting evidence, his vote is particularly significant.

The evidence submitted by both Johnson and Tuttle consisted of affidavits from the manufacturers of the wheels they ride showing that they were paid for their services, while two clubs of Syracuse, the Century Cycling and the Syracuse Athletic, gave sworn testimony that they pay the expenses of these men. Besides this, each man swore under oath in some ten questions that he did not receive money from the manufacturers or violate the amateur rulings.

IT IS DREADFUL TO REALIZE that there are those who consider an oath so slightly, and it should convince the League of American Wheelmen at large that this question has reached a point where there should be a meeting to discuss and settle upon some decided plan of action. The result of these two cases shows that even the Racing Board may be seriously handicapped in its good work. It need not require absolute evidence to prove that a man is not living up to the best and proper interpretation of an amateur, strong circumstantial evidence is amply sufficient, and of that kind there is an abundance touching almost every prominent racer on the track.

"QUEEN MAB"—STERN.
The first large Centerboard built in Great Britain for Yacht.

What evidence could be stronger than that surrounding Johnson, for instance? Here was a lad, living in Minneapolis or thereabouts, who suddenly developed great speed on the bicycle; he makes some remarkable trials against time on a Western track (in Iowa), and the first thing we know he is a full-fledged racing rounder. He has joined a club in Syracuse, New York (quite a distance from Minneapolis, Minnesota), is using the wheel of a Syracuse manufacturer, and spending his *entire* time riding and training, under the guidance of a special professional trainer. Johnson asserts, and the manufacturers corroborate him, that he receives no remuneration for his services, and that the Syracuse Athletic Club pays his expenses. It is absurd to suppose this little club would pay the expenses of Johnson and his trainer, the latter a salary included, while he tours the country simply for the satisfaction of having the club emblem on his shirt. Moreover, without actually knowing the financial condition of the club, it is more than probable that the club could not stand the expense, even were its members so inclined. The point always to get at in these cases is to find the one being benefited. Who is being benefited in this case? The Syracuse Athletic Club? Hardly; certainly not to the tune of, say, ten thousand dollars a year. Who, then? Obviously the manufacturers of the wheel. Then it is safe to conclude that it is the manufacturer who is paying the expenses and no one else, no matter how much darkness surrounds the source of income.

JOHNSON'S CASE HAS BEEN HELD UP here by way of illustration mainly because it is before the public just now, and because his is one of the most talked about. He is not by any means the only one receiving dollars and cents for riding a particular make of wheel; there are plenty of them with records just as easily traced. It will not be possible to obtain positive evidence that they receive pay for their services, for there will be as many affidavits forthcoming as there were in Johnson's case, but it will be quite as simple to trace up each young man's career, and suspend him on circumstantial evidence.

A great deal of space is being given here to this question because it has become one that interests every sports man in this country who has any pride in our amateur standard. Not long ago two racing cyclists who were abroad as representatives of the United States were refused permission to ride at English tournaments. Is that a pleasing reflection for us? They have had the same difficulty to contend with in England as we have here, and they have handled the question without gloves, and successfully. While we are utterly at a loss to make any headway in cleansing the sport, they have made rapid strides towards placing these men in their proper place. By a system of licensing they have separated the amateurs from the professionals, and that it has made no material difference in the gain receipts, which seem to be the great fear of many

"QUEEN MAB"—BOW.

L.A.W. officials, the following taken from an editorial in the *Field* will show:

> Not one of the various riders who have this year distinguished themselves for the first time has been absorbed into the trade. Twelve months ago the majority of them would, one this, have been in the "stable" of some pushing and energetic firm. We may hope, therefore, that this class of men will die out in a few years, and the makers find it is better for them to choose their employés from genuine clerks and salesmen, and not from youths whose only qualification is the power to "put to a last last quarter in a race." They will find it cheaper and more profitable in the end, to say nothing of its being more honest. We think we may take it that the Beeching rules are a success, and that they are accomplishing the purpose for which they were brought forward. Never were the prospects of sport brighter despite the gloomy prognostications of those who preached that the removal of professionals in their proper sphere would ruin the "gates" this year have been larger and more enthusiastic, the racing keener, and the performances better than for some time, and the future promises even more than the past. Let the N.C.U. only remember that "amateurism" is a living fact, and that the more stringent the regulations for ensuring its purity are drawn, and the more thoroughly they are enforced, the greater is the support which will be forthcoming, and the more it will deserve the thanks of all those who have the good of sport at heart.

THERE ARE BUT two ways in which bicycling in this country may be relieved of this racing scandal that now threatens to undermine it entirely—one, by legislation on the question of allowing expenses, and the other by appointing two or three men known to be thoroughly sincere in their desire to purge the sport, without affiliations likely to bias them, and fearless, to a committee with absolute power to suspend, on evidence, circumstantial and otherwise, such racers whose amateur standing is open to suspicion. In other words, the League of American Wheelmen should handle this racing man precisely as the Amateur Athletic Union, after several years of futile endeavor, finally did the so-called amateur boxer.

"VIGILANT."
The Morgan-Iselin Cup-Defender.

These had grown up in the ranks of amateur boxing (thanks to the New York and Manhattan Athletic Clubs, which combined with the boxers to hoodwink the A.A.U.) and break the rules they had sworn to uphold) a class of sluggers from the slums of New York who were much in demand at club shows, and were paid money for their performance by the club officials of course, secretly. This kept up for a couple of years, the officials of the A.A.U., like those of the L.A.W., knew these men were not amateurs, but could not get hold of any positive evidence on which to convict, and the clubs were all as willing to give sworn affidavits in those days as they are now. At last the A.A.U. arose to the occasion, and appointed W. B. Curtis a committee of one to look after the "amateur" sluggers. Mr. Curtis prepared a list of men whose amateur standing was open to suspicion and suspended them all, some three hundred, I believe. There was a great hue-and-cry, of course, but it shortly subsided, and of all the number not over half a dozen were ever reinstated, or even applied for reinstatement.

THERE IS A LESSON IN MR CURTIS'S plan of procedure for the L.A.W. officials to study. It cannot be denied that they are all morally certain the racers are not living up to the amateur law, and if any evidence is wanted to bear out that statement, the following, taken from an editorial in *The Bicycling World*, the official bulletin of the League of American Wheelmen, will prove interesting and instructive:

> "It is a moral certainty that the one man would never have been hired by the firm in question had not his speed been of sufficient value to them to cause them to pay handsomely for his services on the track; and that the other is receiving his expenses and something sweet from another maker *through his father or the club he represents.*
>
> "And *how are you going to set around it?*
>
> "There is not—and we make the assertion boldly—a man prominently connected with the trade or the sport who does not know this to be the case, and yet moral certainty is not indisputable proof."

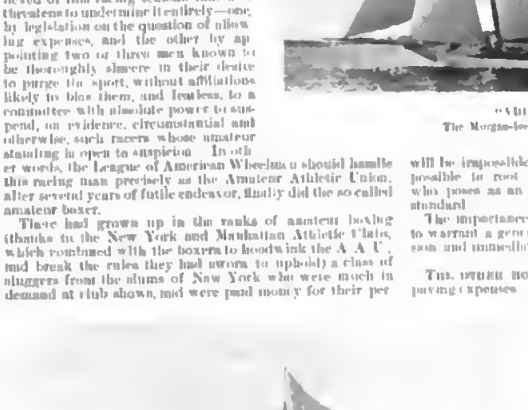
It seems that not only are the executive officials of the L.A.W. timid, but that the Racing Board as it exists to-day does not appear to be strong enough. There are too many members to permit of the kind of action the present situation demands, and they are undergoing the same ordeal the Governors of the A.A.U. labored through. If the present Racing Board has not the power to appoint a committee of one or two or three to act on this question, the League should lose no time in giving them that power, or nominating a committee from headquarters. One thing is absolutely certain—either the L.A.W. *must* act on circumstantial evidence, suspending those men whose cases are strong, or else the Racing Board might as well acknowledge itself outwitted, and resign. It has been demonstrated several times this season that sworn affidavits cannot be relied upon, that, alas, the truth seems to be disregarded with absolute impunity, and that therefore, under the present policy, it will be impossible ever to bring a man to justice, and impossible to root out of bicycle racing the professional who poses as an amateur to the disgrace of our national standard.

The importance of this matter seems to me great enough to warrant a general meeting of the L.A.W. for its discussion and immediate action thereafter.

THE OTHER HORN OF THE DILEMMA is the question of paying expenses. It has always been and is now the opinion of this department that legitimate expenses to meetings are entirely proper, but it has been rather a problem for the legislators to draw the line where legitimate expenses end. The result is, in bicycling, we see men travelling almost the entire year under the care of a trainer, and there have been one or two cases where two trainers were included in "legitimate" expenses. The few weeks in between seasons these men devote to training, so that they live the entire year on legitimate expense money.

For the purpose of cleansing sport there is no more vulnerable point at which to begin work than this matter of expenses. If the League of American Wheelmen should make a rule prohibiting amateurs from having their expenses paid to any but L.A.W. district or national championships, it looks as if such legislation would dig at the root of the evil at once. It would stop men from touring the country, and would make the Racing Board's task of collecting evidence much easier. Some will immediately advance the argument that it would hurt the sport, but I am of the opinion that it would benefit it immensely.

NOW THE SECOND RATE or even good first-class men are thrown completely



THE "EMERALD."
Owned and Designed by J. Rogers Maxwell.

in the background, and in a measure discouraged, of course, by the brilliancy of the "cracks." If at the meet in each State there were seen only the racers of that State, and if at each district tournament only the riders of that district, it would give all these first and second class men encouragement and the best of opportunities to improve their form. In a season or so every State and district would have its cracks, and when the national or sectional championships were held there would be better sport than we have ever yet had when the result is always between three or four star performers. We see Johnson, Sanger, *et al.*, riding North, East, South, and West, and we tire of them. There is no doubt of it that the undue attention to the stars actually diminishes the number of contestants each year. Local riders feel they have neither the attention of their neighbors nor any hope of winning the prizes, and it would not be human nature if their zest continued as keen.

All this talk about the gate and the great good done bicycling by these cracks is a large fallacy. The excerpt from the *Field* states that the gate has been just as large since the manufacturers' hirelings have been weeded out and licensed, and the same would be the result in this country. It has been demonstrated in every sport that dependence on stars is a sure road to a condition of "dry rot" sooner or later.

These two, then, seem to the writer the only avenues for escape from the present state of corruption in racing bicycling: suspension on circumstantial evidence, or prohibiting expenses as set forth. The time for action is now, and American sportsmen will expect the L.A.W. to do its duty by them. A special meeting has been called for other matters, why should not this question be taken up?

While we were on the press last week *Pilgrim*, the last of the four cup-defenders, was having her first trial sail, and proving herself to be an unqualified success. Bearing in mind that the opinion of yachtsmen has been either great success or complete failure for this boat, we shall look now for some astonishingly fast sailing once she is well tuned up. The weather on the afternoon of the trial day was of just the kind to bring out the superior quality of the boat in getting through the water without any fuss. There was a strong puffy wind from the southeast, and quite a sea on, but the *Pilgrim* had no difficulty in carrying her lower sails, and the way she swept over the waves proved that Messrs. Stewart & Binney's model up to date drives through the water the cleanest of any. Whether or not the *Pilgrim* turns out to be the fortunate cup-defender, the fact must remain that no one of the others has yet gone through the water with so little commotion. Instead of breaking through the waves, and losing a good bit of power in burying her nose into them, she glides over them, and the water, instead of piling up in a wave, breaks under and around her with very little disturbance. Astern there is as little commotion, and one would hardly believe her wake was that of an 85-footer running about ten to eleven miles an hour. As her speed increases she seems to settle a little aft, and lift her bow very easily and gracefully in taking the waves. In her windward work she pointed high and footed fast, and she minded her helm quickly and surely throughout the entire trip.

Summing up her first performance, one may say she is well balanced, steers easily, carries her sail well, and is steady and easy in a seaway. In the comparisons made thus far between *Jubilee* and *Pilgrim*, the latter is believed to be the faster boat.

The Morgan-Iselin cup-defender *Vigilant* has already been described in these columns, but her trial work last week is certainly worthy of further comment. She has been working about Bristol under the eyes of the Herreshoffs, and her tuning-up has been very thorough. Twice last week she was seen, and each time she was going through the water at a great rate of speed. She does not take the waves as gracefully and easily as *Pilgrim*, nor does she go through the water so cleanly, there is more disturbance both fore and aft, but she does certainly get through at a clipping pace. She has an immense spread of canvas as may be judged from the fact that her boom is 99 feet long, gaff, 57 feet, and bowsprit (outboard length), 40 feet, but each of the two times seen was carrying it very handily. Much attention has been paid to the sails by her owners; they are made of a particular kind of cotton, which is said to be stronger and lighter than that ordinarily used, and they fit perfectly—better than did any of the other cup-defenders on their first trials. *Vigilant* points very high, and steers easily, and her work has shown her to be a very fast boat. How much advantage the Tobin bronze bottom is going to give her in the races against the others must be decided later. One of the Herreshoffs is reported as claiming it will give her five to ten minutes in a thirty-mile race; this is of course assuming the others to be of equal displacement, similar model, etc., which they are not. The race this year is going to be one of types; the rigging is all practically the same, with the exception of course in the amount spread, but the models are all different, and it remains to be seen whether the *Vigilant's* big driving power and bronze bottom more than counterbalance the less displacement and easier form to drive of some of the others—*Pilgrim*, for instance.

The conviction grows with every day's sailing that the races between these cup-defenders are going to be a prolonged struggle continuing to the very last. Every one of them is now in full pursuit of her racing form, and the tuning-up process is going on vigorously.

Jubilee since her first trial has made headquarters at Marblehead, and is out every day, and apparently going faster with each sail. She is a strong favorite with yachtsmen, who believe that between now and the Goelet Cup races off Newport, August 11th, she will improve very greatly, and these knowing ones recall the fact that before the start of the last *America's* Cup race the English yacht *Thistle* was sailing nearly two feet to the *Volunteer's* one. General Paine, who will of course lend his invaluable aid to his son John, the boat's designer, is a clever handler and a skilful sailor, of that there is no doubt, and he will get all out of the *Jubilee* there is in her.

The other Boston boat, *Pilgrim*, is also certain to have the best of handling, since the Adams brothers, who are acknowledged to be the cleverest of Corinthians, will be upon her, in addition to the professional skipper. That the *Pilgrim* will improve greatly on her already fast work goes without saying.

The *Vigilant* at the present writing is at New London, and will do her finishing-up work in that vicinity, probably working down to Bay Ridge. Little has been seen of the *Colonia* since she left Bristol, but that Archy Rogers will bring her around in the best possible condition no one need doubt for a moment. She did not show such speed in her first trial as have the other three; but likely enough that was due to her sails, which did not set well.

Every one is on the *qui vive* for a line on the speed of the new boats, but it will be wellnigh impossible to get it until the N.Y.Y.C. cruise begins.

By next week *Pilgrim*, *Vigilant*, and *Colonia* will be getting their last dressing and it is possible one or two of them may start with the fleet from Glen Cove. The chances are, however, we must wait until the Goelet Cup races. *Jubilee* will haul out in Boston.

The "Emerald" is the latest addition to the class, having made her first appearance at the Larchmont Yacht Club's Fourth of July regatta. She was designed by her owner, J. Rogers Maxwell, who formerly owned the *Shamrock*, and such sailing as she has done proves her to be in *Loma's* class.

In British waters the *Satanita* has demonstrated that in a heavy wind and rolling sea she is the fastest boat on the other side. In the race for Her Majesty's Cup she took the lead from *Britannia* at the start, and maintained it to the end in spite of her having lost her peak halliard, beating the Prince of Wales's boat 2 min. 47 sec. The race, too, showed how *Calluna* stands up under half a gale, for, while the other two had single reefs in their mainsails, the Scotch boat carried her full canvas and stood up like a church under it. Until she broke her boom and retired, *Calluna* did better than she has yet, though even in so strong a breeze, which was just her sort of weather, she did not show form good enough to warrant the belief that she could beat either of the others under any conditions. The second day of the Royal Irish Yacht Club's regatta found the strong wind blown out, and with a variable breeze that became at times almost a calm, *Britannia* was better suited than the big *Satanita*, and at three-quarters of the usual distance, which was declared to be the finish, the Prince of Wales's boat led by about four minutes. Half the race was a drifting match, but when the wind sprung up *Satanita* worked well, and so long as it remained true kept in the lead; as it lightened, however, *Britannia* would run ahead, and the wind being light most of the time, the latter kept to the fore.

The result of this and other recent races makes it doubtful which one of these two Watson yachts our *Navahoe* will meet for the Cape May and Brenton Reef cups. There will be no more racing until the Cowes event, and should the wind be strong in the trials, *Satanita* is likely to be chosen to go against *Navahoe*. It will be favorable to our chances if such be the British choice, for it is by no means certain that the *Satanita* can sail faster in a blow than the *Navahoe*, while the latter is probably a surer boat in lighter airs. It looks as if Mr. Carroll's chances will be better against the *Satanita* than against the *Britannia* on the average. There is not such a great deal of difference between the two English boats in a good stiff wind, and the Prince of Wales's yacht is undoubtedly handier in a race and much faster in light airs. The *Navahoe* left America the least known of all the new boats. Her first trials were disappointing, but subsequently, after quite a bit of overhauling, she showed much improvement, and we have her owner's word for it that her trip across the ocean convinced him that he has a good boat. The only line we really have on the boat is a comparison of the yacht-designers of the two countries. We have always had a boat just enough better to win, and though *Navahoe* has had a certain amount of handicap in being obliged to necessarily combine some of the attributes of the cruiser with those of the racer (as the English boats must that come here to try for the *America's* Cup), yet there is some reason for believing we have kept enough ahead of the British designers to enable us to sail over there and bring back the Cape May and Brenton Reef cups. Maybe it is "American assurance" that leads me to such a conclusion, but I don't forget that the *Valkyrie* is not a great deal faster than the *Britannia*, and neither has shown through comparison with the *Iverna* and *Meteor* (*Thistle*) as much of an increase in speed as our cup-defenders on this side have shown in comparison with the boats that beat the Britishers. It may be the *Navahoe* is a very much slower boat than any of our other new ones, but if there is no greater difference between her and the others than between *Valkyrie* and *Britannia*, then we may look for the *Navahoe* to bring back the cups for which she races.

This paragraph was written before the cable to the New York Yacht Club from the English yachting committee, that "*Viking* has forfeited the Cape May Cup to *Valkyrie*." It was not believed the *Valkyrie* would race at all against *Navahoe*, and it seems at this distance rather a poor decision on Dunraven's part, for his boat is not much faster than either *Britannia* or *Satanita*, the chances being that either *Navahoe* can beat all three or none; and should she beat *Valkyrie* the *America's* Cup race would be robbed of its interest, as every one of our defenders is faster than *Navahoe*. We have a good fighting chance for the Cape May and Brenton Reef cups, whichever boat meets our representative.

The "Queen Mab," now undergoing repairs on the dry-dock at Tebo's Basin, will have a twofold interest for American yachtsmen if she is seen on the N.Y.Y.C. cruise, as she probably will be: first, because of her recent rough voyage and astonishing escape from total wreckage, and second, because she is the first large centre-board racing yacht built in Great Britain for years. Her keel as may be seen from the cuts, resembles very much those of the *Minerva* and *Jessica* designed by Fife, but her bow looks quite like a Herreshoff though not so long, is more graceful, while her stern overhang is well drawn out.

After looking her over on the dry-dock one can hardly believe she could have weathered the storm she did and one's respect in consequence must be increased for these "racing-machines" so called, that many have declared unseaworthy. *Queen Mab* was designed last year by Watson, and is a racing cutter: length over all, 90 feet; water-line length, 59 feet 3 inches; beam, 15 feet; draught, 11 feet; sail spread, 4052 square feet. Her centreboard is 20 feet long of Delta metal, 2 inches thick, and weighs 3½ long tons. She is of composite construction: steel frame of angle bars covered with teak planking two inches thick. She is a finely made boat—one of the best ever seen on a dry-dock in this country. Her racing record covers starts in forty-six races, in which she won twenty-four first prizes and eleven second prizes.

There are no boats in her class in this country, the *Wasp* being the nearest to her size. She has been purchased by Mr. Percy Chubb, who is fitting her out with the intention of competing in the races incidental to the N.Y.Y. Club cruise.

The Longwood lawn-tennis tournament has become one of the season's fixtures along with Nahant and Newport, to which we look for a line on the true form of the best players. Aside from this it has grown from an insignificant affair to be one of the best managed and most interesting of the year. The one finished last Saturday was no exception to the rule, the general entries were good, while of the men in the first flight all were present save Percy Knapp, who will probably not play again until possibly at Narragansett—certainly at Newport, E. L. Hall, who is taking a much-needed rest, and W. A. Larned, who is likely to be with him. It will be too bad if E. L. Hall jeopardizes his chances in September by previous injudicious playing; he has not been fit this season, and illness and lack of practice have greatly weakened his game very considerably. Our first-class players are not so numerous that we can afford to lose any of them.

The first round of the tournament developed a surprise for Malcolm Chace in a very close match with C. R. Budlong, who, though while unable to get but one set in four, made Chace play hard for two of them, the score standing 9–7 in each instance. Chace had yet another surprise when in the fourth round he encountered A. E. Foote, but it was of short duration. The Yale champion, for Foote is, started in with a rush, or rather very carefully, for he never rushes, playing deliberately and easily. Chace was nervous, and knocked ball after ball into the net or out of court. Foote took the first set, 6–3, and hung to the second until Chace finally won with a 9–7 score. The remaining two sets were won by Chace hands down, Foote tiring and playing carelessly; he did not get a game. Chace took the match, 3–6, 9–7, 6–0, 6–0.

The match to watch, however, of a round that contained no very interesting play, was that between Richard Stevens and V. G. Hall, the former winning 6–3, 6–4, 6–4. Hall's game was a practical illustration of his being out of form; he knocked enough balls into the net and out of court to lose the match. Stevens, on the other hand, played a fine game; he got pace on to the balls, and did some pretty placing down the side lines. Hall ran to the net a great deal, and was repeatedly passed, but he gave occasional glimpses of what he might do in form by sharp clean-cut volleying, and by some clever placing, but Stevens ran all over the court, and his cool steady game carried the day.

Previous to this match Stevens had defeated Wrenn with an ease that surprised every one. Wrenn started in the first set with much dash and won it, but that was the end of his success. He ran continuously to the net, and as often Stevens passed him. Wrenn and a great many of the spectators thought—before the match—that he would win, but Stevens carried all before him once he had set to work: 3–6, 6–3, 6–1, 6–3.

With these two matches to warm him up, Stevens met Chace in the final round in prime condition, and played his strongest game of the season. The match throughout was hotly contested, and with the exception of the odd sets, the result always hung in the balance until the last stroke. It was a long match, owing to the number of deuce and vantage games, and the many sustained rallies, it being a more or less common occurrence for the ball to be returned over the net half a dozen times or so. Stevens won by his steady, heady play, better placing and his endurance. His "getting" was little short of remarkable several times, while his drives down the side lines were accurate and hard. Chace threw away very many points on what seemed to be easy plays, and in the last two sets he was evidently pretty well tired out; he showed poor judgment also in some instances, particularly in attempting to beat Stevens at his own game. He has improved some over last year, but he takes too long a time to get the ball where he wants it, and he does not get on enough pace. He is yet some distance from the leaders. Stevens kept Chace in the back of the court, lobbing cleverly whenever he attempted to get to the net, and was always in position back of the ball. Score, 7–5, 3–6, 4–6, 6–3, 6–2.

Stevens's game, however, was not proof against Hovey, whom he met Saturday for the Challenge Cup, Hovey being the holder, and the Harvard man won in three straight sets, 8–6, 7–5, 8–6, but they were three sets remarkable for persistent endeavor and wonderful backhand returns of apparently safe balls, on Stevens's part. Hovey's game is just the kind to kill Stevens's back-court play, and despite the latter's great returns and very clever side-line placing, Hovey's short cross-court drives and work at the net won the day. No one who had not Stevens's great endurance could have lasted at all, but there was never a time during the match that he was not right in the game, and in the second set he had Hovey on the run. He should have won this set really, being within a point of it, with the score in his favor 5–3. Stevens was steady at all times, with the exception of a double fault, and knocked fewer returns into the net and out of court than did Hovey, the actual figures being—net—Hovey, 44, Stevens, 31; out—Hovey, 40, Stevens, 37.

The match was a stubborn fight from the very beginning, with Stevens more than half the time in the lead; his backhand returns and side-line drives were very pretty tennis. Hovey did not play up to his best form by several points; he put many balls out of court and into the net which a very much less skilful player should have placed easily; dropping into baseball parlance, he seemed a good deal of the time to have lost control of the ball. He had to play an uphill game, and in this respect acquitted himself creditably. In the last game of the third set he was within a single point of the set and match eight times, and eight times Stevens saved himself by beautiful drives down the corners of the court. On the ninth vantage in Hovey's favor Stevens returned into the net, and the match was Hovey's. Stevens plays the back-court game to perfection, and against all save the very best men it must prove a scoring game more often than not; but when put against the modern game of Hovey or Hobart or Larned, it is not strong enough. One would think Mr. Stevens would cultivate a little net play and make a strong combination.

This week the United States championship doubles are being played in Chicago, and will give the first opportunity in the singles of seeing the form of the California champion, W. H. Taylor. Hobart and Hovey should win, for the present champions, Campbell and Huntington, cannot be in very good form, neither of them having had much practice, and it is not likely any Western pair is strong enough. Chace and Wrenn should make a good match with Taylor and Tobin if they come together. The Wentworth tournament is also furnishing a battle-ground for singles, with Chace and possibly Larned as the star attraction.

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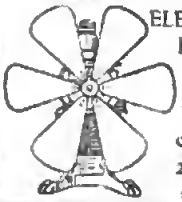

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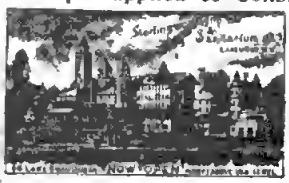

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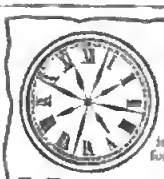

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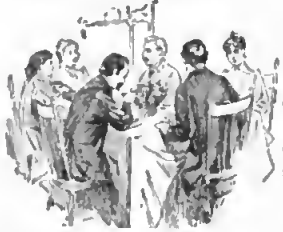

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Vol. XXXVII.—No. 1911

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1893.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 5, 1893.

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REMOVALS ON CHARGES.

THE Postmaster-General, Mr. BISSELL, is, among the chiefs of the great patronage departments of the national government, probably the sincerest friend of reform. The manner in which he treats the clerical force of his department is characterized by more justice, more sincere regard for the interests of the service, and less partisan spirit than we observe in the conduct of either the Interior Department or the Treasury. He has recently made some praiseworthy promotions in distinct defiance of the spoils politician's displeasure. So much more is it to be regretted that in other directions he should so recklessly jeopard the character and usefulness of the administration. We have already discussed the scandalous circumventions of the civil service law of which some of the newly appointed postmasters have made themselves guilty, so far with impunity, as well as the slowly but surely progressing clean sweep of the fourth-class postmasters. We referred to the fact that fourth-class postmasters who had not yet served four years were removed only on charges of official misconduct, while postmasters who had been in office four years or more are removed without any charges being preferred, merely because they belong to the other party, and have in addition rendered themselves guilty of having acquired four years' experience in the discharge of their duties. (This, our readers will remember, is a rule not invented in a lunatic asylum, but followed by the Post Department of the United States.) Now, how are charges made against postmasters not yet guilty of four years' experience acted upon?

If such charges of misconduct are required at all to justify a removal, it must be because the Postmaster-General would regard the removal of a postmaster as yet innocent of having been four years in office, who has performed his duties well, improper and unjustifiable. It would follow that the Postmaster-General, unwilling, as an honorable man should be, to inflict unjustly upon any one the indignity of a removal, would take good care to have the justice of the charges well ascertained before taking action. For, being no baby in politics, he must be aware that such charges are frequently, if not in most cases, made by interested parties, such as candidates for the office, or their friends who want to get the incumbent out of the way, or Congressmen or party committees who want places for their henchmen and workers, and that such charges made by such men for such a purpose have naturally a strong flavor of untrustworthiness about them. The Postmaster-General would therefore, as a matter of course, permit the accused official to know what the charges against him are, and give him an opportunity to say something in his justification. This, our would think, were the least that could be done in a civilized country to protect a public servant against gross wrong, and also to preserve the self respect of the high officials presiding over such a system.

The unsophisticated citizen who believes in fair dealing will be surprised to learn that the charges are treated as secrets to be known only to those who made them. An Assistant Postmaster-General, Mr. JONES, recently said to a journalist asking permission to inspect certain files that papers containing charges were to be shown only to the person making or filing them. "If a member of Congress wants to inspect the papers which he has filed against a postmaster and in favor of a candidate - in order, for example, to be sure that his chain is complete—he is permitted to see his own papers, but those of nobody else. The Postmaster-General was obliged to make a rule of that kind in order to guard against the abuse of any greater freedom of inspection, and to give all persons sufficient confidence of privacy to encourage them to make complaints frankly if they know of any reason why the retention of any postmaster is not for the good of the service." In other words, the accuser, he be the candidate for the office of the person accused, or the Congressman who wants the place vacated for one of his henchmen, or a local boss who wants the place for one of his heelers, is permitted to see the charges again in order to strengthen them, to "complete the chain," if the case as first presented should not be sufficient to cause a removal. But the accused is not to see the charges, nor anybody in his behalf. The accuser is to be protected by secrecy; he can lie and slander to his heart's content without the least danger of being held responsible, for the Postmaster-General stands guard over his safety. The Postmaster-General even wishes to "encourage," by this assurance of "privacy," everybody who wishes to have somebody removed to make room for somebody else to do his very best in getting up "charges." While thus the accuser is amply protected and encouraged, the accused has "no rights that a white man is bound to respect." He has simply to hold still until he is removed from office, because somebody whom he does not know has accused him of something which he does not know. And such a rule is followed at a time when the hot chase for office is going on, and when what President CLEVELAND called "the demoralizing madness for spoils" has notoriously, as to the making of charges, relaxed the human conscience to the utmost.

It is not too much to say that by such rules the Postmaster-General invites false accusations; he encourages calumny. And by removing public servants upon charges so made, without any regard for the rights of the accused—for it will not be pretended, when postmasters are removed upon charges day after day by scores, that the charges have been decently investigated—he commits a gross outrage upon his fellow-citizens. This matter of charges means something or it means nothing. If it means something, then a removal of a public officer on charges implies a serious reflection upon his character or his ability. It affects his good name; and nobody should forget that the meanest fourth-class postmaster in the land has as clear a right to his good name as the Postmaster General has to his. If the Postmaster-General blackens the good name of his subordinates without well-ascertained cause, he does a thing which done in private life would exclude him from the company of gentlemen. If he should say, in justification, that it would be impossible carefully to investigate such a multitude of charges, he would only be taking advantage of his own wrong: for there would not be such a multitude of charges were they not encouraged and invited by the assurance of secrecy and by the levity with which removals are made according to them. There would be far less were the accuser held to a sense of responsibility; and the service would surely not suffer from it. As the practice now appears, it is a disgrace to our public morals and our civilization. But if the matter of charges really means nothing, if it is a mere disguise for a partisan clean sweep, if it is to be understood that the officer ostensibly removed on charges was really removed because he did not belong to the dominant party, then it must be called a mockery, an unmitigated fraud, which gentlemen of self respect will scorn to be connected with.

We are always glad to praise the Postmaster General for any good thing he does. But those are not his true friends who fail to tell him that in the conduct of the most conspicuous part of his business he is in a very dangerous way. If at the close of President CLEVELAND's term it should be the verdict of public opinion that his administration as to the reform of the civil service was a sad failure, the Postmaster-General, unless he speedily changes his course of action, will be held principally responsible for it. The plea of good intentions will hardly modify the judgment of history.

THE FINANCIAL DEPRESSION.

IT is possible at once to overestimate and to underestimate the part which the SHERMAN act and its currency issues have had in bringing about the existing financial depression. Among those who are on good grounds opposed to that measure there is perhaps a tendency to exaggerate its present direct effects. The tendency is natural enough. We are apt to ascribe all possible evil to a measure which we believe to be bad. In the tariff discussion the protectionists are always ascribing to free trade the crises and panics which take place in times of low duties, while the free-traders ascribe the same occurrences to the baneful working of high duties when they take place during periods of protection. The truth is that the ups and downs of financial exhilaration and depression are inseparable from the modern methods of credit and banking. They are liable to occur under any financial or tariff system, and the effect of particular measures can be only to start them or to intensify them.

Materials for financial disturbance exist at almost any time. There are always some business concerns which are insolvent, or nearly insolvent, and which go to the wall under slight pressure. Others are, so to speak, on the line, and their embarrassments become critical when credit is given sparingly and with suspicion. At any given moment a certain number of investments and enterprises are half-way completed, have an uncertain future, and must depend for their continuation upon the loan market. If enterprises of this sort have been undertaken upon a great scale in fields which promise no early return or no return at all, we have the materials for a great crisis, such as the country went through in the railroad crash of 1873, and again, though with less intensity, in that of 1884. It is probable that at the present time there has been a considerable amount of loose or reckless investment, especially in the innumerable electric-lighting and electric railway enterprises which have sprung up with such a mushroom growth in the last few years. But, in the main, speculative investments of a sort doomed to succumb sooner or later probably do not exist on any great scale. The conditions of trade do not supply the material for any general crisis, but only for one of those periodical straits which bring down a comparatively small number of weaker enterprises.

The particular causes which occasion the strait in which we now happen to be are, in the main, two. One is the extraordinary change in the condition of our international trade as compared with last year. The other is the issue of currency under the SHERMAN act. Our exports show an enormous decline: during the eleven months of the present fiscal year they have been nearly $200,000,000 less than during the same period in the fiscal period 1891-2. The imports, upon the other hand, have swelled, being over $100,000,000 larger than in 1891-2. The decline in the exports is due largely to the fact that we have not the fortunate conditions which prevailed during the last fiscal year—abundant crops at home and sparse crops in Europe. The rise of the imports is due largely to the fact that the MCKINLEY tariff act checked importations during the first year of its operation, and that we are now experiencing what has almost universally happened after the imposition of high tariffs—imports are resuming their former proportions. At all events, there has been a heavy balance of payments to be made to the other side, and, as we all know, a very large outflow of specie has consequently taken place. That outflow of specie must be provided, directly or indirectly, by the banks, and causes inevitably a tightening of ordinary credits, and so brings on the difficulties of shaky concerns and enterprises.

With this change in the current of international trade the SHERMAN act has also had its effect. Under conditions like those of the present year an outflow of specie would probably have taken place in any event, and the gold for export would probably have been furnished in good part from the Treasury stock. Under ordinary circumstances this outflow would have been accepted as one of the usual turns of international payments, and would not have caused the anxiety which has prevailed during the last six months. But the monthly issues of Treasury notes by the government on its purchases of silver supply a circulating medium which bids fair to replace permanently the gold which flows out, and increases the direct obligations of the Treasury at the same time that it tends to decrease the means of meeting these obligations in gold. The SHERMAN act, which caused no anxiety and no ill effects under exceptionally favorable circumstances such as prevailed in 1891-2, intensifies the unfavorable conditions of the year 1892-3. Not only does it intensify the immediate financial embarrassments, but it creates a spirit of hesitancy and distrust, which of itself would suffice to create embarrassment under the most favorable conditions. The present depression probably will be tided over without causing further serious embarrassment; but it brings into vivid relief, nevertheless, the evils of our present monetary policy.

OUT OF TOWN FOR THE SUMMER.

THE two things that are roughly estimated to be most essential to the enjoyment of life are health and money. The best place to get health, especially in the summer, is in the country, but the best place to earn money is in town. The annual problem, accordingly, for hundreds of thousands of city-dwellers is how to live in the country and work in town. Nowhere is the problem worked out on such a huge scale as here in New York. The solution of it, of course, for most families, is the suburban dwelling, far enough out of town to offer fresh air and country life, and not too far to be reached by the wage-earner of the family after his day's work is done.

If there is anything new under the sun it is the contemporary practice of living from twenty to a hundred miles distant from the place of earning one's daily bread. The possibility of doing such a thing was never offered to any generation before ours. That hundreds of thousands of people should travel from three to five hours every day to and from their work in New York is a thing that would be hardly credible if one read it in a book, and needs to be observed to be realized. Viewed in bulk, it seems like such a huge expenditure of strength and money and time that one marvels at the general acceptance of urbane industry under such conditions.

But everything is comparative, and life in the summer suburb is comparatively comfortable. It is better than life in town because it is healthier and pleasanter, and it is better than life wholly in the country because it does not involve the sacrifice of one's income. The feasibility of it is one of the things that are building up cities everywhere at the rural districts' expense.

And after all, seen near to, it is not so great a burden as it seems from the distance. One gets used to anything and there is scarcely anything which, when one has got used to it, does not begin to develop compensations. The common necessity we are all under of eating food three or four times

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a day must seem an intolerably troublesome arrangement to a being exempt from the need of it. Yet we have got so used to having meals at short intervals that we rather like it, and never think of rebelling at the arrangement because it takes time and makes trouble. It is that way with living out of town. Very quickly it becomes a matter of course, and the suburbanite adapts himself to it as he would to the loss of a leg or any inevitable condition of existence. He forms his habits, and then rests in them and takes it easy. In some particulars it does him great good. The certain prospect of devoting from three to five hours a day in getting back and forth from his home is a lively incentive to him to spend his contracted working hours to the very best advantage. At home, with the hands of the clock moving round toward starting-time, at his office with another clock working ceaselessly toward leaving time, he is fairly goaded out of the habit of procrastination. He does not wait to begin, he begins. When it is time to start, he starts, and stops short when it is time to stop And of course he is under a constant incentive to have his preparations in such a forward state that he shall be ready to start and ready to stop when the time comes.

He gets a certain amount of satisfaction, too, from beating his fate All the pleasure he can have and all the work he can do on the train or boat are clear gain. The acquaintances he makes with other commuters on his route, his casual conversations morning and night, the gossip he picks up, the business he sometimes transacts on the train, the time he saves by reading newspapers on the cars, the fresh air he gets driving to the station or crossing the river, his quickened acquaintance with humanity in general from elbowing his fellow men in railway stations or on ferry boats, are all the legitimate spoils of his mode of life The man whose social instincts are not enlivened by suburban travel must be a very ogre. Seeing pretty much the same crowd of people morning after morning and night after night, he soon gets to know their faces. From that to an exchange of greetings with them is not far, and it is his own fault if presently his daily journeys to and fro are not punctuated with cheering salutations. The commuter cannot easily stagnate or live retired within himself. His daily walk is often quickened into a run, and his conversation is stimulated by the constant proximity of fellow-creatures with whom he has subjects of common interest. If his temperament is sluggish, the tendency of his environment is to wake him up, and if he is defective in solidarity, he puts himself in the direct line of cure when he buys his first commuter's ticket When you begin to catalogue all the advantages of his manner of life, the wonder soon becomes that any one should neglect such opportunities as his by a persistent residence in town. In summer not many people do neglect them from choice, though a multitude of people forego them from necessity. And even the habit of spending all the year out of town is a growing one, and would grow faster if the abbreviated winter daylight did not fail the commuter's evening paper, and if his wife did not in due time insist upon getting back to the vicinity of the shops.

AN UNFORTUNATE RAIN-MAKER.

WE have felt from the beginning that sooner or later the Western rain maker would get into trouble It did not seem possible that a man could go about carrying, as it were, thunder-storms in one pocket and long steady rains in another and not fall into some sort of a complication with common folks who do not have even a heavy dew in the whole house. Now it appears that our apprehensions were reasonable, since one of the leading rain makers of Kansas is involved in serious legal difficulties.

We gather from the despatches in the daily newspapers that Mr SCHERMERHORN MONTGOMERY, of Hankinside, Kansas is an important and successful producer of rain. His specialty seems to be heavy local showers, and he lays great stress on the alleged fact that his rain always comes nights and Sundays, so that the hired man, working by the month, shall not lose any time. "Farmers," says Mr MONTGOMERY, in his advertisement, "why patronize the defective and old fashioned rain-makers, and have your hired man sitting in the barn half the time lying about his wealthy father back in Missouri? Come right to SCHERMERHORN MONTGOMERY, the Terror of the Farm Hand, and get your rain while you sleep, and keep your man humping himself" This has naturally appealed to the reason of the Kansas agriculturist, and MONTGOMERY has done a rushing business.

It appears further that Mr. MONTGOMERY has claimed this summer to exercise a sort of general supervision over American Hose County, turning on the rain when it was needed, and shutting it off when he thought it had rained enough Incidentally, he says he has been responsible for the cool northwesterly winds which have blown on the hot days, but he points out that he never charges for wind. "I throw in a wind with each rain ordered," explained Mr. MONTGOMERY, "the same way you get a baked potato when you order a chop Fogs, frosts, cloudy days, and aurora borealis extra. Earthquakes should be spoken for two days in advance of the time needed." One night about two weeks ago a heavy rain fell in American Hose County. It poured cats and dogs from midnight till three o'clock Then it cleared off, and an hour later the weary hired man with the wealthy father in a neighboring State heard his employer pounding on the stove-pipe as usual to attract his attention to the fact that it was time to get up. Two hours after this Mr. MONTGOMERY started out to collect one dollar from every farmer in the county for the rain. He met with considerable opposition "I 'low that wa'n't no artificial rain," protested the first farmer approached. The next one also "reckoned it were a nateral American Hose County thunder-storm." The third likewise demanded proof that the shower was a MONTGOMERY special. A public meeting was finally called at the Pan Itschool house, and MONTGOMERY addressed it feelingly. "I produced that rain myself," said he "It came, like all of my rains in the night, when your hired man can't be put to any practical use. I saw the country needed rain, and I went out last night while you slept and made it. Consequently to-day your fields rejoice and your grateful cattle low their mellow thanksgivings from pastures revivified and gladdened by my beneficent rain." A farmer named JIM BUTLER arose and asked MONTGOMERY if he was absolutely certain that it was his rain "Every drop of it," answered MONTGOMERY. "Then," returned the guileless BUTLER, "you are responsible for the ten acres of my corn which it washed away. I shall sue you for damages." And the sagacious agriculturist mounted his mule and rode to Hankinside, and began suit for $400

Although this occurred in a somewhat obscure part of far-away Kansas, we do not feel called upon to offer any apology for the amount of space we give it. The science of rain making is in its infancy. Naturally it is making its start where rain is most often needed, but if it meets with any sort of encouragement from the public it will certainly spread, and artificial rain will become the rule throughout the country But such suits as that of the unscientific BUTLER will be fatal to the business. On the other hand, it seems that it will be an impossibility to prevent them. After all, may not the fault lie with the science itself? Can these rain-makers stop their rains? A rain-maker, without his umbrella, standing in the middle of a vast Kansas prairie watching his rain pour down in torrents, and his patrons' crops ride gayly past on the hurrying flood and no way to stop it must be a most melancholy spectacle. Probably MONTGOMERY knew on that unfortunate night that it was raining too much, and that somebody's crops would suffer, but he could not help it. No doubt he sat there on the wet ground amid the downpour and turned his rain-machine backwards, and abused the day he was born, but it was of no use It has become more important to know how to stop rain than how to produce it. By the way, what has become of DYRENFORTH, the official government rain-maker? Perhaps he could shed some light on the subject. Is it possible that DYRENFORTH has been overcome by thirst on some Texas prairie where he has gone with his apparatus? Perish the thought!

THE SUMMER SCHOOLS.

IN deference to a contemporary conviction that recreation and instruction should go hand in hand, there has been a great development of summer schools at summer resorts. They are to be found in the hills and on the sea-shore, within drinking distance of the mineral springs, and even within dancing distance of casinos and the ballrooms of great hotels. Up and down the New England sea coast you can learn anything, from psychology to skirt dancing, and can choose not only the "branch" that you will cultivate, but the mountain views or the temperature of the sea-water with which you wish to supplement your studies.

But, sad to say, this has been a discouraging year for the summer schools. The Chicago Fair has been in direct competition with them, and the results have been serious. Some that were still in the experimental stage failed to get pupils enough to start with, and the luckiest have suffered severe defection in their numbers The school at Cambridge, a pioneer in the movement, which usually assembles some six hundred students, has only gathered about half that number this year. The fair is justly regarded by ambitious minds as the greatest school this present summer offers, and students whose time or money have been limited have invested all their spare days and spare dollars in the visit to Chicago.

Several of these schools have, however, borne up well, even under the existing conditions, and one of these is that at Colorado Springs, whereof DR. ROLFE, the Shakespearian scholar, is one of the lecturers. A recent number of the *Colorado Gazette* contains a formal expression of the satisfaction of his pupils in his lectures. When it is considered that DR. ROLFE has not only to contend with the allurements of the fair, but with the natural reluctance of every one in Colorado to think about anything but silver dollars, his success seems a thing for even a most modest man to be proud of.

·THINGS·TALKED·OF·

IT is a rare blessing to have a sense of humor, and not only is this blessing the possession of the Hon Chauncey M. Depew, but his fellow-citizens are largely admitted to the enjoyment of it. Mr Depew is, as he will be the first to admit, an ardent and even a stubborn partisan. We wish that he were not, but we have no heart to lay it up against him, for he has paid dearly for it. It is probable that it has been the sole obstacle to a brilliant and useful public career. Moreover the sense of humor to which we have referred almost always saves his partisanship from being offensive. For instance, there has recently been going on in the columns of the Republican newspapers a series of interviews with leading men intended to establish the existence of a "Democratic panic," and to persuade us all that the actual unpleasantness is due to the despair in which the country was plunged by the triumph of the policy of tariff reform last November Mr. Depew's turn came in due time He was expected to give the weight of his authority to the views of Senator Chandler of New Hampshire and ex Secretary of War Elkins. He half appeared to do so, but in reality he demolished the logic of those gentlemen. He pointed out that after the election the protected interests took in sail, and thus secured "immunity from failures of mills, factories, furnaces, and their related industries." And then he calmly explained that the main cause of our troubles was the silver law of 1890 which Congress must straightway repeal. When Mr Depew was invited to this talk, he was gazing at a big play bill showing a kangaroo boxing with a man. He greeted the reporter with a remark that fairly describes his subsequent interview "See with what placid persistency that sleek and noble-looking animal gives the upper backhand cut, as it were, with the right fore paw, and counters so beautifully on the body of his antagonist with his left leg!"

It is worth noting, particularly by those who think that the government is the sole and sovereign power for the prevention of all sorts of evil, that there are at the present time in the city of New York some threescore national banks, that these banks are required by law to keep constantly on hand a reserve in cash equal to one fourth of their deposits, that a considerable number of them have been unable to keep this reserve, so that for some weeks the average holding of cash by all the banks has been below the legal requirement, and yet that no one in New York or in the United States doubts for a moment that every dollar of the deposits in these banks is as safe as if it were in the pockets of the depositors. This remarkable state of things excites no remark, because it has come about in the natural course of events, and in pursuance of the laws of mutual and common interest, far more potent than any laws that Congress can pass or the courts enforce. Practically the solvency of every bank in the Clearing house is guaranteed by all the others, and this guaranty is absolute and accepted as such. It is agreed upon and applied by the voluntary action of the bank officers through a simple representative system, which, though requiring a very high degree of intelligence and perfect fidelity, works without friction or defect. Not only are the solvency of the banks and the interests of the depositors and shareholders thus safeguarded, but there has been created and kept in use for weeks a species of negotiable security, automatically redeemable and redeemed, of perfect safety, the issue of which has reached the sum of over $22,000,000, and which has taken the place and done the work of legal tender currency. In this way many millions of commercial credits have been made possible and many tens of millions of losses have been avoided without the authority of law or any intervention of the government. We earnestly commend these facts to the patient reflection of those who think that the government is the only sufficient care taker for free American citizens.

There seems to be a subtle and unevadable law by which bathing houses shall be hideous. From Maine to Florida, wherever men and women go down to the sea in bathing dress, leaving behind their usual apparel, the latter is pretty sure to be hanging in a rectangular wooden box, with no more claim to beauty than the dog house that the male child constructs with his first set of tools We do not ask that architects shall devote their time and genius to the designing of ornate or solid bath houses, but will not some enterprising landlord or cottager learn that even these houses could be made tolerable to the eye by a low pitched roof projecting in front say three or four feet, and supported by plain braced brackets? It is a simple notion enough, and a very slight expenditure of white and Indian red paint would make the little structures not only tolerable but attractive. The tone and color of the sea shore invite the simplest forms of decoration, and generally any thought of relief by vegetation is forbidden, but this utterly unornate and yet harmonious design would be everywhere possible.

We do not know that men would bet any less on horse-races if they knew that there was very little honor in them, but it is perhaps worth while to point out that honest horse-racing is a luxury in which only very rich men can afford to indulge The expense of raising and keeping running horses for racing is enormous. It includes not only the cost of breeding or buying, but the training, the hire of jockeys, the transportation from track to track, the insurance against loss of the delicate blooded animals or of their injury from accident, with a multitude of incidental expenditures. Now the actual stakes that can be won, even by a successful horse, would not only yield no profit on such an investment, but would not return the outlay, and owners rely on what they can get from betting themselves. But if a horse is run "straight" every time, the betting men soon know as much about him as the owner, and the latter can get no bets To introduce the element of uncertainty, which is the condition precedent to betting, the horse must be manipulated, and on the skill, not to say the unscrupulousness, with which that is done depend the profits of the owner. This is the simple "business end" of horse-racing, and is acknowledged to be so by experts, so that when a man bets on races he takes his chances, not of naming the best horse, but of being on the same side as the owner. That may make the game more exciting, but it does not make it any safer.

There is something very attractive in the combativeness of youth, and when M. Zola, "hardened Positivist" as he called himself, challenged the students of Paris not to abandon the lines on which he had been so long trying to conduct them, we had a joyous confidence that a champion of the new faith would take up the gauntlet. One has been found, with an honored name, in the person of Léon Daudet, the eldest son of the novelist Alphonse Daudet, who is said to inherit from his mother a tendency to mystical philosophy, and who clearly derives from his father a happy audacity of style. For instance, here is his description of the spirit against which in part the new school, the School of Mysticism rises in revolt: "The medical spirit—to pass incessantly from cause to effect, from effect to cause; to interpret the genius by the madman, and the madman by the genius, to regard life only from the point of view of evolution, from seed to tree, from the embryo to the adult, to localize the passions; to inflict on the family heredity, on the race ethical laws; to analyze, to dissect, to falsify at need the appearances of truth in order to put man, the *subject*, the *diseased*, in dependence upon laws as hard and impenetrable as religious dogmas with poesy and consolation left out" When he comes to define the reaction against this apparently desolating spirit, he is, naturally enough, not so definite. It is so much easier to say what one rejects than even to discover what one accepts. All that he can say is that "mysticism is the excessive impulse of hearts enamored of the ideal, and is a trait of the imagination, like jealousy or avarice. One is born a mystic" Nevertheless, according to this brave young prophet, Positivism is dying, and since this is so, he cries, with the charming impudence of youth, "let it die with smiling lips, and spare us the spectacle of an unseemly death-struggle, unworthy a savant and a sage."

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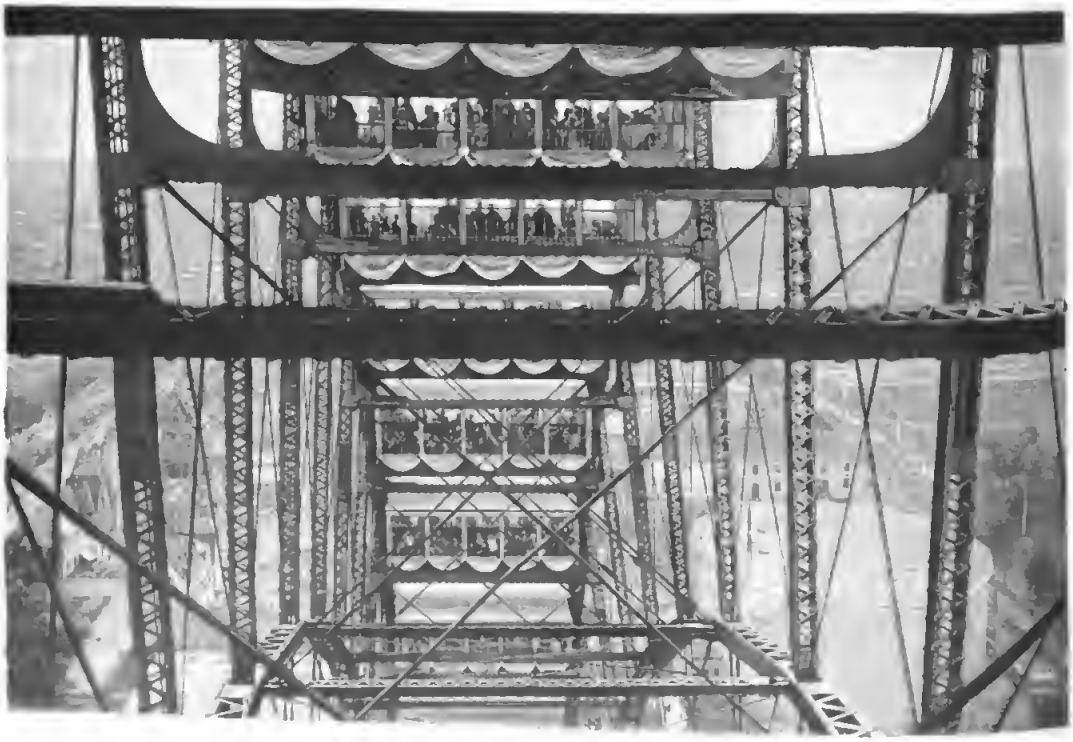
M. DEVELLE,
The French Minister of Foreign Affairs who sent the Ultimatum to Siam.

LIEUTENANT POWHATAN H. CLARKE, U. S. A.
Drowned recently in the Little Big Horn River.—[See Page 730.]

J. H. EckELS,
Comptroller of the Currency.—[See Page 748.]

OUR VISITING INDIAN PRINCE.
The Rajah Bahadur of Kapurthala.—[See Page 742.]

ESTANISLAS S. ZEBALLOS,
To Argue the Argentine Republic's Case before President Cleveland.—[See Page 730.]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—HALF-WAY UP THE FERRIS WHEEL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. STOVER.

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"EF YOU'RE GOIN' TO BLAME ANYBODY, BLAME ME."

THE STORY AS SUE TOLD IT.

BY MARGARET MANTON MERRILL.

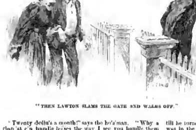
YOU see, 'twas this way. We was livin' out West, an', ye know, Jim al'ays c'd do anything with a ho's'. He started in with the herd, an' it happened one day that a big ho'sman from Californy was a-watchin' the spring round-up. He stood on the outside o' the corral an' see Jim a-cuttin' out his ho'ses.

"Who's that little feller?" says he.

Nobody knowed who he was, only 't he was Jim Collins, one o' the herders. After the brandin' was done, this ho'sman he hunted up Jim.

"Look a here, young feller," says he, "how much be ye gittin' a month?"

"Twenty dolla's," says Jim, "an' my feed."



"THEN LAWTON SLAMS THE GATE AND WALKS OFF."

"Twenty dolla's a month!" says the ho'sman. "Why a chap 'at c'n handle ho'ses the way I see you handle them broncos this aft'noon ought t' be makin' twenty dolla's a day an' more too."

"Well," says Jim, "ef you was to hunt the range over you couldn't find nobody more willin' t' make twenty dolla's a day 'n I be."

'Cause, you see, me an' Jim was a-keepin' comp'ny 't the time, an' my ol' dad kind o' thought Jim wa'n't much good, 'cause he was so little. "When that feller gits so's he c'n take 's good care o' you 's your ol' dad does," says he to me, "he c'n hev you, an' not before," an' when dad said a thing he mos' gen'ally al'ays meant it.

I didn' wan' to go agen him, 'cause dad was al'ays mighty good to me. So there we was, an' we both felt awful bad about it. An' when this ho'sman spoke about twenty dolla's a day, Jim got int'rested right off.

"You don' know me," says the ho'sman to Jim, "an' I don' know you. But I'm willin' to take chances ef you be. My name's Joe Lawton. Reckon you've heerd o' me."

"Yes," says Jim. "Reckon everybody's heerd o' you 't ever heerd anything 'bout Californy race-ho'ses."

"Well," says Lawton, "I'm a-goin' home to-morrow, an' 's you're out of a job now" (you see the herders' contracts ends with the spring round-up), "you come 'long with me, an' I'll take care o' you. I'll make you a jockey, an' a durn good one, too."

Lawton seemed to think 't was queer 't Jim hadn't thought of it himself.

"You're just the right weight," says he, "an' you're built for it, an', more 'n all, you know how to handle a ho's'."

Well, o' course Jim was pleased, 'cause handlin' ho'ses was his business, an' it was a great thing to have a big ho'sman like Lawton say things like that.

"Well," says Lawton, "will you go?"

"I'm willin' enough to go," says Jim, "but—"

"Well," says Lawton, "out with it. You got a gal, I s'pose?"

"Yes," says Jim; "that's right; I have."

"An' o' course they ain't no other gal like 'er on earth," says Lawton, a-laughin' an' a-winkin' at Jim.

"Bet yer life they ain't," says Jim.

"What's the matter with takin' 'er 'long?" says Lawton. "Reckon Californy's big 'nough fur both o' ye."

"Well, ef you'll square it with her ol' man," says Jim, "so's he'll let us get married, it 'll be all right, an' we'll go 'long with you."

"Oh, I'll fix that," says Lawton; an' he did. He made dad think 't Jim was a wonder. Said they wa'n't nothin' to hinder him bein' rich in a few years. Dad never had nothin' agen Jim only 't he was little an' couldn't make much money. But when Lawton told him 't Jim could earn a lot o' money 'count o' bein' so little, he was satisfied. So we got married an' started fur Californy with Lawton the next mornin'.

'Fore three months Jim was a-ridin' in stake races an' makin' big money. All to once suthin' happened 't made us a lot o' trouble. But it wa'n't Jim's fault. Mebbe he was some to blame. But if he'd a-been let alone it 'u'd never 'a' happened. You see, he got in 'long with a lot o' them racin' men, an' he got to backin' his mounts with big money, same's they did. He was drinkin' a lot, too, an' that was really what done him up.

They was a young chap name o' Ned Hawkins out there. His father'd made a pile in the placers, an' the young feller was anxious to help him spend it. Him an' Jim got to be great chums, 'count o' Ned bein' 'round the track so much. Ned was always stuck to make a big winnin'. He talked about it all the time. He was a pretty wild boy, an' he had a lot o' debts 't he didn't want his ol' man to find out about. One night Jim an' Ned was out together, an' they had a pretty good time, I guess, 'cause Jim didn't come home 't all. They was a big race the next aft'noon, an' in the mornin' Ned says,

"You ain't in very good shape to ride to-day, Jim. Better have some champagne. It 'll brace you up."

So they had some champagne. I guess mebbe they had a good bit. An' while they was a-drinkin', Ned he kep' on a-wishin' he could make a pile.

"They's a good chance for you to-day," says Jim. "I'm goin' to win with that bay two-year-old sure, an' they'll be long odds agin her. Nobody knows what she can do but me an' Lawton. He's backin' her heavy, an' I'm putt'n' up all I got."

O' course that fired Ned up right off. "Lord, I wish I had some money!" says he.

"Can't you get some?" says Jim.

Ned thought a minute, an' then he says: "They's one way I could get some. I could get a note cashed at the bank. I'd make it for thirty days, an' take it up to-morrow—ef you're sure the filly 'll win."

"Dead sure," says Jim.

"That settles it," says Ned. "We'll take another drink, an' I'll go an' get the cash."

An' he did get it, a thousand dolla's, an' put it on the filly. An' Jim bet all the money he had, jus' 's he said he was goin' to.

Jim didn't feel very good that aft'noon, an' he must 'a' looked it. Jus' 's he was goin' to mount, Lawton comes up. "What's the matter with you?" says he. "You look all broke up."

"I'm all right," says Jim.

"Well, you don't look it, by a durn sight," says Lawton. "You better have suthin'. Here, boy, run into the bar an' get me a pint o' champagne."

"I do' want no champagne, Mr. Lawton," says Jim.

"Well, you got to have it, whether you want it or not," says Lawton. "You ain't goin' to ride this here race for fun."

Then he poured out a whole tumblerful, an' o' course Jim had to drink it, an' 'twas jus' one drink too many. He mounted the filly an' cantered down to the start all right, an' when they got off he seemed to be ridin' all right, till he turned into the stretch. Then he begun to sway. I was in the gran' stan' watchin' him, an' I held my breath. I thought sure he was goin' to fall. He 'peared to lose all control o' the filly, an' she sweeved all over the track. Course she was beat clear out o' sight, an' I felt awful bad. But ef I'd a-knew what trouble it was goin' to make for us, I'd 'a' felt a heap worse. They come near bein' trouble then an' there, 'cause a lot o' people had put their money on the filly jus' on 'count o' Jim ridin' her, an' o' course they see 'twas his fault, 'cause if she'd a been rode right she'd 'a' won. They ain't no doubt 'bout that. An' those fellers was awful mad. They come a-pilin' over into the paddock where Jim was a-gettin' down, an' I do' know what they'd 'a' done to him ef Lawton hadn't a interfered. He walks right up an' takes Jim by the arm.

"Look a here," says he to the crowd. "Ef you're goin' to blame anybody, blame me. The boy's sick, an' I knowed he was sick, an' I hadn't no business to let him try to ride. I'm a bigger loser 'n any o' you, anyhow."

"WELL, SUE, LUCK'S AGEN US."

Jim seemed kind o' dazed like. He didn't 'pear to know what was going on. Lawton kep' a hold of him an' led him off to his dressin'-room.

"Never mind, Jim," says he. "It's a bad go, but we'll make it up on the next race. You've won too many stakes for me to go back on you for this. Here's Sue. You get dressed an' go 'long home with her. P'r'aps I'll come 'round to-night an' see how you be. Don't let him worry, Sue," says he to me as he goes off. "One race ain't a goin' to break us."

We hadn't more'n got into the dressin'-room when in come Ned, an' he was jus' wild.

"D—n you," he says, "what 'd you mean by tellin' me that filly was goin' to win? You made me put a thousand on her, an' then you throwed the race. I know you did. I see you do it myself."

Jim kind o' roused up a little at that, and says, "That's likely, after I'd backed her myself with every red I had."

"Oh, you'll get your money back," says Ned, sneerin', "an' plenty more with it. But I'll fix you. I'm goin' to tell ol' Lawton what you done to me."

"I ain't done no more to you 'n I done to myself," says Jim. "Come, Sue, le's go home."

So Jim got his colors off, an' we went an' left Ned a-cussin', an' a-swearin' he was a-goin' to tell Lawton an' fix Jim.

"What's he got to tell Lawton?" says I to Jim as we was a-goin' home.

"He 'ain't got nothin' to tell him," says Jim, "only 't I said the filly'd win, an' he put his money on her. He ain't got no sand nohow, or he wouldn't squeal like that. Lawton won't bother with him. He'll tell him to go to the devil."

An' then I as'd Jim what ailded him in the race. "I thought you was goin' to fall," says I.

"Oh," says Jim, "I was full o' champagne. I'm as dizzy as a fool yet. I didn't sleep none las' night. But I do' know what got the matter with me at the las' quarter. 'Peared like my strength all went away to once. I thought I was goin' to fall myself for a minute."

"How much did you lose, Jim?" says I.

"Never mind what I lose," says he. "It's Lawton I care about. I wouldn't 'a' minded it half so much if he'd a-cussed me. Him takin' it the way he did broke me all up.

"THEY'D TOOK ME UP AN' PUT ME ON A BENCH."

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I tell you, Sue, they ain't no whiter man on earth 'n Joe Lawton. An' you bet I'll make this up to him, if I live long enough. You c'n jus' put it down in yer book, I'm done with night games an' drinkin' from this out."

I was mighty glad to hear Jim say that, 'cause I'd been worryin' a good bit. I hadn't said nothin' to him. 'Tain't no use sayin' anything to a man when he gets a gola like that. He'll pull up himself if he's any good, an' if he ain't any good you might as well let him go.

Mr. Lawton come 'round that evenin' jus' 's he said he would. Jim 'd had a nap an' his supper, an' he felt better. "Ef Lawton comes 'round," he'd said to me, "I'm goin' to thank him for the way he acted to-day."

So when we see Lawton comin' up the road we went out to the gate to meet him. Jim started to shake hands. But he stopped quick when he see the look on Lawton's face. "You're a nice chap for a white man to have 'round him, ain't you?" he says to Jim, an' he said it 's if he was a-bitin' nails. I never knowed Joe Lawton could speak like that. Jim was took right off his feet.

"Why, Mr. Lawton," says he, "what d' you mean?"

"Oh, you know d—d well what I mean," says Lawton. "You're a thief. That's what you be."

Jim kind o' caught his breath. Then he straightens up an' looks Lawton right in the face, an' says he, "Look a here, Mr. Lawton, I know I done a bad job for you to-day, an' I'm mighty sorry for it. But I ain't no thief, an' I won't allow you nor no other man to say I be."

"Aw, don't gi' me none o' that," says Lawton. "I'd like to know what you call it when you coax a boy to forge his father's name so's to get money to back your mount, an' then do him out of it." Jim jus' looked at him. He was so s'prised he couldn't speak. An' Lawton kep' on. "I know all about it," says he. "Ned Hawkins come to me this aft'noon an' tol' me."

"Tol' you what?" says Jim.

"Tol' me what?" says Lawton. "He tol' me 't you said you had a dead sure thing with that filly, an' you got him to forge his father's name to a note for a thousand dolla's to back her with, an' you an' him was goin' to whack up the winnin's. It seems you was givin' us the double cross, for the boy tells me 't he can prove 't you throwed the race, an' I wouldn't put it past you now 't I know 'bout this other thing."

"It's a lie," says Jim, "the hull of it."

"Then you didn't tell the boy you had a sure thing?" says Lawton.

"Yes," says Jim, "I did tell him that, but—"

"I do' want none o' yer buts," says Lawton. "You did tell him that, so there's one thing 't ain't a lie. Did you tell him to go to the bank an' get a thousand dolla's to back the filly?"

"I'll tell you jus' what I tol' him ef you'll let me talk," says Jim.

"Tell me first 'bout this thousand dolla' business," says Lawton. "Did you know he was goin' to get it—yes or no?"

"Yes, I knowed he was goin' to get it," says Jim, "but if you'll let me explain—"

"Explain?" says Lawton. "To h—l with your explanations! You've confessed enough to hang a man in this country, an' I do' want another word out o' you. I never want to see you or hear o' you again. But I'll jus' tell you this. That boy's in for a thousand dolla's. Ef it ain't paid in thirty days he'll go to jail. I know his father. He won't let up on him. An' the boy tol' me to-day 't he ain't got a cent on earth, nor no way o' gettin' one. Now you're jus' 's much to blame 's he is. More, too, 'cause you're older an' you got better sense. They's one o' two things you got to do. Either get that money for him or go 'long to jail with him. You ought to be able to pay it easy after what you done to-day. Ef you can't you sold out mighty cheap. One thing's sure: you can't ride no more in this State. You better go back to Colorado an' go to herdin' broncos again. I should think they'd be just about mean enough to suit you."

An' then Lawton slams the gate an' walks off without another word. Me an' Jim jus' stood an' looked at one 'nother fur 'bout a minute. Jim was as white as a ghost. Then he jus' dropped down on the ground.

"My God!" says he, "what 'll I do?"

"Why, you can prove you didn't do it, Jim," says I. "It's easy 'nough to run down lies like them."

"No," says Jim, "'tain't easy in this case," an' then he tol' me all about the whole business from beginnin' to end.

"I never dreamed 't he was goin' to get the money in any way 't wa'n't straight," says Jim. "He never mentioned his father, an' they wa'n't a word said 'bout whackin' up the winners neither. As for throwin' the race—well," an' Jim put his hand in his pocket, pulled out seven coppers, an' laid 'em down on the gate step, "that's all I've got on earth. That looks like payin' a thousand dolla's, don't it? 'specially when Lawton says I can't ride no more out here. An' if he says so that settles it."

"But it don't settle it everywhere," says I. "Californy ain't the only place in the world, an' Joe Lawton ain't the only man, neither. An' I don't see why you should pay this money. You didn't have nothin' to do with gettin' it. Why don't you stick up fur your rights?"

But Jim said he couldn't do nothin' with Lawton agen him.

"Besides that," says he, "I be to blame. Ned wouldn't never 'a' thought o' gettin' the money ef I hadn't a told him what I did. Lawton's right. I ought to pay that thousand dolla's, or else I ought to go to jail. I can't get the money, an' I won't go to jail—I'll kill myself first."

'Twa'n't no use to argue with Jim. He would stick to it he was to blame. So I give it up. I tell you it wa'n't no picnic a-livin' with him the next three weeks. He ain't the patientest man in the world, anyhow. At last I got to feelin' blue myself. In less 'n ten days that note was a-comin' due, and we wa'n't a mite nearer havin' the money 'n we was at the beginnin'. I'd tried everything I could think of. I wrote an' tol' dad 'bout it, an' asked him ef he wouldn't help us out. But he'd heard the wrong side o' the story first, an' he said he thought I was a fool to have anything more to do with such a feller as Jim was, an' that I'd better leave him an' come home. 'S ef I'd go back on Jim when he was in trouble like that! Dad ought to 'a' knowed me better.

Well, the days kep' a-draggin' by, an' Jim kep' on a-sayin' that he'd kill himself 'fore he'd go to jail. I went to bed one night plumb discouraged. I jus' thought to myself, "I wish we'd both die 'fore mornin'." 'Long 'bout daybreak I got up. I hadn't slep' a wink. I went to the window an' looked out. The first streaks o' light was jus' a-comin' over the range. They seemed like long red and yaller fingers reachin' down to lift the darkness out o' the valley. All to once they come into my head suthin' I'd heard about the night bein' darkest jus' 'fore daylight.

"It's a sign o' good luck," says I, "fur Jim an' me. Suthin's goin' to turn up to help us"; an' sure 'nough suthin' did.

'Fore Jim was up that mornin' one o' the stable-boys brought a despatch that had been sent to the track. I run and waked Jim up. Somehow I thought it was good news, an' sure 'nough 'twas. It come from a hos'man in Kentucky. I've got it right here. We've al'ays kep' it. I'll read it to you.

"LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, May 5th.

"*James Collins, care Joseph Lawton, San Antonio Stables, Sacramento, California:*

"Can you ride my mare —— for Kentucky stakes May 13th? My boy dead. All other good boys engaged. Mare can win if well ridden. Guarantee you $250 and expenses win or lose, $1500 if you win. Keep terms secret. Answer quick. HENRY THURSTON."

"Henry Thurston," says Jim. "That's the man 't come out here to buy Chiquita. He see me ride her. May 13th! This is the 6th. I've jus' got time to get there. That cussed note's due on the 14th. Good God! Sue, if I win!"

"Don't say 'if,' Jim," says I. "You will win. You must win. Oh, I knowed they'd be some way out of it!"

Then we jus' set down an' cried like two big babies. Finally Jim says, "But, Sue, we ain't got no money to go with."

"There's them ear rings you gi' me," says I; "I'll sell 'em. You can buy me plenty more when I want 'em."

Well, we started that aft'noon. Jim got off at the first station an' telegraphed to Thurston. He wouldn't do it from home, he was so 'fraid some one would get on to it an' make trouble for him.

It's wonderful how hope 'll cheer anybody up. Jim wa'n't like the same man. He was jus' as sure o' winnin' that money 's ef he had it right in his hand. We struck a wash-out jus' beyond Kansas City, an' it delayed us so 't we didn't get to Louisville till about three hours before the race. Jim took me to a hotel, an' then he said he'd go an' see ef he could find Thurston. In less time 'n it takes me to tell you 'bout it, they come a knock on the door.

"Come in," says I.

A man stuck his head in, an' says he: "Your husban's got hurt. 'Tain't nothin' serious. But they're bringin' him up stairs, an' I thought I'd come an' tell ye."

'Fore I could say a word the men come carryin' my poor Jim. He'd fell down stairs an' broke his hip. I never see such a look 's Jim give me when they laid him down. It jus' seemed 's ef every bit o' life 'd gone out o' him. He says, in a voice that didn't sound a bit like his:

"Well, Sue, luck's agen us. We may as well give it up."

I didn't say a word. I couldn't. They didn't seem to be nothin' to say. The men got a doctor right away. When he felt o' Jim's hip he shook his head.

"It's a compound fracture," says he. "You'll have to take suthin' 'fore you can have it set." I was so upset that they sent me out, an' I went an' stood by a winder in the settin' room. I waited there an hour, an' ef I live to be a hunderd years old I'll never forget what that hour was like. Then the doctor come in an' tol' me that Jim was all right, but he seemed so nervous that he'd gave him suthin' to make him sleep, an' he thought I'd better leave him alone for an hour or two, so's he'd get rested.

"All right, sir," says I.

He was a gray haired man, this doctor, an' he had a heart 's big as an ox.

"Don't feel so bad, little woman," says he; "your husban's all right. He'll be laid up for a while, but 'tain't 's if we'd 'a' had to take his leg off, now, is it?"

"Oh, you don't understan'," says I. "Jim's gettin' hurt has jus' ruined us."

"How's that?" says the doctor. "Come, tell me all about it. Mebbe I can help you."

"No, you can't," says I, "nobody can't help us." But I tol' him 'bout it, 'cause I felt so kind o' all alone, an' it seemed good to talk to somebody. The doctor wiped his eyes more'n once while I was a tellin' him.

"You poor child," says he. "I'm awful sorry. Can't anything be done? Can't you find somebody that 'll ride for him?"

"It's too late now," says I; "the hos'es 'll start in less 'n an hour."

The doctor got up an' walked to the winder. "I wish to goodness I could do it for you," he says, kind o' half to himself.

"An' God knows I wish I could," says I.

An' then all of a sudden it flashed over me 't mebbe I could. I'd been out with Jim lots o' times when he was exercisin' the hosses. We used to go early in the mornin', an' Jim 'd make me wear a suit o' his clo's an' ride same as he did, 'cause o' course you couldn't put a side saddle on a race hos'. I'd al'ays been a good rider, an' I wa'n't a mite afraid, an' Jim give me lots o' points 'bout startin', an how to drive at the finish. He used to praise me, and once he said, "Like 'nough I'll break my neck some day, an' you'll have to ride for me."

It all come back to me now as I thought o' the fix we was in, an' poor Jim a-lyin' upstairs as helpless as a baby.

"Doctor," says I, "I'm a-goin' to try it. I've got time to get there, ain't I?"

The doctor looked at his watch. "Yes," says he. "You can jus' 'bout do it. But do you s'pose they'll let you ride?"

"They won't know it's me," says I. "Jim's clo's jus' fits me. You go bring me that suit you took off o' him, an' I'll put it on. This man Thurston never see Jim close to. He won't know the difference."

The doctor looked kind o' doubtful fur a minute. "You're sure you won't get hurt?" says he.

"No," says I, "they ain't no danger o' that. Oh, do hurry, doctor, an' get the clo's," says I, 'cause the idea had got hold o' me then, you see, an' I was jus' crazy.

"All right," says he, an' he went an' got 'em, an' while I was puttin' 'em on he found somebody to look after Jim. Then we got in the doctor's buggy, 'cause he said he'd take me, an' started for the track. The doctor said he wouldn't 'a' knowed me at all, the clo's changed me so. I'd twisted my hair all up on top o' my head, an' pulled Jim's cap down tight back o' my ears. When we got to the track, we drove straight to Thurston's stable.

"You better run in by yourself," says the doctor, "'cause Thurston knows me, an' he'd wonder what I'm doin' with you."

I guess mebbe I was shakin' a little, 'cause the doctor says, "Don't get nervous. A good deal depends on your keepin' your head for the next few minutes."

"I'm all right," says I, an' I went on into the stable.

"Where's Mr. Thurston?" I asked a boy.

"That's him, there, goin' over to the paddock," says the boy.

"Run an' tell him," says I, "that Collins, the Californy jockey, is here."

"Why," says the boy, "Thurston's been a-lookin' for you for three hours. He thought suthin' 'd happened to you, an' he's wild. He's got another boy."

"Run an' tell him," says I, "that I'm here, an' I can ride."

The boy caught up with Mr. Thurston, an' he come a-hurryin' back.

"I'd give you up," says he.

I begun to explain about the delay, but he stopped me an' says: "Never mind that now. Get into your colors and hurry over. I'll fix it with the other boy. The mare's gone already."

The stable-boy got me some colors, an' I slepped into an empty stall an' put 'em on. Then I hurried over to the paddock, an' got there jus' in time to be weighed in. I was only three pounds under weight, an' that was easily fixed, an' a minute later I was standin' by Bonnie Belle gettin' Thurston's instructions.

"Lay well back until you get into the stretch," says he, "then come hard, an' you'll win easy. They's nothin' else that can touch her except that ugly brute Trojan, an' I ain't much afraid o' him. But don't use the whip."

The post bell rung, and it was time for me to mount. I didn't do it as easy 's I'd ought to, bein' in Jim's place. Thurston give me a quick sharp look, but he didn't say nothin'. I didn't give him no chance, 'cause I started right off. As I passed the gran' stan' I heerd the folks a-cheerin' an' a-shoutin':

"There she is!" "That's Bonnie Belle!" "There goes the winner!"

Then I begun to realize for the first where I was an' what I'd undertook to do. An' ef I'd a felt jus' 's I did then while they was time to back out, I don't believe I'd 'a' tried it. But I was in for it now. I thought o' poor Jim an' that braced me up again, an' I went on to the starter. They was only five horses, an' we got the flag right away without any breaks.

I felt Bonnie Belle bound under me like a bundle o' steel springs. She didn't seem to weigh more'n a feather. At the first quarter we was all in a bunch. I was a-holdin' Bonnie Belle back jus' 's Thurston 'd tol' me to. Jus' 'fore we got to the half mile Trojan's jockey begun to let him out. The other hos'es crep' up a little. I kep' on a-holdin' back. 'Fore we got to the three quarters they was all ahead o' me. But Bonnie Belle was a-pullin' hard, an' when we'd run the mile she'd passed all but Trojan. He was a length ahead, an' a-goin' for all 't was in him. So 't jus' 'fore we turned into the stretch they was two lengths between us. I couldn't wait no longer. I let her go.

"Now!" says I. "Now! Good girl! Win! Win for Jim an' me!"

It seemed a'most 's if she flew, but that black devil ahead was a-flyin' too. She got her nose nearly up to his saddle, an' then she couldn't get no further. An awful fear took hol' o' me. There was the finish line only a furlong off. I could feel 't Bonnie Belle was a-doin' her level best, an' she wasn't gainin' an inch.

The people on the stan' begun to yell: "She's beat! she's beat!" "The Belle's beat!" "Trojan wins!" "Trojan! Trojan!"

I tell you them words come down on my heart like chunks o' ice. I see everything all in a flash, jus' 's they say folks sees things when they die—Jim's pale face with that heart-broke look on it, the note due to-morrow, Jim 'rested in prison, our whole lives black, black, black forever, an' still that beast kep' ahead. It seemed 's ef he'd a hundred devils inside o' him.

Only twenty rod more! Bonnie Belle flew on like a bird. Trojan still held his half a length. An' the crowd kep' a-shoutin':

"Trojan wins!" "Trojan! Trojan!"

All to once suthin' seemed to take hold o' me. I jus' got desperate. I brought the whip down on Bonnie Belle with all my might and sent in the spurs.

"Now, Bonnie! Now! Fur Jim's sake! Fur God's sake! You must win! You shall win! O God, help us to win!"

I couldn't only gasp the words, but I'll always believe 't Bonnie Belle understood. Two jumps more an' she was at Trojan's neck. All her blue blood was up. Another jump an' she was even. One more an' I landed her under the finish line first by a head. The race was mine, an' Jim was saved.

I never was much on prayin', an' I ain't never made no great perfessions. But when I prayed for that race, I b'lieve God heard me. The parsons say He don't take much stock in hos' racin'. But He helped me that day, sure. An' when I pulled Bonnie Belle up an' rode back to salute the judges I jus' kep' a-sayin' over 'n' over: "Thank God! Thank God! Thank God!"

They said the people went plumb crazy, but I didn't hear 'em. I didn't hear nothin', nor see nothin', nor sense nothin' only 't I could go back an' tell Jim.

How I ever got down an' weighed out I don't know. It had to be done, you know, else the race wouldn't be mine, an' when I stepped off the scales, I didn't know nothin' more till I felt somebody tryin' to pour suthin' down my throat. Then I opened my eyes. There was Thurston, the weigher and two or three jockeys. They said I'd tumbled down in a dead faint, an' they'd took me up an' put me on a bench. They was the most 'stonished lookin' set o' men I ever see, 'cause when they'd lifted me my cap 'd fell off, an' down 'd come my hair. Soon 's I could speak I says to Mr Thurston: "Is it all right? Did I win?"

"Well," says he, "you won, but I don't know whether it's all right or not. Who be ye?"

"I'm Collins, all right," says I, 'cause I knowed that was the name that was up for Bonnie Belle's rider. "But I ain't Jim Collins. I'm Sue Collins, Jim's wife."

"Well," says Thurston, "if your name's Collins the race is all right. But where's your husban'? Why didn't he ride?"

"I'll tell you all 'bout it," says I. "'Tain't no more'n right 't you should know."

So I up an' tells 'em the story, same 's I've told it to you, an' it jus' seemed to break 'em all up.

"You see," says I, "that race was run for bigger stakes 'n you knowed anything 'bout."

"An' you won 'em fair an' square, Sue," says a voice jus' behind me. I turned 'roun', an' who do you think was there? Jim? No. How could Jim 'a' got there? 'Twas ol' Joe Lawton. Yes, sir, ol' Joe Lawton, an' d' you know the tears was jus' a-runnin' out'n his eyes. He come up to the bench an' says he:

"Sue, I've been a dam' scoundrel, an' I'm willin' to get

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"AND HOLDS THE FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLA'S RIGHT 'FORE HIS EYES."

down on my knees an' tell you so. God knows I didn't mean to do it."

"Ef you'd 'a' only listened to Jim," says I.

"Yes I know girl I know," says he. "But I didn't. The only thing I can do now is to try an' make it up to him." An' then he jus' gathered me up in his arms. "You blessed little woman!" says he. "You've got the stuff in you. I'd back you every time."

"That's all right," says I, "but we're a losin' time. I want to go an' tell Jim. Won't you gi' me the money, so's I can take it to him, Mr. Thurston?" says I.

"Certainly I will," says he. And he did.

So we all went—Thurston, Lawton, the doctor (he'd got 'round by that time), and me, still wearin' the colors. Jim was awake, an' was a-wonderin' what 'll become o' me, when in I walks and holds the fifteen hundred dolla's right 'fore his eyes. Then he had to be tol', o' course. We all took a han' at tellin' him. Jim jus' looked from one to t'other, an' never said a word.

"Don't you catch on, ol' man?" says Lawton. "Don't you take it in? Lemme try an' bile it down for you. She's rode the race, and won it, too, like a baby, an' here's the money, which you don't pay a cent of to nobody. I've got the rights o' your story now, an' 's soon 's you're well I'm goin' to take you back home with me, an' I'm goin' to try an' get even for havin' treated you so mean. Do you understand now?"

An' Jim he never said a word. He jus' smiled, an' put up his two han's like a baby, an' ol' Joe Lawton bent over an' kissed him.

MR. CLEVELAND AS ARBITRATOR.

A South American republic usually only needs half of an excuse to go to war with a neighbor or to have an internal revolution. He is a careful student of South American affairs who can recall the wars and revolutions during the past twenty years that have wasted the substance of the people who in this hemisphere dwell south of the equator. A government down there seems always to have a chip on its shoulder, and to be spoiling for a row. When, therefore, two of these countries emulate the example of the United States and conclude to arbitrate their differences instead of fighting the matter out in the field, the event is entirely worthy of note. The Argentine Republic and the United States of Brazil have long been at odds over their boundary, the difference involving the ownership of the territory of Misiones, which lies between the Paraná and Uruguay rivers. The President of the United States was chosen as the arbitrator, and he will shortly have the case laid before him and hear it argued at Washington.

Though arbitration between South American governments is unusual, it is not at all unprecedented, as there was a very important arbitration as to South American territory three hundred and fifty years ago. Then the contending parties were Spain and Portugal, and that eminently wicked pope, Alexander VI. (Rodriguez Lenzuolo Borgia), was the arbitrator. He had a map made by the famous cosmographer Diego Ribero, and settled the matter by drawing a longitudinal line across the newly discovered Western world. He decided that to the left of this line Spain must confine her researches, and that to the right Portugal was to carry forward her schemes of exploration and colonization. This map has ever since remained in the library of the Vatican, but early this year it was sent to this country, and is now at the World's Fair in Chicago.

The representative of the Argentine Republic in this arbitration, Señor Estanislao S. Zeballos, the newly appointed Minister from the Argentine Republic to the United States, will arrive in New York about the time that this paper goes to press. We give his portrait in this number. Señor Zeballos is one of the most eminent men in Argentina. He is a journalist by profession, and has written several valuable books. He has also been prominent in the politics of his country, holding the high positions of Speaker of the House of Representatives, Postmaster-General, and twice Minister of Foreign Affairs. He has also been a member of the faculty of the University of Buenos Ayres, lecturing on international law and social sciences. Señor Zeballos, who is only forty years old, has also been an explorer, and served with the government expeditions to the Pampas. As a result of these explorations he wrote the books *Conquest of Fifteen Thousand Miles* and *Voyage to the Land of the Araucanians*.

THE LOSS OF A GALLANT LIFE.

Lieutenant Powhatan H. Clarke, of the Tenth Cavalry, was drowned ten days ago in the Little Big Horn River, near the fateful spot where Custer and his command were massacred in 1876. Lieutenant Clarke, one of the most gallant and distinguished of the young officers of the army, was introduced to the readers of this paper three years ago by Mr. Frederic Remington, who was on terms of intimate friendship with the young cavalryman. Lieutenant Clarke was also known to the readers of the Weekly by reason of the several valuable articles that he contributed to it on the German army. He was noted in the cavalry as a hard rider, a hard fighter, and a most zealous officer. In the campaign of 1886 against the Apaches he distinguished himself by his gallantry, and was rewarded with the medal of honor. Mr. Remington, in the article alluded to, thus speaks of the gallant action which won the medal for Lieutenant Clarke: "He once pulled a wounded corporal under cover from Apache bullets at some little personal risk, since they fired some fifty shots at him, and replied to some admiring friends concerning it, 'Well, what else could I do?' Of course it is readily seen that he could do nothing else, although most other men would be fertile enough in expedients to devise a way for not doing the thing at all." This was characteristic of the young soldier, who never missed an opportunity to risk his own life and safety in the interest of any one in danger.

Lieutenant Clarke was born in Virginia, but was Louisiana French in his blood. He was graduated from West Point in 1884, well towards the head of his class. He entered the Second Cavalry as Second Lieutenant, and was immediately assigned to duty on the frontier. He remained there till 1886, during which year he won the medal for gallantry. He was then assigned as military attaché to the Legation in Berlin, where he entered a crack Prussian regiment and took a year's service. His soldierly qualities won for him the regard of the German officers with whom he served. His papers about the German army are considered by military men to be very valuable. Mr. Clarke was promoted to be First Lieutenant in 1891, and assigned to the Ninth Cavalry. As soon, however, as he could arrange it, he was transferred back to his old regiment. He was married about a year ago, and his young wife survives him.

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL TRAINING-STATION.

Lying off the old town of Newport, and connected to it by a causeway, is the island of Coaster's Harbor, ceded by the Rhode Island Legislature to the United States government for use as a naval training station for apprentices. Admirably adapted for the purpose by its extent of ninety-two acres, made healthy by the salt breeze of the sea, sufficiently isolated to be practically a place apart, it well fulfils the needs of such an institution.

The desirability of recruiting the naval service from the youths of the country was long since recognized, and following the first inception of the idea came the practical development of methods tending to produce the best results. The system now in vogue is the outcome of the experience of various commandants, who, profiting by the successes or failures of their predecessors, and adding the benefit of their individual wisdom and thoughtful interest, have gradually united the somewhat loose threads of a quite as loose management, and brought forth system and order and unquestionable success.

The law allows at present 1500 apprentices to the service. They are represented in many ships, and are in various capacities. The crack young gunners and the smart boatswains of to-day are the product of this system of training begun at the station and continued throughout the service vessels.

Since the birth of what is known as the new navy and the reputation this most promising child has acquired at home and abroad, the sailor ambition has sprung up afresh in the breast of Young America. On the receiving-ships at Boston, Newport, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington applicants present themselves for enlistment. The requisites are few: a lad must be between the ages of fourteen and seventeen inclusive, and must have the written consent of his parents or guardians; he must be able to read and write. Then if he passes the necessary physical examination, he is enrolled among those whose services are to be given the government until they are of age.

Government begins by presenting the lads with an outfit of clothing to the value of $45. They are taken in hand by the authorities on the receiving-ship, instructed in a general way as to what their duties will be on board ship, then in drafts of twenty or more are sent to the training station at Newport, where their work really begins. Here the *system* shows at once. Discipline, mild but firm, prevails at all hours. Placed at first in the "new-comers' squad," the boys are taught to keep themselves and their clothing in order, and are made to do it. Well trained school masters and masters-at-arms have a constant surveillance over them. A young commissioned officer is in command of the division, who directs and supervises it in all respects. Handling these boys thus, so many of whom have never before felt what control meant, requires an infinite amount of tact, patience, and forbearance. The number at the station sometimes is as great as four hundred, in all stages of advancement. These are four hundred individual characters who require almost four hundred methods of treatment. Indiscriminate encouragement, scolding, and punishment will not answer. A boy's nature is a complicated one. To foster his best and discourage his other traits is not an easy task. Constant, unremitting attention is demanded and given. The interest in the work comes from the daily progress and the gratification in sending forth a fine manly set of lads who three or four months before would have been called unpromising by the inexperienced.

SPAR DRILL ON THE DUMMY MAST

From the new-comers' squad the boys qualify for regular divisional training. They are carefully and individually taught to knot and splice, make hitches and bends, and taught also the use of the compass, helm, log-line, and lead-line. They are taken by divisions to the *Richmond* and for a month remain on board, exercising with sails and great guns. On shore they are taught signalling and the use of weapons—the sword, the rifle, the revolving and the rapid-fire guns. They are never idle. With the exception of Saturday afternoons and Sundays, the instruction goes on constantly, with proper intervals for recreation. Monotony is avoided. The method can best be shown by a daily routine for shore and another for ship. The routine every day is different.*

Their recreation, not considering the fifteen minutes between periods, comes after 4.45 in the afternoons. Large lawns, with no warnings to keep off the grass, give ample facility for baseball, football, or whatever games these lads prefer, and especial pains are taken to provide them with the necessary outfit for amusement. The excellent station band plays for them an hour every day at this time, and a merrier, more light-hearted lot of boys cannot be found. They grow rapidly in physical stature, and become as tough and sinewy as young athletes. In bad weather they are entertained evenings in the gymnasium by interesting lectures, written by the chaplain, on all subjects which can appeal to their intelligence and add to their instruction. Physical geography, naval history, and the stirring events of the civil war are capitally illustrated by stereopticon views. The amount of information absorbed in this way is no small factor in their general instruction. There are bulletins posted every day, where, in large frames, are pasted clippings culled from all the leading dailies which bear on naval topics.

In a reading room is a large library, with desks for their exclusive use. A thousand or more selected books offer them a reasonably large field from which to choose. Harper's Weekly and the other healthy illustrated papers, together with the leading magazines, are regularly placed there for their benefit. They are encouraged to read; they are made to work, and to play they need but little help.

As for their food, it is of the best—simple, wholesome, and nutritious. A bill of fare is prepared differing each day and with the season, which is considered far better even than the remarkably good rations now furnished ships of war.

From the stranger who visits the training station come generally many expressions of genuine wonder and surprise that such an institution exists in so large a way. They had heard of it, but thought of it more as a place where boys were herded until they were sent to sea.

The truth is that from here the bone and sinew upon which must depend our success in fighting are being furnished; and an engagement between two modern war vessels means much. Given armor and guns, they avail but little without the necessary skill to manage them. Granting that the officers of the ship are among the most clever, they must depend in a great measure upon those under them. If these latter be untrained, ignorant, or careless, dire results but too often follow. The best men are those best trained, and the best training can only be acquired by experience and by time. The lads starting from the training-station at Newport with well-defined ideas of what discipline means, and why it is exacted, with a thorough foundation of the elements upon which to build, go to the cruising training-ships for further instruction, return, and are drafted into the general service. In the mean time individual worth and ability have found their level, and the green lad has risen to be a warrant officer, another is a petty officer, others less gifted naturally are in a lower rank, but all, when called upon, are ready and able and willing to maintain the dignity and prestige of their country.

E. W. Sturdy.

* INSTRUCTION AND DRILL ON SHORE.

		1st Period. 9 to 10.	2d Period. 10.15 to 11.	3d Period. 11.15 to 12.	4th Period. 1.15 to 2.	5th Period. 2.15 to 3.	6th Period. 3.15 to 4.	7th Period. 4.15 to 4.45.
Monday.	1	Gymnastics.	Infantry and Pistols.	School.	Sewing and Mending.	Sewing and Mending.	Sewing and Mending.	Artillery and Swords.
	2	Artillery and Swords.	School.	Gymnastics.	Gunnery and Aiming Drill.	Boats.	Seamanship and Signals.	Infantry and Pistols.
	3	School.	Seamanship and Signals.	Gunnery and Aiming Drill.	Boats.	Artillery and Swords.	Infantry and Pistols.	Gymnastics.
	4	Seamanship and Signals.	Gunnery and Aiming Drill.	Infantry and Pistols.	School.	Gymnastics.	Artillery and Swords.	Signals.

INSTRUCTION AND DRILL ON "RICHMOND."

		1st Period. 9.30 to 10.30.	2d Period. 10.45 to 11.45.	3d Period. 1.15 to 2.15.	4th Period. 2.30 to 3.30.	5th Period. 3.45 to 4.45.
Tuesday.	Sec. 1 and 2.	Seamanship and Signals.	Boats.	Sail and Spar Drill.	Great Guns.	Gymnastics.
	Sec. 3 and 4.	Boats.	Sail and Spar Drill.	Seamanship and Signals.	"	Aiming Drill.
	Sec. 5 and 6.	Sail and Spar Drill.	Seamanship and Signals.	Boats.	"	Gunnery.

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SQUAD AT GYMNASTIC DRILL.

GUNNERY AND AIMING DRILL.

SWORD PRACTICE OF THE ARTILLERY SQUAD.

IN THE WASH-HOUSE.
Boys scrubbing their Clothing.

INSPECTION DAY.
Boys with their Clothes neatly rolled waiting for the Officer.

AT THE NEWPORT NAVAL TRAINING-SCHOOL.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 739.]

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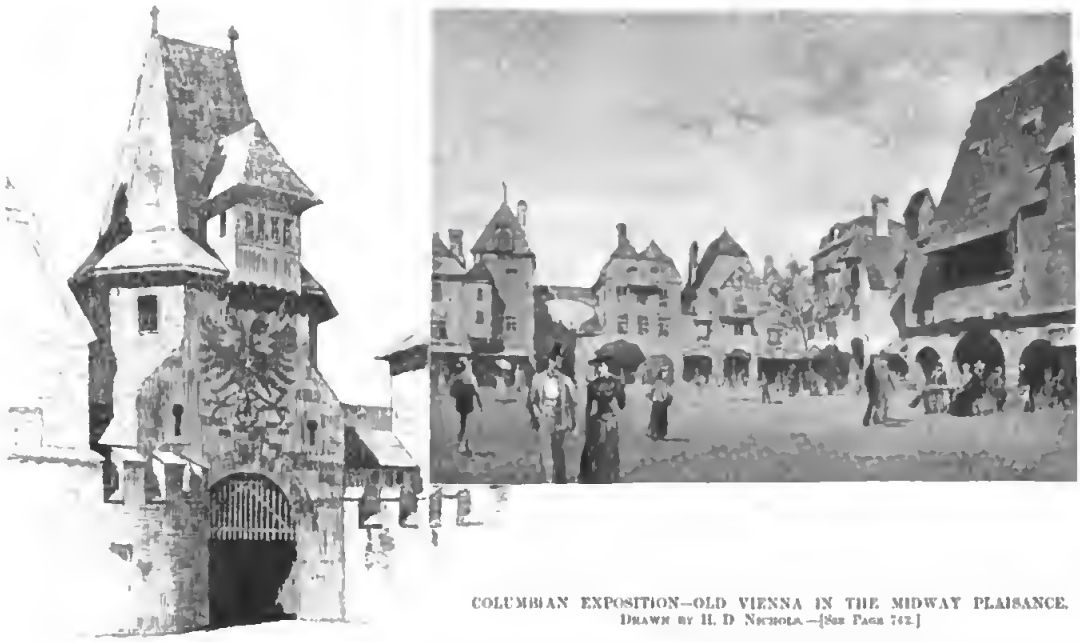

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—OLD VIENNA IN THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.
DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.—[SEE PAGE 742.]

MUSIC AT THE FAIR.

IT is well for the pilgrim to the World's Fair if he have music in his soul and be moved with concord of sweet sounds. Not that even so the fair is a bed of roses, for there is most awful cacophony to be heard upon the Midway Plaisance. There are two or three authentic and awful bagpipers caterwauling attention to one of the side-shows, to wit, the "World's Congress of Beauty." Then there are a Turkish orchestra and an Egyptian orchestra and an Algerian orchestra, all of the same model, and comprising a giant mandolin and a violin played like a 'cello, and drums beaten by hand. Yea, there is a Chinese orchestra, nay, there are two Chinese orchestras—one in the theatre, and one outside calling attention to the performance—and each more terrible than the other. These are in Eccles' vein. The Javanese orchestra is more condoling, consisting of mild flutes and an assortment of, as it were, zithers, and a large, so to speak, violin, but they are all soft and inoffensive instruments. All the same, the lover of what the civilized modern man means by music will get little good out of the barbarous bands.

What he will delight in is the civilized music. There are two bands in the German village, the same bands that were heard in New York, and these are presumably of the average, though certainly they are not the pick of German military bands. They discourse music which is a very good accompaniment to the relection one finds in the German village, and which is sometimes worth a more attentive listening. In "Old Vienna" there is a good orchestra—a very good orchestra from the beer garden point of view, which is also that of Old Vienna. There is an Italian band in one of the restaurants which contains a rather remarkable boy fiddler, and the Hungarian orchestra, erstwhile at the Eden Musée, may be heard at another restaurant. In fact, the music of the Midway is like the regimental bands of England as set forth by Mr. Rudyard Kipling:

> "You can't get away from the tune that they play,"

and after a time this becomes a bore, no matter how good the tune may be. But this music is an "incidental divertissement" to the cent-a-penny shows of the concessionnaires. It is not official, so to speak, nor at all in the nature of an exhibit. The authorities of

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—AN EVENING CONCERT NEAR THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.—DRAWN BY VICTOR PERARD.

the fair dealt very wisely with the official music by making an ample appropriation for it, and putting this appropriation virtually into the hands of Mr. Theodore Thomas to expend. The appropriation was probably liberal beyond precedent, for it was of no less a sum than $500,000. This has sufficed and will suffice for the production on a scale that is very seldom possible of the great works of music, especially of choral music, that are not often to be heard as their composers meant them to be heard, for lack of resources. Not only have the most famous and familiar oratorios and cantatas been thus given, but Bach and Berlioz and Brahms have been heard as well as Handel and Mendelssohn, and have been heard to wonderfully good advantage, sometimes from the Apollo Club of Chicago, a body of singers that has reached a high degree of proficiency under the direction of Mr. Tomlins the choral conductor, and sometimes from visiting bodies. Among these latter has been the Liederkranz of New York, the concert of which, under Mr. Thomas's baton, was not only of high musical interest, but was in the nature of a "reunion," and gave occasion for a deal of honest German enthusiasm. Mr. Thomas having once been the conductor of the society. A very noteworthy musical event, having something of the same added interest with that of the Liederkranz, was the production of Brahms's "German Requiem" by the Cincinnati chorus, of which Mr. Thomas was also at one time the director, if not the leader. The performance was most impressive, and justified to hearers to whom it had not been so fully justified before the claims that are made by so many competent judges to a place in the very first rank of choral and orchestral compositions for the author of this noble work.

The "Exposition Orchestra" is composed of 114 players very carefully chosen from Europe as well as from America. It has been playing together now for months almost daily and under the same direction with the result that might be expected. It is probably the finest body of instrumentalists that is to be heard anywhere in the world. It has been heard not only in accompaniment to the choral works just mentioned, but also in frequent orchestral concerts, many of them free. When the lover of music bears in mind that the programmes for these concerts are made by Mr. Thomas and executed under his direction, he will perceive that it is very well worth his while to go to Chicago, were it in that capacity alone.

In addition to this ample provision for what we may call the higher music, there is an ample provision of mere World's Fair music which aims no higher than to be the fitting accompaniment of a festal occasion, without descending to the street sing of the comic operas and the hand organs. Besides the two fine halls for careful listeners to serious music, there are three band stands, two flanking the Administration Building and one upon the lake front of the great building of Manufactures, and these are occupied all the afternoon by three bands of the best that America can produce in the way of military bands, of which three the best is perhaps the Cincinnati band.

By daylight they accompany very appropriately the festive and animated scene, and enhance its effective course. They—or at least the two of them that flank the Administration Building, in the rear of the electric fountains—are even more effective at night when the basin and its bordering buildings are defined with lines of white and steady lights, and the Administration Building comes out as a series of terraces outlined in light, and wearing the dome as a diadem of fire, and in lurid contrast to the steadfast incandescence of the electric lights, eight huge smoky torches flare and flicker on each of its four fronts against the base of the dome. Then, while the launches are gliding and the gondolas rocking over the dark surface of the basin, suddenly a band blares out in some plantation melody or favorite overture, and brings to the marvellous spectacle the enjoyment of another sense than that of sight. Without the music, the marvellous spectacle would still be incomplete. The strains that float the air and float out over the water complete it, and mingle with it inextricably in the minds and the memories of those who are privileged to behold a sight such as has never been seen elsewhere or before, and such as they can never forget.

AN INDIAN PRINCE.

A REAL Oriental potentate will be a great addition to the attractions of the fair. Though the Maharajah or Rajai Rajagan (King of Kings) has a fine mouth filling title of his own he is by no means the most important or the most typical of Indian Princes, like that "Prince of India" of whom General Lew Wallace is presently to tell an eager public. He is by no means so tremendous a dignitary as the perfidious Rajah of Jobore, who announced some time ago that he was coming and who even, we believe, despatched an embassy to smooth his pathway to Chicago. All the same the Rajah of Kapurthala is somebody when he is at home. The fact that his annual revenue is about $750,000 will of itself insure him the respect and wonder of Chicago, and put him upon the enviable eminence where lard kings dwell.

He has had losses, however, this rich and dignified and apparently amiable young man, who has come under the escort of a British officer, and bringing one of his wives with him to remark the wonders of the West. The present area of his possessions in the Punjab is but 800 square miles, and the population under his sway—sway much mitigated by "British influence"—is about 250,000. So that he would not as a territorial magnate be of much more account than one of the hereditary Serene Highnesses of the German principalities in the old days. But there were few indeed of these who had clear incomes of three quarters of a million a year. On comparing his principality and his revenue, it will be evident that the Kapurthalans are worked for all they are worth. Once upon a time his forebears held much larger possessions, but these were lost by their bad judgment in taking the wrong side in the first Sikh war, but some of them including the present Kapurthala, were restored by reason of the good service done by the Rajah during the mutiny of 1857, in fore our present visiting was born, for he is now but twenty one. Also the Rajah of the mutiny received another grant of lands in Oudh, about as big and populous as what was left of his ancestral kingdom, from which he derives a large part of his income, though in this his position is not that of a ruler but only of a landlord.

The Rajah arrived in New York on the 21st of July, purposing, under the guidance of his British mentor to see something of the Atlantic States before adventuring to Chicago and Frisco. His experiences however, have decided him to return again from Chicago after he has done the fair, and having investigated such of American institutions as he has leisure for, to take slip back to Southampton, and do a little more of Europe, especially Germany, which he has thus far neglected, before returning to his principality. Among the institutions with which he has already familiarized himself are Coney Island, the pool system on transatlantic steamers, the Stock Exchange, the Brooklyn Bridge, and the Central Park. He has also called on or rather at the Mayor of New York, and was received by the acting Mayor. Of course the balls and other functions with which the civil authorities would delight to honor him in the winter are not feasible in the middle of July. Newport was next to New York in the princely programme, and after that Boston, Saratoga, Niagara Falls, and Chicago. He expects to return East August 10th, and spend four days more before he sails for Europe.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

AN APPEAL TO THE EMPEROR.

[It is rumored that the following appeal has been forwarded to the German Emperor by certain Commissioners in Chicago.]

O WILHELM, canst thou say no nay when we ask you to come
And see our wondrous Fair, good sir, a sight to strike you dumb?
Hast not observed that Spain has sent her sweetest and her best,
Who put herself into our hands and let us do the rest?

Hast thou observed that Rampur's Lord—the great and famed Nawab—
Has come among us with his suite, and shared our soft-shelled crab,
Has sailed across the ocean vast to see our monster show?
If he hath come, O Kaiser, is't for thee to answer no?

Hast taken note that he who rules in far-away Johore
Has left his wives and riches there upon his native shore,
To travel o'er the stormy deep to this home of the free,
Despising all discomforts so that with us he might be?

We have with us the Ifike of Tick, the Boo of Ballyback,
In mighty state hath likewise come the Pip of Tamarack.
The Lig of Mangalopse is here, the Blog of Rallypoo,
The Tarara of Boomdey, we hear, is coming too.

Can Kaisers falter when the great of other lands come here?
Is't for a Hohenzollern now to greet us with a sneer?
Come over, gentle William; come and see our wondrous States
Lest not a Kaiser be outdone by lesser potentates!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

"OLD VIENNA" AT THE FAIR.

AMONG all the pleasant places of the Midway Plaisance there is none pleasanter than the reproduction of "Old Vienna." Nor is there any place in the world in which such a reproduction would be more effective. Old Vienna in New Chicago! A town of two hundred years ago hard by a town that, as the stranger sees it, is nowhere more than twenty one or two years of age. It is true that Chicago dissembles her newness under the soft coal smoke, but it is evident all the same, and the cry for antiquity in Chicago is as genuine as that of the American tourist in Europe. Moreover, the reproduction is uncommonly well done, and does credit to the concessionaire, whoever he may be. Of course it is a mere stage setting, like the great exhibition buildings themselves for that matter, but it is a very admirable piece of scenery. If it has a rival among the sible-shows, that rival is the German village, but Old Vienna is a more complicated and elaborate reproduction than the German village. Moreover, it is a reproduction of an original that cannot be seen now, even in Vienna itself, having been destroyed by the march of improvement. It is reproduced from old prints and other authentic documents so as to give a very vivid notion of a square in Vienna two hundred years ago. The old house fronts blink down at you with a delightful and completely illusive air of antiquity. Whether the houses consist of anything more than fronts above the ground floor is hidden from the ken of the visitor, but there is no doubt about the ground floor. For here are shops in which all manner of Austrian, Hungarian, Bohemian, Bosnian Herzegovinian wines may be had. Here are restaurants, of which the tables overflow into the central space and where one may dine, upon the whole, more satisfactorily than at any other place in the fair grounds. Moreover, there is a good orchestra always playing in the evening, and playing well, the true Viennese strains of Strauss. To enjoy these creature and aesthetic comforts, and to watch the circulating crowd, with the background of the picturesque peaked and turreted houses between you and the sky—this is one of the chief delights of a fair of which the delights are many.

SOME SUMMER GARDENS.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

THOSE who leave New York as soon as the first hot weather comes, and stay away in the country, in the mountains, or by the sea until the cool autumn nights begin to color the foliage with flute of red, do not thoroughly understand what some other people mean when they say that New York is the most comfortable and most pleasant summer resort and sea-side pleasuring place to be found anywhere in America. And even those who usually venture to uphold such a pretension on the part of New York are not generally acquainted with anything like the full capacities of the metropolis to furnish amusement for the people during the heated season. When they speak of the comforts and pleasures of New York as a resort they generally allude to the fact that the city houses and city hotels are more comfortable than those in Saratoga, Long Branch, Cape May, and Richfield Springs, that the city restaurants are better than those elsewhere, that many theatres are still open, that the clubs are not all deserted, and, most of all, to the fact that more pleasant short excursions by water and by rail are available to the residents and sojourners in New York than to those in any other city in the world. But there are very many pleasure-places open to that vast multitude of toilers who take little or no account of grand hotels and well-appointed restaurants, and to whom an excursion either by boat or rail is so very rare an occurrence as not to be thought of except as a something almost beyond reach. But even these have their summer resorts—resorts easily and cheaply accessible from all parts of the town.

If an adventurer, bent on explorations and discoveries, will wander either to the east or west of the great central thoroughfares that run north and south he will find upon almost every corner a liquor and beer saloon, and if he will then go past the side door or "family entrance" he will find another entrance to a little court or back yard, and over the door will be the sign "summer garden." If the explorer will venture into one of these little places he will doubtless find half a dozen plants in large pots or tubs, and a dozen or more tables with chairs about them, and frequently there is a canvas awning to keep the sun off during the day and the rain off when the weather is bad. In the more ambitious of these gardens there is sometimes music, but this is rare. Here beer is served, and less harmful beverages too, and sandwiches, and the thirst-provoking pretzel. These little gardens are frequented by Germans, and they are also the neighborhood club rooms in June, July, August, and September, after which the clubs move back into the main rooms of the saloons that are in front of the "summer gardens." But such places are merely adjuncts of places of resort always in commission, and while they are undoubtedly pleasanter to lounge in than the stuffy rooms of which they are subsidiaries, they are not pleasuring places in a large sense. But there are many large places only known in name to the class referred to as preferring New York for summer residence.

These large places are on both the east and west sides of the town, and situated near to the northern terminal of the elevated railroads, and also on the fronts of the rivers—the Harlem, the Hudson, and the East. A description of one of these gardens would in a great measure serve for them all. This is not so because one pattern, one plan has been used in them all, but merely because the general characteristics are the same, and because all of them are used for purposes very similar. We read in the daily newspapers that there has been a great disturbance and a free fight at one or another of these gardens, and conclude that therefore they must be solely the resort of dissipated and dissolute men and women who take their pleasures boisterously and intemperately. But this is by no means a fair conclusion. The Academy of Music in its day of greatest glory was used for many different kinds of entertainment. The stage was occupied now by artists of the grand opera and now by actors playing Shakespearian dramas, again, the knights of the burnt cork would crack their stale jokes, twang their unmusical banjoes, and beat their bones of wood, and again the gladiators of the prize ring would pummel each other out of breath, to the delight of mobs of men with brutal instincts. At other seasons the very flower of society would waltz over the main floor with the dignified reserve that strict convention requires, while the very next night on the same floor there would be one of those balls at which all of bohemia would be present, and amateur high-kickers and ladies in short skirts would perform feats of agility that seem out of place except in a circus ring. But the old Academy of Music did not suffer in reputation on account of the many changes of occupants, and the difference in the manners of those who at various times gave entertainment and were entertained. The Academy was a place of public entertainment, and was hired by any person of moderate respectability who could also pay the rent. And so is with these summer gardens which bear rather a bad name—a name made worse, perhaps, because we only hear of them when there has been a disturbance, and because at such times we learn that the collisions have been the result of a too free indulgence in beer instead of in the more costly champagne, which at the Academy and such other better known places was usually productive of like results.

Some of these gardens occupy an area greater than an entire city block, and there are always trees and shrubbery, under and around which tables and benches are disposed so that both food and drink can be served in the open air. There are sheds in other places also furnished with benches and tables to be used when the weather is bad, and also when there is any very great gathering. Disposed along the walks that run like aisles between the benches are the kinds of cheap amusements always to be found at country fairs. There are lifting machines, lung testers, phonographs, fishing pools, cane rings, and so on. The merry go-round is of course a feature of every garden; and of course, also, each of them is abundantly provided with swings—swings that hold two and four persons, but none of the unsocial sort, in which one person only can soar at a time. These are all provided for the purpose of coaxing thrifty nickles from children and those young men and young women who have not put off childish things. The swings, I was informed, earned their keep, but by indirection. No charge is made for their use, but an experienced and observing garden proprietor said that they served him an excellent purpose, as the motion of soaring aloft inspired the young men and women with generous thoughts, it made them expansive and careless of cost. And so a young fellow who only meant to give his sweetheart ice-cream and lemonade would be sure to begin his supper with beer and clam chowder and have the lemonade and ice cream as well.

But the main place of attraction in all of these gardens is the dancing pavilion, where there is nearly always a large floor, and always a good smooth one. In this regard the men and women who dance at the New York summer gardens are not worse off than the most fashionable folk who take more mild pleasures at Newport and Bar Harbor. A nimble dancer can waltz or polka or execute the embarrassing *cavalier seul* undeterred by any consideration for the floor. If his feet and legs and skill are all right he can depend on the floor. The music, too, is well enough, for it is in time, good dancing time, and what more can be asked for by one who really cares for dancing? And that is nearly what nine out of ten of the young people who go to these gardens are present for. The beer, the lemonade, the clam chowder, the ice cream—these are mere incidentals. The dancing is the first and last cause that has moved them to encroach upon their too short hours of leisure. It will surprise many who have never been adventuresome enough to visit any of such places to know that these young people dance surprisingly well.

The dancing may be said to be in three styles—German modified German, and pure New York. Of the German I need say little, for every one who knows or cares aught for dancing knows all about the Teutonic style, with its bounce and its spring and the topline qualities which make the heads of spectators to swim with dizziness. No better German dancing can be seen anywhere in the world than in the summer gardens of the American metropolis, and of all the performers on the excellent floors of these dancing pavilions none seem to enjoy themselves as thoroughly as those who trip it with German steps in German style and with German enthusiasm. They show their satisfaction in heightened color, in brightened eyes, in smiling lips. And later they show it in their thirst for and appreciation of the beer that is served in glasses all too small. The modified German style of dancing is where the dancers take the steps

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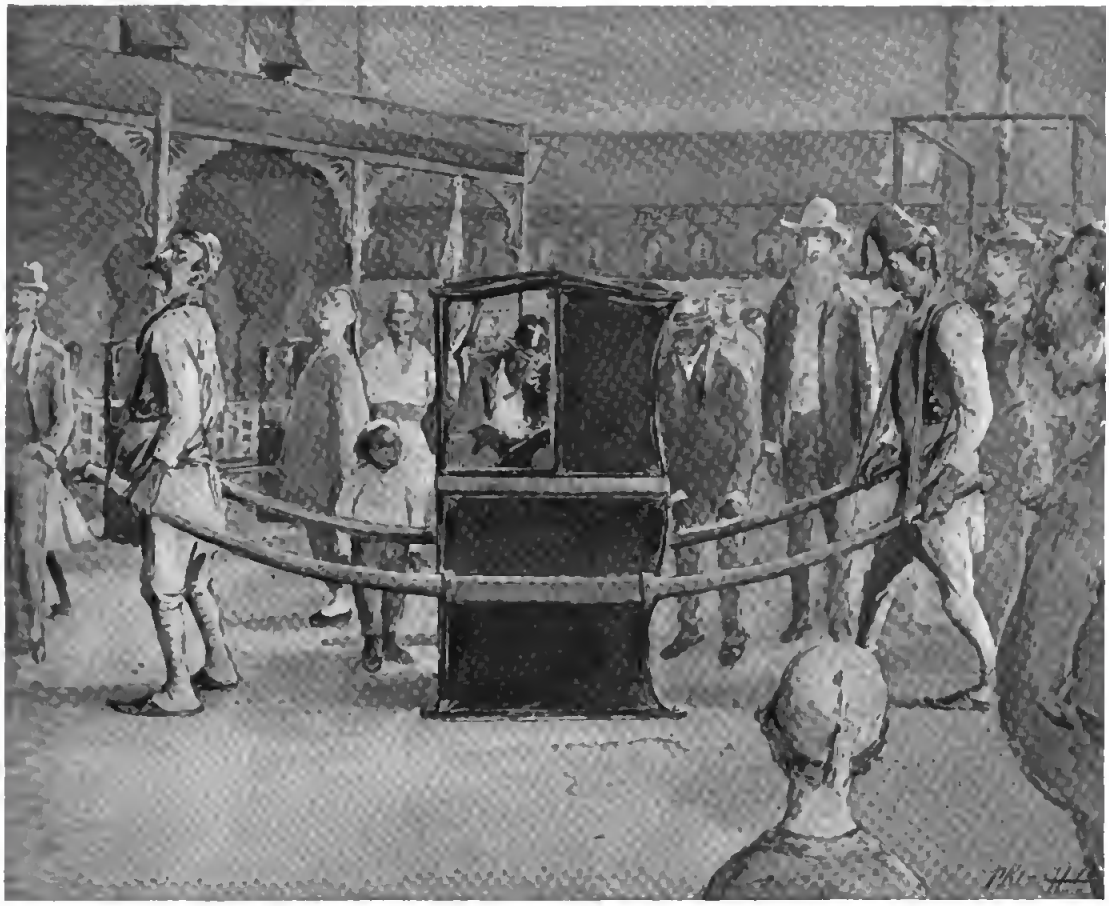

THE JOHNSON FAMILY ON THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.

MRS. JOHNSON (*who has with difficulty crowded her ponderous self into a Eolian chair*). "WOT'S DE MATTAR DEY DON'T GO, EH?"
MR. JOHNSON (*with great delicacy*). "DE POLES SEEM LIMBAR, SOEZ DE MACHINE DON'T MISS DE GROU'N'."

with accuracy, where there is a little spring, a little bounce, but where they do not whirl ceaselessly round in one direction, as though impelled by an engine that could not be reversed. Instead of this topline motion the dancers who practice this other step turn first one way and then the other, making the reverse movement after the man has taken one step backward. This style is certainly very graceful, and has many advantages in enabling the couple to avoid collisions and other mishaps. Of all the dancers at the summer gardens probably one half adopt the German and the modified German. The other half dance what I trust I may be pardoned for calling pure New York. If the same step is practised elsewhere I am sure I have never seen it, and if I am merely ignorant in the matter then I fancy it flourishes elsewhere than in New York as an importation, a transplantation from the metropolitan gardens to other such in the great sister cities. There is dignity, repose of manner, quiet, and calmness in those who use the New York step. There seems to be a conscious expression of content on the faces of the men and women—an expression of content that comes rarely from any other cause save that of a consciousness of being in perfectly good form.

I trust Mr Penfield, who has made the pictures for this article, has caught the proper attitudes of these New York dancers, for I fear my capacity to explain it so that those who never saw it will fully understand it. The man holds his back perfectly straight, and if there be any inclination it is the reverse of that of a soldier standing at "attention," for he probably slants, if he slants at all, a little back from a perpendicular. His head he holds high in the air, and a little to the right, as he needs to do, for he wears his hat, which would come in contact with the head of his fair partner were his position otherwise. The lady leans a little forward, the angle of slant being determined by her own height and the height of her partner. It is necessary for her to get her chin snugly and safely on his left shoulder, so the angle of inclination in different couples varies. The man puts his left hand midway between the waist and shoulder blades of the lady, her left hand passes a little beyond his shoulder and rests on his back. Their right hands are joined, and are held straight out from the shoulder, so straight that there would seem to be no joints at the elbows. And now they start off. They do not begin to spin on their toes as the Germans do, they do not glide from the balls of the feet as is the practice of the modified Germans, but they "back and fill" in a manner peculiarly their own, and with the whole of the feet on the floor all the time. The man pushes the woman back one step, and then turns her half way round; then he goes back two steps and turns his partner half-way round again, but not in the same direction as before, so that a whole revolution has been completed, but in an opposite direction; then he pushes her back a step, then the half revolution again, and so on and on. In this way, according to the New York step, the dancers never turn entirely around. There is a calm about this kind of dancing that must be witnessed to be understood. I tried to get at the genesis of the style, but failed, perhaps because there is no definite person in any of the social circles of America with enough authority to say by example that this and that shall be the vogue.

In the gay days of the Jubilee year in London I saw his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at the New Club, then his favorite place of resort. The Prince is fat and thick of breath, and walking is probably more to his taste than waltzing, and so when he took his partner on the floor he would put his left arm about her, walk half-way round the room, then catch the step and her other hand and turn like mad till his short breath was gone. Now this style of dancing was certainly not pretty, but that the Prince should have invented it was enough, and all the swells and dandies of the great world of London waltzed that way just as though none other had ever been invented. Perhaps the man who invented the New York style of dancing had a wooden or a cork leg, and found a half-revolution more to his liking than a full one; and perhaps, too, he was imitated by men with a full complement of legs, just as was the Prince of Wales by those not handicapped by age and fat and defective breathing apparatus.

The entertainments at these gardens are usually open to all comers who will pay the admission fee of fifty or twenty-five cents, but they are not exactly proprietary entertainments, for it is generally the case that some club or lodge or union is responsible for the rent of the garden and the payment of the musicians. The profit on liquid and solid refreshments is a matter of arrangement, but the proprietor of the garden usually takes this. These gardens are rented out to the classes of people in between those represented by a lodge of Knight Templars and a club of Gentlemen's Sons, and of course the fastness and furiousness of the fun is graded accordingly. Knight Templars have one standard of propriety and Gentlemen's Sons another, the difference between the picnics—for that is what these summer garden entertainments are called—being as great as between the Charity Ball and the French Ball. And then there are intermediate grades, such as the Letter Carriers' Union, the Upholsterers' Society, and so on down to the Merry Owls, the Jolly Bachelors, and that full flower of Bowery chivalry, the Society of Gentlemen's Sons. What would be very decorous behavior among the Jolly Bachelors and the Merry Owls would be scandalous conduct at a Freemasons' or letter-carriers' gathering. Of course it would, but each is all right in its place. To live up to the standard that convention sets is good manners all the world over, and the Merry Owls and Jolly Bachelors are all right in their way. The shocked moralist, taking a narrow minded view of what to him would seem great license of manners and freedom of conduct, probably fears that all this leads to evil. No doubt it does lead to some evil, but if we are to judge by what the daily newspapers tell us every morning, all roads lead to more or less evil, and no one can be considered safely intrenched in goodness and beyond the reach of evil until the grave has reaped its harvest and the church has sainted the soul. These places are really schools of manners, for there is always a line of conduct beyond which it is not safe to go. Not only are police officers present, but each garden has one or more able bodied men to preserve order, and these, elegantly called "bouncers," are ubiquitous. And in some places they mildly request every one to be very much on the further side of a misdemeanor, for in one place I noticed this conspicuous placard.

> A TRUE GENTLEMAN
> WILL NEVER SIT ON STAND ON A
> TABLE OR STAND ON THE BENCHES
> OUT OF RESPECT TO THE LADIES

Now that tells its own story. Every man of them, whether he be a Gentleman's Son or a Jolly Bachelor or merely a Merry Owl, feels that he is expected to be a true gentleman, if not for his own sake, at least "out of respect to the ladies." That is not such a bad code in its way, and I am quite confident that it is quite as good as any Mr Ward McAllister ever formulated. Saturday nights these places are closed on the stroke of twelve. Other week nights they are open till well on to daylight. In the afternoons these gardens are occupied chiefly by quiet family parties, generally German. They enjoy themselves after their own harmless fashion, sipping their beer, smoking their pipes, and renewing the assurance of their devotion to the Fatherland.

On the Jersey shore and on top of the Palisades opposite New York are two famous places for outings. One of these, Eldorado, not only has a beautiful though rather pretentious summer garden, but also an amphitheatre in which an enormous ballet is exhibited in a spectacular pantomime. Further up the river is Fort Lee, which a few years ago was famous, because there it was thought that the city tough on pleasure bent could be seen to better advantage than even at Coney Island in its primitive days. But the toughs had too good a time, they were unrestrained by the necessity to be "true gentlemen," and so they disported themselves with such fearsome merriment that the property-owners of the neighborhood organized a Law and Order League, which has succeeded in preventing the places of amusement near Fort Lee from securing licenses to sell liquor. Without liquor the places could not thrive, and now those once gay resorts are almost silent, and Ruin and Decay have writ their names large on every side.

In the fabled Gardens of Hesperides there was a dragon with a hundred heads. In these metropolitan gardens there are dragons too, but they are the same beasts of prey that lurk on every side in every land inhabited by man, and not a whit less difficult to subdue.

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SUMMER GARDENS IN NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY EDWARD PENFIELD.—[SEE PAGE 742.]

ALBANIAN PEASANT WOMAN.

GREEK PEASANT GIRL.

GREEK PEASANT

ALBANIAN PEASANT WOMAN.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ATHENS.

POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL.

A GREEK SOLDIER IN THE NATIONAL (ALBANIAN) UNIFORM.

AN OLD ATHENIAN OF THE PRESENT DAY.

A GREEK FARMER OR SHEPHERD.

ALBANIAN PEASANT AS HE APPEARS IN THE STREETS OF ATHENS.

MODERN ATHENS.—From Photographs.—[See "Rulers of the Mediterranean," Page 746.]

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VI.—MODERN ATHENS.

PERHAPS the greatest charm of Athens and of the islands and mountains round about it lies in their power to lure back your belief in a great many fine people of whose remarkable deeds you had grown sceptical—of whose existence even you had begun to doubt. It is something very serious when one loses faith in so delightful a young man as Theseus, and it is worth while sailing under the lee shores of Crete, where he killed the Minotaur, if for no other purpose than to have your admiration for him restored. If we could only be as sure of restoring by travel all of those other people of whom our elders cursed telling us when we left the nursery, I would head an expedition to the north pole, not to discover open seas and altitudes and eclipses and such weighty things, but to locate that nice and kindly old gentleman, and his toy store and his reindeer, who used to come at Christmas-time, and who has stopped coming since I left school. It is certainly worth while going all the way to Greece to see the Hill of the Nymphs, and the very cave where Pan used to sleep in the hot mid day, and to thrill over the four cross roads and the high glossy pass where the Sphinx lay in wait for Œdipus with her cruel claws and inscrutable smile. The story that must always strike every child as most sad and unsatisfactory is the one which tells us how the father of Theseus killed himself when his son came sailing back triumphant, and so gallantly engaged in entertaining the beautiful Athenian maidens whose lives he had saved, that he forgot to hoist the white sails, and caused his father to throw himself off the high rocks in despair.

This used to appeal to me as one of the most pathetic incidents in history, but as time wore on my sympathy for the father and indignation against Theseus were away, and I forgot about them both. But when they point out where the black sails were first seen entering the bay, and you stand on the rock from which the people watched for Theseus, and from which his father threw himself down, you feel just as sorry, and you rebel just as strongly against that morbid anti-climax, as you did when you first read the story in knickerbockers. It seems almost too sad to be true.

They had such a delightful way of mixing up the histories of gods and mortals in those days that the imaginative person who visits Athens will find himself gazing as gratefully and as open-eyed at the rocks in which the Centaur hid as at those from which Demosthenes delivered his philippics, just as in London the room at the Charter House where Colonel Newcome said "Adsum" for the last time is much more real than that room in Edinburgh in which Rizzio was killed, or as the rock from which Monte Cristo sprang, at the base of the Château d'If, is so much more actual than the entire field of Waterloo. It is hard to know just which was real and which a delightful myth, and yet there has been so little change in Greece since then that you are brought nearer to Aleibiades and to Pericles than you can ever come, in this world at least to Dr Johnson and Dean Swift. You cannot recreate Grub Street and the debtors' prison, but Athens still "looks on Marathon, and Marathon looks on the sea," and, if you are presumptuous, you can strut up and down the rocky plateau from which Demosthenes spoke or take your seat in one of the marble chairs of the Theatre of Dionysus, and pretend you are a worthy citizen of Athens listening to a satire of Sophocles.

The quiet and fresh cleanliness of modern Athens comes to you after the roar and dirt of Cairo's narrow lanes and dusty avenues like the touch of damask table linen and silver after the greasy oil cloth of a Mediterranean coasting steamer. It is quiet, sunny, and well-bred. You do not fight your way through legions of donkey-boys and dragomans, nor are your footsteps echoed by swarms of guides and beggars. It is a pretty city, with the look of a water-color. The houses are a light yellow, and the shutters a watery green, and the tile roofs a delicate red, and the sky above a blue seldom shown to ordinary mortals, but reserved for the eyes of painters and poets, who have a sort of second sight, and so are always seeing it and using it for a background. Athens is a very new city, with new streets and new public buildings, and a new King and Royal Palace. It is like a little miniature. There is a little army, chiefly composed of officers, and a miniature cabinet, and a beautiful miniature university, and everybody knows everybody else, and when the King or Queen drives forth, the guard turns out and blows a bugle, and so all Athens, which is always sitting at the caffés around the square of the palace, nods its head and says, "The Queen is going for a drive," or, "Her Majesty has returned early to day," and then continues to clank its sword and to twirl its mustache and to sip its coffee. Modern Athens tends towards the Frank in dress and habit of thought. The men have adopted his costume, and the women wear little flat curls like the French ladies in *Le Figaro*, and peaked bonnets and high heels.

The national costume of the Greeks is taken from the Albanians, but it is much more honored in the breach than in the observance. Like all national costumes, it is only worn, except for political effect and before a camera, by the lower classes and also by three regiments of the army. You see it in the streets, but it is not so universally popular as one would suppose from the pictures of Athens in the illustrated papers and by the photographs in the shop windows. It is a most remarkable costume, and as widely different from the flowing robe and short skirt of the early Greeks as men in accordion petticoats and heavy white tights and a Zouave jacket must evidently be. In the country it still obtains, and it is the farmers and peasants and their wives and the soldiers who supply the picturesque element of dress to the streets of the city.

It is an inscrutable problem why, with all the national costumes in the world to choose and pick from, the world should have decided upon the dress of the Frank, that is, of the foreigner—ourselves. In Spain the peasants have given up their knickerbockers and short jackets, even in the country, for the long trousers and ill-fitting ready-made clothing of a French "sweater," and the Moors wear their robes with overcoats from Manchester, and the Arabs and Chinese and Swiss and Turks are giving up the picturesque garments that are comfortable and becoming to them, and look exceedingly ugly and uncomfortable in our own modern garb, which is the ugliest and most uncomfortable of national costumes yet devised by men or tailors. If you judge by the uniforms of the army of officers and by the dress of the women of Athens, you would think you were in a French city and among French people. It seems a pity that this should be so; that Athens, of all cities, should be built of Italian villas, inhabited by people who ape the French, and governed by a King from Denmark, still, they did not make a success of it when they tried fifty years ago to govern themselves. It is perhaps hardly fair to expect the Greeks, or even the Athenians, to live up to the great rock and the monuments that crown it, and the people of Greece are no doubt as fine as those of other little kingdoms or principalities scattered about Europe, but then the other kingdoms and principalities have not the history of early Greece to call their own or the Acropolis to look up to.

The rock of the Acropolis is hardly more a part of modern Greece than the Rock of Gibraltar is a part of Spain. Geographically it is, but it belongs as much to the visitor as to the native, so little inspiration has he apparently drawn from it, and so little has it served to bring out in him to day those qualities that made demigods of his ancestors. I think I represent the average intelligence, and yet at this moment I cannot think of any Greek within the last hundred years who has gained world-wide renown, either as a sculptor, an artist, a soldier, a writer of comedies and satires, or a statesman, not even as an archæologist, the very historians of Greece and the expounds of its secrets and the most profound of its excavators are of other countries. They have many heroes of their own: you see their portraits or their photographs in every shop window, but they are not as familiar to you as the faces and histories of those other Greeks who sighed because there were no more worlds, and whose fame has lasted long after the other worlds were discovered. One would think that some young Greek, on arising in the morning and seeing the Acropolis against the sky, would say to himself, "To day I shall do something worthy of this!" And were he to say that often enough, and try to live up to the fortress and the temple above him, he might help to make Greece in this known world what she was in the smaller world of her day of glory. It is not because the world has grown and given her more with which to compete that she has fallen into lesser and lesser significance; for though the world has increased in latitude and longitude, it has not yet carved another Homer like that of Praxiteles, and though it has added three continents since his day, it has never equalled in marbles the fluttering draperies of the Flying Victory, or the carvings over the doorway of the Erechtheum.

But, as far as in him lies, the Greek has endeavored to copy the traditions of his ancestors. He holds Olympic games in the ancient arena which King George has had excavated, and if victorious receives a wreath of wild olives from the hands of the King, and he builds the new market where the old market stood, and the new military hospital as near as is possible to the hospital of Æsculapius. But he cannot bring back to the market place that very human citizen who cast in his shell against Aristides because he was sweary of hearing him called the Just, nor can either his games or his hospital bring back the perfect figure and health of the men whose figures and profiles have set the model for all time. He has, however, retained the Greek language, which is very creditable to him, as it is a language one learns only after much difficulty, and then forgets at once. He even goes so far as to put up the names of the streets in Greek, which strikes the bewildered tourist trying to find his way back to his hotel as a trifle pedantic, and he prints his daily newspaper in this same tongue. This is, perhaps, going a little too far, as it leaves you in some doubt as to whether you have been reading of the Panama scandal or a reprint on the battle of Marathon.

Baron Sina, a Greek banker, has shown the most public-spirited and patriotic generosity, and taste as well, in erecting the buildings of the university at his own expense and giving them to the city. They are reproductions in many ways of different parts of the temples of the Acropolis in miniature. The Polytechnic is almost an exact copy of the front of the Parthenon. There is a picture of it from a photograph given in this article, but it can supply no idea of the beauty of the modern reproduction of this temple. The lines and measurements are the same in degree; and the Polytechnic, besides, is colored and gilded as was the original Parthenon, and for the first time makes you understand how brilliant reds and beautiful blues and gold and black on marble can be combined with the marble's purity and help rather than cheapen it. It is a lesson in loveliness, and is as wonderful and brilliantly beautiful a building as the marble and gold monument to the Prince Consort in Hyde Park is vulgar and atrocious. If this copy in miniature, this working model of the Parthenon, moves one as it does, it can be better taken for granted than told here how great are the strength and purity of the Parthenon, even in ruins, with its gilt washed to a dull brown and its colors and bass-reliefs stripped from its pediment. I shall certainly not attempt to tell it.

There are very few tourists who visit Athens in proportion to those who visit far less monumental ruins, thousands go to Rome and see the Colosseum, to Egypt and view the storied walls of the great rude temples along the Nile, and so many more make the tour of the English cathedral towns, but in Athens it is almost difficult to find a guide. There are not more than a half dozen, I am sure, in the whole city, and the Acropolis is yours if you wish, and you are often as much alone as though you had been the first to climb its sides. I do not mean by this that it is neglected, or that relic hunters may chip at it or carry away pieces of its handiwork, or broken bits of the Turkish shells that have shattered it, but the guards are unobtrusive, and you are free to wander in and out in this forest of marble and fallen trunks of columns as though you were the ghost of some Athenian citizen revisiting the scenes of his former life.

There is no question that half of the pleasure you receive in wandering over the top of this great wind blown rock, with the surrounding snow-touched mountains on a level with your eye, and the great temples rearing above you or lying broken at your feet, magnificent even there, is due to your seeing them alone, to the fact that no guide's garrulous solubility harasses you, no guard's scornful gloom chills your enthusiasm. The great bay of turquoise blue and the green fields and the bunches of cactus and groves of dark olive-trees below are unspoiled by modern innovations, and the hills are still dotted with sheep and shepherds, as they were in the days of Sappho.

Overhead is the blue sky, with the ivory columns between; far below you is the steep naked rock, or on the other hand, the two semi-circles of marble seats cushioned with velvet moss and carpeted with daisies and violets, and beyond the limbs of the yellow town and its red roofs and dark green gardens stretches the green plain until it touches the sea, or is blocked by Mount Hymettus or Mount Pentelicus, beyond which latter lies the field of Marathon. Sitting on the edge of the rock, you can imagine the actors strutting out into the theatre below, and the acquiescent chorus chanting its surprise or horror, and almost see the bent shoulders and heads of the people filling the half circle and leaning forward to catch each word of the play as it comes to them through the actors' masks.

Sounds, no matter how far afield, drift to you drowsily, like the voice of one reading aloud on a summer's day—the bleating of the sheep in the valley where Plato argued, and the jangling of a goat's bell, or the laughter of children flying kites on the Pnyx, a quarter of a mile away. And beyond the reach of sound is the Ægean Sea weltering in the sun, with little three-cornered sails, like tops, or a great vessel drawing a chalk line after it through the still surface of the water. All things are possible at such a time in this place. You can almost hear the bees on Mount Hymettus, and you would receive the advance of a Centaur as calmly as Alice noted the approach of the White Rabbit. You believe in nymphs and satyrs. They have their homes there in those caves, and in the thick green, almost black, woods at the base of the Parnes range, and you love the bravery of St Paul, who dared to doubt such things when he stood on the rock at your feet and told the men of Athens that they were in many things too superstitious. It is something to have seen the ruts cut in the rock on the top of the Acropolis which kept the wheels of the chariots from slipping when the Panathenaic procession moved along the Via Sacra to the Eleusinian mysteries, to have looked upon the caryatides of the Erechtheum, and to have wasted back as a lost part of your own self, for the time being, the Elgin marbles. When Napoleon stole the Venus of Milo he placed her in the Louvre, where every one will see her sooner or later, for if he is good he goes to Paris when he dies, and if he is bad he is sure to go there in his lifetime. But who has ever been to the British Museum? One would as soon think of visiting Dartmoor prison. And how do the marbles look under the soot-stained windows or the gray of London fog? Like the few Lord Elgins did not want, and that stand out like ivory in their proper height against the soft sky that knows and loves them? When the people of Great Britain have returned the "Elgin marbles" to Greece, and the Rock of Gibraltar to Spain, and the Koh-i-noor diamond to India, and Egypt to the Egyptians, they will be a proud and haughty people, and will be able to hold their heads as high as any one.

One cannot help feeling that the King of Greece has a much greater responsibility than he knows. Other monarchs must look after their boundaries; he must not only look after his boundaries, but his sky-line. Another such affront to good taste as the observatory on the Hill of the Nymphs, and the sky-line of Athens will be unrecognizable. And the tall chimneys at the Piræus are not half as attractive to the view as the spars of the ships. It is much better not to have manufactories that must have chimneys than spoil a view which no other kingdom can equal. Any king can put up a chimney, very few are given the care of an Acropolis; and if the King and Queen of Greece wish to be remembered as kindly by the rest of the world as they are loved dearly by their adopted people, they will guard the treasure put in their keeping, and sweep observatories from sacred hills, and continue to limit the guides on the Acropolis, and so win the gratitude of a civilized world.

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.*

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

XIX.

LATE one afternoon Ogden threw down his desk top put on his street coat, felt in his pocket to be sure that Atwater's baleful memorandum was still there, and took the elevator up to the eighteenth floor. He had been as conscious of that memorandum all through the day as he would have been of a mustard plaster. On taking it out and rereading its minutiae folds he almost felt as if he were about to dispute a debt of honor.

Atwater was in, but he was completely taken up in radiating his careful affability upon some promising clients who wanted not only shoes but the house that went with them. Ogden got no closer to him than to secure the attention of the clerk whose duty it was to mediate between the contractors and the plans they were to follow.

He was an alert, nervous young man, with a big shock of unruly hair and a pair of large luminous eyes behind his hooked and shimmering spectacles. He ran his long, lean, inky fingers through his hair, and transferred his wide eyes from the memorandum to the man who had brought it in.

"No," he said presently; "It's all right—there's no mistake. Mr Atwater took a good deal of interest in this work. He sketched out some of the drawings himself, to start with, and he even touched up a few of them to finish with."

"Touched up a few of them to finish with?" George repeated, inquiringly.

"Yes, he don't do that often. When he does, it makes a difference, it ought to."

The whole matter was coming to assume the aspect of a personal favor, it was a debt of honor, after all. The groom, the upholsterer, and the rest of them might wait, it would give them time to learn the value of an elegant "presence" and the compelling force of personal acquaintance.

The doors, hung and paid for, swung open many times during the following winter and spring, to admit people whom as a wife assured him, it was an advantage to know. He became conscious that she was actuated by motives quite different from his, and that she had a standard quite at variance from any that he himself would have set up. She strained for people that he would not have turned his hand for. Most of those had familiar names, and it sometimes seemed to him as if many of them had had their place in the social yearnings of Cornelia McNabb. Certainly his wife's attitude was quite different from that of the Floyds, who had been disposed to pooh-pooh quietly almost everybody, and also from that of her own parents, who simply accepted the circle that chance and association had formed for them, and met everybody on the same dead level of good will.

During Lent his wife arranged a small musical; another Mary Monson had arrived—this time from Cincinnati. The names of the performers included only those of amateurs of the better sort—since she knew that good professional services were quite beyond her reach; yet chairs, awnings, and refreshments called for the expense of outside super-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1002.

vision. The morning before it she put a slip of paper into his hands.

"You are going right past the *Tribune*. Won't you just leave this with them?"

It was an announcement of her musical. It included a list of names—not those of the performers, but those of the listeners.

"All old friends—in print," her husband commented. "What do you care for these people? Why don't you ask the Fairchilds?—they're quiet, but they're nice, and they like music. Why don't you have your father and mother? I haven't seen either of them for a month."

His wife writhed delicately in protest. Her winter had increased her paleness. The blue veins were bluer in her temples; her large eyes looked larger yet, and there were faint circles under them.

"Well, Cecilia doesn't fancy Mrs. Fairchild very much, in the first place—"

George bit his lip. By the curious workings of chance he had never yet seen Cecilia Ingles, but he no longer joked about her non-actuality. She appeared to be looming up as the great power in his household.

"—and besides," she proceeded, "who would recognize their names if they saw them in print?"

George stood like a looker-on at a transformation scene, before whose eyes the gauze veils are lifted one by one in slow succession. "Oh, then," he said, and less in jest than in earnest, "there is no use in enjoying ourselves unless we put it in the papers, and no use of putting it in the papers unless we can give a list of names and no—"

"Now, George!" She flushed with vexation.

"—and no use of putting in a list of names unless they are names that will be generally recognized. Well, that *does* cut out the Fairchilds and your poor mother too. And mine." He looked at her narrowly.

"Now, George," she cried again, "how can you be so disagreeable? You know papa and mamma wouldn't care anything for this, nor your mother either. And it isn't the only thing I'm ever going to have. I can ask her yet, though, if you want me to."

"Oh, fiddlesticks! Only don't lose your head. Here, give me that precious notice. Perhaps, before long, people who are after names will be just as anxious to get yours."

"You silly boy!" she cried, striking him lightly across the shoulder. But she was pleased and gratified by this, and she was not able to conceal it.

Following Lent there was the usual social aftermath. For Mrs. George Milward Ogden the major stress of the season was over, but she gave a few luncheons and she went to a good many others. These little functions sent dozens of ladies tripping through the raw winds and the slushy streets of spring. The lake, weltering under the gray skies of March, dashed its vicious sprays high over the sea wall and sent its cruel blasts gashingly through the streets that ended on its confines. And at such signals asthma and bronchitis and pneumonia dug their clutching fingers into the throats and lungs of thousands of tender sufferers.

Jessie's supplementary doings were of too informal a nature to demand the entrance of outside help but at the same time they were of a kind to lay the maximum strain upon the small and simply organized household which was all that her husband was as yet able to maintain.

About every so often the domestic tension overtook the breaking-point. An interregnum would follow, and then a change of dynasty. The blame for these economic hitches George was obliged to distribute with an even hand. He acknowledged frankly the mere muddlishness of most of the peasant material that oozed in and out of his kitchen, but he was also obliged to recognize the utter tactlessness of his wife and the folly of her unguarded exhibitions of conscious superiority. She had never before been able to issue directions to two servants and she had never acquired the practical experience necessary for the control of even one. She referred to her servants in their own hearing as servants, and this did not seem to her as inconsiderate from the point of humanity or unwise as a mere matter of policy.

The burden of this fell principally upon her husband. He was obliged now and then to temporize with an indignant cook to secure a dinner for the evening; on one occasion he employed all his finesse to effect without scandal the removal of a frantic chamber-maid, and he became more familiarly known to the intelligence offices than he had ever expected to be. His wife was manifestly incapable of keeping a house, and he was committed to housekeeping for a year to come.

March passed and April came. One evening they sat together in their little parlor. The weather outside was raw and rainy, and not all of its chill could be kept out by the grate fire over which Jessie was cowering and shivering. She wore a fleecy wrap on which her thin fingers took a sinuous clutch, and she was nursing a cold whose sniffling discomfort seemed passing into an obstinate cough. She was running over the newspaper carelessly.

"I see Mayme Brainard's mother has just died," she said presently. "'On the eighth of April, at her residence'—and all that—'Abigail Brainard, aged fifty-six years.' Wasn't she any older than that? Well, I suppose not. No great change for her, is it?"

"What did she die of?"

"Oh, it was her lungs. It's a wonder that anybody lives through these springs. I can't think why we ever got so close to the lake as this. I don't feel sure of getting through another winter here myself."

She leaned forward to stir the fire, and then lay back, coughing.

"I suppose they'll let Mayme come home now—for the funeral anyway. I wonder if she'll bring the baby. He swears he won't see it. Cornelia says it's a pretty little thing—Abbie was down there a month ago."

George stared at the fire thoughtfully, and reached mechanically for the poker.

"I don't know how they will feel, now, about staying in that house," she went on. "Cornelia wants to move the whole family over here, but Abbie won't listen to her. I don't know whether she likes her own part of town, but she seems to have taken a strong dislike to this. Anyway, she has never come near me, for all you helped them at her brother's wedding. Cornelia appears to think everything of her, though, and I guess she likes Cornelia quite a little. Funny, isn't it, that those two— Goodness, George, don't knock the fire all to pieces. Here; let me have it."

She took the poker from him.

"Dear me, what a miserable flue!" She looked at him discontentedly as she settled back wearily in her big chair. "And we've really got this house on our hands for a whole year more!" She seemed to feel in this one year the weight of eternity.

"That's what the lease says," he responded, soberly. "What do you say?" his eyes seemed to ask.

She spoke her thoughts presently and at some length. She proposed giving up the house on the first of May. Was it a passing caprice or a serious desire? he wondered.

"Shall you take your porch and your doors with you?" he asked, with a sorry smile. "They cost enough to be worth considering."

"No," she answered, with the simple literalness that builds a stone wall in a moment. "We shouldn't need them in an apartment-house."

"That's the idea, is it?"

"Yes, it strikes me that that would be the best thing all around—an apartment-house, with a café or something. Lots of nice people live that way now. Look at Cecilia Ingles's cousin, she is invited everywhere and she entertains just the same as if she was in her own house. It's too hard work for me to run things like this, and I've just got to get farther away from this miserable lake."

"There's all the furniture."

"We could use some of it."

"And store the rest?"

"Yes—or auction it."

"Small profit in either. What are you going to do with the lease? Store it, or auction it, or use it for furnishing?"

Her lip quivered sensitively. "Why, I supposed—"

"Yes, we can sublet the house—if anybody is found to take it. There was something of a wait before we took it. There might be another."

"There's that Mrs. Cass—"

"I don't know how much she could do in three weeks—a good many people are fixed by this time. Two weeks sooner would have made some difference. I couldn't very well afford to carry the house all through the summer.

"GOODNESS, GEORGE, DON'T KNOCK THE FIRE ALL TO PIECES!"

There's a bottom to our pocket-book, and we are getting to it faster than you think."

This was a figure of speech that called for no direct response. For—

"Well," she went on, "that's my idea—a flat, with our meals. This would give me my chance to get away for a part of the summer—I'm sure I need it."

"Away for a part of the summer?"

"Yes. Mary Munson was saying something about my going to the White Mountains with her in July. They would do me good. Though perhaps the sea-shore might be better, plenty of those down-East people are indebted to me now."

Another of those gauze veils was lifting. Married life was but a prolongation of girlhood, with all its associations and peregrinations. Where did the husband come in?

They left the house on the first of May. George recognized by this time the essential slightness and incapacity of his wife, and renounced the possibility of a home in any but a modified sense. Part of their goods was sacrificed at auction, part was stored at a rate that would have provided a home for a working-man's family, a few pieces were utilized in filling up a partly furnished flat, and the deserted house remained vacant through the summer. It was not until October that its ornate front and its tasteful decorations caught the eye of the right man, and by October a complication of interests had made a vacant house the very least of Ogden's concerns.

The place came under the consideration of the Floyds as soon as the intentions of the Ogdens became known. A decided change had come over Walworth's affairs, a less expensive house than his present one now seemed a great advantage. But his own lease ran for a year more; besides, his wife had too high an idea of their position and its dues to think of succeeding the young Ogdens in such a tenancy. The Floyds, as a matter of fact, were sinking to bed-rock—a foothold whose reality they had never tested yet; and there need be no wonder that the beginning of their downward course was marked by a slow reluctance. Walworth endeavored to make good the shortages occasioned through his brother's clippings by intrusting Ann with commissions on his behalf upon the Open Board—affairs in which she was no more successful for him than for herself, while his wife, for the first time, made some efforts in a society for which she had always had a shade of careless contempt.

The Ogdens established themselves anew in a large building where they had four or five small rooms, and where they could breakfast and dine with a few hundred persons of like requirements and like situation. George now began renewed efforts to turn to account the property for which he had received deeds from McDowell. His half-year of married life had put him in an awkward and straitened position, and the usual activity in real property that comes with the spring was something of which the utmost advantage must be taken.

He placed some of his outside acres with one or two good houses, but this entire side of business seemed pervaded by apathy.

"It's going to be an off year," he was told. "Acres are down, and it looks as if they were going to stay so—for some time anyway. We'll take this, though, and do what we can. You pay this year's taxes, of course?"

So much for the real estate. McDowell's notes, which he had made to run for a longer term than pleased anybody but himself, showed the due and prompt endorsement of interest payments, and if there was anything else in the general situation to call for gratulation, Ogden failed to discover it.

XX.

Jessie Ogden's supposition with regard to Mayme Brainard was justified by events: the poor exile was allowed to come back to town to attend her mother's funeral, and, thanks to a providential escort, she was enabled to bring her child with her. The two arrived under the charge of a distant relative by marriage of the Centralia Brainards, who was understood to be on the point of visiting the city anyway, for the purpose of "buying goods." He was presented by the name of Briggs.

He was a somewhat uncouth and slovenly man of thirty-five—a fair specimen of the type evolved by the small towns of southern Illinois. But he had a bright and capable way with him, and it seemed likely enough that if he were to transfer himself and his business to Chicago, as he once spoke of doing, he might work himself up into pretty fair shape. He was a widower.

He showed some fitting sense of the solemnity of the occasion that had brought him to the house, but it was fair to surmise from various tokens that his usual treatment of the subdued young mother was in the line of familiar kindness, which only genuine solicitude kept apart from semi-jocularity—a jocularity that had almost the effect of an understanding. He seemed to have about the same understanding with the baby; he had held it part of the time on the train, and he had shown a willingness to be useful in the same direction subsequently.

Brainard saw the child once. He looked at the boy's dark hair and eyes and vented a dreadful oath, and signified that while he and his mother were in the house the infant must be kept out of sight and out of sound.

Abbie Brainard made no effort towards further mediation between her father and her sister. The present status was endurable, and there was little to be gained by additional appeal to the irascible old man; it was irascibility rather than sorrow which now possessed him. Nothing irritated him more than an address to the deeper emotions, and the passing of his life-long partner was an address of this character. And this irascibility had risen to a pitch of fury on account of the unfortunate resemblance of Mary Vibert's child to its father.

Abbie was still leading her old life in her old way. She had her reading, her accounts, her church work; but she went at these with less energy than she had shown a year ago. She had lost something in flesh and something in spirits, but nothing was slighted. She had no confidants and she made no moan.

"What *is* the matter with her?" Cornelia would now and then ask herself. "If she would only rip out and say something. But I never saw a girl who was so mum. I'll get her out of this place, though, if anybody can. She has got to come up there and live with me. I'll fetch that, if I have to pull her up by the roots."

And then, putting generalization in the place of any tangible particulars, "I believe she's just starving"—which was not altogether wrong.

Cornelia found no specific grounds for approaching her father-in-law about Abbie, but she had some words with him about Abbie's sister.

She went to him one evening in his den; it was the day after the funeral. The distant wailing of the baby's voice had caused him to shut the door of his little room with a profane slam.

"Mr. Briggs is right there in the parlor," she said to him, boldly, "waiting for her to come down. I don't see that it's going to help things any to slam doors. If he don't mind the baby, I guess we don't have to."

He turned upon her fiercely and half rose from his chair. It seemed for a moment as if he was intending to put her out of the room.

But she stood her ground and stared him full in the face. She was the only one in the family who, when the real pinch came, could look him down. He fell back in his seat and fixed an uncertain eye upon the panels of the door.

"There's such a thing as sense at such places as this, if you'd only know it," she went on. She spoke out loudly; she knew that if she used a moderate voice her tones would tremble. "I should think we might hold in for the day or so that the man's here. He knows why she was sent off down there, and that's bad enough; but it's worse for him to bring her up here and have her treated bad right before his face. Why can't you speak to her at table? Why can't you have—"

"That will do, Cornelia." He beat on the arm of his chair with his doubled-up fist. "We won't have anything more of this sort of thing. That will do."

But there was a kind of harsh grin on his face; he either admired her pluck or anticipated her point. She saw this, and knew that she held him in her hand.

"No, it won't do, Cornelia—not yet. Why do you think he is here? Do you suppose a man goes travelling around the country with a woman and a three-months-old baby for the fun of it? And he hasn't come up to 'buy goods'—don't you believe it. This is a great chance for Mayme, everything considered. He's a smart fellow, and you don't want

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"IS HE DEAD?"

to go and spoil it all. This is a thing that will take care of itself if you'll only give it a show."

He stared at her—still rather forbiddingly. But she saw admiration appearing through indignation, and she judged that it was gaining the upper hand.

"Now," she said, with her own hand on the door knob, "when you ask Mayme to morrow morning if she would like another piece of steak, I want you to look at her: seems to me this is a time when a family should act *like* a family. And I guess it wouldn't hurt you much to put yourself out far enough to ask that man to smoke a cigar with you. You try. And I think this door had better stay the way I leave it."

She passed out, leaving the door open. And open it remained.

In such fashion as this came Mary Brainard to her mother's bedside. But her younger brother came not, and no one knew where he was or what he might be doing.

Braggs left for Centralia on the following evening, his charges remaining behind, by an inconclusive arrangement that might terminate in almost any way. Cornelia, who attended his departure with a lively interest, noticed that Abbie, in her hat and cloak, was trying to take advantage of this same occurrence to steal out of the house. She followed her through the vestibule, and overtook her half-way down the steps.

"Abbie," she called after her, "where are you going?"

"Sh!" Abbie said, softly. "I'm just going out for a few minutes."

"Neighbors?"

"No, not exactly," the girl hesitated. "I'm just going a block or two."

"You don't want to be trotting around alone this time of night. Shan't I go with you?"

She placed her hand on Abbie's arm to draw her back while she put on her own things. She felt her companion tremble, and saw an expression of anxiety on her face which she took to mean embarrassment.

"No, Cornelia, I don't want you to go with me. I don't need you; I've got to go alone."

"Upon my word, I think you're acting mighty queer. I just believe, Abbie Brainard, that you are going out to meet somebody—you, of all people!"

Abbie started. "Supposing I am?" she stammered.

"Who is it?" asked Cornelia, peremptorily. Only an extremely eager interest would have made her take this tone with Abbie. "Well, I must say, I think your father is a little too bad. Why can't he see that girls have got to be girls? First it's Mayme, and now it's—"

"Cornelia!" cried Abbie, with a violent blush and the trembling voice that foreshadows tears. "It's my brother! It's Marcus!"

"Marcus!" exclaimed Cornelia. "Then I am going, sure. Where are you to meet him—in the park?"

Abbie bowed assent.

"Well, then, you wait one second. I'll be right out again."

"Don't come. He won't speak to me if he sees anybody with me."

"I can stand around somewhere—I won't do any harm."

She was actuated as much by curiosity as by sympathy. She had never seen Marcus, but she remembered the "crying son" of her first play, and nothing more than one's first play son" of her first play, and nothing more than one's first play has a fixed footing in one's speculation of ideas.

The park lay under the cold glare of the electric light, in the state of forbidding lugeness that overtakes all such urban tracts during the earlier days of spring. Soggy footprints showed everywhere in the soaked brown turf that bordered the winding paths, and masses of dead leaves were matted together at the roots of the spindling shrubbery. The arc-light threw a ghastly illumination on the flat white fronts of the houses that stood around in rows outside, as well as on the stretches of theatrical posters which filled up the spaces between, and they flung deep shadows into the flimsy arbors and kiosks that started up here and there within. Abbie, with her companion, traversed a number of spongy gravelled paths, and presently the figure of a man emerged from a summer house and advanced to meet her. Cornelia turned off, and paused behind the thickened stalks of a bare bush.

"Marcus!" cried Abbie, as her brother moved towards her. "Marcus, why didn't you come? I waited at the door to let you in. Could anybody have made any trouble at such a time as that?"

He came up to her with a few unsteady steps. His eyes were bloodshot, and on his face, which seemed paler and thinner than ever under the white flood from the globe overhead, there was a long half healed scar. He looked at her in a dull dazed way, perhaps he simply misapprehended these present words, perhaps he was unable to fully comprehend any words at all.

"You could have gone in a carriage all alone with me," she went on, in pitiful reproach. "And you could have staid in it—you needn't have seen anybody else at all. I wanted you so much. Mayme came, why couldn't you? Oh, Marcus, you seem thought of; your name was almost the last one said."

She threw her head on his shoulder and burst into tears. He gave way a little, and then, with an effort, he mastered a steadier pose.

Her crape brushed his face: he felt it, rather than saw it.

"Is he dead?" Something like light came into his dull eye. The lamp above gave a sudden vast flicker and the long scar on his face deepened and lengthened and came back to itself again. It was all like a sinister and cynical smile.

"Marcus! don't you know? Where have you been? Haven't you got any of my letters?"

He leaned against the silly rusticity of the summer-house, and looked at her with a dazed but inquiring eye.

"It's mother! It's mother!" the poor girl cried. "Why didn't you come?"

"Why, how is this?" asked Cornelia, stepping forward. "Hadn't he heard?"

"I mailed them to the same place. And the money—didn't you get that either?"

He looked at her steadily and soberly, but his eyes had a heavy droop. "It's mother," he said at length; "it's mother that's dead." He sat down carefully on the steps of the summer house. "And my name was the last. Always the last, Abbie. When was it?"

"Has he moved—do you suppose?" asked Cornelia. She regarded him long and steadily. She seemed about to recognize him—though voice was apparently counting for more than face.

"It was only day before yesterday," Abbie said. "I tried to see you, but it was so fast, and there was so much to do. But I sent you word."

"I haven't been there lately," he said, slowly. "I couldn't have come day before yesterday," he added, presently.

"Where have I seen him before?" thought Cornelia. And, "What is the matter with him?" she seemed to ask of Abbie.

"I couldn't come," he repeated. "I'm sorry," he added, humbly. "I was—somewhere else."

"Have you been away all these three months? I haven't seen you since almost New Year's. Have you been away from the city all this time?"

"I have been somewhere—somewhere else," he repeated, thickly. He rose tremblingly. "I suppose they'll have me there again, some time. Well, all right," he said, with resignation.

"What does he mean?" asked Abbie, turning appealingly to Cornelia.

Marcus followed his sister's eyes. He looked at Cornelia narrowly, his own eyes half closed. "Who is this?" he asked.

"It's Cornelia—Burt's wife."

"Burt's wife?" He held her with an enigmatical stare. "I have seen her," he said—"before."

"Where?" thought Cornelia. "Not possibly at—the theatre?"

"In church," he explained, with a slow gravity. "He isn't dead—Burt?"

"Dead!" cried Cornelia. "No, indeed."

"No, he isn't dead," Marcus repeated deliberately. His eyelids raised themselves. "He is married, he has half a million," he went on, with the same slowness. His eye lighted up with a malignant glare. "No, he isn't dead. But—"

He stretched himself aloft, and thrust out his arm, and staggered, and only half saved himself.

"—but I will kill him," he added, suddenly.

"Marcus!" his sister screamed, "are you mad?"

He lay sharply against the corner of the summer house. His arm caught at the cross pieces of the rustic carpentry, and he hung there panting. Presently a little stream of blood began to trickle across the palm of his hand, he had torn himself on a nail. He felt the warm fluid on his skin, and held up his hand to his own curious and impersonal inspection.

"Give me your handkerchief, Cornelia," Abbie implored pitifully. She folded her own and laid Cornelia's over it, and twisted it around his thumb and tied it over his wrist.

His fingers felt thin and clawlike, and there was a grime rubbed into their cracked and roughened skin—those girlish fingers (his mother's fingers) that had once held a pencil so delicately.

"I have seen her—before," he repeated. "Here." He jerked his hand out of his sister's hold and waved it over the circumscribed and shabby landscape. The light shimmered on the beaten surface of the pond behind them, and the wind rustled the stark weeds along its muddy edges. "I knew it was coming." Abbie caught his hand back. "Half a million, he never did anything for me. I will kill *him*," he muttered, faintly.

Cornelia continued her inspection of him. "Abbie, just look at these clothes, will you? And he hasn't got any ruffs on, either."

"Marcus," his sister rallied, appealingly. Her raised voice indicated that, after all, she must acknowledge him as other than himself. "All that money I sent you—you need it. Go right away to morrow to your old number and get it." She turned to Cornelia. "I haven't got any, have you? I forgot it after all."

"Just this half dollar," she answered. "Exactly what I paid," she said to herself, "to see him in this part once before." She recognized him now, she saw that she had been interested in the new actor because nobody else had seemed so, and she felt sure that his attempt on the stage had been the same brief failure that all of his other attempts must have been as well.

Marcus raised himself, and a sly smile came over his face. "Money?" he said. "Keep it. I don't want it. I can raise all I need. Albert knew the ropes, and now I know

them just as well myself. I can do business all right again. No money, Abbie; no." He thrust it back upon her. "He always said I wasn't *fit* for business, but I'll show him."

He braced himself and stepped out decidedly into the path. He turned in the direction of the exit. The other two insensibly took this direction as well, and fell to regulating their steps by his.

"You are a good sister, Abbie," he said, as they passed out. "You have been good to me. Good." He put his hand on hers, he had forgotten that it was bandaged. There was a soft strangeness in the folds of the handkerchiefs, but she felt his grateful pulses underneath.

"Oh, Cornelia," moaned poor Abbie. "I must take him home—I must—I must! So near at hand, and the place where he belongs. I can't leave him to go wandering around like this."

Marcus laid his bandaged hand on his sister's shoulder. "No, Abbie." The earlier waves of a sodden stupor now seemed to be washing over him, and he looked on the two girls with a dull fear. "Not home. Better place than home. But some time—I will come home some time. He never treated me as well as he did Bert." His tones came thickly. "I will kill him," he murmured softly to himself in a drunken confidence.

He turned off down a side street. Abbie stood watching him as he disappeared, to reappear in the light of frequent lamp posts. Presently he turned a corner. Abbie clasped her hand tightly in her companion's and allowed herself to be led home.

"Another job for me," said Cornelia, thoughtfully.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DALY'S NEW THEATRE IN LONDON.

DALY'S NEW LONDON THEATRE.

A NOTABLE addition to the already long list of London play-houses has been made by the opening of Daly's Theatre. The initial performance took place on June 27th, and here it may be at once stated that both by reason of the excellence of the structure and the high artistic and histrionic attainments of the players, the new venture is unmistakably destined to occupy a leading position in English theatrical annals.

The building is situated in Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square, in the very heart of London theatrical life. The architect has successfully carried into effect the wish of Mr George Edwardes, the owner, and Mr. Augustin Daly, the lessee, that the exterior should possess sufficiently striking characteristics to indicate the reason and use of the interior.

Designed on the lines of a free treatment of the Italian Renaissance style, and executed in Ham Hill stone, the imposing façade irresistibly appeals to the passer-by, in welcome contrast to the dull level of uninteresting mediocrity and monotony usually identified with the external architecture of most London theatres.

Passing through the main entrance, we are in a "grand hall" paved with mosaic floor, and with walls and ceiling bearing perfectly modelled cupids and nude figures in relief; while in front are marble steps leading to the dress circle and, right and left, to the stalls.

One usually difficult question the architect has successfully solved—that the public should have a good view of the stage from any part of the auditorium without unpleasant craning of the neck, or the more exasperating (to their neighbors) method of standing during critical moments of the performance. The sight lines and curves have been arranged in a graceful and novel manner, and, in addition, pillars are entirely dispensed with, the balcony, first circle, and gallery being supported on the cantilever system, with the result that an uninterrupted view of the performance is ensured to the occupant of even the most distant seat.

A magnificent foyer has been placed directly above the vestibule, and by the construction of a well-hole in the floor the foyer is created into a promenade or gallery. It is handsomely decorated with columns, pilasters, and entablature, crowned between with Sunnetta and Capola ceiling, the whole being carried out in Italian rococo style, with treatment of gold and blending tints.

The entire building is constructed exclusively of fire-resisting materials, all iron work being encased in concrete, and the auditorium fitted with a system of hydrants under the care of a special fireman. The stage is divided from the auditorium by a fire proof curtain of asbestos enclosed in an iron frame and worked by hydraulic power.

The theatre has been erected from the designs and under the personal superintendence of Mr. Spencer Chadwick, 17 Parliament Street, London. The furniture and decorations, which are in the most recherché style, are by Messrs. Collinson & Lock, Oxford Street, London.

A most distinguished company assembled at the opening performance, among those present being the American Ambassador, the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, Sir Francis and Lady Jeune, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, General Collins (the American Consul General), the Earl and Countess of Craven, Mr. and Mrs Astor, Mrs. Mackay, Lord Rothschild, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Henry Thompson, Sir Henry Layard, and Chief-Justice Daly of New York.

Replete with every modern theatrical requirement, manned by one of the most brilliant companies of comedians, and directed by an exceptionally experienced manager, Daly's Theatre has already assured itself a long lease of public favor.

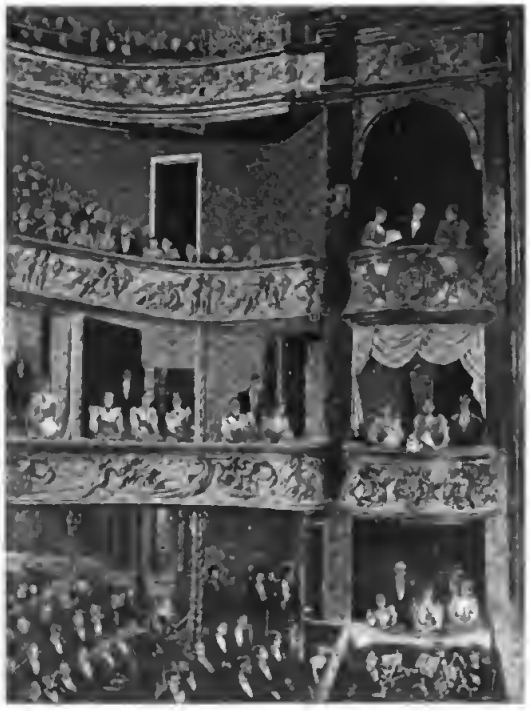
J. R.

JAMES HERRON ECKELS.

THE appointment of the present Comptroller of the Currency was received by the country not only with surprise but with a storm of disapprobation. Hardly any one knew who Mr. Eckels was. Those who met him for the first time were not impressed by his appearance. He is about thirty-five, and looks not more than twenty-five. Moreover, he was slim and pale, and there was little of determination in his manner, which was somewhat limp and jointless, after the fashion sometimes met with in the section of the country from which he comes. Added to this, he was himself surprised by the appointment, and Washington knew that he had expressed doubt as to his own fitness for the place. He had applied for the United States District-Attorneyship of Northern Illinois, and was supported by Congressman Cable, the Illinois member of the Democratic National Committee and the head of the Western National Campaign Committee. As he two went to the Capitol on the eventful day, Mr. Eckels told Mr. Cable that he knew from the President that he was to receive some appointment, but what it was he could not guess. When he looked over the list in the office of the Senate and found that he had been named for the Comptrollership of the Currency, his surprise very nearly overcame him.

Thereupon newspapers and Senators began to cry out and to urge Mr. Cleveland to withdraw the nomination, which, they said, was eminently unfit. But Mr. Cleveland knew his man, for he had studied him. Mr. Eckels had taken a prominent part in the campaign. He belongs to the school

THE LADIES' FOYER.



AUDITORIUM OF THEATRE.

of Democrats in Illinois who have followed William R. Morrison in his fight for tariff reform. He was known and respected in the Reform Club in this city for his accomplishments. Mr Cleveland wanted somebody for the office who was a good lawyer, and that Mr. Eckels was, and he wanted a man of courage and determination, a man who would represent the government's interests in its dealings with the national banks. Mr. Eckels's appointment has fully justified the President's choice. He has dealt sternly with speculative institutions, but wisely and leniently with banks that have been conservatively managed. His promise of help to the Denver banks did a great deal to restore confidence—a confidence that ought to pervade the rest of the country. Mr Eckels's breadth and wisdom in dealing with the present disturbed condition have surprised and delighted many of those who were most strongly opposed to his selection. Although he probably represented the government better than if he were a banker, like most of his predecessors, he is very far from treating the banks unfairly, and greatly pleased the officers of these institutions in New York by a speech which he recently made at a dinner given to him at the Union League Club by Mr. Hepburn, his immediate predecessor.

Mr Eckels was born at Princeton, Illinois, in 1858, and was graduated at the Albany Law School in 1880. He was an intimate friend of the late E. K. Apgar, and thus became acquainted with Mr. Cleveland while the latter was Governor.

THE ROW IN THE COMMONS.

"There was a sound of rivalry by night."

It was in the House of Commons, and a Tory had the floor,
The rafters of the chamber with his eloquence did roar,
And, oh, he had a pretty wit, a wit so pretty that
Beside it that of London *Punch* seemed very stale and flat.

He talked not of the weather, and he chatted not of sport,
But such remarks as made T. P. O'Connor wildly snort,
Whereat T. P. observed, amid a lot of Irish grins,
It seemed to him that Joseph and old Judas must be twins.

That set the ball a-rolling: Mr. Healy then arose
And tapped a British Commoner upon his Roman nose,
Whereon a noble Tory, to the credit of his race,
Sent both his fists a-coursing into Mr. Healy's face.

Then sixteen members from the Isle let out a wild hurroo!
And twenty-seven Tories they proceeded then to "do."
They smashed them on the benches, and they tossed them to the sky;
The only thing they couldn't catch was Mr. Speaker's eye.

When every Tory nose was red, and every eye was blue,
When every Irish hat was smashed the scrimmage got through,
And Mr Gladstone, grand old man, in language fit and pat,
Called for the question previous, which was—"Where are we at?"

THE OLD INFANT.

BY WILL CARLETON.

I.

School District Number Five, town of Dover, county of Livingston, was brimful of snow to-day, and the little wooden temple of learning in its centre, crouching and trembling upon old unreliable timbers, was surrounded by scores of drifts as white as bleached muslin and colder than shrouds. The wind was never satisfied with them, and, using a diligence not learned from the school within, constantly added to or subtracted from their quantity. The young lady with classical face and large brown eyes who conducted this elementary university wondered where Paul was to-day, wished she were rich, thought of a thousand fairy stories she would make come true in that inconceivable case, and asked little George W. Taylor to sacrifice another stick of wood to the interior of the stove.

"It's a goin' to be one o' these new-fashioned blizzards, dad says," whispered the little boy, mysteriously, some fire from the open stove door blazing harmlessly in his red hair. "He's a comin' arter us with the hosses an' sleigh at four o'clock." And the pale blue eyes shouted the words that the lips were refused, to the effect that a ride homeward toward supper, through the snow, was better than any amount of education. Miss Bertha Edwards reflected dolefully on the words in this young barbarian's pronunciation and the wild look in his eyes, and wondered if they would ever be replaced by the straight hedge-rows of correct English and steady looks. She couldn't help recalling what good English Paul used.

"C'n I speak?" inconsistently spoke out a large raw-boned girl, who meant by this to ask if she might whisper to some one near her.

"Yes, if it is necessary," wearily replied the young teacher.

The girl decided that it was necessary, and immediately began gossiping about the weather, wondering if it would break up a projected neighborhood dance, in a series of loud hisses.

"C'n I leave m' seat?" whined a small, portly boy, first snapping his dirty finger to procure recognition.

"If it is necessary," crisply replied the girl teacher.

"C'n I get a drink?" inquired a thin, withered-looking lad.

"If you need it," answered the young lady, still more shortly. The withered young desert of a boy needed it, and began to irrigate himself slowly but thoroughly.

"C'an I g' out?" chirped a small cross-eyed child in the corner.

"No, no, no!" exclaimed the young girl, stamping her voice down with an emphasis that the scholars all understood perfectly well, though it was accompanied with a smile. "This epidemic of wanting to do useless things may as well be cured this minute. Scholars, let us throw ourselves into our studies!" (Miss Edwards used the first instead of the third person because she was a student herself and loved to lead her scholars rather than to drive them.)

There was a forward-march magnetism in this maiden teacher's manner sometimes, and her smile could resemble that of a row of bright steel blades. The scholars now swayed to their books with considerable interest, and the intellectual status of the school was certainly somewhat advanced during the next five minutes. The pale tempest without kept rising higher and higher.

"Teacher, ther's some one a-knockin' at the door," cooed a bright-eyed little girl at last, from the midst of the study hush, and, in response to a courteous opening, entered a few hundred snowflakes, and a strange, rough-looking old man of sixty, whose hair and beard were drifts in themselves. He looked at this youthful teacher with keen, utterly uncovered curiosity and surprise.

"Be you re'lly the school-ma'am?" he at length asked, in a half dazed tone.

"I am the teacher of this school," replied Miss Edwards, with a gentle but rather compact dignity, which loomed gracefully up, and cast something like the shadow of reproof. "Will you be seated, sir?"

The old man still stood by the large stove, resting a hairy, work-worn hand upon one of the desks near by. "An' you know the flumididdles that's in all these 'are books, an' can l'arn 'em to other folks?"

The question, with all its crudeness, was so clean-mannered and respectfully put that the young lady smiled almost cordially. Something seemed to compel her to like this uncouth veteran in the world's never-ceasing campaign, at least, to approve of the real quality of thought and feeling that she felt was within him. The answering smile that his white beard and mustache had held in hiding crept out through a pair of sharp gray eyes.

"What I've come in for is just this 'ere," he resumed, in a low voice, though loud enough for the curious children all to hear him. "When I was a little chap o' the age o' these uns, it wa'n't fash'nable, you see, for poor folk's chil'ren to go to school. There was thirteen of us brought up, or sort o' yanked up, in one little log enclosure, with a leaky roof, four windows, an' a smokin' fireplace. When it come to gettin' on in life we all had to jump out o' the wagon an' help push 'most as soon as we considered ourselves able to run alone. The nearest school was five mile through the woods. Two or three out of us managed to run over a few times, an' grab up enough alferbet to l'arn how to read, one on us kep' studyin' at home from that, an' got so full of edication he couldn't hold much else, wasn't worth a darn to do anything where the directions hadn't been all ready printed down. He's independently poor now, an' runs a small but desirable insurance business. So fur as I was concerned, I missed my chance, I never even went arter the alferbet, an' didn't hev it brought to me; so here I am workin' along torge the end o' life an' liable to go into the nex' world at any time without any book l'arnin' to recommend me. You see, besides, school-ma'am, it ain't pleasant to feel that you went through yer pilgrimage an' left that out; an' I want my edification now, even though some'at late in the day. I'm a-goin' to board at Shubal Turner's the rest of the winter, an' come to school, ef you will let me. It's a queer an' sort o' unknown thing fur to do, but I can't see any other way. I want to begin at the foot-hills, work up the gulch a little at a time, an' gather all there is in it as fur as I go. I b'lieve you can put me over the ground, ef the right flash in anybody's eye is a sign of caperbility. An' now, what do yer say to an old man as wants to give his brains a chance to begin life over agin?"

Poor Bertha hardly knew what to say. She was acquainted with several proverbs that stood dead against him, and hardly liked to quote them aloud. There was that one about the twig being bent and the tree inclined, that one which says "The boy is father to the man", the German one which declares that "What young John doesn't learn old John never does", also two or three others equally discouraging to elderly people with neglected educations to be put through the hot-house process. She tried hard to keep her eyes from telling the old man these doubts.

"I know just what you're a-sayin' to yerself inside," urged the old man, unconsciously proceeding to meet proverb with proverb, "but you must remember, 'Better late than never,' 'Perseverance can't al'ays be kep' on the back seat,' an' 'There's sweet meat under woolly sheepskins.' Besides, you see, school-ma'am, I never hed the sensation."

"The what?" inquired Miss Edwards, smiling more and more.

"The *sensation*, school-ma'am, of settin' in the school-house hour arter hour an' day arter day an' lookin' at the other boys an' gals, an' seein' on 'em read an' write an' spell, an' wishin' Saturday would come, an' cuttin' up with 'em, an' bein' told to 'tend to my lessons, an' goin' out at recess an' playin' with the rest of the scholars, an' then 'Come, come away, the school-bell now is ringin',' an' a-doin' ginerally jest what I wish I could ha' done when I was a boy. I don't expect, school-ma'am, that I'll *l'arn* so awful very much, but I'd like to know how to string letters together enough to hold a newspaper right side up an' git a holt of what new lies it's a-tellin' of. An' I'd be glad to find out, school-ma'am, how to write my name. But the biggest thing is, I want to be a school-boy—jest once in my life."

How many people there are, thought the young teacher, who would like to be school-boys *again*; but this poor old man just wanted it *for once*—wanted something he had no memory of, something that he had always yearned for. She pitied him, and determined to do everything possible in the matter.

The list of acquirements mentioned seemed at least within the boundaries of imagination; and the exceedingly old child was told to come next morning and take his first lesson in the course which he wished to begin, so late in the earthly existence.

His delight bordered too nearly on pathos to provoke even a smile from the deep-hearted school-teacher. There were almost tears in her eyes when she was bidding him good-night, after dismissing the genuine children, and then saw the white-haired man and would-be youth wade off through the snow.

II.

The next morning, amid starings from all the scholars, and hard-to-be-repressed titterings from the playful ones, the Old Infant, as he was immediately named by some of the more advanced young ladies, took a narrow hard seat at one of the larger desks, and began his studies. They were not very extensive, consisting mainly, at first, in the investigating and contemplating of that grand substructure of nineteenth-century lore, the Roman alphabet. The examination sustained in order to determine the class into which he should go was very brief. He freely and frankly admitted that ignorance was incarnated and intensified in his person.

"Of course I don't know nothin' of any account," was the way he put it. "If anybody knowed everything, what would they want ter come to school fur? I'm a-goin' to commence right down to the bed-rock, school-ma'am. I mean to stake out my claim to the alferbet this mornin'. Sling out yer a's, b's, d's, an' e's, an' look at me stick my brain-shovels inter 'em."

The "slinging out of the alferbet" was, upon the whole, a rather trying task to the young lady. She found that this roughly crystallized old nature was not inclined to accept everything told him as irrefragably true, like the callow superimpressible minds of those in their first infancy. The old gentleman's childishness proved to be of a metallic variety. For instance, he would look at her suspiciously when the names of the letters were announced, and ask her several times if that was true, now, an' if there wasn't no under-claim on it.

"You wouldn't gull an old man, would ye?" he would say, earnestly, laying his rough, hairy, weather-beaten grizzly-bear-like paw upon her white ladylike hand. "If this yer is B," he would exclaim, pointing to the capital letter of that denomination and then referring to the small one of the same cognomen, "what in *this* little cuide of a feller a-doin' a-prospectin' under the same name, with one of its ears clipped off? Did this big feller you call B hev a son nat'ral, or did he adopt him, or did it take his name without p'rmission?"

He particularly hated the small letter g, and evidently considered it a pure impostor. "Little shrugged-up thing" he would say, leering at it through his steel-bowed spectacles. "Looks like a couple o' bad eggs with a wart on one of 'em." The small p and q also concerned him. "What does p git to be q fur the minute it turns its nose the other way?" he would ask. And so on, throughout the whole alphabet, he was constantly making criticisms that might have excited furious resentment in the mind of the inventor of the same.

These criticisms were funny at first, and caused Miss Edwards considerable solitary amusement, but they took time and too much of the attention of the scholars to make them finally desirable, or even safe to be allowed. One day the old gentleman was particularly fastidious concerning the architecture of some character, and the teacher was obliged to tell him that he was there not to criticise the letters, but to learn them.

"Right agin, teacher," he replied, just the least bit of a hurt look in his eyes. "I was a-goin' outside o' my claim. Trounce me ef I don't do the right thing." And from that moment the permanency and inviolability of the Roman alphabet was re-established, and the Old Infant accepted every letter as if it were a law of the Medes and Persians.

He began, after a little time, to read words, having first learned the letters, for John Russell Webb's invention of the word method had not at that time swept over the country. He was, after a while, able to participate in the mildly interesting fact that the cat would, in all probability, catch the rat, that a large boy had a small black coat, that the girl could eat the ripe pear with her sharp teeth, and in other matters of juvenile gossip, which, while received with gratitude, were rather disappointing on the whole. "Why can't ye put me on to somethin' about the old times in '49 an' arter," he used to say, "when we used to fight grizzlies, an' snowdrifts, an' famine, an' earthquakes, an' robbers, an' almost everything else anybody could take a hankerin' ag'ins? Why can't we read some grown-up stuff, school-ma'am?"

It was hard to make him understand the impossibility of immediately scaling the heights of literature with the alpenstock of this newly acquired alphabet, but at last he reluctantly realized the situation, and consented to toil along slowly toward the far-off mountain-top.

The attitude of his fellow pupils was at first one of amusement, and, in some cases, of derision, toward this queer old man who had come among them so queerly, but as soon as the novelty wore off they settled down to a quiet, every-day contemplation of him. Besides, it came to be the fashion to like him. He was so patient with everybody—so loving, even—joined them so heartily and skilfully in all their games and romps, so fraternized with the boys and was so fatherly toward the girls, that he was soon voted a hale old fellow well met, in that quiet election which always takes place in every crowd toward a new-comer. He quickly became renowned as a repairer of rough country toys, he could carry small children through the drifts, and snowball amiably with larger ones; he was useful, if not particularly ornamental, nearly everywhere, and finally became the most popular "boy" in school.

The Old Infant's delight at listening to the recitations was funny and pathetic. He soon joined the class in mental arithmetic, and gave the scholars a genuine surprise with the fact that he could "reckon in his head" better than all of them put together when it came to dollars and cents; he remembered many of the places on the maps, and became a great "traveller by p'intin'," as he called himself, but grammar he would have nothing of, and soon withdrew his attention entirely from the subject. "I can't see why you want to call one word by any longer name than another," he grumbled, good-naturedly. "What's the use o' standin' of 'em off into different companies, as if they wasn't all free an' equal, same as men ort to be? I don't see nohow, but what I kin speak proper enough fur all practical purposes, without no grammar in mine. I don't think, school-ma'am, I'll take that 'ere study up." And feeling more mirth than her whole internal nature knew what to do with, the young teacher consented to let him pursue his studies on the elective system.

The Infant's first efforts in penmanship furnished the school with material for many thrilling tales of accident and adventure. He smashed dozens of steel pens in trying to get the right dynamics upon them, with a rapidity that would have caused thrifty Joseph Gillott to rub his hands in pleasure. While tracing the letters with his pen he described imaginary characters in the air with his tongue, he precipitated small freshets of ink in the vicinity of his desk until the immediate environment was dressed in a full suit of mourning. He finally learned to write his name in quaint fragments, and a few other words, but it was evident that he was never to become an accomplished pen artist.

"Ye see, school-ma'am," he would say at the conclusion of some peculiarly startling chirographic disaster, "I didn't git arter this ink-talkin' quite soon enough. It's a kind o' trade in itself, an' any one can't pick up so very many of them avocations in a lifetime unless he begins mighty young."

During recess and noons the two had occasionally some very lively discussions on the value or worthlessness of education. To her surprise, the young lady found that the old man, at one time and another, had gathered up quite a good many arguments against systematic culture.

"Eddication gives yer nat'ral rascal a p'int, an edge, an' a handle," he said one day. "It l'arns a forger how to write a name so's the man as owns it can't swear but what he done it himself. It helps a thief to sneak his way into society an' steal 'em blind—as ef they wasn't blind enough already. It shows a liar how to twist words 'round so's to cover himself all over with truth-skin. It makes good honest hard-workin' fellers feel all at once as ef their heads was too big to let 'em toil with their han's. It's taken many a good honest chap an' made him so lazy he wasn't never good for nothin' arterwards."

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"You have forgotten the good that education has done," remonstrated Bertha. "You forget the sermons it has preached, the wounds it has healed, the discoveries it has made, the sick it has ministered to, the good it has done everywhere."

And then the old gentleman would sit back and look at her in perfect admiration. "Yes, you kin black me out in a holy second, school-ma'am," he would say. "But argufin' in that sort o' way is a sand-blower that eddicated folks has invented to blind our eyes an' make things seem different from what they really be. Still, *I* don't think that I shall ever git enough eddication to hurt *me*; an' you wouldn't be afraid of it, either, if you was me—would ye now, teacher?" And then the two would laugh a duet, like comrades of a lifetime.

But the Infant made considerable progress of one kind or another, and he certainly learned one lesson that few of Miss Edwards's pupils missed, and that was to love his teacher. He asked her to stay and talk with him a few minutes one evening not many weeks before the close of the term. He was not long in satisfying her curiosity as to the nature of the interview.

"School-ma'am," he said, looking toward a nail in the floor modestly but determinedly, "I ain't quite so young as you be, but I've got a consider'ble life in me yet. They ain't very many o' these young fellers in the school that would like to take a back holt with me this evenin'. I'm good for quite a lot o' years if nothin' happens too sudden, an' I believe I cud make you a good husban', if you'd jest take the trouble to say yes."

The poor old fellow had thrown himself on his knees, to Miss Edwards's half pity, half dismay. How could he so have misunderstood her kindness—how could he have the heart to take advantage of it? She had a mind to rush away without a word and never speak to him again. But an accidental look into his good-natured shrewdly simple old face half amused and half placated her. To be diverted by one whom we at first dislike very often opens the door of our sympathies. It was so with this good-hearted girl. She took the man's old withered, scarred-up hand in her white palm and said, kindly,

"You must excuse me, for I—I—am—engaged."

"But s'posin' you *wasn't* engaged?" persisted the old man, with a desperate twang to his words. "S'posin' you never hadn't been in love with no one, would you have hed me then?"

"Well, you know, our ages are too far apart," began the girl, withdrawing the hand suddenly.

"But s'posin' they hedn't been?" persisted the old man. "S'posin', fur instance, I was as young as you be, or you was old, like me—do you think, school-ma'am, that in that case we'd hev been able to strike up a match?"

"I—I don't think our aims in life are sufficiently similar," faltered the poor girl, "not near enough together to allow us to agree."

"Still, s'posin' that they *was*?" persisted the old man. "S'posin' we was both in the same business—both right at it together—don't you think we could make a go of it then?"

"I—don't—don't—think—we ever could be congenial," stumbled the young lady. She would never desert her true love, even hypothetically.

"But s'posin'—" began the old man.

"I tell you I never would have married you on any account!" almost shouted the girl, rising, and stamping her foot on the dusty school-room floor. "And if you ever say anything more to me about it, I'll not speak to you again, and I'll—I'll—*turn you out of school!*"

To her surprise the old gentleman looked delighted. He rose from his knees and gazed at her admiringly.

"You're a nice honest girl," he exclaimed, "an' I respect you more than ever. Ef you'd ha' tried to beat about the bush, I shouldn't ha' held you half as high. But this is good, straightfor'ard, thunder an' lightnin' talk an' I honor it. An' you've give me another new sensation, school-ma'am—one that I've been wantin' ever since I got to be a man."

"A new sensation?" inquired the teacher, who was beginning to feel freer and safer with him again.

"The sensation of proposin' to a gal in reg'lar style, an' o' bein' accepted or rejected the same as any one on my own merits," replied the old man, cheerfully and enthusiastically. "I'm refused, straight an' square, without any ifs or an's about it, an' that's the second best thing to bein' accepted, an' it's consid'ble of a circumstance in the life of an old bachelor that never hed the pluck to propose to a gal before. Now, I s'pose the next thing in order is fur you to tell me that you'll be my sister, ain't it?"

"Your granddaughter, you mean," replied the girl, with the shadow of a touch of good-natured malice. She had not quite forgiven him for proposing to her.

"Gran'daughter it is!" replied the old man. "An' ef I don't make one of the best ancestors in your hull pedegree then I'll go out o' the patriarch business entirely, an' I'm nothin', only an amateur, either. You've been straightfor'ard an' kind to me, my girl—a newish sort o' kind—an' it ain't a part o' this old man's programme to forgit anything that's happened to him in the right shape."

He said this with as pompous an air as if he were the owner of ninety millions instead of a poor half-ragged old creature, the terminus of whose life could not be far away.

It was not many hours before he demonstrated that he needed help rather than possessed the power of bestowing it. He was absent from school one, two, three days, and sent for the young teacher.

She found him in bed in a dreary room at Shubal Turner's, and very sick with what would nowadays be called the pneumonia.

"You wasn't a-goin' to let the old man die all alone, not on no account, was you now, school-ma'am?" he murmured, feebly. "You hev been the head boss of the best home for aged people I ever struck, little girl. Jest as if any one was tryin' to travel arter night overtook 'em on a bad road through the mountains, an' he hed a great temptation to lay down an' leave gittin' along to take keer of itself; then, you see, s'posin' he come to a pleasant little cottage where there was a light, an' he crep' up an' peeked through the window an' seed everythin' cozy an' comfortable, an' a blessed angel in there a-comin' to the door to let him in, as if she was a-expectin' of him?"

"Now, that will do," interrupted the young lady, laughing, and taking one of his hands in hers, "or, rather, it *won't* do. You must not think too much about angels, especially in connection with me. I'm unmitigatedly human, not no seraph, and feel afraid sometimes that I never will be one."

"You're a hundred times as much of an angel as I be of a scholar," groaned the old man, and turned wearily toward the wall. Then he seemed to doze for a little while, but soon awoke, pressed the white hand that still lay in his weak grasp, and said, "How's things up to the school? Is the alferbet all right yet? Does the Avery yo'ng 'uns hev as much trouble as ever a-doin' sums in their heads? An' how's Gerty Tompkins, the little gal that used to help me assay them long words? My! but that 'ere word 'thought' was an unmerciful hard one, school-ma'am. Wasn't it? T-h-o-u-g-h, thought," he said, in a tone as if his spelling were a perfect triumph of correctness. "An' then there was 'through'—a good deal like the other; I couldn't hardly ever tell them two words apart. T-h-r-o-u-g-h, through. I declare, school-ma'am, I picked up a lot while I was in your l'arnin'-camp. By George, it seems sometimes as if my ol' head would bust a-tryin' fur to hold it all."

"You must go to sleep now," interrupted the young teacher, with tears in her voice.

"Yes, I know," replied the poor old man, meekly—"ef I can. It's allays a tip-top good thing ef any one kin sleep betwixt troubles." He closed his eyes wearily, and was soon wandering among the many pasts that he had known, some of which existed a full generation before Miss Edwards's infancy. "It's a-goin' to be a cold day to-morrer," he muttered, almost under his breath, "an' there's hardly anythin' in the house to eat. I didn't know it, or I'd ha' got home sooner. I've been to work hard all the week in Whitney's saw-mill, but I'm up to a night's hunt yet. Jest you see ef I don't lug home a deer in the mornin'. Don't you be a-scoldin' on him now, mother, fur puttin' of his time on books. One cain't sling their brains an' muscle at the same time.

"I spect you'll be the makin' of us all, brother, along o' your eddication. You jest go ahead an' scoop it in, an' we'll stay by ye, an' pay your expenses till ye kin stan' on yer feet. No! I'll wait back till you've got through; I don't believe in more'n one dippin' in at a time. We might git the fountains of l'arnin' kind o' muddy ef we riled 'em too much. . . . . .

"Don't you cry, mammy. Now, I tell you things is a-goin' to be brighter. You'll hear from me every week, jest as sure as I kin arn the postage fur to send a letter—an' you're goin' to find somethin' in it more than 'I am well, an' hope these few lines will find you in the same condition.' There'll be some money in it—half of everything I earn is a-comin' to you—an' more, too, ef you need it. An' it won't be many years afore I'll git home to ye—sort o' new-fashioned prodigal son—gold dust just a-comin' out o' my pockets—an' half on it fur you—an' all on it, ef you want it! . . .

"D—— you, stan' back! Did you think you was goin' to rob him? He's sick, an' down, an' in trouble, but he's got one man that'll stay by him till he gits well an' has strength to speak fur himself. Back, you dogs—I've got the drop on ye, an' I'll stir you up lively ef you try any of your dodges on me! . . . . .

"Injuns! Injuns! Slide back here, Dan! They're a-comin'! We're good fur five o' the red devils apiece— . . .

"Don't you go to thankin' nobody, madame, excep' God. Ef I've been able to do anything fur the childr'n, He put it into my heart—He an' an angel that's keepin' school up in Dover township— . . . . . .

"No—the Lord ain't a-goin' to let me die lonesome an' alone—He never wants anybody to do that. I've got a gran'daughter—an' adopted gran'daughter—an' she's on my side. I ain't got any chil'ren to wait fur when I git over the divide, but I shall keep a lookout fur that adopted gran'daughter. She ain't the kind that forgits, an' she'll remember me all the way through the grave. She—"

She held her best pupil's hard and rugged hand until he was dead.

III.

The next afternoon a plain, seedy-looking individual, dressed in faded black, called upon Miss Edwards.

"I want to talk with you about my brother," he said. "He died yesterday. Have you any idea how much he was worth?"

Miss Edwards made no answer, not possessing any information concerning his finances.

"Something over half a million of dollars," continued the man in faded black, answering his own question. "He made it in mining. He was one of the old gold-seekers of 1849. He knew how to take care of his monetary interests, and possessed, indubitably, his own *modus operandi* of enjoying them. I owe it to my deceased brother, madam, to say that he was always more than disposed to render me as much financial assistance as it would be compatible with my dignity to accept. It is among my capabilities, I am happy to say, to achieve a fair though comparatively inconsiderable stipend from the—ah—the—ah—the—insurance business."

So this was the learned brother who had captured all the erudition of the family, and was now "independently poor."

"He left," continued the man in faded black, "over half a million dollars, well invested and constantly increasing. And have you seen his will?"

"Certainly not," replied Miss Edwards, very quietly and distinctly. What had she to do with his will?

"Nor had anything communicated to you concerning it?" persisted the man of erudition.

"Nothing whatever," repeated the young lady. "I do not think any one in this neighborhood knew that he was worth a dollar in—in money." A thought of the old man's real mental and moral value came to her mind, and two unshed tears hung their electric lights in her eyes.

"You are evidently a young lady of most unimpeachable integrity and indisputable depth of feeling," remarked the learned brother. "I am glad to make the following announcement: Nine-tenths of all that property was left to you in his testamentary deposition."

A magnetic shock thrilled the young lady from head to toe. Nine-tenths of a half-million dollars! Oh, what a dream—what a great, grand, glorious thought! Jack could go to college now, Ethel could paint in Italy, the twins could be given a thorough education from the start, and—and—Paul's parents need not reproach him any more for loving a girl that had the bad taste to be born poor. The dream, however, soon rushed away to join other and older ones.

"Of course I cannot accept it," she said, quietly but firmly.

"Of course you will, though," as quietly and firmly replied the other, with a startling descent to monosyllables.

Miss Edwards felt like ejaculating "Sir!" as girls do in English plays when gentlemen are impertinent to them, but she held her peace (meaning her tongue) and her temper with it.

"I am the only relative who has not as yet shuffled off this mortal coil," resumed the learned man. "I have never contracted any matrimonial encumbrances, and have no use for the money. I could not manipulate it if possessed of it, and am perfectly competent to live well the remainder of my life on fifty thousand dollars. If you do not receive the property, it will revert to the State. You are young and can no doubt do a great deal of good with it."

"But why should he leave it to me?" persisted the young lady.

"He mentions a number of reasons in his testamentary deposition," replied the other, "all replete with assertions that are exceedingly complimentary and creditable to you. His chief and most frequently reiterated reason appears to be that you were the sweetest woman he had ever found, who could at once be kind and dignified to him. He had led a rough, adventurous life, in frontier towns and mining camps; had seen very few women, and he used to say you redeemed the whole sex for him. You seem to have made the last winter of my brother's discontented life the most glorious summer he had ever found. You must take the money."

"But who wrote the will for him?" inquired the young lady.

"I am happy to say," replied the bachelor, somewhat proudly, "that I achieved that somewhat arduous task myself. And I may also add that I flatter myself it was very fairly done, and will hold."

"And you signed his name for him?" she asked.

"Oh no, not at all!" replied the other. "He could write his name very well—thanks to the instructions he had received during the past winter."

The young lady blushed. "Do you suppose I had any idea what he would do with his signature?" she exclaimed.

"Certainly not," replied the bachelor. "Kindly do not suppose, because I am a poor man and a well-educated one at the same time, that I am a fool. He told me all about you. You are the first one who ever convinced him that education was a blessing. I had tried for years to do this, and I will admit that I was a poor sample. He went into your school first as an amusement; he remained to see what he had missed throughout his life. Yes, young lady, the money is justly and indubitably yours, and you must accept it."

And Miss Bertha firmly asserted that she would not, and then spent the whole night trying to decide whether she would.

ASSAULTS UPON HEALTH

Are frequently committed by people who dose themselves with violent purgatives. Nothing but ultimate injury can be reasonably expected from such medicines, and yet, upon the smallest occasion, many unwise people use them repeatedly. If the bowels are costive, the most efficacious laxative is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which never convulses and gripes the intestines, while it thoroughly regulates them and induces healthful action of the liver, stomach, and kidneys. Use it in rheumatism and malaria.—[*Adv.*]

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THE WOUNDED KNEE MONUMENT.

BY JOHN C. GRESHAM,

Captain Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A.

THE formidable insurrection of the Sioux received its death blow at Wounded Knee and Drexel Mission, South Dakota, on the 29th and 30th December, 1890. Till then the early advent of the Messiah was confidently expected, and the ghost shirt was deemed a potent talisman against which nothing could prevail. But on these memorable days, though treachery was added to superstition, the fall of one hundred and fifty warriors dispelled all illusion. The mantle of Sitting Bull had fallen on his friend Big Foot, a wily and capable chief, who had greatly distinguished himself in many barbarities, and won renown in 1876 at the massacre of Custer and the Seventh Cavalry. Trusted and admired by the young men, and by the lawless and desperate portion of his warlike race, he was well fitted to lead in the supreme effort about to be made for the redemption of the red man.

Having destroyed all property that was not actually needed on the march, he left his agency on the Cheyenne, resolved to join the hostiles in the Bad Lands near Pine Ridge. His band included 120 well-armed warriors. They were armed with Winchester rifles, and had abundance of ammunition. On the day of the fight most of the men and many of the women wore belts filled with cartridges. His march was ably conducted. When captured by the Eighth Cavalry under Colonel Sumner, the subtle savage made every profession of friendship, and seemed ready to do all that the most exacting captor could desire. But in the first night he quietly stole away and left no trace by which he could be pursued or discovered. To intercept him was a matter of grave importance, and liberal rewards for information as to his movements were offered by the people, by the military authorities, and by the press. On the 26th of December, 1890, Whistle's squadron of the Seventh Cavalry was sent to scout for Big Foot, and on the 28th found and captured the entire band only twenty miles from the agency. Our orders required us to disarm or to destroy them. While Forsyth was making every effort peaceably to secure their arms, the bloody catastrophe at Wounded Knee was precipitated by their superstition and treachery. The annihilation of these fanatics aroused great indignation, and subjected us to loud censure, while our maimed and dead, nearly seventy in number, were thought by some to excite little notice or sympathy.

The following day Forsyth received orders to scout in the direction of the hostile camp, and while performing this duty was attacked by six hundred or more Indians. Though largely outnumbered, we demonstrated to the savages a second time the vanity of their illusions. This occurred near the Catholic establishment called Drexel Mission. The remains of most of our dead still rest in the treeless, homely little Indian cemetery at Pine Ridge, where we had them on a stormy day of biting winds and rapidly falling snow. We wore heavy overcoats, and were heavily armed and equipped in preparation for a possible attack which might come before our sad duty was done.

As full accounts of all these events appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY and the daily papers of that time, and are now part of history, we may dismiss their further consideration and turn to the sequel, which occurred at Fort Riley, Kansas, Tuesday the 25th July, 1893, was a gala day with us. All duty was suspended, so that nothing might interfere with the interesting exercises appointed to take place. The neighboring town of Junction City closed its stores and came over to assist us. Thousands of people from other places thronged the avenues of the post, and there were many persons of note among the visitors.

The entire garrison, consisting of eight troops of cavalry, three batteries of artillery, the Seventh Cavalry Band, and the medical department—more than 700 men—were drawn up in full dress, and by their fine appearance and soldierly bearing added "pomp and circumstance" to the occasion. The Hon. Mr Burton of Kansas delivered an eloquent oration, at the conclusion of which the veil fell from a massive and handsome monument. Instantly a mighty shout, deafening and prolonged, went up from the vast multitude, the cavalry presented arms, and each of the batteries fired in succession a salvo of three volleys.

The foundation, of Kansas limestone, is surmounted by four bases, the die, the plinth, and the cap, all of New England granite, and rising to the height of twenty-five feet. The die of Quincy granite has four panels, which are highly polished to receive the inscriptions. The cap is pyramidal, and, like the visible portions of the bases and the plinth, is axed. On the first face are the following words:

"To the soldiers who were killed in battle with Sioux Indians at Wounded Knee and Drexel Mission, South Dakota, December 29 and 30, 1890. Erected as a tribute of affection by their comrades of the Medical Department and Seventh Cavalry, U. S. Army."

The other three panels are filled with the names of the dead. Including those of Captain George D. Wallace and Lieutenant James D. Mann, there are thirty six names.

SEVENTH CAVALRY.

Sergeant-Major R. W. Corwine.

Troop A.—Sergeants Alvin H. Hazelwood, Arthur C. Dyer. Saddler Henry Frey. Privates Herman Granberg, George Johnson, Michael Regan, James Logan.

Troop B.—First Sergeant Dom S. Coffey. Corporals Harry R. Forrest, Charles H. Newell. Privates William S. Mann, John Custeda, Ralph L. Cook, Harry Stone.

Troop C.—Private Jan DeVreede.

Troop D.—Private Frank H. Reinecky.

Troop E.—Sergeant Robert R. Nettles. Private August Kellner.

Troop G.—Private D. Franceschetti.

Troop I.—Sergeant Henry Howard. Corporal Albert S. Bone. Blacksmith George Korn. Privates Bernhard Zehnder, Pierce Cummings, James E. Kelley, Daniel Twohig.

Troop K.—Captain George D. Wallace. First Lieutenant James D. Mann. Sergeant William F. Hodges. Privates Philip Schwenkey, William P. McClintock, George Elliott, William Adams, Joseph Murphy, John McCue.

HOSPITAL CORPS.

Hospital Steward Oscar Polink.

THE BRIGHTER DAY.

We sailed amid the pouring rain all day,
While Mother Carey's chickens flew behind.
The clouds, which hovered low, were dull and gray,
Like to the sea, and scarce a breath of wind
Filled out the heavy sail which dapping swung.
The ship scarce moved across the silent sea,
And from the mast's high head the pennant hung
Bereft of life—a thing of misery.

The clouds grew darker as the day passed on—
Despair and darkness seemed to be the goal
To which we sailed—till from the setting sun
A ray of light across the waters stole,
And then a thousand rays broke forth and turned
Each drop of rain into a gem of light
A sea of gold the western ocean burned,
And backward fell the forces of the night.

All things were changed at once—where sea and sky
To eastward met there spread a purple glow.
A rosy canopy was set on high,
But where the flaming sun was setting low
There sprang fair castles from the stretch of sea,
Fired at each point—lit with the brightest beams—
And touched with that delicious mystery
That wakes to life the poet's twilight dreams.

The rain still fell, but, stretched from south to north,
A double rainbow cheered the sailor's thought.
We watched the light of day go slowly forth,
While night came on, but in our hearts was wrought
A blessed change. The dreary darkness failed
To bring despair. Sweet Hope held gentle sway.
The night must end, and confident we sailed,
Glad in the promise of the brighter day.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THERE is a contemporary Turpin who promises to make the famous name he bears an ambiguous patronymic. He is the inventor of melinite, and the fact that he has lately languished in a French prison under unjust conviction of selling his invention out of France argues strongly for the belief that for war purposes melinite has value. But he says that while in durance he invented a new electric war machine of such power that an ordinary merchant vessel armed with one of them will be more than a match for any iron clad. This machine can be fired four times in an hour. At each discharge it throws 25,000 projectiles, so dispersed as to cover some twenty square miles, and devised to kill at three miles distance. Neither forts nor armor will offer any effectual resistance to M. Turpin's missiles when his machine is perfected. He is evidently the man civilization is waiting for, since it only needs such a machine as he has planned to make war too absurdly destructive to be tolerated.

Another thing that may have the same effect will be the perfection of flying-machines. Once the air is navigable by a contrivance that will carry a reasonable weight, dynamite bombs can be so opportunely dropped as to destroy the comfort of people living in forts. But, somehow, flying machines still hesitate to fly. Mr. Joseph Foster, of Salem, tried his other day, but it merely flopped; nor has there been any recent news of a hopeful character about the air boat that was rumored to be in the course of construction in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

Invention also keeps busy with the allied problem of submarine navigation, and in that field the prospects are more hopeful, two species of diving-boats being actually under investigation by the Navy Department. Serious consideration of a war vessel that is intended to be navigated with men in it under water seems an amazing thing, but good money has been spent and lives lost on such attempts before now, and some practical results have been reached. The submarine-ship man has the advantage of the air boat inventor in that the easiest end of his problem is the one nearest to him. He must make a ship that will go down and come up again, and as he usually can construct a vessel that will go down, he feels when he has got that far that he has made progress. But the air-boat man must first make his contrivance go up, and at that he sticks. If he could once get it up, it is quite possible that it would come down in a way that would give him real hopefulness, but as it is, having the hard end of his job to do first, he suffers from a dearth of encouraging symptoms.

It does not prove a man to be dishonest that his summer hotel burns down well insured even late in the fall or in a bad season. If he had not insured it, it would show him to be a careless proprietor. If it were generally unprofitable to insure summer hotels, the underwriters would not do it. And yet when the average newspaper reader sees that a summer hotel has burned, the only question that suggests itself in the matter is whether the owner was a "Krebup" or merely a very lucky man. He should take notice that often it is a serious misfortune to the owner of a summer hotel to have his property burned up. The Glen House, for example, in the White Mountains, burned the other day amid the lamentations of all New England, and got real obituary notices in the newspapers.

The bicyclist's strap (kyphosis bicyclistanum) seems to be practically confined to boys. Girls ride bicycles more and more, but for some reason they do not find it necessary to hunch their shoulders forward and double themselves over the handles of their machines. Perhaps that is because they are vainer than the boys and care more how they look. Perhaps it is merely because they have more sense. Perhaps there is another reason still, and the mothers of stooping cyclists might correct their youngsters' deformity by putting them into corsets.

One of the felicities that the summer season offers in exceptional measure is the happiness of watching fine people without the obligation of talking up to the standard of their appearance. By rights there should be a correspondence between the outside and what is within, and people who are brave in raiment and splendid in equipage and surroundings should be conversative in their gayety and dazzling in their wit. The obligation to be so is recognized to some extent, and is at the bottom of the common experience of putting on one's best manners with one's best clothes. Very considerable, therefore, is the luxury of being a plain person at a fashionable watering place, where one may think one's ordinary thoughts and talk commonplace chat, and be enlivened without personal exertion by the fine plumage and high spirits of one's fellows. The ideal watering place for many toil-worn minds is not so much one where there is absolute quiet, as where the wheels are kept energetically spinning by enthusiastic volunteers without imposing any obligation on an indisposed person to lend a hand at the crank.

Young gentlemen who intend to compete for the prizes offered by Mr James Gordon Bennett for the best political "leaders" written by college undergraduates may do worse than to preserve in their scrap-books for study and reference the occasional remarks of the New York *Sun* on politics in Massachusetts. The Bay State being sufficiently remote to be a safe plaything for the *Sun*, that contemporary toys with its affairs with a gayety and unfettered intelligence which occasionally yield results that are sincerely pleasing. In composing political "leaders" for newspapers it is of importance, first, to say something, second, to say it so that it will be read. If any aspirant for Mr. Bennett's prizes finds that he cannot do both of these desirable things, let him concentrate his energies on the second one. To say nothing in particular may seem hardly worth while, but from the newspaper point of view it is vastly better to say nothing to somebody than to say something to nobody. A newspaper that is published every day in the year is sure to have some dull days and some waiting days on which the man who can say nothing in particular about politics, and say it with such wisdom and grace that it is worth reading, gets ample opportunity to earn his pay. Political silence is oftentimes too invaluably golden to be marred by the alloy of actual speech, but dead silence in any company is embarrassing, and to temper it with an appearance of talk that occupies the ear without leaving any sediment in the mind is a useful sort of jugglery by which, if nothing better offers, a penniless living may sometimes be earned.

If M. André Castaigne is not a bad man to meet in a back street on a dark night, the picture of him in a recent *Critic* does him injustice. Undoubtedly the fact is that he is a good man to have along on a dark night in an uncanny neighborhood. His Baltimore pupil who has sketched him in charcoal gives him the air of a man fit to sit down before kings or to stand up to hotel clerks. That is, an imposing air, and grim as it is in the picture, it is becoming. After seeing how much force M. Castaigne's features can express, one looks for strength in his drawings, and is not surprised when he finds it.

E. S. MARTIN.

MARINE NOTES.

Captain Hendee took his Bark into the Harbor yesterday noon.

THE LONGWOOD COURTS—THE STEVENS-CHACE MATCH.
From a Photograph by the Art Publishing Company, Boston.

LONGWOOD CHALLENGE BOWL.
To become the property of the player winning it for three most necessarily consecutive years.
Winners: R. D. Hall, 1891; F. H. Hovey, 1892 and 1893.
From a Photograph by the Art Publishing Company, Boston.

RICHARD STEVENS MALCOLM CHACE
From a Photograph by the Art Publishing Company, Boston.

F. H. HOVEY. V. G. HALL. J. T. WHITTELSEY. CLARENCE HOBART.
From a Photograph by the Art Publishing Company, Boston.

AMATEUR SPORT

NOTHING HAS OCCURRED ON THE TENNIS COURTS this past week to change whatever lines had been formed on the games of the leading players in singles. The National doubles championship held at Chicago was the most successful in point of attendance and spirited play of any ever given. Heretofore this event has been altogether an incidental feature, and especially at Newport, where it has come to be regarded as an anticlimax. It was wise, therefore, for the National Association officials to choose Chicago as the site for this year, and the event has gone off with an éclat it never attained elsewhere. It would be to the best interest of lawn tennis if the championship in doubles were always to be decided at another place and on another date than those of Newport and the latter part of August. As it is, the Newport tournament is dragged out two days longer than it should be. One week should be sufficient time for the event, and if it is not with the present accommodations, some new courts could be made on the abundant space inside the Casino enclosure. As it is, it no doubt suits the people who spend the season at Newport, but they are no one in ten compared to the great numbers who make other resorts than Newport their summer abiding place. These should have consideration from the Association when its officials are arranging the details of the tournament. The hold of lawn tennis on the public is none too secure now, and to strengthen its position and widen interest in this National championship ought to recommend itself to those upon whose judgment its future must be directed.

IN SOME OF THE TOURNAMENTS the last seven days has there been a match to change the complexion of the tennis outlook. Hobart and Hovey defeated the Californians, Taylor and Tobin, with such ease that it proves the Eastern game to be much faster than the Western. No match in singles of any significance whatever was played, the nearest approach to it being that at New Castle, New Hampshire, between Malcolm Chace and R. D. Wrenn, which was as likely to go to one as to the other, for these two are pretty well mated, and neither can yet be regarded as an upsetting element in the Newport tournament, notwithstanding the fact that Wrenn last year won from W. P. Knapp, after one of the longest matches on record, and that it took full five sets for Knapp to win from Chace.

Taking then, the results of the Saratoga and Longwood tournaments, there does not seem to be any one strong enough to keep Clarence Hobart from winning the All Comers at Newport and—by default—the championship of the United States. This year, as once before, when R. D. Sears, after holding the championship for seven years, defeated in 1888 to H. W. Slocom, Jun., the holder will not defend his title. Mr. Campbell is wise to retire while he is yet unbeaten, and at a time, too, when every one of the leading players has been defeated by him at one time or another. It is folly for any man to attempt to play against such experts as Hobart and Hovey unless he is in a position to train and keep up his practice. Campbell is now in business, and so situated as to make steady practice an impossibility. He would be foolish indeed to attempt to defend his title unless he were in condition good enough for him to do himself justice.

KNAPP SEEMS THE MAN LIKELY to give Hobart the hardest tussle for the All Comers should he happen to stay in the tournament that long. But he has so often been the victim of hard luck and his game depends so much on condition, that his chances of reaching the last round are dubious. His game is probably dreaded by Hobart more than any other, for while he is not brilliant, and while Hobart beat him at Saratoga, Knapp's persistency and tireless play always invest the match with a decided element of uncertainty. None of the others could play the kind of game Knapp does and do better than second-rate work, but Knapp manages to get enough out of it to keep the very best continuously on the anxious seat. Endurance and steady play, with skill that is no more advanced than that of any one of the first ten players, combine to make his game a hard one.

HOVEY, WHO IS BY FAR THE MOST BRILLIANT player on the court, is always at a disadvantage in playing Hobart, and for several good reasons. First of all, the New Yorker has beaten him so often that Hovey probably goes into every match with a sneaking notion that he is going to be defeated and that has a lot to do with a man's play. Then as a matter of fact, too, Hobart, besides having the confidence of many victories over Hovey, has studied the Harvard player's game so thoroughly that he knows very well how to handle him. At their top form I should say Hobart would win from Hovey four times out of five. Hovey would also be at a disadvantage against Knapp, whose untiring steady play is just the kind to worry and make him unsteady. He would not be able to do his best, and though his game is infinitely more brilliant and more skilful, he lacks steadiness, and a match between them would be very uncertain, with odds just a trifle in favor of Knapp.

W. A. LARNED IS ANOTHER BRILLIANT but somewhat unsteady performer, though when he has had more experience and is a year or two older he will likely overcome his present erratic tendency. He is something like Hovey in his play, and much of his style is after the Harvard expert, from whom, however, he ought not to win this year at least. Neither should he defeat Knapp, though it would be a great struggle between them. E. L. Hall, who has not been at all well this season and is now resting, is certainly in this class if he should regain his true form, last year Larned defeated him in the semifinals, but they are so nearly matched that another contest would be just as likely to result in Hall's favor.

For the rest Richard Stevens, Malcolm Chace, V. G. Hall, and R. D. Wrenn are in a class below, notwithstanding the hurt that Wrenn beat Knapp last year. Stevens is playing strongly this season, and he was especially formidable at Longwood. Probably no one in this country is so skilful at strictly base-line play; but this style has been superseded, or, more correctly speaking, combined with more or less net work, and this Stevens ignores completely, so that his game ought not to win from Hobart, Hovey, Knapp, or Larned, nor from Wrenn as he played last year against Knapp at Newport. Chace is improving a little each year, but he must grow much steadier and use his head more before he can hope to win from any of the first players. Had he a little more confidence, and tried to stick at the net a little more in his match at Longwood with Stevens despite the latter's clever lobbing, he might have pulled off a victory. Wrenn has not yet shown the form he displayed at Newport last year, he may reach it, but present indications are that he will not make so good a showing as he did in '92, unless he takes a very sudden brace. V. G. Hall is also altogether out of his form, which comes about entirely because the elements of business will not permit the unlimited practice college boys enjoy, and without steady and hard practice in lawn-tennis—or any other game nowadays—one is certainly not "in it."

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SUMMING IT ALL UP, THEREFORE, the season's play thus far seems to point to the Newport honors resting finally on Hobart, Hovey, Knapp, or Larned, with E. L. Hall's chances contingent upon his getting into form; and of these Hobart looks like the All-Comer winner, with Hovey and Knapp to decide on the runner up. Knapp has so often been unfortunate at Newport, however, he is more than likely to be inconsiderate enough to upset this pretty little plan.

These are some of the things the Saratoga and Longwood tournaments teach us. No new players of unusual merit have made their appearance, several of the veterans have dropped out of the ranks, and there will be seen at Newport the same faces as last year, with the exception of probably two or three Westerners, who are coming on to get a practical illustration of the comparative merits of the Eastern and Western game. The Pacific coast champion, W. H. Taylor, is coming East, and will be seen first, very likely, at the Essex County Club (Mass.) tournament, which takes the place of the usual Nahant fixture. He may upset some calculations at Newport, but, if so, it will probably be up in the first rounds. After seeing his play at Chicago in the doubles, it is quite certain any one of the players mentioned in these paragraphs could win from him.

The Meadow Club, of Southampton, Long Island, holds its tournament in the week (this one) beginning July 31st, and as time for the Newport event is drawing near, all the leading players are quite certain to put in an appearance. As the Long Island championship is the stake, E. L. Hall, the holder, will probably make his first appearance since the Seabright tournament. Last year Stevens, Larned, and the Hall brothers were the most notable entries, but it looks as if the winner this week would have a much harder time than he did in '92. A "World's Fair" singles tournament is also being held in Chicago, which may attract Hovey.

THE NATIONAL DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP began on the St. George Cricket Grounds, Chicago, with fifteen pairs, the strongest of whom were Hovey and Hobart, Ryerson and McCormick, and Chase and Clark. The few entries from the East was a disappointment; besides the champions, O. S. Campbell and R. P. Huntington, there were only Hobart and Hovey, and veteran J. S. Clark partnered by S. T. Chase, the Western champion. Larned and E. L. Hall had been expected, but the latter's indisposition kept both away. The courts had been carefully prepared, and outside of Newport there are none better in the country.

The play of the first two days was devoted to weeding out, matches being won in straight sets, with the exception of that between Clark and Chase, who were kept busy beating Scudder and Neely—7–5, 4–6, 6–2, 6–4. Taylor and Tobin, who have held the Pacific Coast championship for several years, and the first until this year in singles also, were somewhat of a disappointment in their play, as they made but little progress with Hobart and Hovey in their match. The latter played with great confidence, and with such pace that the Californians could win only a few games. Taylor's quick work at the net made a few points for his side, but they were really outclassed, losing—6–1, 6–1, 6–1. Hobart and Hovey continued their good work, and won their way with no difficulty to the final round.

THE BEST MATCH BY ALL ODDS of the tournament was that between Hobart and Hovey and the Neels, C. B. and S. R., representing the Chicago University, but originally from Oakland, California. They made a great fight, coming within one point of winning the first set, and playing hard for every point. Carr Neel has a way of serving the ball on a run towards the net which brings them both up. They made strong rallies, and returned some balls apparently safely placed. In fact, their tennis was very good, and would probably have won from any other team in the tournament. They should by all means come East to Newport.

A more stubbornly fought though less brilliant match was that of Chase and Clark against Ryerson and McCormick, won by the former pair—7–5, 2–6, 5–7, 6–3, 10–8—after nearly three hours of hard play. Clark played with much of his old time vim, and was well supported by Chase. McCormick played a very good game, his smashing being brilliant.

Hobart and Hovey kept up their winning pace against Campbell and Huntington in the championship round, and won 6–3, 6–4, 4–6, 6–2 after a match that showed by turns some very brilliant and ordinary play on the part of Campbell and Huntington due to lack of practice. Campbell volleyed poorly, though at times did some pretty work at the net. Huntington was far from his old time form. On the other hand, Hobart and Hovey played brilliantly, the former's side line drives and the latter's volleying giving the spectators a rare treat of good tennis.

THE ONLY MATCH IN THE NEW CASTLE, N. H., tournament to at all have any bearing on Newport was that between R. D. Wrenn and Malcolm Chace, in which the former won—7–5, 6–4, 2–6, 6–4. It was, in fact, the only interesting play of the week, for Wrenn had won easy victories, and Chace had but one struggle, with C. R. Budlong, and that of short duration. Budlong, however, is showing steady improvement, and he made Chace work hard for the first set—8–6—but fell down sadly in the second—6–3. The veteran A. E. Wright was no match for Chace, though the latter carelessly threw away the second set, nor was the Yale champion, A. F. Foote. When, therefore, Chace and Wrenn came together for the finals, their superiority over the others was undoubted. Both these men play nearly the same kind of a game, both run to the net on every available opportunity, and each is strong and unsteady by turns. This time Wrenn proved the steadier, and passed and outplaced Chace, who seemed unable to hold on to his nerve, and lost control of the ball. Wrenn had his unsteady turn in the third set, and got only two games while Chace was winning six. Chace did some good lobbing, but he needs a lot of seasoning. Wrenn's service was hard, and he showed the best form of this season. Chace and Wrenn also won the doubles from Budlong and Reed (the Amherst champion)—6–3, 7–5, 7–5—but the lesser lights gave them a good fight for it.

THE CANADIAN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP, in singles and doubles, again goes to players from the United States. Last year F. H. Hovey slipped up to Toronto and, together with Bixby, won all in sight. This year the tournament, so far as concerned representation from the States, was left to Detroit, and Paddock and Cole, after hard work in the first set, took the next two easily from Pope and Pope of Toronto. Avery of Detroit played a great uphill game against MacKenzie of Toronto. After losing the first two sets—4–6, 4–6, he won three straight—6–3, 6–1, 6–1, and the match. Miss Osborne successfully defended her title against Mrs. Smith—6–8, 6–4, 6–2.

The playing in the Northwestern championship tournament, held at Lake Minnetonka, showed the best average play of any previous year, the quality of the entries being especially better than usual.

Last year Elting of Chicago defeated Belden, who held the championship, but this year Belden regained the title after a match that had two very pretty and hard fought sets—5–7, 6–4, 8–6, 6–4. The doubles were also wrested from Chicago—Wrenn and Elting holders—by Jayne and Cook, after a hard struggle in the last set, 6–3, 6–2, 11–9. Tennis in the Northwest is improving greatly. Some of these men should enter at Newport.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB CRUISE, which will begin next Monday with the rendezvous off Glen Cove, is the event to which yachtsmen have been looking all season, and it is certain to prove the most memorable one in the club's history. The programme for the cruise, issued by the fleet captain, Gouverneur Kortright, is:

Monday, August 7th, rendezvous, Glen Cove, and Commodore Cup races.
Tuesday, August 8th, Glen Cove to Morris Cove.
Wednesday, August 9th, Morris Cove to New London.
Thursday, August 10th, New London to Newport.
Friday, August 11th, Goelet Cup races off Newport.
Saturday, August 12th, Newport to Vineyard Haven.
Sunday, August 13th, the fleet will remain at anchor.
Monday, August 14th, Vineyard Haven to New Bedford.
Tuesday, August 15th, New Bedford to Newport.
Wednesday, August 16th, Astor Cup races off Newport.

If for no other reason it would be noteworthy for bringing the four cup-defenders together for the first time and giving the yachting world an opportunity of judging their merits in competition. But the races of the cup-defenders will not be the only notable events of the cruise. While they will naturally enough absorb the greater amount of attention, no small interest will be manifested in the performances of the schooners, and especially in those of *Emerald*, *Lasca*, and *Alcaea*. The last two had their first meeting last year, and in their races the *Lasca* demonstrated her superiority so decidedly that unless she has been much improved, *Alcaea's* sailing will hardly arouse much interest this season. The *Emerald*, however, in her races this season, her first, has given promise of making *Lasca* go faster than ever before in order to win. The others of this class—over 90 and not above 100 feet l. w. l.—are the old timers—*Mayflower*, *Marguerite*, *Iroquois*, *Volunteer*, *Merlin*, *Atlantic*, *Grayling*, *Alert*, and *Sachem*. It will be interesting to see how these last will compare with the later additions to the class. *Marguerite*, last season, did some fine work; this year she will sail under another owner's flag.

The *Volunteer* is uncertain, but the chances are that General Paine will wish to give all his attention to the *Jubilee*. There is nothing new in seventy-footers, except the old crack single-sticker *Titania*, made over into a schooner and rechristened *Dagmar*; her sailing thus far has not been up to expectations. *Quickstep* is pretty apt to be en evidence, and possibly *Shamrock*, no longer the property of Mr. Maxwell. Likely enough the sport of this class will be furnished by *Yampa* and *Amorita* which have already had several races, and are certain to single one another out whenever they are on the same water.

OF THE LARGE SCHOONERS (over 100 feet l. w. l.) *Dauntless* and *Ramona* are likely to continue the fight they had in the Larchmont regatta, and which they kept up throughout the recent very successful cruise of that club. But they will not have the battle to themselves, as they, with *Constellation*, had last year. The famous old ocean racer *Coronet* may be a starter, as well as *Fampa*, which Mr. Chester Chapin has recently outfitted with a new suit of sails for the purpose. The *Constellation* may not be seen, Mr. Thayer being abroad, and nothing as yet having been heard of his making any arrangements to race the big schooner. Of the class below (over 90 and less than 100 feet l. w. l.), there is only the *Fortuna*, the fate of the *Montauk* being unknown.

Of the sloops, the new 46-footer *Carmita* has done little sailing since she came off the ways, and it remains to be seen how much she has been benefited by taking off some of the lead on her keel. Thus far she has not been the success the sportsmanship of her owner deserves. Unless she sails a great deal faster than she has so far, the *Wasp* will have more or less of a walk-over so far as *Carmita* is concerned. Possibly the *Gloriana*, the undisputed queen of the class in '91, may turn up at the starting line, but *Gloriana* has never been herself since she passed out of E. D. Morgan's ownership; or maybe the case is better put by saying that no one has sailed her up to the form she displayed in '91 since another skipper than the Commodore of the New York Yacht Club took her helm.

THE GREAT INTEREST IS, OF COURSE, in what the cup-defenders, *Colonia*, *Vigilant*, *Pilgrim*, and *Jubilee*, are going to do. They have been so thoroughly discussed in these columns that there remains now very little to add. In the past week every one of them has been out as often as possible, and the performance of each has been an improvement on the work of the week before. *Pilgrim* and *Jubilee* have fought shy of one another, but the former continues the favorite of those who have watched them both. *Colonia* has been in the dry dock for her final dressing, and her sailing has been up to expectations; she has not been seen much by any save those directly interested in her. She is practically an enlarged *Wasp*, and if she travels as rapidly, the others will have to be marvels to beat her.

Vigilant has had no end of tuning up, and the way she goes through the water impresses her speed upon all who have seen her. She is undoubtedly a fast boat; in fact, they are all fast boats, every one of them, and there will be some great racing in the next two weeks.

Jubilee, *Pilgrim*, and *Vigilant* are all to be hauled out this week in preparation for the races, the last in a Brooklyn dock, the others at Boston. It is not probable that either of the Boston boats will be seen until the Goelet Cup races.

ALTHOUGH THE PERFORMANCES OF ALL THE cup-defenders have been good, and the speed great as compared with all former standards, the stories of running across the bow of a steamer making fourteen knots, of passing them making eighteen knots, and leaving, as though anchored, tugs making twelve knots, must be taken *cum grano salis*. It sounds as though the American reporter was determined not to be outdone by his English *confrère* who has been sending over remarkable stories of the speed of *Valkyrie*, *Britannia*, and *Satanita*, in which seventeen knots an hour was quite a common occurrence. It is very safe to say that when we come to follow the cup-defenders in the Goelet and Astor and Corinthian Club (of New York) special races, we shall be able to remain within hailing distance, except in running before the wind, on a steamer making fourteen knots an hour. These calculations are always of the roughest kind, and invariably exaggerated. First of all, ordinary excursion steamboats that make eighteen knots an hour are exceedingly scarce, and the average tug has all it wants to do grinding out ten an hour. When the actual races come off, the times made will surprise those who have believed that any of these yachts could make seventeen or eighteen knots an hour under lower sails.

IN BRITISH WATERS PREPARATIONS are making for the Cape May Cup race which is to be sailed about August 10th. Beginning on the 5th, there will be an entire week of racing, in which *Navahoe* will have an opportunity of testing the English boats and tuning up.

The New York Yacht Club Committee has definitely decided that the international races for the *America's* Cup will begin October 5th, the best three out of five to be declared the winner. Despite the Committee's opinion to the contrary, it seems an unnecessarily late date. The N. Y. Y. C. cruise and the several races at its end will all be over by the last of August; a week to haul out preparatory to the trial races, which will take another week, say another haul out by the chosen defender and by the 25th of September she would be ready to successfully defend the cup against the *Valkyrie* or any other British yacht.

Lord Dunraven seems determined to start the *Valkyrie* against the *Navahoe*, and yachtsmen on both sides look upon his intention with disfavor. Should the *Navahoe* win, it would absolutely take all the interest out of the *America's* Cup races. In any event, the *Navahoe* may be depended on to give a good account of herself. She has a good fighting chance.

THE MYOPIA POLO WEEK began on Saturday last—July 29th—and will last until August 12th. Some really good sport is promised, although the entries are few—only two as a matter of fact beside the home team. These are the Independence team, of Morristown—which includes Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., George L. Day, Benjamin Nicoll, and George P. Eustis—the regular Myopia team, and a new young team from Harvard, which includes Elliott Cowdin (2 goals), J. S. Wadsworth (0), R. Brooks (1), J. A. Stillman (0). The polo season thus far has been neither successful nor exciting. The last tournament at Cedarhurst afforded some interesting play between Westchester, Meadowbrook, and Rockaway, the first winning the Allen Cup, but it was chiefly notable for the lack of team-work, while some of the play of men handicapped high enough to show they ought to do better, would have been unworthy a second-rater.

WITH A FEW RARE EXCEPTIONS, polo men appear singularly indifferent to the fate of the American game. By reason of their obstinacy—or shall we say selfishness?—in refusing to listen to any improvement on present methods, so as to give the second class men encouragement and practice, they have actually gone backwards in the past two years—with one notable exception, however, and that is the members of the Independence team, who this season have swept all before them in every tournament in which they have played. It might be said that they are the only men to-day in this country who have, in practice and in matches, aimed and succeeded in playing a team game. What they have accomplished shows the merit in the method.

It is indeed too bad there are so few polo men who care about the standard of our play or the quality of the American game. There is a sad wanting of sportsmanship in about seventy five per cent. of those who follow the game more or less.

After Myopia the scene shifts to Newport, where the Westchester Club has its tournament from August 14th to 26th. The Oyster Bay week, which used to fill in nicely before Newport, is scratched off the list, the club having apparently slumped since Theodore Roosevelt found it impossible to find time to play. Immediately following Newport is the Hingham week, August 28th to September 2d, and then Brookline, September 4th to 14th. At all of these there has been a generous offering of prizes. The entries are not yet in, but it is to be hoped they will be generous, for if the ending of the season is no better than the beginning, the polo year of '93 will have been the poorest of the last three.

THESE CLIPPINGS, FROM THE NEW YORK *Sun*, are printed here to show how many different kinds of an "amateur" an amateur racing cyclist of the League of American Wheelmen can be:

"ASBURY PARK, *July 27th*.—W. W. Taxis, of Philadelphia, the crack bicycle-rider who has been suspended by the L. A. W. Racing Board pending an investigation into the charge of professionalism made against him, made an affidavit yesterday before Notary Public Frank Pawley of this place and forwarded it to the Racing Board. Taxis says that on June 24th he sold one of his prize wheels to a Philadelphian, giving a receipt in the name of his mother. He then gave the money to his mother, taking her receipt. He claims that his mother is acting as his trustee."

And again:

. . . . "After Mr. Murphy [C. M. Murphy, of the New York Athletic Club] had won the final heat of the race, he asked the committee to pay him $50 in cash rather than the $50 gold medal promised, a request being made that the check be made payable to his wife. This, at the direction of the chairman of the committee, was done. Some time later Mr. Murphy called on me and stated that the check had not been received—a statement which was borne out by the fact that it had not been returned through bank, and at his request I drew another check, made payable to himself."

If the Racing Board accepts such stuff as this as sufficient for reinstatement, it is not at all surprising the racing rounders wheel their triumphant way unmolested. Racers blessed with sisters, cousins, and aunts, to say nothing of mothers, wives, and brothers, will henceforth be the envy of all "rounders" less favored—as to family.

NOTHING HAS BEEN SAID here of the recent eight oared shell race between Cornell and University of Pennsylvania on Lake Minnetonka, for the simple reason that we had no authentic information. It is rather late now to do more than call attention to the fact that Cornell demonstrated they could stay four miles, and in rough water make fairly good time—23 minutes and a fraction. Pennsylvania must have made great improvement to hold Cornell as well as they did, and it augurs well for their rowing prospects.

IN THE CLASSIFICATION OF COLLEGE NINES a few weeks ago, the cutting up of a paragraph, to make a column fit, made it read that Brown had not played Cornell, when the statement made originally was the reverse. Brown did play Cornell, and beat them, 10–2, in a one sided game, in which Cornell made 11 errors. This makes the college team rating: Harvard, Yale, Brown, Princeton, Cornell, University of Pennsylvania. CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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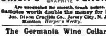

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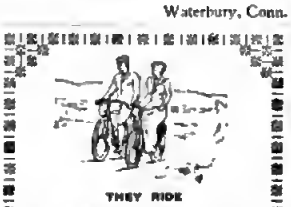

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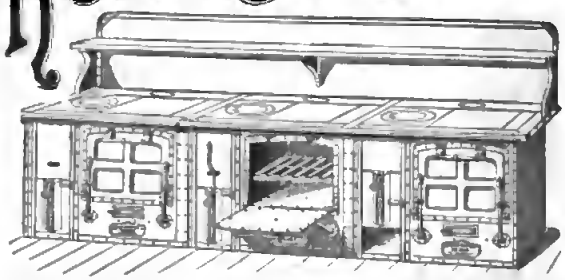

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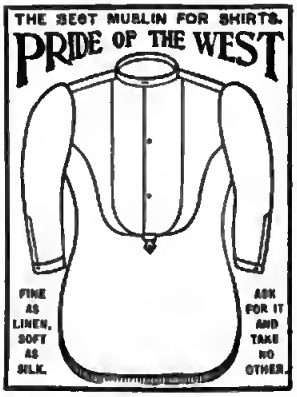

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After an Official Reception.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 767.

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OBSTRUCTION IN CONGRESS.

MUCH attention has been attracted by the threat uttered some time ago by Senator JONES of Nevada, that the advocates of free silver coinage would "tie up the Senate," that is, obstruct action on the part of the Senate by interminable talk to prevent the repeal of the silver purchase act. Senator JONES thinks that he and the other free-coinage Senators will be able to hold the floor and talk until the "gold men" surrender to them in despair. There is no doubt that under the present rules of the Senate, which provide for no limit to debate, this can be done, provided the physical as well as the moral fibre of the free-coinage Senators prove sufficiently tough. Many advocates of the repeal of the SHERMAN law jump at the conclusion that if the rules of the Senate make such a thing possible, and thus enable the minority to defeat the will of the majority, those rules should be changed without delay. This demand is not a new one; it has been heard on almost every occasion when the minority threatened to obstruct the Senate and the majority grew impatient: but the old rule of the Senate has survived, and we should regard it as peculiarly unfortunate if the fight for the repeal of the SHERMAN law were begun with an attack upon that rule. It would be the greatest possible mistake in parliamentary tactics.

In the first place, if the free-coinage Senators are determined to obstruct action, they can, by "talking against time," prevent a vote upon a motion to change the rules of the Senate just as well as a vote on the repeal of the SHERMAN law. In the second place, whenever there is a question at issue with regard to which public opinion is strongly pronounced and exercises a vigorous pressure upon the legislative body, while many members of that body, in order to obey the behest of public opinion, have to give up a position formerly held by them, it is always bad policy for the friends of the measure to be carried to permit the fight to be diverted from the main issue to some collateral question. The average member of Congress is not a hero in point of moral courage. He wishes to follow the majority of his party. He wishes not to displease any strong minority. He wishes to appear consistent in his course. Whenever he sees that he cannot accomplish these three things at the same time, his natural inclination is to "dodge." There are men in the Senate who formerly spoke and voted for free coinage, but who now see the necessity of following public opinion against it, and thus to change their position. This they dislike to do, and it is by no means improbable that some of them would welcome the shifting of the fight upon a different issue upon which it could be indefinitely spun out. It is also evident that if a change of the rules of the Senate were moved for the distinct purpose of facilitating the repeal of the SHERMAN act, a defeat of that motion, although owing to reasons entirely independent of the silver question, might prejudice the chances of the repeal of the SHERMAN act very seriously. And that such a motion would fail is probable, for there is very much to be said against it on its own merits.

When Speaker REED, in the exulting consciousness of his power, said that the House of Representatives was no longer a deliberative body, he was, in point of fact, more than half right. The House of Representatives has certainly ceased to be the arena of free and thorough debate that it once was. Its discussions consist now, in greatest part, in mere snatches of argument, in parliamentary fencing, and in vociferations for partisan effect. It is a matter of rare occurrence that a debate in the House of Representatives exhausts a subject of public interest, throws new light upon a public question, or furnishes valuable instruction to the popular mind. This is mainly owing to the rules of the House, which in various ways make it difficult to get the floor, and which seriously hamper and limit discussion. That some, if not most, of those rules are required to enable the House to do the necessary business, we do not mean to deny. But it is in the highest degree desirable that there should be at least one deliberative body in our government in which debate is free and may be thorough. People are very apt, when following the proceedings of Congress, impatiently to complain that there is too much talk and too little action. But talk is a very essential part of representative institutions. Discussion is the very life of popular government. There may be sometimes, apparently, too great an abundance of it, and it may not always be fruitful of wisdom; but upon a candid examination of our political history we shall find that Congress has done far less mischief by talk than by action. The instances in which the spinning out of talk has prevented or injuriously delayed desirable action are very few—certainly not as many as the instances in which more thorough debate might and would have prevented action that was injurious. At any rate, it is of the first importance that in one at least of the deliberative bodies of the government debate should remain unrestrained, and it would be in the highest degree unwise to enact, for the purpose of serving a temporary object, rules calculated to work a permanent injury to the republic.

Nor is the Senate altogether without means to discipline a refractory minority. When the minority tries to prevent a vote by "talking against time," the majority may resort to the expedient of "sitting it out," that is, of remaining in continuous session without any adjournment for rest until the minority is at the end of its physical endurance, and gives up the fight. This manœuvre has very seldom failed of success, and it will certainly not fail in this case when the refractory minority will appear as little better than a lot of conspirators against the public interest. The appeal recently addressed by the Silver Convention at Denver to the people of the United States had but little to say of any benefits to be conferred by free coinage upon the community at large, but it was all the more eloquent on the injury which the repeal of the SHERMAN law would inflict upon the silver-mining States. In view of the universal distress which the SHERMAN law has brought upon the country, that protest against its repeal is virtually a demand upon the American people to sacrifice the general welfare that the silver miners may prosper. Human selfishness has never exhibited itself with more defiant impudence. In this light the attitude of the silver men stands out more glaringly every day as the disastrous consequences of the policy advocated by them are more generally felt.

The policy of the friends of sound financial legislation in the Senate is obvious. As soon as a bill for the repeal of the silver-purchase clause of the SHERMAN law is before that body, let them, without loss of time, march straight to the main issue, and make known their determination, after a fair time for debate has been allowed, not to adjourn the Senate for an hour until the matter is disposed of. If then Messrs. JONES, TELLER, STEWART, WOLCOTT, MORGAN, PUGH, VANCE, and others wish to prevent a vote in the face of the fact that there is scarcely a State in the Union that has not suffered far greater loss from the effects of the SHERMAN act than Colorado and the other silver-mining States will suffer from its repeal, and that the repeal is demanded by millions in distress and anguish, let them try their obstructive tactics. There will be such a storm of popular indignation assailing them from all sides that they will soon get tired of exhibiting themselves to the wrath of the people as the factious enemies of the public welfare. Mr. JONES will wish he had never made the threat of "tying up" the Senate.

WHAT TO DO.

THE approaching session of Congress has stimulated a large crop of suggestions and schemes on the reform of the currency. We have had plans for putting more silver into the silver dollar, for replacing the silver currency with new United States notes based on a larger reserve of gold, for enlarging the basis on which national bank notes can be issued, and for permitting the issue of State bank notes under safe restrictions. Of course we have the plan of our silver friends, to coin silver freely even though the heavens fall, and to astonish the world with the prosperity that must follow. There are other cranky suggestions also, such as a period of unrest and uncertainty inevitably brings forth. Some of the plans are good, some bad. The free-silver plan is hopelessly discredited. The issue of more United States notes, even if only in substitution for other currency retired, is dangerous. Some of the plans for a remodelling of the bank note issues are ingenious and promising, and the time may come when they will bear healthy fruit.

But for the immediate future, and for the coming session of Congress, the thing to do is simple. Repeal the SHERMAN act; stop the issue of currency based on silver purchases and containing the threat of reducing our currency to the fifty-five cent basis; and for the rest, take time for consideration.

Whatever may have been the original merit or demerit of the SHERMAN act, the time has come to be done with it, and with the whole policy of which it was a part. We will admit, for argument's sake, that when passed it was necessary in order to stave off a free-silver bill, and that a compromise with the silver party was then the best policy. But the time for compromise is past, and the country must make up its mind to cease playing with fire. The BLAND act was a dangerous compromise with the silver men; the SHERMAN act was another, we can afford no further experiments in the issuing of bad money which displaces good. We might continue on the verge of a breakdown for still a space, and not come to grief. But we can no longer afford this perilous experimenting.

The present financial crisis adds a further and urgent reason for immediate repeal. We will again admit, for argument's sake, that it is a mistake to lay all our present troubles at the door of the SHERMAN act. Other things have contributed to bring about the crisis, and we will not quarrel with those who lay more stress on this cause or on that. But no one will deny that the SHERMAN act was one potent source of trouble. We all know that in times of financial tribulation the one thing needful is confidence—a reasoned and firm assurance that the future will bring better things, and a willingness not to press rights and debts, in the certainty that they will have their due when the proper season comes. This spirit of confidence has been shattered more by the SHERMAN act than by any other cause. The peril of the government's finances, the distrust of foreign investors, the wonder what unexpected breakdown the next day may bring—these have been the fruits of that unhappy measure. Remove the incubus, and the calm and orderly course of business affairs will be resumed. The one thing now to do is to promote calm, order, hope. Whatever other causes may have disturbed them, here is one cause which legislation can set right. Let Congress repeal the act, and restore to the community that confidence without which the modern machinery of trade cannot work.

This is the one thing now needful to do, and the only thing. Congress will have to legislate sooner or later on the currency, and on the mode in which it shall grow. Eventually the country must make up its mind how to provide for the expansion of its circulating medium—whether by gold or by bank-notes or by government notes. But we need not care for this now. For the present we have currency enough; what we need is confidence, not money. The SHERMAN act has been pouring out money at the rate of fifty millions a year, and the bank-note circulation has been growing for the first time in years. If plenty of currency were a cure all for financial distress, we should now be in the happiest stage of exhilaration. In fact, we are in a bad way, and we have more money than the community really needs. Any person versed in financial history would risk his reputation for sense and knowledge on the prediction that within a year—within six months—money will be a drug. The panicky feeling now causes a drain on bank reserves; money is being withdrawn, hoarded, collected, by those who fear runs and collapses. When the normal course of things is resumed, the money will flow back to the usual depositories, bank vaults will be filled to overflowing, and the country will find it has more money than it knows what to do with. This is the sequence of the financial panic, regular as the sequence of day after night. The redundancy will probably be greater than ever this time, because of the rate at which the currency supply has grown since 1890. Certain it is that we have currency enough, and can trust that matter to take care of itself for a while.

If Congress, after repealing unconditionally the SHERMAN act, chooses to consider further the definitive regulation of the currency on sound principles, so much the better. We believe the sound principles to be those which underlie the national banking system. Thoroughly secured bank notes, issued under Federal supervision on a uniform basis, and redeemable beyond question on a gold basis, are the best currency. If Congress will declare its intention to follow these principles by giving more elbow-room to the national bank notes, by permitting their issue up to the par value of the bonds deposited to secure them, so much good will be done. If Congress will follow the suggestion of appointing a competent commission to examine and report on the whole currency question, good again. Delay and sober second thought always tell for the right. But first repeal the SHERMAN act. Stop the wrong policy, and take time to consider what is the right one to substitute for it.

SPEAKER CRISP AND THE HOUSE.

THE organization of the new House of Representatives is now in progress, and much depends upon the manner in which Speaker CRISP performs his difficult and delicate task.

He has been chosen Speaker for the second time. When he was first elected it was after a long and somewhat bitter contest between his personal friends, what was left of the old RANDALL contingent, and Tammany New York aided by Senator HILL, on the one side, and the men who had been conspicuous in the tariff reform movement on the other. There is no doubt that the men who opposed Mr. CRISP were more numerous than those who favored him, but there were divisions among them, and Mr. CRISP benefited by the falling out of the majority.

His conduct of the office did not strengthen him

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and at one time in the winter and spring it seemed probable that Congressman WILLIAM L. WILSON, of West Virginia, would be the Speaker of the Fifty-third Congress. That he is not the occupant of the chair to-day is due to the unwillingness of some of the leading Democrats of the country to risk the grave issues now before Congress by any act that would lead to party dissension. It was a tradition, it was argued, that the Speaker should have a second term, and there foes Mr. CRISP's friends would have the support of tradition in resenting a refusal to re-elect him.

At the same time it was recognized that Mr. CRISP should not be Speaker unless he were in perfect accord with the purposes of the administration. There is no reason to assume that Mr. CRISP made any bargain with the President and his advisers, but he knew that he could not be Speaker again if it were not understood that he would frame the leading committees of the House of Representatives in such a manner that the objects of the administration would be furthered and its purposes carried out.

Mr. CRISP goes into the Speakership with pledges, express or implied, if matters not which, to the country, to the House itself, and to the administration, to do his utmost to secure the unconditional repeal of the SHERMAN act and the reform of the tariff by lowering the rates of duty. In order to accomplish this task he must not be governed by the ineffective organization that he made in the Fifty-second Congress, and which was largely forced upon him by the fact that the strong men of the House were opposed to him. He has probably learned by bitter experience during his first term the unwisdom of not utilizing all the strength of his party for the proper performance of the work with which the country has charged it.

The most important committee for the extra session will be the Coinage Committee, of which Mr. BLAND was chairman. In view of the attitude of the administration, of the crying need of the country, of the purpose for which Congress is called together, Mr. BLAND ought not to be chairman of this committee. At the best, he would be a mere figure head, and his own self respect should lead him to decline the doubtful honor. Mr. CRISP cannot escape the obligation under which he is, to appoint a committee that will favor unconditional repeal of the purchasing clause of the SHERMAN act. Such a committee with a bound and gagged chairman would be an unnecessary legislative absurdity, and Mr. BLAND himself would be a helpless object of ridicule.

Mr. CRISP has grave responsibilities and is under serious obligations. He must turn his back on many of the weak men who first made him Speaker; he must not only recompose the Coinage Committee, but he will probably transfer the leadership of the floor to a stronger man than Mr. CATCHINGS, and will make the Ways and Means and the Appropriations committees efficient where, in the last Congress, they were weak.

No Speaker ever had greater need of courage and determination. He must disappoint old friends and call old antagonists to his councils. He must show to the country that he can rise above faction when patriotism calls, and that he can be wiser, broader, and more generous than he has ever been before.

THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

THE post-office in New York is the most important in the country, and does the largest business. It is not of merely local importance that this office should be well administered and the service be efficient. Every business community in the country is to a greater or less extent interested in the good management of the post office of the metropolis. Twelve and fifteen years ago the service in New York was admirable; but for six or eight years it has been getting steadily poorer. At the present moment it is sadly inefficient. This inefficiency, it must be explained, is not due to the fact that the Postmaster is incompetent or lacking in zeal. The difficulty is with the Congress and the department in Washington. New York has grown steadily and rapidly, but the appropriations and allowances for the New York Post-office have not kept pace with that growth. The town has now so outgrown the service that the postal clerks and letter carriers are compelled to work overtime every day in the year, and these clerks are housed in places unfit for human beings to work in. Not only is this the case in the General Post-office, but the branch offices are almost, if not quite, as bad. Recently a government building in Washington tumbled in, and a score or more of clerks were killed; these buildings in New York may not tumble down, but they are killing clerks just as effectually—killing them by inches. Economy in appropriations is admirable, but "Holmanism," which results in accidents like that in Washington and conditions like those in New York, is absolutely criminal. Mr BARNET PHILLIPS's article on another page, together with the illustrations, gives a graphic idea of the conditions under which the men in the New York Post-office are required to work.

Mr THOMAS L. JAMES, Postmaster in New York from 1873 to 1881, and Postmaster-General in the cabinet of President GARFIELD, and acting Postmaster of New York for a little while in the beginning of President HARRISON's administration, knows as well as any man in the world how to deal with the postal problem in New York. When he was recently asked what the difficulty was, he answered, "Lack of sufficient appropriations." When he was asked for the remedy, he said, "I told them long years ago, when I was acting Postmaster after Mr PEARSON's death, that after a careful examination I was satisfied that the New York Post office could not be administered properly without an additional yearly appropriation of $500,000. Such an appropriation would help solve the problem, but after that Mr. ALBERT H SCOTT, the present chief of the Bureau of Salaries and Allowances in the office of the First Assistant Postmaster-General, should be replaced by a broad and liberal man. If these things were done, New York could safely leave the rest to Mr. DAYTON."

There is the whole thing in a nutshell. The New York Post office must have more money, and the officer in Washington who does it out must be made to understand that "cheese-paring" is not only poor economy, but in the end a sinful waste. The New York Congressmen who have recently visited the General Post-office may be trusted to tell Congress what is needed, and see that the needful is appropriated.

ASSAULTS ON CREDIT.

THE trouble in the money market, in its fullest extent, is not due to the purchase clause of the SHERMAN act alone. That is the prime cause, indeed, of the existing financial distress, of the loss of confidence which has brought American securities back from Europe, drained the Treasury of gold, locked up money that but for it would be circulating in the channels of trade, and caused the ruin of hundreds of honest traders. But although the prime, it is not the only cause. Like other breeders of mischief, it has brought forth a progeny of evil things, and these, in turn, have increased the mischief worked by their baleful parent. It has not only destroyed confidence, which is the soul of human transactions, but it has awakened and stimulated bad passions, and has tempted men into the habit of misrepresenting facts, in order that they might coin the misfortunes of their fellows and the distresses of their times into dollars.

The evil that has flown from the original source has been increased by its own consequences. The downward rush of the market has been helped by slanders and by assaults upon credit. It is said that this last crime was never so common as it has been during the serious times that have recently obtained on Wall Street. The governors of the Stock Exchange have been forced to notice its prevalence, and it will go hard with any member of that institution who is actually caught uttering slanders against the credit of men or corporations. The authorities of the market ought to treat with equal severity those who exaggerate and give a fictitious value to securities for the purpose of making money by a rise. It must of course be borne in mind that the evil of the "bear" element is greater and more far-reaching than that caused by the "bulls," inasmuch as it is easier to frighten and destroy credit than to build it up.

This practice of deliberate misrepresentation for gain by "bulls" and "bears" alike has been growing recently. The absence from the street of outside speculators has so greatly injured the business of brokerage that those who fail to secure the customers they are supposed to be seeking turn to gambling with each other in a market that is keenly susceptible to rumors, true or false. And it is the testimony of experienced bankers that the high standard of honor has fallen off in Wall Street within the past few years. It is the constant habit of some dealers in securities to be on the "bear" or "bull" side, and to fatten their bank accounts on doubts of the prosperity of the corporations whose securities are listed by the Exchange, or on untruthful statements concerning "values" that amount to downright swindling. In the present trouble the habit of the "bears" has simply been carried to excess. They have not hesitated to assail the credit of banks and individuals by name, and to give specifications of the charges of their unsoundness. The other day, at the opening of the exchange, a sale of stock was deliberately made at a lower price than the stock would have brought. It was clearly the intention to break the market for that stock at the very beginning of the day. The action of the savings banks, in requiring from their depositors notice of their intention to withdraw their money, was wise and conservative, and should have been reassuring. It was used by the "bears" to further breed lack of confidence.

It is unnecessary to remind the readers of the WEEKLY of the delicacy of credit. Without it business cannot be carried on, and, standing alone, no man in active affairs could go on against general assaults upon his trustworthiness, for they would deprive him of the confidence of the banks and of his fellow-traders, without which he could not long remain solvent. It is no exaggeration to say that the safety of the business community rests upon the solvency of the banks. Fortunately for the city and the country, the banks of New York are so banded together in this emergency that it is almost impossible for any one of them to go under. But if it were not for this association, so malicious and so strong have been the assaults upon their credit, that some of the strongest among them would, before this, have been crippled if not ruined. On the other hand, the wrong that is done by running up stocks beyond their true value under false representations is incalculable. There are men on the street who have deliberately ruined trusting customers by selling them stocks they knew at the time to be worthless.

It may be taken for granted that those who insist on telling you that this or that honored name is a mask for roguery, that the Comptroller of the Currency would close certain institutions if he knew what the president and cashier were doing with the funds, that the dividends of an apparently prosperous corporation are not earned, are bent on increasing the distrust already too prevalent. In such a crisis as this through which the country is now passing patriotic business men would suppress the evil they knew, and tell the good. Those who hasten the downfall of prices in this way are presumably making money out of the distress of their country, and most of those who will assail credit will do so untruthfully, for it is difficult to imagine a deeper depth of commercial dishonor than that to which those descend who base their prosperity on the ruin of business, the destruction of reputation, and the distress that follows loss of employment. Men who will do this, or who will secure the sale of stock by misstating or misrepresenting facts, should be expelled from the exchange which gives them their opportunity to trade on their malice, their inventions, and their base selfishness.

AN UNBIASSED EXAMINATION.

EVERYBODY now being out of town, we million and a half stragglers who absurdly remain in town may perhaps embrace the opportunity to glance at this notion of going to the country for the summer in a calm, unprejudiced spirit. It will be several weeks before the folks return, and if, in our impartial and dispassionate examination of the question, we come to the conclusion that going to the country at this season is a very foolish thing to do—as it seems certain that any fair-minded person who looks at it must—it will never be known, and we shall retain the good will of the country users, and they will never suspect that we know what poor, weak, deluded mortals they are.

In the first place, we wish boldly to put forward the idea that rushing off to the country in the summer is all wrong. This seems to be the only conclusion which can be reached when all prejudice is laid aside and the subject is examined strictly on its merits. We do not rashly say that there is any reason for ever going to the country, but a much stronger case can be made for going in the winter than in the summer. This is so self-evident that it seems ridiculous to point out the reason for it; but for the benefit of those incredulous and stubborn people who are still in town, but who are planning on going to the country later on, we are willing to present a few of the said reasons.

Let us first look at the drawbacks of the country. And who knows them better than this little handful of a million and a half who are staying in the city? For we have all been in the country, of course, thousand of times, and would be there now had we not seen the utter folly of it. There is, then, the mosquito. What bringeth greater woe in the country? Now the very bayday, the glad spring time, the lusty youth, the hour of victory, of the mosquito is in the summer. How he scenteth the city visitor afar off, and meeteth him at the station, and goeth with him to his hotel, and there, in the long watches of the shuddering night, laugheth, ha, ha! as he revels in his blood! But in the winter the mosquito is unknown, except in some parts of New Jersey, and even there the winter mosquito lacketh spirit, numbers, appetite. With respect to the mosquito, the winter is a vastly better time in which to visit the country than is the summer.

Then there is that other great twin scourge of the summer visitor, the summer-hotel landlord. A winter summer-hotel landlord raises to seem possible, though travellers tell us that in Florida he exists in all his fierceness, but no doubt Florida in the winter is as bad in all ways as is our own country in the summer. Those that go to the country at this season rush headlong into the open tentacles of the summer landlord. They find him lying in wait in his den with his revised Homeric motto, "Welcome the coming, speed the parting, guest." The low hum of the mosquito is bad enough, but the low scratch of the landlord's pen adding to their accounts would be worse if they had ears sharp enough to detect it. But in the winter, as we have intimated, the summer landlord is not visible. His panting pen is idle, and he is far away, making contracts with paper manufacturers for more blank bills. As regards the landlord, winter is also the season in which to visit the country.

Of minor country evils which flourish in the summer and vex not the winter there are many—too many for rehearsal here. But we may mention malaria as one, and the Disagreeable Persons Who Sit on the Porches as another. An idea sometimes advanced is that it is worth while to endure all of those things for the sake of the summer girl, to be found in the country only. The latter part of this proposition is a mistake. We speak from a full (and joyous) knowledge of the exact facts when we say that some of the handsomest, wittiest, and most sensible girls in existence are now in the city; and we who have seen the New Light intend making sure that they go to the country when we do next winter. Nor must we, in our clear and impartial examination of the question, forget to glance at the absurdity of going to the country in the summer for cool weather, as if hot weather in New York were a local evil, like Tammany politicians, or the man who remembers when there weren't any houses above Union Square. The fact is, as we people in the city well know, that the summer weather in the country is hotter than it is in the city. It stands to reason. Firstly, there is less shade in the country. Secondly, the wind becomes dissipated and loses force in the vast open space of the country, whereas in the city the rows of houses reduce its area of effort by some two-thirds, concentrate it, and cause it to blow fresh and strong in the long cracks between them commonly called streets, making the days delightfully cool, and many of the nights almost too chilly for comfort.

But in closing we feel that we must, in the interests of humanity, sound one note of sadness. There is one thing for which we happy summer dwellers in the fortunate city should feel the sense of shame. We are living here amid this prodigality of soothing shade and invigorating breeze, and are doing absolutely nothing for the poor country children broiled by the sun, parched by the winds, tortured by the mosquitoes, and too often, indirectly at least, borne down by the summer landlord. This must be our reproach no longer. We propose the founding of the City Air Fund for poor country children.

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CLERKS ASSORTING LETTERS.—From a Photograph by Pach Brothers.
One hundred men where there is room for only thirty.

THE UNHEALTHY AND CRAMPED NEW YORK POST OFFICE.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS

My business is to describe what I see in the New York Post office. What I smell is more difficult to tell. Photographs will give conditions existing there far better than any writing. The stuffiness, foulness of the air breathed in the basement of the New York Post office escapes demonstration. As to the heat, when the thermometer on a hot summer's day shows 80 Fahr outside, the temperature inside of this Post office basement stands two degrees higher. The simple fact that three of these pictures were taken by flash light explains the obscurity in the vaults of the New York Post office where a great deal of the heavy work is done.

It seems preposterous to state that in some parts of the main room of the New York Post office an umbrella is necessary. I am talking to an inspector. I notice first a spatter, then a little puddle of water on the official desk. "There must be a shower outside," remarked the inspector, complacently, as he moved away his papers.

Obscurity is one of the worst conditions of the large main office—the one on a level with the street. The architect had

NAPPING QUARTERS FOR TIRED CARRIERS.—From a Photo. by Pach Brothers.
On top of old and dirty mail-bags in the basement.

original ideas, and he covered the big room with a glass roof. Theoretically the light ought to have filtered through into the basement, and so a glass floor was laid on the main office. But no glass would stand the wear and tear on that floor, and it was covered with wood. hence Cimmerian darkness below. The glass roof leaked so badly that the big room was not habitable. Then a new glass roof was clapped over the old one, leaving some space between the two. The water from a moderate shower now passes through both roofs.

There was, however, a new inconvenience. It happens that whenever there is a slight breeze in the vicinity of the City Hall Park there arises a whirlwind of dust, and so between the two glass roofs the dirt is deposited, and to all intents and purposes no light can come through the two glass roofs any more than were there a slate covering. On all the sides of the main office light is excluded, letter boxes, small offices with partitions, cutting it off. At mid-day, when the sun shines brightest, and when hundreds of lights are burning, there is a notable rise of temperature.

This print represents what might be called a congested aisle. Here in a confined space are over one hundred men. They are pouching, arranging, and sorting letters prior to their delivery. The men are packed so hard that [illegible]. It takes [illegible] practice for a man to work rapidly without any play of his elbows. The print was taken at 7 A.M., and this scene repeats itself over and over again all day in other portions of the main office. To make no mistakes and to be expeditious are the prime requirements of letter carriers. How can men be either careful or quick when one hundred men are jammed into a place where there is but room for thirty?

Mr. Julian Ralph describes tired roustabouts taking a nap on cotton bales. The New York postman has been running through the streets, climbing stairs, delivering his mail of a hot summer's morning. He comes back to the office for another delivery. Some of the men are not in the prime of life. They are worn out. No one begrudges them a quarter of an hour's rest. The only place where the men can stretch their limbs is in the basement, on top of the old and dirty mail pouches. The air here, despite a feeble attempt at ventilation, is noxious. The heat is oppressive. The roustabout is better off than the New York letter-carrier, for the former can at least breathe pure air.

The picture of the carriers' lockers had to be taken by flash light. The only qualifying word possible is that conditions here are beastly. In summer men are drenched by a sudden downpour, or in winter are wet to the skin by a snow storm. In these filthy lockers a change of clothes has to be kept. The space between the lockers is so restricted that two men can barely move there. These lockers are frequented by over three hundred men. The picture shows how dilapidated are these closets. Every sense of decency is outraged here, and sanitation is at its worst. Three times as many lockers, and new ones at that, with more space between them, might remedy the trouble. Any soldier or sailor in the United States service would rightly complain about these lockers.

This is a flash light picture of the underground printing office in the New York Post office. If the premises were not used by honest men in government employ, you might say it was just the locality to be chosen by a gang of counterfeiters. This queer subterranean chapel, fronting on Printing-house Square, is as intricate in form as the wards of an antique key. Never having the light of day in it, here some millions of what are known as "service slips" are printed. It works off the *Official Courier* and the biweekly notices of the departures of vessels carrying the foreign mails. The wonder is how, with such antiquated machines and wretched plant, any good work is done at all. The place is pitch dark in certain parts. Water, plenty of it, is a necessity in a printing office. How can a pressman do clean work with inky fingers? There is an insufficient supply of water and no sign of a sink. The overflow of the water is kept in a bucket, and a puddle of slop is always present. It is simply a disgrace that intelligent workmen should be forced to earn a living in such unwholesome quarters.

Mail Street need not be photographed. New York is familiar with a narrow roadway, fronting City Hall, where all day and far into the night wagons are bringing to and taking from the Post office the mails. The street is built over a vault, and this vault is the front basement space of the Post office. The droppings of a thousand horses when ever there is rain, percolate through the road bed and filter into the vault. When you enter this basement you see the roof and the sides of the wall moist with that nastiness which has oozed in from above. This pestiferous vault, it must be said to the credit of the authorities, is not used save for storage. It might be worth a man's life to work there for any length of time, but it is in direct communication with the basement. The noxious air from this plague centre is carried in, and must pervade the entire structure, and the court rooms above cannot be free from it.

An entire number of HARPER'S WEEKLY would not suffice if it were devoted to illustrating the innumerable business inconveniences and unwholesome conditions found in the New York Post-office. There are other departments where the same troubles exist. The New York Post-office is, all over, in a state of chronic congestion. Every square inch of room is utilized, and there is a demand for many more feet of space to-day, and to-morrow it will be for many more yards. Do what you may, you cannot put a gallon in a pint measure. In other words, the business not of the city alone, but of the world, has outgrown the present New York Post office.

It would be unjust to bring charges against former administrations, departments, postmasters, general or special. Irrespective of politics, no one has been postmaster of New York city during the last ten years who has not felt satisfied that with the constant increase of business the working-room provided was far behind actual requirements. Conscientious men have fretted themselves to death over the material obstacles thwarting them in their endeavors to carry out the important service confided to their care. The remedy lies in the Congress of the United States. There should be larger appropriations, and the money allotted must be used not alone for alleviating conditions in New York, but for many other post offices attached to large cities in other portions of the country.

AN UNDERGROUND PRINTING OFFICE.—From a Photograph by Pach Brothers.
A queer place where daylight never enters.

CARRIERS' WARDROBE CASES.—From a Photograph by Pach Brothers.
Cramped and filthy lockers for the accommodation of over three hundred men.

COLLECTOR JAMES T. KILBRETH.

JAMES T. KILBRETH was appointed Collector of the Port of New York on the 28th of July. Like that of Mr. Dayton, as Postmaster, this appointment was a surprise to most of the politicians and to all the rest of the community. During the weeks and months when speculation was rife concerning this office and the President's probable decision, Mr. Kilbreth's name was not mentioned in a single newspaper, so that it has been asserted that Mr. Cleveland took no one into his counsels, and that Secretary Carlisle, whose subordinate the Collector is, had never heard of Mr. Kilbreth.

As a matter of fact, however, the name had been canvassed a number of times by the President during the four months preceding the appointment, and several members of the cabinet, including Mr. Carlisle, knew that Mr. Kilbreth was under consideration. The Custom-house is not only the most important office in this city, but it is one whose patronage is so vast as to offer temptations which the ordinary politician can hardly resist. It has been Mr. Cleveland's determination that the Custom-house should not go into the hands of the Democratic State machine or of Tammany Hall. He has been greatly embarrassed by the candidates presented to him. First there was Senator Charles P. McClelland, of the Westchester district, who had recommended himself to the independent people of the State by opposing the selection of Edward Murphy, Jun., for United States Senator. Mr. Cleveland's friends, however, could not forget that Mr. McClelland had been engaged in the "snap" convention, and that his relations with Tammany had been close. Then came W. A. Poucher, of Oswego, who was an old lieutenant of Mr. Tilden, an earnest friend of Mr. Cleveland, and a leading anti snapper. But Mr. Poucher lived in the country, and it was the President's strong desire to appoint a city man to the office. Colonel Robert E. Monroe was the city anti-snapper candidate, and the only objection to him was that of age. No one questioned his fitness otherwise. A few merchants were mentioned, but Mr. Cleveland wanted a lawyer.

In the last part of the month of May, when Colonel Monroe's appointment was recognized as hopeless, the name of Mr. Kilbreth was suggested in a conversation between Secretary Lamont and several leading anti-snappers in this city. Mr. Kilbreth has always been a Democrat, and, as far as he has taken an active part in politics, he has been opposed to Tammany Hall. He was a member of the old Irving Hall organization, of the County Democracy, and an interested participant in the movement which, under the leadership of ex-Secretary Fairchild, resulted in the Syracuse convention.

The new Collector has won the respect and confidence of his fellow citizens of all parties by the large ability and thorough integrity which he displayed while he was a police justice. The New York *Tribune* says of this political opponent that he was "the best police justice New York has ever had."

Mr. Kilbreth was born at Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1841. He was educated at Harvard University, graduating in the class of 1862. In 1873 he was appointed a police justice by Mayor Havemeyer, and held the office until Mayor Grant, in the interest of Tammany Hall, refused to reappoint him.

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THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE REFUGEES," "THE GREAT SHADOW," "MICAH CLARKE," ETC.

THE RESIDENT PATIENT.

IN glancing over the somewhat incoherent series of memoirs with which I have endeavored to illustrate a few of the mental peculiarities of my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I have been struck by the difficulty which I have experienced in picking out examples which shall in every way answer my purpose. For in those cases in which Holmes has performed some *tour de force* of analytical reasoning, and has demonstrated the value of his peculiar methods of investigation, the facts themselves have often been so slight or so commonplace that I could not feel justified in laying them before the public. On the other hand, it has frequently happened that he has been concerned in some research where the facts have been of the most remarkable and dramatic character, but where the share which he has himself taken in determining their causes has been less pronounced than I, as his biographer, could wish. The small matter which I have chronicled under the heading of the "Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle," and that other later one connected with the loss of the *Gloria Scott*, may serve as examples of this Scylla and Charybdis which are forever threatening his historian. It may be that in the business of which I am now about to write the part which my friend played is not sufficiently accentuated, and yet the whole train of circumstances is so remarkable that I cannot bring myself to omit it entirely from this series.

"I WAS SHOCKED TO SEE HE WAS STARING AT ME WITH A PERFECTLY BLANK FACE."

I cannot be sure of the exact date, for some of my memoranda upon the matter have been mislaid, but it must have been towards the end of the first year during which Holmes and I shared chambers in Baker Street. It was boisterous October weather, and we had both remained in doors all day, I because I feared with my shaken health to face the keen autumn wind, while he was deep in some of those abstruse chemical investigations which absorbed him utterly as long as he was engaged upon them. Towards evening, however, the breaking of a test-tube brought his research to a premature ending, and he sprang up from his chair with an exclamation of impatience and a clouded brow.

"A day's work ruined, Watson," said he, striding across to the window. "Ha, the stars are out and the wind has fallen. What do you say to a ramble through London?"

I was weary of our little sitting room, and gladly acquiesced, muffling myself nose-high against the keen night air. For three hours we strolled about together, watching the ever-changing kaleidoscope of life as it ebbs and flows through Fleet Street and the Strand. Holmes had shaken off his temporary ill humor, and his characteristic talk, with its keen observance of detail and subtle power of inference, held me amused and enthralled. It was ten o'clock before we reached Baker Street again. A brougham was waiting at the door.

"Hum! A doctor's, general practitioner, I perceive," said Holmes. "Not been long in practice or had much to do. Come to consult us, I fancy. Luckily we came back."

I was sufficiently conversant with Holmes's methods to be able to follow his reasoning, and to see that the nature and state of the various medical instruments in the wicker basket which hung in the lamp light inside the brougham had given him the data for his swift deduction. The light in our window showed that this late visit was indeed intended for us. With some curiosity as to what could have sent a brother medico to us at such an hour, I followed Holmes into our sanctum.

A pale taper faced man with sandy whiskers rose up from a chair by the fire as we entered. His age may not have been more than three or four and thirty, but his haggard expression and unhealthy hue told of a life which had sapped his strength and robbed him of his youth. His manner was nervous and shy, like that of a sensitive gentleman, and the thin white hand which he laid on the mantel-piece as he rose was that of an artist rather than of a surgeon. His dress was quiet and sombre—a black frock-coat, dark trousers, and a touch of color about his necktie.

"Good-evening, doctor," said Holmes, cheerily. "I am glad to see that you have only been waiting a very few minutes."

"You spoke to my coachman, then?"

"No; it was the candle on the side-table that told me. Pray resume your seat, and let me know how I can serve you."

"My name is Dr. Percy Trevelyan," said our visitor, "and I live at 403 Brook Street."

"Are you not the author of a monograph upon obscure nervous lesions?" I asked.

His pale cheeks flushed with pleasure at hearing that his work was known to me. "I so seldom hear of the work that I thought it was quite dead," said he. "My publishers gave me a most discouraging account of its sale. You are, yourself, I presume, a medical man?"

"A retired army surgeon."

"My own hobby has always been nervous disease. I should wish to make it an absolute specialty, but of course a man must take what he can get at first. This, however, is beside the question, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and I quite appreciate how valuable your time is. The fact is that a very singular train of events has occurred recently at my house in Brook Street, and to night they came to such a head that I felt that it was quite impossible for me to wait another hour before asking for your advice and assistance."

Sherlock Holmes sat down and lit his pipe. "You are very welcome to both," said he. "Pray let me have a detailed account of what the circumstances are which have disturbed you."

"One or two of them are so trivial," said Dr. Trevelyan, "that really I am almost ashamed to mention them. But the matter is so inexplicable, and the record into which it has taken is so elaborate, that I shall lay it all before you, and you shall judge what is essential and what is not.

"I am compelled, to begin with, to say something of my own college career. I am a London University man, you know, and I am sure that you will not think that I am unduly singing my own praises if I say that my student career was considered by my professors to be a very promising one. After I had graduated I continued to devote myself to research, occupying a minor position in King's College Hospital, and I was fortunate enough to excite considerable interest by my research into the pathology of catalepsy, and finally to win the Bruce Pinkerton prize and medal by the monograph on nervous lesions to which your friend has just alluded. I should not go too far if I were to say that there was a general impression at that time that a distinguished career lay before me.

"But the one great stumbling-block lay in my want of capital. As you will readily understand, a specialist who aims high is compelled to start in one of a dozen streets in the Cavendish Square quarter, all of which entail enormous rents and furnishing expenses. Besides this preliminary outlay he must be prepared to keep himself for some years and to hire a presentable carriage and horse. To do this was quite beyond my power, and I could only hope that by economy I might in ten years' time save enough to enable me to put up my plate. Suddenly, however, an unexpected incident opened up quite a new prospect to me.

"This was a visit from a gentleman of the name of Blessington, who was a complete stranger to me. He came up into my room one morning and plunged into business in an instant.

"'You are the same Percy Trevelyan who has had so distinguished a career and won a great prize lately?' said he.

"I bowed.

"'Answer me frankly,' he continued, 'for you will find it to your interest to do so. You have all the cleverness which makes a successful man. Have you that?'

"I could not help smiling at the abruptness of the question. 'I trust that I have my share,' said I.

"'Any bad habits? Not drawn towards drink, eh?'

"'Really, sir—' I cried.

"'Quite right. That's all right. But I was bound to ask. With all these qualities, why are you not in practice?'

"I shrugged my shoulders.

"'Come, come!' said he, in his bustling way. 'It's the old story. More in your brains than in your pocket, eh? What would you say if I were to start you in Brook Street?'

"I stared at him in astonishment.

"'Oh, it's for my sake, not for yours,' he cried. 'I'll be perfectly frank with you, and if it suits you it will suit me very well. I have a few thousand to invest, d'ye see, and I think I'll sink them in you.'

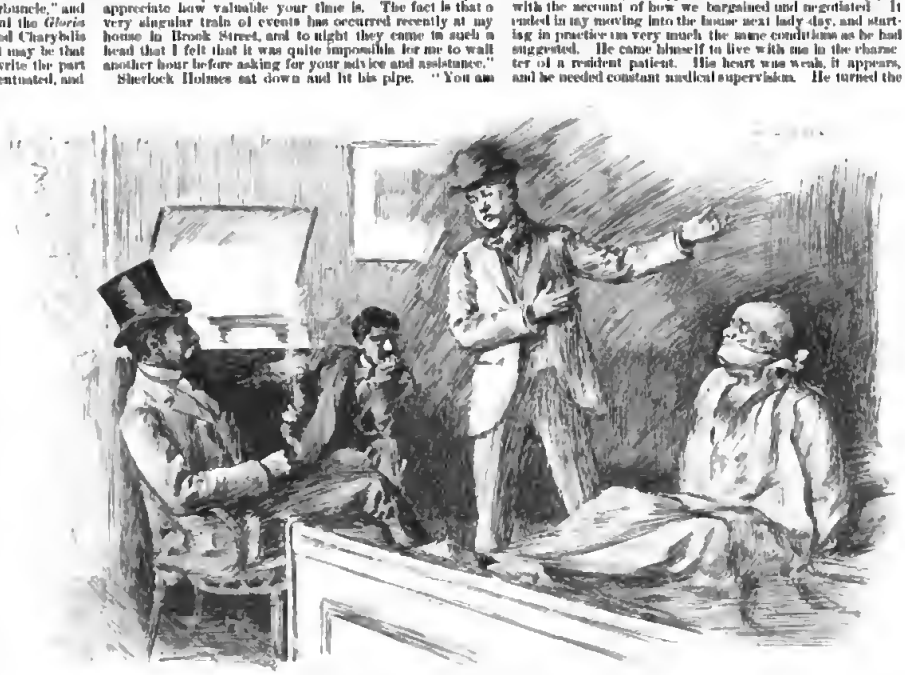
"'But why?' I gasped.

"'Well, it's just like any other speculation, and safer than most.'

"'What am I to do, then?'

"'I'll tell you. I'll take the house, furnish it, pay the maids, and run the whole place. All you have to do is just to wear out your chair in the consulting room. I'll let you have pocket-money and everything. Then you hand over to me three-quarters of what you earn, and you keep the other quarter for yourself.'

"This was the strange proposal, Mr. Holmes, with which this man Blessington approached me. I won't weary you with the account of how we bargained and negotiated. It ended in my moving into the house next lady-day, and starting in practice on very much the same conditions as he had suggested. He came himself to live with me in the character of a resident patient. His heart was weak, it appears, and he needed constant medical supervision. He turned the



"BLESSINGTON, I THINK, SAT UPRIGHT IN BED."

two best rooms on the first floor into a sitting-room and bedroom for himself. He was a man of singular habits, shunning company and very seldom going out. His life was irregular, but in one respect he was regularity itself. Every evening at the same hour he walked into the consulting-room, examined the books, put down five and threepence for every guinea that I had earned, and carried the rest off to the strong-box in his own room.

"I may say with confidence that he never had occasion to regret his speculation. From the first it was a success. A few good cases and the reputation which I had won in the hospital brought me rapidly to the front, and during the last few years I have made him a rich man. I do not complain of it. It was business. Perhaps Mr. Blessington might have used his power in a more charitable spirit, but still he had his rights, and he took them.

"So much, Mr. Holmes, for my past history and for my relations with Mr. Blessington. It only remains for me now to tell you what has occurred to bring me here to-night.

"Some weeks ago Mr. Blessington came down to me in, as it seemed to me, a state of considerable agitation. He spoke of some burglary which he said had been committed in the West End, and he appeared, I remember, to be quite unnecessarily excited about it, declaring that a day should not pass before we should add stronger bolts to our windows and doors. For a week he continued to be in quite a peculiar state of restlessness, peering continually out of the windows, and ceasing to take the short walk which had usually been the prelude to his dinner. From his manner it struck me that he was in mortal dread of something or somebody, but when I questioned him upon the point he became so offensive that I was compelled to drop the subject. Gradually, as time passed, his fears appeared to die away, and he had renewed his former habits, when a fresh event reduced him to the pitiable state of prostration in which he now lies.

"What happened was this. Three days ago I received the letter which I now read to you. Neither address nor date is attached to it.

"'A Russian nobleman who is now resident in England,' it runs, 'would be glad to avail himself of the professional assistance of Dr. Percy Trevelyan. He has been for some years a victim to cataleptic attacks, on which, as is well known, Dr. Trevelyan is an authority. He proposes to call at about quarter past six to-morrow evening, if Dr. Trevelyan will make it convenient to be at home.'

"This letter interested me deeply, because the chief difficulty in the study of catalepsy is the rareness of the disease. Poor as I was I would willingly have paid handsomely for the privilege of treating this case. You may believe, then, that I was in my consulting-room when, at the appointed hour, the page showed in the patient.

"He was an elderly man, thin, demure, and commonplace—by no means the conception one forms of a Russian nobleman. I was much more struck by the appearance of his companion. This was a tall young man, surprisingly handsome, with a dark fierce face, and the limbs and chest of a Hercules. He had his hand under the other's arm as they entered, and helped him to a chair with a tenderness which one would hardly have expected from his appearance.

"'You will excuse my coming in, doctor,' said he to me, speaking English with a slight lisp. 'This is my father, and his health is a matter of the most overwhelming importance to me.'

"I was touched by this filial anxiety. 'You would perhaps care to remain during the consultation,' said I.

"'Not for the world,' he cried, with a gesture of horror. 'It is more painful to me than I can express. If I were to see my father in one of these dreadful seizures, I am convinced that I should never survive it. My own nervous system is an exceptionally sensitive one. With your permission I will remain in the waiting-room while you go into my father's case.'

"To this, of course, I assented, and the young man withdrew. The patient and I then plunged into a discussion of his case, of which I took exhaustive notes. He was not remarkable for intelligence, and his answers were frequently obscure, which I attributed to his limited acquaintance with our language. Suddenly, however, as I sat writing he ceased to give any answer at all to my inquiries, and on my turning towards him I was shocked to see that he was sitting bolt upright in his chair, staring at me with a perfectly blank and rigid face. He was again in the grip of his mysterious malady.

"My first feeling, as I have just said, was one of pity and horror. My second, I fear, was rather one of professional satisfaction. I made notes of my patient's pulse and temperature, tested the rigidity of his muscles, and examined his reflexes. There was nothing markedly abnormal in any of these conditions, which harmonized with my former experiences. I had obtained good results in such cases by the inhalation of nitrite of amyl, and the present seemed an admirable opportunity of testing its virtues. The bottle was downstairs in my laboratory, so, leaving my patient seated in his chair, I ran down to get it. There was some little delay in finding it—five minutes, let us say—and then I returned. Imagine my amazement to find the room empty and the patient gone.

"Of course my first act was to run into the waiting-room. The son had gone also. The hall door had been closed but not shut. My page who admits patients is a new boy and by no means quick. He waits downstairs, and runs up to show patients out when I ring the consulting-room bell. He had heard nothing, and the affair remained a complete mystery. Mr. Blessington came in from his walk shortly afterward, but I did not say anything to him upon the subject, for, to tell the truth, I have got in the way of late of holding as little communication with him as possible.

"Well, I never thought that I should see anything more of the Russian and his son, so you can imagine my amazement when, at the very same hour this evening, they both came marching into my consulting-room, just as they had done before.

"'I feel that I owe you a great many apologies for my abrupt departure yesterday, doctor,' said my patient.

"'I confess that I was very much surprised at it,' said I.

"'Well, the fact is,' he remarked, 'that when I recover from these attacks my mind is always very clouded as to all that has gone before. I woke up in a strange room, as it seemed to me, and made my way out into the street in a sort of dazed way when you were absent.'

"'And I,' said the son, 'seeing my father pass the door of the waiting-room, naturally thought that the consultation had come to an end. It was not until we had reached home that I began to realize the true state of affairs.'

"'Well,' said I, laughing, 'there is no harm done except that you puzzled me terribly; so if you, sir, would kindly step into the waiting-room I shall be happy to continue our consultation which was brought to so abrupt an ending.'

"For half an hour or so I discussed the old gentleman's symptoms with him, and then, having prescribed for him, I saw him go off again upon the arm of his son.

"I have told you that Mr. Blessington generally chooses this hour of the day for his exercise. He came in shortly afterwards and passed up stairs. An instant later I heard him running down, and he burst into my consulting-room like a man who is mad with panic.

"'Who has been in my room?' he cried.

"'No one,' said I.

"'It's a lie,' he yelled. 'Come up and look.'

"I passed over the grossness of his language, as he seemed half out of his mind with fear. When I went up stairs with him he pointed to several footprints upon the light carpet.

"'D' you mean to say those are mine?' he cried.

"They were certainly very much larger than any which he could have made, and were evidently quite fresh. It rained hard this afternoon, as you know, and my patients were the only people who called. It must have been the case, then, that the man in the waiting-room had for some unknown reason, while I was busy with the other, ascended to the room of my resident patient. Nothing had been touched or taken, but there were the footprints to prove that the intrusion was an undoubted fact.

"Mr. Blessington seemed more excited over the matter than I should have thought possible, though, of course, it was enough to disturb anybody's peace of mind. He actually sat crying in an arm-chair, and I could hardly get him to speak coherently. It was his suggestion that I should come round to you, and of course I at once saw the propriety of it, for certainly the incident is a very singular one, though he appears to completely overrate its importance. If you would only come back with me in my brougham, you would at least be able to soothe him, though I can hardly hope that you will be able to explain this remarkable occurrence."

Sherlock Holmes had listened to this long narrative with an intentness which showed me that his interest was keenly aroused. His face was as impassive as ever, but his lids had drooped more heavily over his eyes, and his smoke had curled up more thickly from his pipe to emphasize each curious episode in the doctor's tale. As our visitor concluded, Holmes sprang up without a word, handed me my hat, picked his own from the table, and followed Dr. Trevelyan to the door. Within a quarter of an hour we had been dropped at the door of the physician's residence in Brook Street, one of those sombre, flat-faced houses which one associates with a West End practice. A small page admitted us, and we began at once to ascend the broad, well-carpeted stair.

But a singular interruption brought us to a stand-still. The light at the top was suddenly whisked out, and from the darkness came a reedy, quavering voice.

"I have a pistol," it cried. "I give you my word that I'll fire if you come any nearer."

"This really grows outrageous, Mr. Blessington," cried Dr. Trevelyan.

"Oh, then it is you, doctor," said the voice, with a great heave of relief. "But those other gentlemen, are they what they pretend to be?"

We were conscious of a long scrutiny out of the darkness.

"Yes, yes, it's all right," said the voice at last. "You can come up, and I am sorry if my precautions have annoyed you."

He relit the stair gas as he spoke, and we saw before us a singular-looking man, whose appearance, as well as his voice, testified to his jangled nerves. He was very fat, but had apparently at some time been much fatter, so that the skin hung about his face in loose pouches, like the cheeks of a blood-hound. He was of a sickly color, and his thin sandy hair seemed to bristle up with the intensity of his emotion. In his hand he held a pistol, but he thrust it into his pocket as we advanced.

"Good-evening, Mr. Holmes," said he. "I am sure I am very much obliged to you for coming round. No one ever needed your advice more than I do. I suppose that Dr. Trevelyan has told you of this most unwarrantable intrusion into my rooms."

"Quite so," said Holmes. "Who are these two men, Mr. Blessington, and why do they molest you?"

"Well, well," said the resident patient, in a nervous fashion, "of course it is hard to say that. You can hardly expect me to answer that, Mr. Holmes."

"Do you mean that you don't know?"

"Come in here, if you please. Just have the kindness to step in here."

He led the way into his bedroom, which was large and comfortably furnished. "You see that?" said he, pointing to a big black box at the end of his bed. "I have never been a very rich man, Mr. Holmes—never made but one investment in my life, as Dr. Trevelyan would tell you. But I don't believe in bankers. I would never trust a banker, Mr. Holmes. Between ourselves, what little I have is in that box, so you can understand what it means to me when unknown people force themselves into my rooms."

Holmes looked at Blessington in his questioning way, and shook his head. "I cannot possibly advise you if you try to deceive me," said he.

"But I have told you everything."

Holmes turned on his heel with a gesture of disgust. "Good-night, Dr. Trevelyan," said he.

"And no advice for me?" cried Blessington, in a breaking voice.

"My advice to you, sir, is to speak the truth."

A minute later we were in the street and walking for home. We had crossed Oxford Street and were half-way down Harley Street before I could get a word from my companion.

"Sorry to bring you out on such a fool's errand, Watson," he said at last. "It is an interesting case, too, at the bottom of it."

"I can make little of it," I confessed.

"Well, it is quite evident that there are two men—more, perhaps, but at least two—who are determined for some reason to get at this fellow Blessington. I have no doubt in my mind that both on the first and on the second occasion that young man penetrated to Blessington's room, while his confederate, by an ingenious device, kept the doctor from interfering."

"And the catalepsy?"

"A fraudulent imitation, Watson, though I should hardly dare to hint as much to our specialist. It is a very easy complaint to imitate. I have done it myself."

"And then?"

"By the purest chance Blessington was out on each occasion. Their reason for choosing so unusual an hour for a consultation was obviously to insure that there should be no other patient in the waiting-room. It just happened, however, that this hour coincided with Blessington's constitutional, which seems to show that they were not very well acquainted with his daily routine. Of course, if they had been merely after the plunder, they would at least have made some attempt to search for it. Besides, I can read in a man's eye when it is his own skin that he is frightened for. It is inconceivable that this fellow could have made two such vindictive enemies as these appear to be without knowing it. I hold it, therefore, to be certain that he does know who these men are, and that for reasons of his own he suppresses it. It is just possible that to-morrow may find him in a more communicative mood."

"Is there not one alternative," I suggested, "grotesquely improbable, no doubt, but still just conceivable? Might the whole story of the cataleptic Russian and his son be a concoction of Dr. Trevelyan's, who has, for his own purposes, been in Blessington's rooms?"

I saw in the gaslight that Holmes wore an amused smile at this brilliant departure of mine.

"My dear fellow," he said, "it was one of the first solutions which occurred to me, but I was soon able to corroborate the doctor's tale. This young man has left prints upon the stair carpet which made it quite superfluous for me to ask to see those which he had made in the room. When I tell you that his shoes were square-toed, instead of being pointed like Blessington's, and were quite an inch and a third longer than the doctor's, you will acknowledge that there can be no doubt as to his individuality. But we may sleep on it now, for I shall be surprised if we do not hear something further from Brook Street in the morning."

Sherlock Holmes's prophecy was soon fulfilled, and in a dramatic fashion. At half past seven next morning, in the first dim glimmer of daylight, I found him standing by my bedside in his dressing-gown.

"There's a brougham waiting for us, Watson," said he.

"What's the matter, then?"

"The Brook Street business."

"Any fresh news?"

"Tragic but ambiguous," said he, pulling up the blind. "Look at this—a sheet from a note-book with 'For God's sake, come at once—P. T.' scrawled upon it in pencil. Our friend the doctor was hard put to it when he wrote this. Come along, my dear fellow, for it's an urgent call."

In quarter of an hour or so we were back at the physician's house. He came running out to meet us with a face of horror.

"Oh, such a business!" he cried, with his hands to his temples.

"What, then?"

"Blessington has committed suicide."

Holmes whistled.

"Yes, he hanged himself during the night."

We had entered, and the doctor had preceded us into what was evidently his waiting-room.

"I really hardly know what I am doing," he cried. "The police are already upstairs. It has shaken me most dreadfully."

"When did you find it out?"

"He has a cup of tea taken in to him early every morning. When the maid entered, about seven, there the unfortunate fellow was hanging in the middle of the room. He had tied his cord to the hook on which the heavy lamp used to hang, and he had jumped off from the top of the very box that he showed us yesterday."

Holmes stood for a moment in deep thought. "With your permission," said he at last, "I should like to go up stairs and look into the matter."

We both ascended, followed by the doctor.

It was a dreadful sight which met us as we entered the bedroom door. I have spoken of the impression of flabbiness which this man Blessington conveyed. As he dangled from the hook it was exaggerated and intensified until he was scarce human in his appearance. The neck only was drawn out like a plucked chicken's, making the rest of him seem the more obese and unnatural by the contrast. He was clad in his long night-dress, and his swollen ankles and ungainly feet protruded starkly from beneath it. Beside him stood a smart-looking police inspector, who was taking notes in a pocket-book.

"Ah, Mr. Holmes," said he, heartily, as my friend entered. "I am delighted to see you."

"Good-morning, Lanner," answered Holmes. "You won't think me an intruder, I am sure. Have you heard of the events which led up to this affair?"

"Yes, I heard something of them."

"Have you formed any opinion?"

"As far as I can see, the man has been driven out of his senses by fright. The bed has been well slept in, you see. There's his impression, deep enough. It's about five in the morning that suicides are most common. That should be about his time for hanging himself. It seems to have been a very deliberate affair."

"I should say that he has been dead about three hours, judging by the rigidity of the muscles," said I.

"Noticed anything peculiar about the room?" asked Holmes.

"Found a screw-driver and some screws on the wash-stand. Seems to have smoked heavily during the night, too. Here are four cigar ends that I picked out of the fire-place."

"Hum!" said Holmes. "Have you got his cigar-holder?"

"No, I have seen none."

"His cigar-case, then?"

"Yes, it was in his coat pocket."

Holmes opened it and smelled the single cigar which it contained.

"Oh, this is a Havannah, and these others are cigars of the peculiar sort which are imported by the Dutch from their East Indian colonies. They are usually wrapped in straw, you know, and are thinner, for their length, than any other brand." He picked up the four ends and examined them with his pocket-lens. "Two of these have been smoked from a holder, and two without," said he. "Two have been cut by a not very sharp knife, and two have had the ends bitten off by a set of excellent teeth. This is no suicide, Mr. Lanner. It is a very deeply planned and cold-blooded murder."

"Impossible!" cried the inspector.

"And why?"

"Why should any one murder a man in so clumsy a fashion as by hanging him?"

"That is what we have to find out."

"How could they get in?"

"Through the front door."

"It was barred in the morning."

"Then it was barred after them."

"How do you know?"

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"I saw their traces. Excuse me a moment, and I may be able to give you some further information about it."

He went over to the door, and turning the lock, he examined it in his methodical way. Then he took out the key, which was on the inside, and inspected that also. The bed, the carpet, the chairs, the mantel-piece, the dead body, and the rope were each in turn examined, until at last he professed himself satisfied, and with my aid and that of the inspector, cut down the wretched object and laid it reverently under a sheet.

"How about this rope?" he asked.

"It is cut off this," said Dr. Trevelyan, drawing a large coil from under the bed. "He was morbidly nervous of fire, and always kept this beside him, so that he might escape by the window in case the stairs were burning."

"That must have saved them trouble," said Holmes, thoughtfully. "Yes, the actual facts are very plain, and I shall be surprised if by the afternoon I cannot give you the reasons for them as well. I will take this photograph of Blessington which I see upon the mantel-piece, as it may help me in my inquiries."

"But you have told us nothing," said the doctor.

"Oh, there can be no doubt as to the sequence of events," said Holmes. "There were three of them in it—the young man, the old man, and a third, to whose identity I have no clew. The first two, I need hardly remark, are the same who masqueraded as the Russian count and his son, so we can give a very full description of them. They were admitted by a confederate inside the house. If I might offer you a word of advice, inspector, it would be to arrest the page, who, as I understand, has only recently come into your service, doctor."

"The young imp cannot be found," said Dr. Trevelyan. "The maid and the cook have just been searching for him."

Holmes shrugged his shoulders. "He has played a not unimportant part in this drama. The three men having ascended the stair, which they did on tiptoe, the elder man first, the younger man second, and the unknown man in the rear—"

"My dear Holmes!" I ejaculated.

"Oh, there could be no question as to the superimposing of the foot-marks. I had the advantage of learning which was which last night. They ascended then to Mr. Blessington's room, the door of which they found to be locked. With the help of a wire, however, they forced round the key. Even without a lens you will perceive by the scratches on this ward where the pressure was applied.

"On entering the room their first proceeding must have been to gag Mr. Blessington. He may have been asleep, or he may have been so paralyzed with terror as to have been unable to cry out. These walls are thick, and it is conceivable that his shriek, if he had time to utter one, was unheard.

"Having secured him, it is evident to me that a consultation of some sort was held. Probably it was something in the nature of a judicial proceeding. It must have lasted for some time, for it is then that these cigars were smoked. The older man sat in that wicker chair; it was he who used the cigar-holder. The younger man sat over yonder; he knocked his ash off against the chest of drawers. The third fellow paced up and down. Blessington, I think, sat upright in the bed, but of that I cannot be absolutely certain.

"Well, it ended by their taking Blessington and hanging him. The matter was so prearranged that it is my belief that they brought with them some sort of block or pulley which might serve as a gallows. That screw-driver and those screws were, as I conceive, for fixing it up. Seeing the hook, however, they naturally saved themselves the trouble. Having finished their work, they made off, and the door was barred behind them by their confederate."

We had all listened with the deepest interest to this sketch of the night's doings, which Holmes had deduced from signs so subtle and minute that even when he had pointed them out to us we could scarcely follow him in his reasonings. The inspector hurried away on the instant to make inquiries about the page, while Holmes and I returned to Baker Street for breakfast.

"I'll be back by three," said he, when we had finished our meal. "Both the inspector and the doctor will meet me here at that hour, and I hope by that time to have cleared up any little obscurity which the case may still present."

Our visitors arrived at the appointed time, but it was a quarter to four before my friend put in an appearance. From his expression as he entered, however, I could see that all had gone well with him.

"Any news, inspector?"

"We have got the boy, sir."

"Excellent. And I have got the men."

"You have got them?" we cried, all three.

"Well, at least I have got their identity. This so-called Blessington is, as I expected, well known at headquarters, and so are his assailants. Their names are Biddle, Hayward, and Moffat."

"The Worthingdon Bank gang," cried the inspector.

"Precisely," said Holmes.

"Then Blessington must have been Sutton?"

"Exactly," said Holmes.

"Why, that makes it as clear as crystal," said the inspector.

But Trevelyan and I looked at each other in bewilderment.

"You must surely remember the great Worthingdon Bank business," said Holmes. "Five men were in it—these four, and a fifth called Cartwright. Tobin, the care-taker, was murdered, and the thieves got away with seven thousand pounds. This was in 1875. They were all five arrested, but the evidence against them was by no means conclusive. This Blessington, or Sutton, who was the worst of the gang, turned informer. On his evidence Cartwright was hanged, and the other three got fifteen years apiece. When they got out the other day, which was some years before their full term, they set themselves, as you perceive, to hunt down the traitor, and to avenge the death of their comrade upon him. Twice they tried to get at him, and failed; a third time, you see, it came off. Is there anything further which I can explain, Dr. Trevelyan?"

"I think that you have made it all remarkably clear," said the doctor. "No doubt the day on which he was so perturbed was the day when he had seen of their release in the newspapers."

"Quite so. His talk about a burglary was the merest blind."

"But why could he not tell you this?"

"Well, my dear sir, knowing the vindictive character of his old associates, he was trying to hide his own identity from everybody as long as he could. His secret was a shameful one, and he could not bring himself to divulge it. However, wretch that he was, he was still living under the shield of British law, and I have no doubt, inspector, that you will see that though that shield may fail to guard, the sword of justice is still there to avenge."

Such were the singular circumstances in connection with the resident patient and the Brook Street doctor. From that night nothing has been seen of the three murderers by the police, and it is surmised at Scotland Yard that they were among the passengers of the ill-fated steamer *Norah Creina*, which was lost some years ago, with all hands, upon the Portuguese coast, some leagues to the north of Oporto. The proceedings against the page broke down for want of evidence, and the Brook Street mystery, as it was called, has never until now been fully dealt with in any public print.

A RIDGE OF CORN.

With heart grown weary of the heat,
  And hungry for the breath
Of field and farm, with eager feet
  I trod the pavement dry as death
Through city streets where vice is born—
And sudden, lo! a ridge of corn.

Above the dingy roofs it stood,
  A dome of tossing, tangled spears,
Dark, cool, and sweet as any wood,
  Its silken gleam and plumèd ears
Laughed on me through the haze of morn,
The tranquil presence of the corn.

Upon the salt wind from the sea,
  Borne westward swift as dreams
Of boyhood are, I seemed to be
  Once more a part of sounds and gleams
Thrown on me by the winds of morn
Amid the rustling rows of corn.

I bared my head, and on me fell
  The old wild wizardry again
Of leaf and sky, the moving spell
  Of boyhood's easy joy or pain,
When pumpkin trump was Siegfried's horn
Echoing down the walls of corn.

I saw the field (as trackless then
  As wood to Daniel Boone)
Wherein we hunted wolves and men,
  And ranged and twanged the green bassoon.
Not blither Robin Hood's merry horn
Than pumpkin vine amid the corn.

In central deeps the melons lay,
  Slow swelling in the August sun.
I traced again the narrow way,
  And joined again the stealthy run.
The jack-o'-lantern face was born
Within the shadows of the corn.

O wide, west wilderness of leaves!
  O playmates far away! Over thee
The slow wind like a mourner grieves,
  And stirs the plumèd corn like a sea.
Would we could sound again the horn
In vast sweet presence of the corn!

HAMLIN GARLAND.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The War Department having arranged that the West Point cadets shall see the Chicago Fair, is disposed to be content with the accomplishment of that purpose, and declines to provide for putting the corps on exhibition. The cadets, three hundred strong, will camp on the fair grounds from August 17th to August 28th, but the request of the fair managers to have them stay a month has been declined, as have been the invitations of sundry cities between New York and Chicago to have the corps stop over and visit them on its way. The cadets, it seems, are to be sent out to see the sights, and not as part of the military exhibit of the department. If, incidentally, they look pretty, and are admired, and so disjoint the noses of the Columbian Guard, that cannot be helped, and the department will have to wink at it.

The War Department, by-the-way, has lately come in for some rather candid comment in connection with the lamented death of Lieutenant Powhatan Clarke. As an officer of brains, energy, and enthusiasm, and one, moreover, who had won the United States medal of honor for special gallantry in action against Apache Indians, Lieutenant Clarke was allowed to avail himself of an opportunity to serve a year in the German army. He joined the Eleventh Hussars at Dusseldorf, worked hard, learned all he could of German military methods, and made regular reports of the results of his observations to the Adjutant-General's office in Washington. When he came home he made every effort to have his reports published, but was denied that satisfaction, partly because he could not convince the authorities that his recommendations were of value, partly because it was averred that in his reports he had "criticised the service." Finally he began to communicate his views in newspaper articles published in the New York *Herald*, but was warned that a continuance in that method would expose him to trial by court-martial. If the assertions of his eulogists are well founded, his death, "with all his music in him," will bring relief in quarters where his energy was a source of discomfort, and his military knowledge something of a menace to ease and a quiet life. It would be rash to assert, without knowing what was in his reports, that it was a mistake not to publish them, but the story of his experiences, as it has lately been told, recalls the impassioned declamation made a month or two ago by Mr. Frederic Remington, about the military fogies in Washington bureaus who strangle live soldiers with red tape.

It reminds one of General Grant when the London *Times* says of Admiral Tryon that, in spite of a habit of body which must have inclined him to indolence, "he was, nevertheless, the most hard-working and tireless officer in any of his squadrons, and, provided only that he could smoke to his heart's content, he seemed to never weary of his often very arduous duties." And speaking of the *Times*, how many Americans have ever seen a newspaper in its conventional holiday dress, or even know what the conventional newspaper's holiday dress is? The "turned rules" which put a newspaper in mourning are familiar enough to American eyes; so are the flaring head-lines and bedazzlements of type and monstrosities of illustration and even of color which our journals display on occasions of high festivity. But the *Times* does not indulge in pictures or fritter away its valuable space on turbulent head-lines. It gave no more than four inches of head-lines even to the *Victoria* disaster. But last month, when Duke George and the Princess May were married, it loyalty blossomed out in honor of the occasion with a flowery border about quarter of an inch wide around each page of its wedding-day issue. To have noted the austere gayety of that border is to be informed as to the precise degree of typographical frivolity that precedent permits on occasion to a respectable British journal with a past.

The University Settlement Society points with pride to itself and to the population of the Tenth Ward, because the average daily attendance in June, at its recent free loan exhibition of paintings at the Neighborhood Guild in Delancey Street, was more than twice as great as the attendance during the same period at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. An average of 2151 people went to the Delancey Street exhibition every day in June, while the Metropolitan Museum's average for the same month was 964. The inference which is drawn is that the population of the Tenth Ward and its neighborhood, while possessing the "art instinct" in a demonstrable degree, lack the leisure and possibly the car fares to run up to Eighty-second Street and cultivate it. Wherefore the University Settlement Society believes that if the Tenth Ward cannot go after the pictures, the pictures ought to be brought to the ward, and it points out the propriety of having loan exhibitions annually hereafter in Delancey Street, and not short ones in the heat of midsummer either, but for three or four months every winter. This conclusion is so obviously reasonable that there ought to be no insurmountable difficulties about realizing its demands. Mr. Lawrence Veiller, the manager of the late exhibition, ought to be happy, as no doubt he is, in its success, and ought to find willing support, as no doubt he will, in getting up such another exhibition as he desires next winter.

The shindy in the House of Commons was not the only rude shock that British propriety sustained in the month of July. On the 3d of the month, in the course of the Oxford and Cambridge cricket match, the spectators became dissatisfied with certain tactics of the Oxford men, and rudely exhorted them to "Play the game!" Remarking next day that it was probably the first time such an admonition had been addressed to university elevens, the *Times* observed that this was an age of vanishing illusions, but that "it would be particularly painful to be compelled to class in that mournful category the belief that the genuine spirit of English sport survives unimpaired in university cricket and university boat-racing." The editorial verdict was that there was nothing amiss with Oxford's play, but that the rules of cricket needed amending. It is sorrowful to think, though, that before the month was out the *Times* had to put the immemorial orderliness of the House of Commons into its mournful category of vanishing illusions.

The *Boston Transcript* does not exaggerate when it speaks of the late Richard Briggs as a Boston landmark. Boston must have thousands of periodical visitors and acquaintances under fifty years old to whom Richard Briggs and his china store were as much a feature of the town as the Old South Church. I know of a school-boy of twenty years ago who was taken into Briggs's in the early seventies and casually introduced to the proprietor. In his more recent pilgrimages to the Puritan capital he has always found two people who reminded him of the Boston of his boyhood. One has been a head waiter at the Parker House who has been a waiter at that hostelry for twenty-five years, and the other was the genial china merchant on the corner of School Street. To this person Mr. Briggs always looked precisely as he looked in the year 1871, and seemed quite as unimpaired in courtesy as in appearance. I suspect he did not spend his life among porcelains without catching some of the qualities of his wares. Certainly he was as bland and picturesque and delightful, and seemed as durable, as the best things on his shelves.

No species of the finny tribe is in it at all with the contemporary racing yacht. The details of construction of the pre-Adamite marine monsters have been very imperfectly preserved, and it will probably be impossible ever to determine just how great fins grew in the old, old times. The finniest thing on record, beyond all question, is the Boston sloop *Pilgrim*, with a draught of 22.6.

Miss Mary Harrison, government inspector of cookery in elementary schools in England, advocates in the *Nineteenth Century* the establishment of training institutes where girls who have already learned something about cookery in English elementary schools may perfect themselves in that profession. Miss Harrison says that there are schools of cookery in most large towns now, but that they attempt to teach cookery in one year, which is too short a time. She wants training institutes that will give three-year courses, and graduate cooks that will really have formed habits of justifiable cooking. She does not believe in the alleged contemporary dislike for domestic service, but thinks that if there were facilities for learning how to cook, many mothers would have their daughters trained to that business in preference to dress-making or factory work.

It does not appear why Miss Harrison's ideas are not practicable, provided that any one can be found who will carry them out. If Mr. Auchmuty could establish in New York schools where boys can learn to be masons and carpenters, is there any sound reason why schools should not be started where girls can learn to be cooks? In this country, and in this generation at least, the notion that it is not worth while to teach a girl to earn her living to advantage is past. If men have been found to endow schools that taught mere mason-work and joinery, how much easier it would naturally seem to be to get due provision made for instruction in an art so near the heart of man as the preparation of his food. Any kind of knowledge is power. The sword is mighty in hands that know how to wield it, and so is the pen; but in the presence of the saucepan the sword becomes a mere knife and the pen a fork, provided always that the pan-handle is in a grasp that knows the secrets of its business.

E. S. MARTIN.

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THE SWIMMING SEASON.

Some of the Frequenters of a New York Public Bath.—Drawn by E. W. Kemble.—[See Page 766.]

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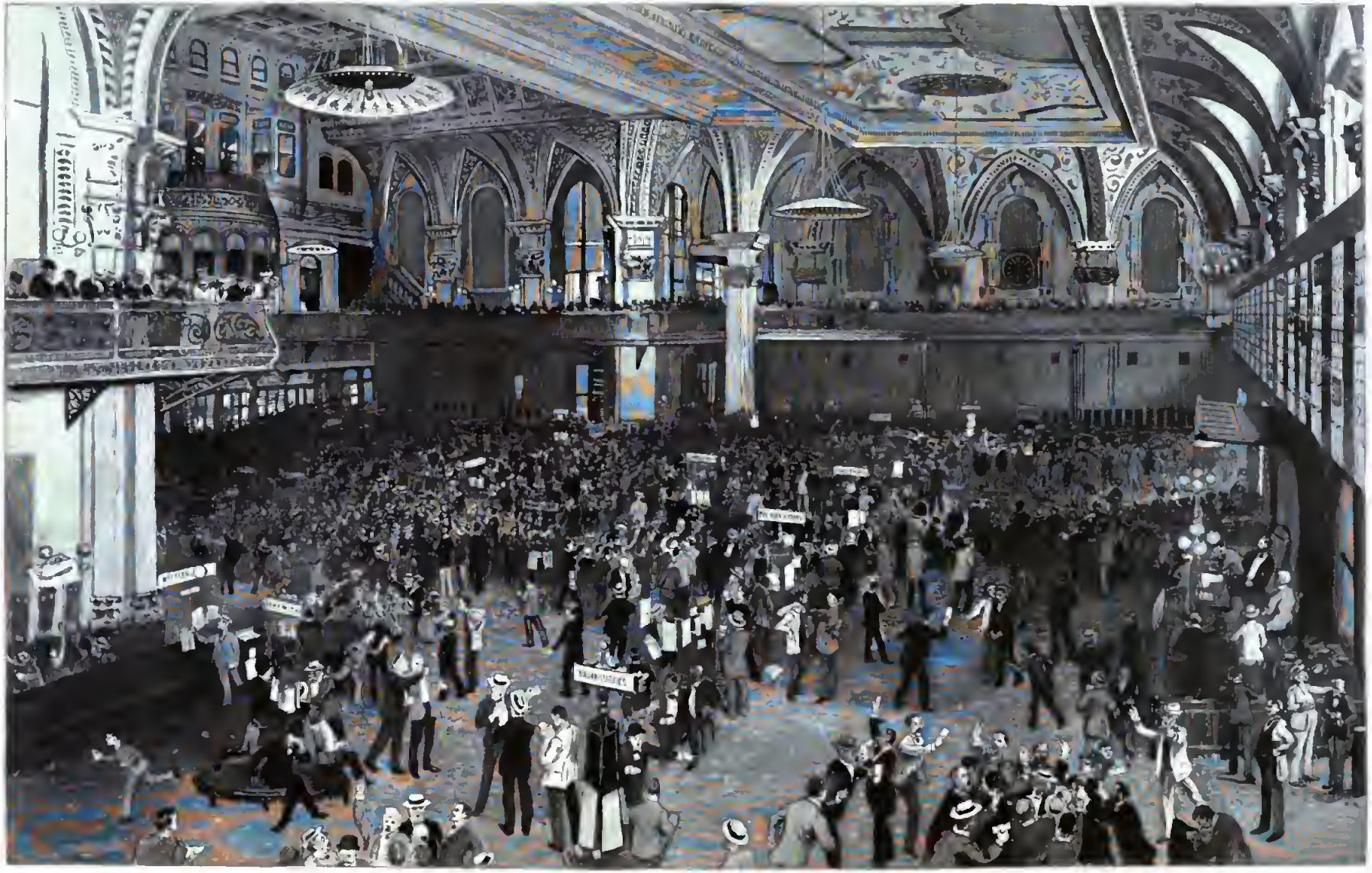

THE RECENT FLURRY IN WALL STREET—A BUSY MORNING IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE.—Drawn by Charles Broughton.

THE NEW SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA.

THE life of George Clement Perkins, recently appointed by the Governor of California to succeed the late Leland Stanford in the United States Senate, reads almost like a romance of the good old-fashioned kind. He was born in Kennebunkport, Maine, August 23, 1839 and when twelve years old concealed himself aboard a vessel called the *Golden Eagle*, bound for New Orleans. His presence was not discovered until the vessel was at sea, and he then became one of the crew. For the next four years the future Senator followed a sailor's life, and landing then at San Francisco, he again became a landsman, working in various places as miner and also teamster. Going to Oroville, he entered a store as porter, then became a clerk, and finally rose to the position of part proprietor. His business flourished, and in time became worth half a million a year. Meanwhile Mr. Perkins was interested in many outside ventures, including mining, lumbering, and sheep and cattle ranches. With others he established the Bank of Butte, and encountered the trials that afflicted so many business men in the years following the war. In 1872 he settled in San Francisco, becoming a member of a small firm that has since grown to be the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, possessing a fleet of steamers which ply from Alaska to Mexico. Lucky investments, aided by clear business acumen, have furthered the fortunes of Mr. Perkins, until to-day he is accounted a wealthy man.

Outside of his business, however, Mr. Perkins has long been interested in politics. He has been always a strong Republican, and first voted for President Lincoln. In 1860 he was elected to the State Senate of California from Butte County, and retirned in 1873 to fill part of a term.

Mr. Perkins received the Republican nomination for Governor of his adopted State in 1879, and was elected over three other candidates. His administration was a strong and able one, and gained him the confidence of his fellow-men. In addition to these offices he has been connected with many political committees, reaching as far back as 1867, so the new United States Senator is fully acquainted with all the minutiæ of organization and parliamentary procedure.

Senator Perkins is a resident of Alameda County, and is thoroughly a home man. He has three daughters and a son, the latter now receiving a course at Annapolis. The Senator is distinctly an American type, having risen from sailor boy to the highest positions that can be offered by the State, and, like so many men renowned in the history of our country, owing all success to his own unaided efforts.

THE MIDSUMMER PLUNGE.

"THIS is the best thing New York ever done."

Such was the remark that a policeman made to the writer when the latter paid a visit of observation to the free bath-house off the Battery Park at the lower end of the city. The remark of the policeman showed that he had a good heart, even though he was a trifle weak in his grammar. Had he been a surly fellow, he would have seen no good in the institution, for he has to keep all of his wits alert as long as his watch lasts. This necessity is due to the fact that the boys who frequent the baths appreciate their worth as highly as the policeman, and the majority of them are ambitious to take a plunge at least once an hour. One of the rules is that no person shall go into the bath more than once in a day, another stipulates that a bather may only stay twenty minutes in the water. Now twenty minutes in the cool water is all too short for the average boy, but there is very little chance for him to stay in much longer at one time. When the bath is full, the entrance gate is closed. Twenty minutes after this a bell is rung, and all the bathers must come out, put on their clothes, and leave the house. The insatiable small bather, when he reaches the street, begins plans to circumvent the watchful officer. It is not long before his bath is dry, because your street boy in New York wears in the summer time as nearly no hair as possible. Then he smears his bare feet and legs with dirt, and in the same operation soils both hands and arms. In half an hour he looks as though he had never had a bath in his life, and, so disguised, he slips through the gates every hour or so all day long. The good-natured policeman knows that he is being imposed on, but does not take that fact seriously to heart. Another rule, however, is very rigidly enforced—that against permitting spectators in the bath house. "The place would be filled with bayseeds from morning till night," the officer said, in explanation of the necessity for this rule.

These free baths, now eighteen in number, were started years ago, and they have been extended on both sides of town. It is a pity indeed that there are not many more of them, for there are many crowded parts of the city so distant from a bath that the people in such neighborhoods never think of taking a plunge, even when the dog days are at their worst. The rules stipulate that the houses shall be open on week days from five in the morning till nine in the evening, and on Sundays for men from five in the morning till mid-day. The women and girls have the exclusive privileges of the baths on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. The other four days are for men and boys. But after six in the evening neither boys nor girls are permitted in the baths. As to bathing dresses the rules are not particular. A man or boy in trunks, usually made of an old pair of trousers shorn of legs, is sufficiently clothed, and a woman in a calico wrapper is stylishly enough arrayed to defy the criticism of her fellow bathers. The depth of the baths is so arranged that the plunge can be taken in entire safety. Three fourths of the space is four feet deep, and the other fourth, separated by a railing from the larger pool, is only two feet deep, and here the little fellows who have not learned to swim can splash and flounder to their hearts' delight.

VILLAGE NOTES.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

AFTER ten years of hard work in New York I concluded, some three years ago, to retire to the country. I looked about me very carefully before selecting a place. I rejected the idea of a home in a suburban town, because I had come to believe long before that those towns afforded all the disadvantages of both city and country, and few of the advantages of either. A beautiful town of about ten thousand inhabitants took my wife's fancy, and we went there for a short sojourn to see whether it was the exceptional place. We were told, however, that every one in town knew what every one else was to have for dinner, and concluded that that was not the place in which we could find the merest happiness we sought. Our search for the proper place in which to settle was as long as that of Mr. and Mrs. March when they moved from Boston to New York and wished to rent a furnished apartment. I shall not, however, imitate Mr. Howells and record all the little details of the hunt, even though some of the experiences were most interesting to us. But we found a place at last in the little village of Nearbye, thirty miles from New York and seven miles from the nearest railway station. Here we bought a neat little cottage and a bit of land, and we were in the very country itself. We were high in the hills, and undisturbed by that almost universal pest, the Jersey mosquito. From a neighboring hill on a clear day we could see the harbor of New York in one direction, and in another the Delaware Water Gap, some twenty-five miles to the west. From this point of vantage a magnificent panorama was unfolded. Ranges of green hills rose one above the other in such symmetrical groups that they were called mountains, and their beauty, if not their altitude, deserved the courtesy of such an appellation. In the valleys and on the hill sides little villages nestled cozily and quietly amid the trees, and in each one a white church spire rose above the houses and trees, and stood like a watchful sentinel on guard. Remoteness from a railroad is probably the reason that the people in and about Nearbye have preserved the primitive methods of life of their fathers and grandfathers.

For a little while during the summer a few people from the city wander into the hills, and board with the farmers and at one or two of the houses in the village. At this time Nearbye burnishes itself up a little, but a very little. Along the two or three quiet streets, in the evenings during the summer, young ladies walk up and down for exercise. The villagers only look on, but the young village girls pay the sincere flattery of imitation by fashioning their new dresses as nearly like those of the city boarders as rural skill will admit. City men don't appear even in summer to any extent. The place is too inaccessible, too far away from business. The city fashions for men are certainly not imitated, and I have often wondered where the remarkable garments I see about me were made. I am sure that the most of them are constructed at home by the thrifty housewives. While speaking of the appearance of the men, I may mention a fact which I had noticed for a long time, but had not inquired into until the other day. On Sunday at church the men all look particularly clean and neat, and the contrast between them on that day and any other is most striking. A little while ago there was a church meeting one Tuesday afternoon, and I was beguiled into going. There were a dozen or more clergymen present, and all of the farmers from the surrounding country. The countrymen did not look clean and neat. Are they in their working clothes? I asked myself. No; the remarkable garments made for Sunday were on review. But still the farmers looked poorly groomed. Is it, I again asked myself, the sleek and glossy smirkiness of those persons which makes my friends look so unkempt? That surely was not it, for I defy a whole presbytery to shine more brightly than a church full of Jersey country folk when the regular time comes for service on Sunday morning. I pondered deeply, but was obliged to go to the village doctor to learn the reason for the difference. He laughed heartily when I asked him my question, and informed me that there was in every household in the neighborhood much preparation every Saturday night for the next day. This preparation not only consisted of brushing boots and clothes, but in shaving very closely, and a bath in almost boiling soapsuds. Thus were they cleaned up for the holiday, and thus was that very striking polish put on which had excited my admiration. The church meeting I referred to had been held on a Tuesday, and the polish from Saturday night had so rubbed off that the Sunday clothes alone could not give to the wearers the proper holiday look. The doctor assured me that it never would have occurred to any of these men to have taken a bath and a shave for a mid week festival.

While speaking of the appearance of the men at church, I had as well mention another subject in connection with religious worship, that is the singing in the services. In my little village there are five churches, and each of them has a respectably large congregation. The singing in each of them, however, seems worse than in all the rest. I forget from time to time how bad it is at any particular church. I attribute this to the custom of having choirs to do the singing for the congregations. In music, as in other things, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and the members of these various choirs just have knowledge enough to be ambitious to do things way out of their reach. The average man and woman, however untrained, can carry a simple tune, and if these congregations each made its own music, I believe the effect would not be nearly so discordant as it is at present. In one of the churches there is a quartet and a cornet to help the organist. The soprano, the contralto, the tenor, and the baritone, ten seconds after they get started with a tune, is each one going it alone, lickity split, and just when they seem on the point of getting again somewhere near together the cornet toots out in a shrill protest that the singers are having too long an inning, and then the organ grumbles and groans that it is not having a fair show in the performance. It is awful music, and has in it about as much harmony as you would hear in a Chinese theatre in Mott Street. How such a pernicious custom should have been adopted by such people I can't find out, but I fancy it is due to the singing schools which now and again are started in the neighborhood by itinerant music teachers.

The old fashioned village and farm houses are roomy enough, but—always with the exception of the kitchen, which also answers the purpose of dining room and sitting-room—they seem tightly closed, to keep out the air and the light. This is doubtless to prevent the trouble of cleaning. The effect, however, is most unpleasant. When you need to see any of the country people, the best and most expedious plan is to go directly to the kitchen. At the door you can transact what business you choose without any delay. If you ring at the front door, there is always a long delay—the housewife is taking off her apron and smoothing her hair—and then you hear the bolts drawn and the key turned with a grating sound. You are invited into a cloth parlor, the air of which is cold and damp and stuffy. The good woman who receives you is embarrassed by her surroundings, and you feel yourself uneasy and uncomfortable. At the kitchen door you could have explained your errand with much more satisfaction. The only difficulty about kitchen door visits is that the villagers let you set the example as to calling. If you call at their kitchen doors, they likewise call at yours. I have a prejudice, a foolish one, perhaps, against transacting my business in my kitchen. I shall probably do well to get over it, however.

When the day's work is over, or when it rains, and working in the fields is not practicable, the men gather at the village stores and discuss the various subjects interesting to them. The crops, the bad roads, the probabilities of a railroad, and the change in the climate are stock subjects for discussion, but what they talk about most of all is one another. They are gossips, untiring gossips. Every man knows everything about everybody else, and the affairs of the men and women in the neighborhood are canvassed with a freedom only equalled, in my experience, by some of the talk I have sometimes heard in the smoking room of a New York club when deep draughts had been indulged in. I have often wondered what kept these people from quarrelling with each other, for when they are together they seem friendly enough. They unquestionably spend much of their idle time in saying ill-natured things of one another, but it cannot be that the remarks made at the stores ever reach those at whom they are directed. I conclude this because they never come to blows, and because I have failed yet to find the man who did not consider himself in the little belief that while he knew everything about all the affairs of all of his neighbors, no one knew anything of his business. His wife the only secure stone house in the neighborhood, the others were all of glass. My wife and myself often laugh at the speculations which we know are made as to us and our affairs. We are sure that they get lots of fun out of us, and I sometimes suspect that when they see an four or five miles from home, and walking, that they have doubts as to our sanity. They are welcome, I am sure, if our affairs can add anything to the gayety of their life.

The first thing almost that one notices in coming into the particular part of New Jersey in which I live is the wretchedness of the roads. This is not peculiar to my neighborhood at all, but prevails pretty nearly all over the State, and over the country too, except with rare exceptions. The amount of money appropriated for roads is adequate enough but the way it is spent is most scandalous. In the first place, every tax-payer is permitted by law to work out his tax on the road, and he is permitted to do this at a higher rate of wage than any individual ever pays. The very old men always work out their tax, and they always set the pace for the gang of road workers. The overseer is to a great extent powerless to accomplish any reform, as he does not have the opportunity to spend any actual money. He must do the best he can with these veterans who report for duty. The result is that all the washings from the fields into the ditches on each side of a road are put into the middle of the roadway, and there the much stays until the kindly rains wash it back again into the ditches. The people know that the roads are bad. They confess that much; but when a method of improvement is suggested, the reformer is met with fierce opposition.

INTERNATIONAL YACHT CUPS.

BESIDES the *America's* Cup, which is known so well, and must always be regarded as the supreme trophy, there are three other cups for international racing—the Brenton Reef and Cape May challenge cups and the Royal Victoria Yacht Club International Challenge Cup. All these are brought before the yachting world with peculiar prominence by the presence of the American yacht *Neptune* in British water. Since *Genesta* carried both the Cape May and Brenton Reef cups over to England, in 1885, there has been no American challenger until Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll this year determined to have a try at winning them back, and no American yacht has ever sailed for the Victoria Cup, which was offered for the first time two years ago. Both the American cups, Cape May and Brenton Reef, were given to the New York Yacht Club in 1872 by James Gordon Bennett, at that time Commodore of the club, as perpetual challenge trophies. Twenty years ago these cups were considered very elaborate, and were at that time Tiffany & Co.'s best production. The record of the Cape May and Brenton Reef races is as follows:

THE CAPE MAY CUP.

October 10, '72.—Won by schooner *Dreadnought*, 35 h. 5 m. 40 s., A. B. Stockwell, from schooner *Palmer*, 36 h. 45 m. 5 s., R. Stuyvesant.

October 10, '73.—Won by schooner *Enchantress*, J. F. Loubet, from *Dreadnought*, by default.

September 4, '77.—Won by schooner *Idler*, 40 h. 35 m. 10 s., S. J. Colgate, from schooners *Dreadnought*, C. J. Osborn; *Rambler*, 44 h. 8 m. 30 s., W. H. Thomas, and *Vesta*, 44 h. 34 m., S. M. Mills.

September 26, '85.—Won by cutter *Genesta*, 42 h. 11 m. 55 s., Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., from *Dauntless*, 59 h. 20 m., Caldwell H. Colt.

The course for these races was from an imaginary line between the judge's steamer and Buoy No. 5, off Sandy Hook, to and around the Five Fathom Light ship, off Cape May, leaving it on the port or starboard hand at will, and back in Sandy Hook Light ship, passing the same to the southward and eastward within one hundred yards distance.

August 14-15, '86.—Won by cutter *Fleet*, 27 h. 10 m. 28 s., J. Jameson, from *Genesta*, 30 h. 57 m. 54 s., Sir Richard Sutton.

September 12, '89.—Won by yawl *Wanderer*, 38 h. 25 m., T. B. C. West, from *Fleet*, by default.

The races in 1886 and 1889 were from Cowes around the Cherbourg breakwater and back, distance 144 miles.

This year *Wanderer* drew out in favor of *Valkyrie*.

BRENTON REEF CUP.

July 25, '72.—Won by schooner *Madeline*, Jacob Voorhies, Jun., from schooner *Rambler*, J. M. Forbes.

September 19, '73.—Won by *Rambler*, 43 h. 25 m. 32 s., from *Madeline*, 47 h. 18 m. 41 s.

July 26, '76.—Won by schooner *Idler*, 32 h. 18 m. 16 s., S. J. Colgate, from schooners *America* (the old sloop made into a two-sticker), B. F. Butler; *Wanderer*, 34 h. 28 m. 58 s., James Sullivan; *Tidal Wave*, W. Voorhies; *Countess of Dufferin*, Major C. Gifford.

September 21, '85.—Won by cutter *Genesta*, 48 h. 19 m. 40 s., Sir Richard Sutton, from schooner *Dauntless*, Caldwell H. Colt.

August 14-15, '86.—Won by cutter *Fleet*, J. Jameson, from *Genesta*.

The '86 race was from Cowes around Cherbourg breakwater, 144 miles. The other races were on a course from the light ship off Newport, to and around the light ship off Sandy Hook, and outside of Long Island, and return.

These cups may be held for thirty days after the race without liability to challenge, after that the holder must be prepared to sail a race over the same course within fifteen days of challenge. Winning the cup two consecutive races in one season exempts the boat from challenge until the following year.

The Royal Victoria Cup, valued at $2500, is also a perpetual challenge cup, the best three out of five races to decide the winner, and the course of each match to be not less than thirty-five knots.

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OFFICIAL AND SOCIAL LIFE OF THE ARMY AND NAVY IN WASHINGTON.

BY RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM.

WAR! the tramp, tramp of marching infantry, the clatter and spatter of iron shod hoofs, the rumble and roar of gun carriage and caisson! camps and barracks in the public squares, the smoke of bivouac fires in all the country around, the lines of ambulances, the wounded and the sick, the muffled drum-roll and solemn fife wail of the dead-march, the proud charger and blare of the trumpet! the rush of orderlies and despatch bearers, the gleam of the sentry's bayonet, the coming and going by day and by night, the wild exultation of victory, the gloom of defeat and disaster, the thunder of the enemy's guns at the very gates of the capital, proud Washington, where beat the great heart of the nation in desperate struggle for life! War! awful war, glorious war, for four anxious years, until those last grandest days of all, when in serried ranks of dingy blue, travel worn, war stained, the battle-torn remnants of their standards fluttering over them, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, Hancock, and Schofield, Merritt, McKenzie, Custer, and a hundred more like them, riding at the head of their veterans, the victorious armies of the Union, proudly "passing in review" for the last time, marched through the thronged streets of the long-suffering city, and vanished forever into history.

Nearly thirty years have come and gone, and Washington shows but little sign of the "dark days" of '61 to '65. Broad, splendidly paved, well kept streets lined with shade trees are there in strong contrast with cobble-stoned thoroughfares, deep-rutted with the heavy wheels of artillery and provision trains. Where soldiers once bivouacked now stretches square on square of handsome houses, and public gardens beautifully adorned with trees and flowers, shrubs and semitropical plants, take the place of barrack and hospital. But seldom is the sound of martial music heard in the quiet streets, and only now and then does the rare sight of brilliant uniforms near the White House on the occasion of some official reception or function remind the observer that here in Washington is the centre of the whole machinery that controls, manages, provides for, and maintains the fighting force, by sea and by land, of the greatest and most powerful of republics. There is very little of military character about the huge granite building which rises story on story above the surrounding houses on Pennsylvania Avenue, and is separated from the beautiful grounds of the Executive Mansion by the broad street running down to the handsome stretch of park land where the tall shaft of the Washington Monument points skyward. One looks in vain for the significant staff-officers, the pacing sentinels, the groups of mounted orderlies, so familiar to every one who has visited any of the great European capitals, and the old brass cannon, trophies of war, lying, dismounted and forever voiceless, at the head of the broad flight of steps leading to the entrance of the War Department, and the huge old anchors at the main doorway of the Navy Department, are almost the only indications that inside the building are located the Navy and War departments—the headquarters of the army and the various staff bureaus of both services. The same simplicity, the same absence of military display, is evident within doors, and but for the occasional groups of standards and trophies, a few glass cases of models of fire arms near the offices of the Chief of Ordnance, other cases near the Quartermaster General's office containing by figures in the various uniforms of the army and a few beautifully finished models of war vessels in the halls of the Navy Department, there would seem to be but little difference in the general appearance of the long corridors, with the swinging doors of their offices, from that of any other building used for purposes of a wholly civil character. The clank of a scabbard or the ring of steel spurs on the marble flooring, in these "piping times of peace," is a most unusual sound. For all that, however, there is no mistaking the vocation of many of the men one meets with here. Men bred to the profession of arms never outgrow the habit of their uniforms, and with the soldier there is a certain erect carriage, a certain trick of wearing the hat, a certain buttoned up air about his "civil" clothes, as he terms his civilian attire, and a sort of weather beaten, open air look about the sailor, however immaculate his costume may be, that betray the calling of both of them to one who has had the good fortune to be intimately associated with them. Although there is so masked an absence of military bustle, and so little evidence of the warlike nature of the business transacted, an enormous amount of work is carried on in both departments. Everything appertaining to the efficiency of either service, from the design and armament of a battle ship down to the rowel on a cavalryman's spur, passes through one or the other of the numerous offices of the two services.

In the War Department, under the "supervision and direction" of the Secretary of War, the representative of the President as the head of the forces, the general commanding the army and the several branches of the department are charged with the administration of the military service.

Unlike the army, the navy, after the death of Admiral Porter has had no officer exercising direct command over the service in general, all business of Uncle Sam's naval establishment being conducted through the bureaus and officers of the Navy Department, under the direction of the Secretary of the Navy. Each of these bureaus and divisions is under a chief, usually an officer of high rank, who has general charge of the duties performed there and in the various branches of his office.

Aside from the beautifully designed and finished models of war ships—with every gun, bolt, rope, anchor, and the thousand details of a modern man o'-war reproduced as a scale of infinitesimal reduction with marvellous exactitude and care—which are to be seen in the offices of the Bureau of Construction and Repair, the Bureau of Ordnance furnishes in Washington and its immediate vicinity the most interesting field of observation to the layman, for here is conducted the manufacture of the magnificent ordnance, designed and constructed under the immediate supervision, not of specialists alone, but of line officers of the navy at large, the men who would be called upon to fight with the guns they themselves had produced. This bureau has charge of "the manufacture and purchase of offensive and defensive arms and apparatus, all ammunition, war explosives, torpedoes, and vessels for torpedo service." It tests and recommends the armor and armament of ships, and places the armament on board them. The ordnance shops are situated in the Navy yard, and here again the absence of uniforms is especially noticeable, although there are a dozen or more officers immediately on duty in the gun factory. Perhaps it is from the fact that all of the nine hundred or thousand employés in the ordnance shops are civilians that here in the Navy yard of the capital of the nation hardly a uniform is visible, and there is scarcely a sign about the place, with the exception of an occasional marine sentry, that it belongs to one of the military arms of the country.

However, the guns are made in those long rows of buildings to our right as we walk down the broad road leading from the entrance of the yard, and there is a roar and clang of steel and iron, the buzz and hum of machinery, in the air. Girdled with railway tracks, the "yard" stretches to the water's edge, where, solitary and alone, an old wooden hulk, roofed over and moored in the wharf, all that remains of a once proud cruiser, is rotting peacefully away in the brackish waters of the Potomac. With clang of bell and puff of steam, a short, stumpy locomotive is crawling slowly over the lines, dragging behind it a long flat car, on which lies, ready for shipment, a huge steel tube, banded and rifled, and glittering with points of light thrown back in answer to the touch of the sun's bright rays. Inside the first building, the gun shop, all is life and bustle; huge cranes, running on supports extending over the entire width of the building, travel slowly along, carrying, suspended by enormous chains, cylindrical masses of steel, yards long and tons in weight, guns in various processes of construction. Great lathes hum and whir while the rifling machines are slowly cutting into the hard metal of monster cannon. In pits below other monsters are being fitted with their great jackets of steel, which are heated and painfully shrunk upon the tube by the cautious flow of minute streams of cold water until it is impossible to detect the points of contact of the several pieces of metal. All about the shop the men, machinists with clear-cut intelligent American faces (92½ per cent of the employés in the naval gun factory are native born), are busily engaged in various occupations, some directing a piece of ponderous but delicate machinery, others filling, cutting, or boring, while here and there, superintending and directing operations, are busy officers, some of them fresh from duty at sea, some of them on the eve of joining their ships.

The greatest success has attended the conception and construction of these shops, the buildings and machinery, the "whole outfit," to use a not very elegant but expressive Western term, being probably unsurpassed by anything of the kind the world over. Such has been the progressive character of the capacity for completing the most highly organized and best of modern ordnance that a gun—6 inch—which two years ago would have taken 144 days to complete is now turned out in 75 days; an 8 inch in 150 days, instead of 250, and a 10-inch gun in 205 days, instead of in 300. 4 and 5 inch rifles are constructed in 48 and 55 days respectively, and I am informed that it is quite within the bounds of possibility that a still further reduction of the time of production will be attained. The saving of expense can be readily understood, and when it is taken into consideration that the superintendence of this work is entirely in the hands of men executing these duties as capably and readily as they perform the regular routine aboard ship, too much cannot be said in praise of the ability and high order of intelligence of American naval officers.

Guns having been made, a test of their efficiency is next in order. These tests, as well as the tests of armor plating, projectiles, gunpowders, etc., take place at the "proving grounds" at Annapolis, Maryland, and at Indian Head, on the Potomac, some thirty miles or so below Washington, and to the latter point, shown in the above illustration, I went one morning with the Chief of Ordnance. The rain was pouring down in sheets as our boat slowed up and made fast to the wooden pier at the proving grounds and our little party stepped ashore. A bomb-proof in ear right; in our front, a high bluff, tree crowned, down the scarred sides of which the yellow soil, liquefied by the pouring rain, is sluggishly creeping to the level space below, where stand the monster guns. Mud, mud, mud, oozing up between the ties of the railway track, where the great crane is moved from place to place, splashing upon us at every step, and covering everything within its reach with a sticky custardlike plaster. Negro laborers in mud bespattered clothes—clothes of all conceivable patterns and cut—and a few sailor men, seamen (gunners, probably), stand about in groups, while two or three young officers, their clothing as muddy and soiled as any in the little crowd, advance to meet us. No time is lost in preparation for the test. To one side, opposite the guns, a large nickel steel plate, 14 inches thick, backed and secured by heavy pieces of timber, behind which the earth is thrown up in a strong embankment, is to be the target for the huge 10 inch rifle that pushes its long tube and frowning muzzle out over the cast iron platforms next to its greater mate, the 12 inch gun.

A hasty inspection is made of the plate, and moving back to the battery, we watch the loading of the great piece of ordnance, and note the ease with which the hydraulic rammer pushes the heavy steel projectile into the bore of the gun. Two sturdy negroes turn the crank of the breech mechanism, shutting the breech firmly; hastily we examine little bunches of tow into our ears, for the concussion of the air caused by the discharge of these tremendous cannon does not cause a pleasant sensation to the delicate organs of hearing. The young officer in charge makes his last inspection, glancing over the sights, turning a wheel here, adjusting a screw there, and we watch the proceedings with ever growing interest. We are "making history" in a small way this morning, for in the coming contest between projectile and armor we are to witness the testing of the first plate of the armor of the first modern battle ship to be constructed in the United States. "Seek shelter!" is the cry, and all hands scatter to the cover of the bomb proofs, only the ensign in charge of the firing remaining outside, crouching down, lanyard in hand, under the mount of the 8-inch rifle. The chief beckons me to his side, and together we stand in the doorway of the bomb-proof, where I have a full view of the proceedings. An easy pull on the lanyard a lightninglike flash, a deafening roar, a cloud of slim powder smoke, and the gun recoils gently back, sliding as easily and smoothly on the hydraulic mount as a child's boat on the waters of a duck pond. Great splashes of mud fall down on the platform in a shower as if from the sky. There is a moment's pause, and then all hasten to examine the target. The projectile has struck it full in the centre, leaving a perfect impression of its sharpened point in the hard steel several inches deep and glowing hot as a furnace from the terrific force of the impact, but not penetrating through it, or cracking it in the slightest degree. The shell lies in the mud several feet away, where it has rebounded. Again the great gun is fired, and again the big plate resists the shot, this time breaking the shell clean in two. The third shot is supposed to be the hardest test of all, for this time we are to try an armor piercing shell of American manufacture, a projectile claimed to have no superior in the quality of the steel of which it is made; and although, as we shall see, its trial proves all that is claimed for it, the nickel steel plate is again victorious, the heavy shell rebounding directly back, striking the railway track, smashing a wooden sleeper into splinters, crashing on the plates of the platform with a clanging metallic boom, and finally falling in the mud at the base of the mount of the 12 inch gun, while a small piece of the shot, cut from its side by the force of the blow on the platform, rises in the air with a long wailing shriek like a lost spirit doomed to eternal punishment. The tests have been most satisfactory in every way, and no plate manufactured in any foreign country has hitherto so successfully withstood a similar ordeal, American skill and American ingenuity once more taking the lead.

The troops of the army stationed in the capital have their lines cast in pleasant places. The Washington Barracks, garrisoned by several batteries of artillery, are most beautifully situated in well kept, tree covered grounds, running for a long distance along the banks of the Potomac. On any pleasant afternoon the post presents a bright and animated scene, curiously resembling a mingling of garrison life and that of some fashionable summer resort. Recall from drill has sounded some time ago, and the battalion, which has been marching and countermarching on the level parade for an hour or more, has dispersed, and some of the men are sitting or lounging in front of the long row of yellow barracks, from the open windows of which a cheery whistle, the snatch of a song, or vigorous swish of brush or whisk broom betokens that others are at their evening toilet, removing the stains and marks of the hot drill, or preparing

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IN THE RESTAURANT OF THE HOUSE OF REPRES

WASHINGTON.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 771.]

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THE JOHNSON FAMILY VISIT JACKSON PARK IN THE EVENING

MRS. JOHNSON. "Wot's dat music, Ezwell?"
MR. JOHNSON. "I s'pose hit's de mountains playin'. I hyeah some one say dey's gwan play dis evenin'." (*They discover later that it was Sousa's Band.*)

for a stroll to the town "on pass." Over by the stables the horses of the light battery are picketed standing in a long row, awaiting patiently the call for "evening stables" and supper, and from the distant "battery drill ground" an occasional cheer and clapping of hands indicate the progress of some game of ball among the soldiers. The band is playing under the shade of the trees on the parade, where prettily dressed children are chasing one another over its smooth lawnlike surface; ladies in breezy afternoon costumes escorted by officers in jaunty forage-caps and immaculate blouses, swinging their light canes in white-gloved hands, saunter along the brick-paved pathways; a carriage with coachman and footman in livery, high-stepping horses in glittering harness, and filled with callers from the city, rolls along the drive past the guard-house, where the sentry paces up and down, and the men of the guard are lounging in the shadow of the porch, while in a quiet corner of a piazza at the officers' quarters some bright-eyed army maid and shoulder-strapped youngster are absorbed in the enjoyment of "the old, old story."

But it is the young cavalryman, in civilization once more after long and arduous service, who for a time thoroughly enjoys his station in Washington. I say "for a time," for he is usually a restless creature, this brown-faced, keen-eyed, yellow-striped American dragoon, and his service has accustomed him to be moved from place to place in such a reckless fashion that he feels much like Jack ashore—neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring—if he be stationed too long in any one place. If he thinks, however, there is any cavalry post within sight of civilization more delightfully situated than is Fort Myer, directly opposite the city, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, he must be hard to please indeed. Some men will tell you that whether a post is pleasant or not depends on the commanding officer, but there are some stations, pleasant or otherwise, one cannot get away from, and Fort Myer is within easy riding distance of Washington. One of the great chain of earth-works constructed during the war for the defence of the capital, afterwards used as the headquarters and station of the Signal Corps, and taking its name from a former chief of that service, Fort Myer to-day shows but few traces of the strong work that once stood here. Facing the river and along a broad road run rows of comfortable quarters, and a lawn, smooth and green, stretches to the edge of the bluff, where the tall white flag-staff, the national colors waving at the peak, rises up against the sky. On the other side of the river, Washington lies spread out like a map at our feet. Directly in front of us is the high monument, now glowing rosy red in the rays of the afternoon sun, now changing its hue from base to summit as the clouds chase one another, casting alternate masses of brilliant light and purple shadow over the landscape. Beyond the buildings of the State and War departments, and the White House, with its beautiful grounds stretching to the river's brink, the city stretches, row on row of many-colored houses, broken everywhere by dense masses of foliage, until, softened by the distance, the huge dome of the Capitol looms up against the blue horizon. Back from the bluff inland, the barracks and stables, the big new riding-school, stand, and rolling away east, west, and south, in gentle undulations, a wide plain furnishes ample space for the evolutions of the mounted troops stationed here. I wonder whether the dainty, "stylishly" dressed ladies in the "break" there, or the handsome young civilian, rose in button-hole of his driving-coat, who has so deftly handled the ribbons from the box in the afternoon drive from town—I wonder, I say, whether they realize what these blue-clad troopers, whose manœuvres on the wide drill-ground they are watching with such apparently languid interest, have gone through on the far Western plains or burning Arizona deserts before being ordered here for a short time in slight recognition of hard service well and faithfully done. In this vast country of ours, with its millions of inhabitants, comparatively few people give a thought of what these gallant fellows and their comrades all through the service have accomplished for the nation at large—how since the close of the civil war the army has lost officers and men in one bloody action after another. With these very squadrons men are riding who but a little over a year ago were facing the savage foe in the bitter Dakota winter time, where good friends and comrades of theirs had given up their lives or lay bleeding from their wounds, when over the rest of the land Christmas bells were ringing out, "On earth peace, good-will toward men"! But although bitter thoughts may fill his heart as pictures of the past crowd into his mind, the soldier, trained in the maxim of "cheerful obedience to legal orders even to the sacrifice of his own life," takes up the sword that his dead comrade has dropped, and steps into the vacant place in the ranks. Colors flying, trumpets sounding a quickstep, the battalion marches away from the newly made grave where the smoke of the parting volley still lingers, and so the young trooper, while always ready at the call of duty to follow in the footsteps of those who have "received the route" before him, gives little thought of the morrow, and lives gayly the life of the present. His duties here are light and altogether professional, there are the daily garrison routine, the company and battalion drills, an occasional court-martial or board, but there is plenty of time for all the social delights of a city that seems destined to become the centre of the culture, refinement, and wealth of the United States.

Aside from the official "function" of New Year's day, when the Chief Magistrate accepts the congratulations of the representatives of the several civic branches of the government, the army and navy officers, and the diplomatic corps, the semi-social, semi-official event of the "season" in military and naval circles is the reception given by the President to the two services. Then it is that all officers stationed at the capital, from the old white-haired general officers and admirals on the retired list to the youngest ensign or subaltern, don their full dress, and gather in the halls of the Executive Mansion to pay their respects to their host the Commander-in-Chief. While the occasion is, as I have said, semi-official in character—for most officials would regard an invitation from the President as equivalent to an order—the presence of the ladies, the handsome toilets, the brilliant uniforms, the flowers and tropical plants scattered in profusion about the spacious rooms, the strains of music from the excellent band of the Marine Corps mingling with the hum of voices all combine to make a picture of a phase of the social life of Washington which must be seen to be appreciated. While receptions, dinners, balls, and afternoon teas are all the go at the capital, as well as elsewhere where fashion rules, the social charm of the two services lies in the nature of the officers themselves. There is something about their professions that gives them a character of their own, and while mingling and associating with their civilian friends with the utmost cordiality and good-fellowship, there is an unconventionality both in manner and speech, a high-bred military courtesy, that mark them as men of a class by themselves, a class of men, taken as a whole, whose lives are freer from the sordid cares and temptations that beset most of us in our fight for existence in this hard matter-of-fact modern world, whose position as officers of the fleet or of the land forces is assured for life or good behavior—a fit and just compensation for the many sacrifices consequent to their professions—a class with a high sense of duty, of honor, of patriotism, handed down by tradition from one generation of brave men to another, and inculcated in their characters from the very moment of their entry into the service.

Many of the older officers, those on the retired list, have their homes in Washington, battered old heroes of other times, they are ending their days in peace and honor within sight and touch of the services they love so well. The walls of both the Metropolitan and Army and Navy clubs are hung with portraits of many of these veterans—Grant and Sheridan, Porter, Worden, Rodgers, and others—and daily in the pleasant corners of either resort these survivors of many a stirring scene by sea and land gather together for friendly chat and reminiscence of by-gone days. The Army and Navy Club is naturally the headquarters of the social life of both services, the club-house is a fine new building, most pleasantly and conveniently situated on Farragut Square, and from the bow windows of the spacious rooms the bronze statue of the gallant old sailor can be seen facing the club, as if in greeting to comrades of his own and the new generation. Everything to make life pleasant is gathered within the walls of this building, and, with the true gallantry of soldiers and sailors the world over, one of the most spacious and handsome apartments of the house is placed at the disposal of those of the gentler sex who may be invited to honor the club by their presence. And following the unswerving custom of the services, "the latch-string hangs outside" the door of this most hospitable of clubs, although none but men who wear or have worn army or navy blue can be admitted to full membership.

Regardless of the lessons of history, the American people seem careless of all danger, and indifferent of the consequences of their neglect to provide adequately in time of peace for the bloody work of war. Nevertheless, although the army and navy do their work so quietly and unobtrusively as to be almost unobserved in the rush of political life in Washington, when the tocsin of danger peals out the value of that work will be apparent to the nation. Already twice within the year have distant lightning flashes of war glowed angrily on the political horizon, who can tell from whence or how soon the storm may burst?

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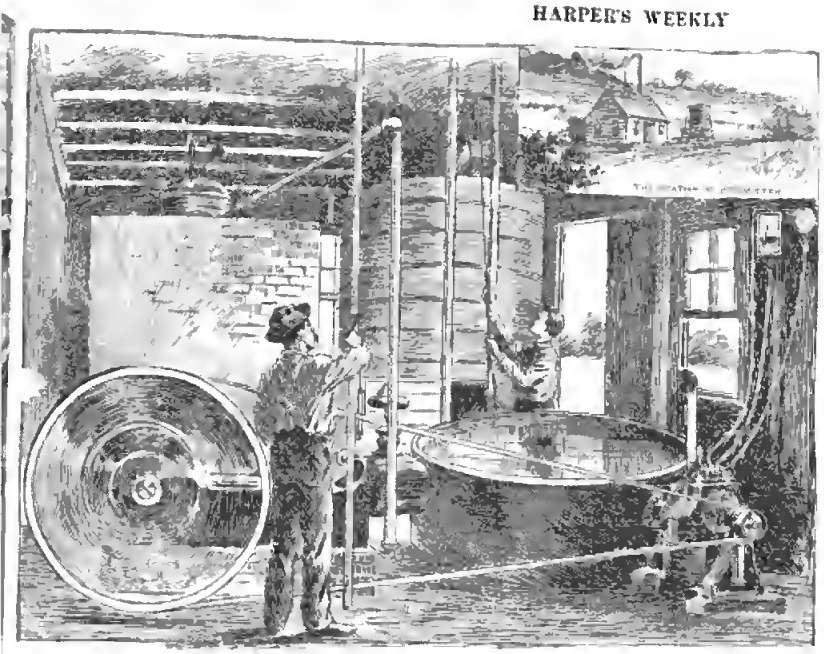

PURIFYING CROTON WATER BY ELECTRICITY.—DRAWN BY FRANK H. KING.

PURIFYING THE WATER SUPPLY OF NEW YORK BY ELECTRICITY.

BY JOSEPH WETZLER.

THE last fifteen years have produced so many and such important advances in the applications of electricity that the public is prepared for, and, indeed, is beginning to take almost as a matter of course many things that before this modern era would have been regarded as marvels. With the telephone, the electric light and the electric motor as *faits accomplis*, electricians are constantly looking for new fields to conquer, and not the least important effect of this ceaseless activity in electrical work as the stimulus which it has given to the application of the subtle fluid in other branches. Notable among these is the science of medicine, and it is much to the credit of American physicians that they have been among the first to appreciate and apply electricity as a therapeutic agent. Recent events, however, would seem to show that both the physician and the sanitarian will find in the electric current an aid of greater value than they have yet suspected or dared to hope for.

The general health of all is so intimately connected with the purity of the water consumed that intelligent communities the world over spare no effort and expense to make their water supplies as pure as possible. The dire results of neglect in this respect were only too well illustrated in the frightful cholera epidemic at Hamburg last year, which was traced directly to the pollution of the Elbe, the city's source of water supply.

The complaints which have of late been heard against the water of New York have led the health authorities, under Dr. Cyrus Edson, to devote special attention to the purification of the city's water, and their recent efforts in this direction bid fair to be crowned with success, and, what is more, to be followed as an example by the rest of the world.

On the principle that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure, they resolved to disinfect the water supply of New York before it reached the distributing pipes. But how was such an enormous quantity as 160,000,000 gallons daily to be effectively treated at anything like a reasonable cost? The well-known agents, carbolic acid, chloride of lime, and bichloride of mercury were out of the question. At this juncture Mr. A. E. Woolf, a gentleman who had long experimented in electrical processes of various kinds, proposed the use of the electric current for the cheap production of a disinfectant, and after a thorough test the New York Board of Health has adopted his proposition.

The process is simplicity itself. It consists merely in passing the electric current through a solution of sea-water, or where this is not available, through ordinary salt-water, and decomposing the salt solution. The hypochlorites formed in this way act powerfully on all organic matter, and have been shown to be effective in the destruction of cholera germs and other micro-organisms which give rise to so many diseases both in man and in animals, while at the same time counteracting the effects of the other noxious accompaniments of drinking water, such as the nitrites.

The first plant to carry out the Woolf system of disinfection was erected at Brewsters, a town some sixty miles from New York, and the results have proved so satisfactory that an additional disinfecting plant has just been put in operation near the Sodom storage reservoir, where 60,000,000 gallons will be treated daily; and a similar plant will be erected at the Kensico storage reservoir.

The electricity in these installations is generated by dynamos quite similar to those which furnish current for the familiar incandescent lamp, and the capacity of each will be about 24,000 gallons of disinfecting solution per day. It is estimated that the daily cost of operation of one of these stations will barely reach ten dollars.

At the Sodom reservoir the disinfecting solution, after being produced in the electrolyzing tank, is run off into the main outlet of the reservoir, and mixes with the water on its way to the city. Long before it reaches its destination, however, it has done its work of oxidizing and destroying the noxious germs and other deleterious ingredients, and its identity is completely lost, so that no trace of it can be found in the water as it runs from the domestic faucet.

We may add that the New York Board of Health has ordered a Woolf plant for the Willard Parker Hospital, where disinfecting solution will be made for all the hospitals and institutions under the control of that body. The Health Officer, Dr. Jenkins, has also ordered a plant with a capacity of 1000 gallons to be placed on the quarantine boat *Governor Flower*. We think we are not over sanguine in stating our belief that the Woolf process of disinfection will go a long way towards solving one of the most important problems which have ever confronted the sanitarian, namely, cheap disinfection.

IN THE HOUSE RESTAURANT.

DOWNSTAIRS in the House restaurant may be seen some of the most interesting sights at the Capitol. It is to the House restaurant in preference to that of the Senate that the seeker after fresh truths and deep meanings should make his way, for in the Senate restaurant he will not see the constituent and his wife enjoying the hospitality of his Congressman, nor the heeler seeking the reward of his activity with a modification of eagerness due to the elementary viands of which he is partaking at the expense of his political debtor, nor the man who whispers.

Mr. Reinhart has made a picture of the man who whispers. Whispering is a great art in the halls of national legislation. When you look down from the gallery you will see groups of two scattered here and there about the House pouring words into one another's ears. They may be sitting at their desks, or they may be standing in the aisles with their arms clasped about one another. Whatever their attitudes they will whisper. The nature of the business of some men is of such a character that whispering becomes their forte. They depend on secrecy for their success, and become so accustomed to secrecy in the daily discharge of their duties that they go on whispering their way through life—whispering amid scenes of gayety and sadness of business and pleasure, whispering as well when they have no conspiracy afoot as when they have.

The man at the table in the picture may be whispering about a scheme for which he is the lobbyist, or he may be whispering about the weather. It doesn't do to judge by appearances even in the House restaurant. There are stray moments in the life of every man who lives by putting his own cunning into partnership with the dullness of others when he does innocent things and speaks harmless words. He may do the one craftily and the other in whispers, but that is to be charged to his general character, and any inference derogatory to the speech or act of the moment may do the innocent thing an injustice, although it may do, it is true, no injustice whatever to him who speaks or does.

The restaurant of the House is naturally a place where a good deal of political business is transacted, just as restaurants generally in busy quarters of busy cities are adjuncts to the offices and stores of professional men and merchants. An astute lobbyist will not ask a member to lunch, nor would an experienced Congressman accept an invitation from such a man, even with the assurance that no business was to be talked about. Not an inconsiderable sum of money is made in Washington by the reputation gained by some prescient people from being constantly seen in the society of leading Senators and Representatives. There is a pleasant story told of Stephen A. Douglas and a near friend who was not then king of money, however.

"Bev," said the aspirant, "when I am President, what can I do for you?"

"Only one thing, Steve. I don't want any office."

"What is it, Bev?"

"Just put your arm around me some day when there is a crowd about and call me Bev."

There are lobbyists at Washington who know the value of this sort of familiarity on the part of great men, and to whom it would be a large capital if they could induce certain Congressmen to lunch with them in the House restaurant. The best they can do, however, is to lay in wait for their quarry, so that when he quits the restaurant, presumably in good humor, they may capture him in the corridors and walk with him to the elevator.

The restaurant is usually a good place to get news, not that a Washington correspondent would be rude enough to intrude upon the feasting hour, but very often a member who has something to say and is willing to say it prefers to say it over his luncheon, and is glad of the society of the correspondent of his home newspaper. There are Congressmen, too, who look upon the restaurant as the best place in Washington to entertain their constituents and there are others astute men of the world, who ask troublesome visitors from home to partake of the hospitality that can be purchased in the basement of the Capitol in order that they may do their social duty without interfering with the social prejudices of their domestic interiors.

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

IX.—FARMING IN VERMONT.

A REFERENCE by the volatile Jackson Peters to a recent experience of a friend of his with an excited bull, which he had met while on a botanical excursion, had awakened a slight discussion as to the best course to pursue on such occasions. Robinson favored flight. Smith announced his adherence to the plan of luring on the excited animal with a red handkerchief, and then jabbing him severely in the side with his cane as he rushed past, but the possibility of the victim not always having a red handkerchief and a cane, and the probability of his not being able to use them if he did have them, being pointed out. Smith attempted gently to turn away the adverse criticism with the observation that he once knew a man who always carried a celluloid ear of corn in his pocket, which he would toss to the beast and escape while the guileless creature was making efforts to masticate it.

"Why not carry a gummy resinous ear, which would stick his jaws together, as Jones did those of the wolves?" asked Jackson Peters, with renewed interest.

"Jackson," said Jones, now speaking for the first time since the subject came up, "your idea is very bright, and would be extremely useful if the bull was given to biting, but he is not. The common domestic bull, Jackson, does not use his fangs to seize his victim. The bull is not a carnivorous animal. Naturalists do not class him as a beast of prey. He does not range the forest and spring upon the belated traveller from a tree. The spectacle of the common agricultural bull bounding away to his lair with a man in his jaws would be new, and would attract the attention alike of the zoologist and of the Department of Agriculture. The bull, Jackson, even the trained Veragua bull, prefers to toss his subject with his horns, and he can do it as well with his jaws closed as open. You have made remarkable progress for a young man, Jackson, but you need to complete your education with a short course of natural history.

"Speaking of things appertaining to the farm," Jones continued, "reminds me that I have sometimes done something in the agricultural way myself. I have already told you of my experiences in Vermont at raising Christmas trees. I sank the profits of this, as you will remember, in my experiments at raising the red willow and the common white birch in an effort to produce natural barber poles. I grew some good poles, but I found the plan too costly to be practical. The sheriff closed me out and left me without a cent. I tried the application of cantharides and bay rum to sheep in the hope of being able to shear them four times a year, but this too proved a failure. I was about to leave the State in disgust, when my attention was drawn to a neighboring tract of land on the side of one of the hills for which Vermont is noted. There were about two hundred acres in it, and it stood at an exact angle of fifty degrees. It was so steep that it had never been cultivated, and I bought it for fifty dollars. I went up on my farm some two hundred feet with scaling-ladders, and found it to be excellent wheat land. I determined to plough it and sow it to this kind of grain. I accordingly sent to Brattleboro and got a large brass cannon used for Fourth of July celebrations. This I mounted at the lower edge of my farm, loaded it, and blazed away. The ball ricochetted and tore up the ground like a steam gang-plough. It struck the stone wall at the upper edge of my farm and rolled back, smoothing off the surface considerably. At the end of five days, gentlemen, I had my farm ploughed beautifully, at the expense of a few pounds of powder. Two days more sharp and decisive bombarding with paper shells charged with seed grain sowed my crop which I harrowed in with grape and canister. You never saw wheat grow as that did. The soil was rich, and I had the largest yield of any man in the neighborhood." Jones stopped as if he had finished.

Said Robinson, "You harvested it with—"

"With a raking fire of musketry, of course," interrupted Jones. "There was no other practical way. I sold the place for $8000, and went down to South Carolina and began the manufacture of the Jones Ne Plus Ultra Effervescent Watermelon, with a faucet in the stem and shell to be returned to the factory for refilling. It failed, because there were no rinds for sweet pickles."

H. C.

THE HON. JAMES T. KILBRETH,
Collector of the Port at New York.—From a Photograph by Fach Brothers.—[See Page 760.]

GEORGE C. PERKINS,
The new Senator from California.—[See Page 766.]

THE LATE JOHN STEPHENSON,
Inventor of the Street Car.

THE ORIGINAL STREET-CAR BUILDER.

JOHN STEPHENSON, who has just died at his home in New Rochelle, Westchester County, New York, had a career that is another instance of the business capacity, untiring energy, and thrifty shrewdness of the people of the Scotch-Irish race. He was brought to this country when he was two years old, and though of foreign birth, he was nevertheless in sentiment and training thoroughly American. A sketch of his life would be a history of the American street car—the first one of which he designed and built—from the introduction of such carriages to the present time, when they are to be seen in every civilized and modern city of the world. And what is more, the cars actually designed and built by him are now in use wherever street railroads have been adopted.

At seventeen he was taken from school and put in a shop, but before two years had passed his father saw that his mechanical tastes and ingenuity were going to waste behind a counter, and he was taken away and apprenticed to a coach-maker whose shop was in Broome Street, where, by the way, the carriage business still flourishes. When his apprenticeship was over, which was more than sixty years ago, he was invited by Abram Brower, who kept a livery stable opposite Bond Street on Broadway, to open a shop next the stables and keep his vehicles in repair. Mr. Brower at that time ran a stage line in Broadway from Bleecker Street to Wall Street, the fare being one shilling. As a general thing money went further in those days than it does now, but this did not apply to stage rides.

The stages then were in the old post-coach style, the coaches resting on leather thorough braces. The seats were crossways of the coach, and the entrances on the sides. At the outset Mr. Stephenson endeavored to improve on this old style, and shortly there appeared from his shop the first vehicle known as an "omnibus." The advantage of this style of stage was soon seen, and they were built as fast as the old coaches needed replacing. So important were these new stages considered that they were named as ships are, and the first three constructed were called Minerva, Mentor, and Forget-me-not. This custom obtained for a long time, and still prevails to some extent in Southwestern cities, where the railway companies run omnibus lines for the purpose of gathering up and delivering passengers.

A year after Stephenson's independent career began his shop and Brower's stables were destroyed by fire, and being without insurance, his entire capital was wiped out. He soon opened another shop, and in it he built his first street car, in 1832. The New York and Harlem Railroad was chartered in 1831, and the first street-car line was opened in the Bowery in November, 1832. It ran from Prince to Fourteenth Street. The car which Stephenson designed and built was named for the president of the road, John Mason, who was also president of the now rich and famous Chemical Bank. The opening of this road was a great civic event, and the Mayor and Common Council of the city, with the officers of the road, made the first journey over the road, riding in Stephenson's car.

The great success of the first American street car was hereafter all over the United States. Orders from the Harlem Company for other cars soon followed, and in the same year came orders for the new style of cars from Paterson, New Jersey, Brooklyn and Jamaica, Long Island, and from the New Jersey Railroad and Transportation Company (now the Pennsylvania Railroad Company). Orders also came from Tallahassee, in Florida, and from Manzanas, in Cuba. These first cars were four-wheelers, and all of them were used on railroads except in the case of the Harlem Company, which were used in the streets. When Ross Winans, of Baltimore, introduced the eight-wheel car Mr. Stephenson's shop in Elizabeth Street was too small for the work he had to do, so, in 1836, he built a new factory in Harlem, at Fourth Avenue and One-hundred-and-twenty-ninth Street. There he did a much-enlarged business, and built regular railway cars of all styles. His business now rapidly outgrew his capital, and the panic of 1837 found him unprepared to meet his obligations, when his debtors, chiefly railroad companies, could not meet theirs. He was compelled to go into bankruptcy, and paid fifty cents on the dollar. His Harlem property was sacrificed, and his Harlem Railroad stock brought only eighteen per cent. of its face value.

As he was only twenty-six years old at the time of this disaster he was not discouraged. By 1843 he had collected enough money to resume business. He bought at that time the site in Twenty-seventh Street near Fourth Avenue, where the Stephenson shops are still located. He paid what was then considered a high price, $400 a lot. These lots are now worth at least $25,000 each. That is a very handsome advance, or, as Mr. Henry George would say, a considerable "unearned increment." Though excused by law from recognizing the debts which had been compounded, Mr. Stephenson paid them all off as soon as he was able. One of his creditors, Jordan L. Mott, refused to accept payment, saying that the failure was an honest one, and had been legally and morally wiped out by the bankruptcy proceedings. Some time after this refusal Mr. Mott ordered a truck to be made. When it was finished Stephenson delivered it with the bill endorsed, "Received payment by the bankruptcy debt. John Stephenson." Mr. Mott tried to pay for the truck, but Stephenson firmly refused, so Mr. Mott had the truck draped in gay bunting, and drove it through the streets of New York with this legend in large white letters on both sides of the vehicle: "This is the way an honest bankrupt pays his debts. His name is Honest John Stephenson." All of the profits of the new establishment for seven years were needed to pay these debts.

After the Harlem failure Mr. Stephenson for several years devoted himself entirely to building coaches and omnibuses, and he continued building the latter till they were entirely superseded in use by street cars. Street-car roads were not profitable at first, but in 1852 they became more popular, and many new lines were built. In that year the Second, Third, Sixth, and Eighth Avenue horse-car companies were chartered in New York, and Mr. Stephenson received the order to build the cars that were needed. From that time to the present his works have pretty nearly always been run to their full capacity, and his cars were sent all over the world.

In the civil war John Stephenson did some good service for the government. At one time he turned out from his factory seventy pontoons in seventeen days, for some emergency. He also built several hundred gun-carriages. In the draft riots of 1863 his factory was threatened by the mob. Stephenson, undaunted by their threats, hauled ten cannon which he had received for a debt, collected a supply of ammunition, barricaded his doors, and arming his employés, for two days awaited the mob. But it never came.

In this large business Mr. Stephenson amassed a very handsome fortune, and was counted one of the millionaires of New York. He was always a zealous Methodist, and was active in church and Sunday-school work. For twenty years he was a school trustee of the Twenty-first Ward. This was the only office he would ever accept. Until a short while ago he came from his home in New Rochelle every day and took personal charge of his large business, which some years since was converted into a stock company, of which he and his sons were the owners.

ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CUP.
International Gold Challenge Cup, 1901.

THE BRENTON REEF CUP.

CAPE MAY CHALLENGE CUP.
Presented by the Commodore of the New York Yacht Club.

INTERNATIONAL YACHT CUPS.—[See Page 760.]

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THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.*

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

XXI.

THE Ogdens in their apartment presented to their callers substantially the same aspect that they had offered in a complete house, save that the dining-room had been lopped off, along with the kitchen. They were a shade more compact, and, if anything, a shade more luxurious.

Among the first of their callers here was the faithful Brower. As he lounged back in a familiar easy chair he cast his eye around the drawing-room and the reception hall, he recognized a number of things from the other house, and detected, too, a good many novel elegancies. In one corner of the room, in particular, there stood a delightful little tea table, and he learned that the full paraphernalia of the delicate function known as "a tea" could be produced at a moment's notice.

On the purchase of this adjunct to polite living Jessie had brought all her insistence to bear. Life to her had now come merely to mean receiving and being received, and to receive at all she must receive correctly and elegantly.

"It's about all I feel equal to doing now—giving teas," she explained, "and that's all the more reason why I should do it properly. Now, Cecilia Ingles's table and china—"

"For Heaven's sake, Jessie, please to remember that you are not Mrs. Ingles and that I am not her husband. Can you expect me to compete with a man who has an income like his? Do you know what that building—that building alone—pays him a year?"

"Well, I only want things nice. I shall have to live quietly for a while, I don't feel as if I had any great strength; and I don't think I ought to be denied such a small thing as this."

Hence the charming little tea table, the delicate and exquisite porcelain, and the beautifully burnished kettle, and hence, too, the cup for Brower, so that he might see how the whole thing went. But the hand that passed it to him was white and tremulous, and the graceful bit of lace over the wrist fluttered with a pitiful palpitation.

"I'm going to put another lump on your saucer, so sorry you have caught us without a lemon." She smiled at him as she spoke, and he could not but see that her lips had a bluish tinge. "So good of you to let me come in just as I was." She smoothed down the fall of lace along the front of her wrapper. "But I hardly felt equal to dressing this evening, besides, an old friend like you—"

The "old friend" went home and talked things over with his roommate.

He lit the burners on both sides of his dressing-case mirror, and slowly took off his coat. His roommate was in his shirt sleeves, too.

"I wonder if he is happy?" said Brower, thoughtfully running his thumbnail along the teeth of his tortoise-shell comb.

"He tried hard enough to be," answered his roommate.

Brower sighed, and looked with frank but troubled eyes into his friend's face. "Too hard, perhaps."

The other returned his glance in kind. "I'm afraid so," he breathed.

"He figured it all out beforehand," said Brower. "We talked a good deal on the subject generally."

"That sort of thing doesn't always pay."

"We considered the rich girl and the poor girl," Brower went on. "But there's another kind of girl that we both failed to take account of."

"What kind is that?"

"The girl in very moderate circumstances who has spent all her time in going about among wealthy relatives and friends."

"The poor princess who makes the grand chain of other people's castles?"

"Yes," assented Brower; "the grand chain of other people's castles. It's demoralizing."

"Is he a disappointed man?"

"Yes, I'm certain of it. Disappointed, and worried half to death. I'm sorry for him. I'm afraid for him."

He sat down on the edge of the bed and began to unlace his shoes. His roommate wore shoes of the same size and laced them in the same way.

"I wonder," said he, "if he really loved her?"

"Sh!" said Brower.

"Wasn't there another one that he *did* love?"

"Not a word more!" cried Brower.

He undressed and got into bed. He took a book with him. It was *A Mistaken Marriage*—he read everything.

"What do you want to read for?" asked the other. "It's late."

"I read because I don't want to think." He opened at the mark and settled back on his pillow and started in.

"Where are you now?" demanded his double.

"Page 316; the castle's on fire."

"Do you want anything more about castles?"

"No."

"And haven't you had enough of fires?"

"Plenty."

"Well, then!"

Out went the gas, and sleep presently succeeded.

The Ogdens had other callers; among them was Frederick Pratt.

Frederick had left the Underground for the temple at the extreme end of the street, where he was engaged in an ardent study of puts and calls. The atmosphere of the Board of Trade is less sedate than that of the Clearing-house association, and the new recruit had become still more volatile and giddy. He was skating on thinner ice and was putting more assurance into his movements.

Pratt, like Brower, made his own observations on the new status of the Ogdens; but unlike Brower, he did not keep his opinions and conjectures to himself. He gave the same currency to his reflections on this pair that he had given to those on the Viberts—and among others thus favored were the Floyds.

"What's the matter with George, anyhow?" he asked Walworth one evening. They were sitting again in Floyd's library, and a light haze of tobacco smoke prompted to choice reverie. "He looks old. And he has come to be as poky as the deuce. He seemed last night as if he was worried half to death."

"I guess he is," answered Walworth. "He's anxious about his wife, for one thing."

"Well, she does look pretty bad, that's a fact. I don't believe she will live the year out. The first cold weather will carry her off."

"Don't say that!" exclaimed Mrs. Floyd. "She's delicate, and she has got to take care of herself. But to talk about dying—that's another thing."

"I'm not so sure." And Walworth shook his head gravely.

"But there's something more than that," said Freddy. "It's money. Gad! how they are fixed up! How can he stand it?"

"He can't," answered Walworth, "he's falling behind. And there is that house of his empty yet. I'd take it off his hands myself if it wasn't for being left in the same fix too. Wish I could help him, he hasn't said anything, though."

"He won't, either," replied Pratt. "He ain't that kind."

"Well, I don't see that we need trouble ourselves about help," Ann broke in. "He harmed me, anyway, a great deal more than he helped me—with that precious brother-in-law of his."

"I imagine he knows all about the brother-in-law, too, by this time," rejoined Walworth. "Haven't you got almost tired of twanging that string?"

He wondered if Ogden's brother-in-law were really as trying as his own sister-in-law.

Still other callers favored the Ogdens. Among them was one that had not called at the other house—that had never before, indeed, called at any house whatever. About the first of August a little débutante appeared on the social scene, and was "received" with all the care and flattering attention that the new apartment had at its disposal. She was a pale and fragile little bud, like many of the exotics with which her mother was fond of decorating her rooms, she had the same slender fingers that set those flowers around, and the same large blue eyes that studied their effect.

A nurse came, and she staid long after the time when a mere nurse-maid should have taken her place. Curtains were pulled down and kept so, the doctor's carriage (and sometimes more than one) stood waiting before the big doorway of the "Westmoreland"; bottles big and little accumulated on tables and shelves, and cautious tiptoeing became the habit of the whole household, until, at the end of a month, mother and child were doing as well—and only as well—as could be expected. This was not well at all. But both were out of immediate danger, and presently both appeared to mend.

The nurse-maid now arrived and the carriage and the cap. The languid young mother was capable of taking but a tepid interest in most things, but she rallied her powers to endorse the cap. Cecilia Ingles was her model here as in other matters, and the model was followed closely. Not every girl would wear a cap, but at last a capable one was found who was willing to. The lace cover of the perambulator and the white frills of its propeller were a frequent sight on the streets for a little time, then the necessity developed for the transfer of mother, child, and nurse during a few weeks to the convenient sanatorium provided by nature in southern Wisconsin.

The little party was back again in town at the opening of the fall season. Jessie employed her dwindling powers in a partial resumption of the duties which she felt that "society" demanded of her, and the child taxed the energies and resources of the maid, who received little real assistance from its mother. There were small gusts and starts of maternal affection now and then, but they would quickly run their brief course, and baby would be carried out of the room. Ogden wondered, from a curiously impersonal outside stand-point, whether he was to attribute this to his wife's waning vitality, or to an inherent incapacity for deep and genuine feeling.

But this matter soon passed beyond the confines of discussion. The day came when the nurse was disposed, the carriage was put away, and Brower went with the stricken father to select a lot in the cemetery. It came that the two stood together one forenoon before a wide and polished mahogany counter, and bent their heads over a handsome print that was neatly lettered and numbered, and was shaded in pleasant tints of blue and green. A man stood on the other side of the counter and tapped the drawing here and there with the reversed end of a fat pen-holder.

"This is a good section," he said, he was pausing over a green oval which was intersected by four or five fine black lines. "You are right on a leading driveway"—carrying the pen-holder along between the waving of two other and wilder lines that ran parallel—"and just over here is the lake"—with his little finger on a tangled and shapeless patch of blue.

"That small lot could be made to do," said Brower softly.

"This is the most fashionable part of the whole place."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1902.

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the man went on, with an indifferent loudness. "See here." He took down a large warped photograph from its place on a dusty shelf behind him, and gave it a dexterous wipe with his elbow. "This monument here is just across the driveway, and it cost twenty thousand dollars. Put up this summer by Arthur J. Ingles—I guess you've heard of him."

"Good God!" groaned Ogden. "How I got to compete with that man even in the graveyard!"

The next afternoon a sombre little procession took its way limitsward to a tract outside, which was tenderly enclosed by great stretches of barbed wire, and was neighbored by the noise and glare of several stone-cutting yards. This little train traversed the raw and ragged edges of the town, and trailed across the unscrolling reach of open prairie-land, over which led a long, straight, sandy road, dotted here and there with houses of refreshment for the occupants of mourning-coaches and for their drivers. There was the raw chill in the air which the North sometimes sends down into our early October days. The poor mother sobbed and coughed and shivered in her corner of the carriage, she returned to her home ill and exhausted, and entered it never to leave it alive.

It costs when a baby comes, it costs when a baby goes, it costs when a wife lies sick and dying, and Ogden now confessed himself almost driven to the wall.

"I know, George," his wife said, "that everything has been a great expense, but I'm sure papa would help us if you only spoke to him."

"What!" he cried, harshly.

She started and presently was all atremble. Then she fell back weakly and coughed long and violently. "Oh, George, how could you!" she gasped.

"Forgive me, my poor child," he said, and took her hand. "But I could never do anything like that—never."

The next day he took the McDowell notes and spent what time he could spare among the brokers. They passed commendingly on the prompt payment of the interest as shown by the endorsements; but McDowell was pretty well known, and it was intimated that endorsements of another sort would be needed to make negotiation possible.

Then he got out the abstract of one of the McDowell tracts—the only one that he personally and individually had any right to use. "You've got considerably more than a pocketful there," the doorkeeper of the Clifton Deposit Vaults said to him as he passed out. He left the abstract with a firm of mortgage-brokers for examination. In the course of a week they advised him that a release had been overlooked—an instrument which must show of record before a loan could be effected on the property.

The tract had been put through a good many paces, and some of McDowell's work had been too hurried to be careful. The man to give the necessary release was a professional tax buyer. He lived on the mistakes and misfortunes of other people—their sins of omission and commission, and such an act from such a town would cost something. It might be ten dollars, or fifty, or five hundred.

He waited in this harpy's outer office, while another caller, a woman claimed attention in the inner one. It was Ann Wilde, he recognized her and she recognized him. She threw a scowling glance upon him, and her harsh and vindictive tones fell on his ears for several succeeding minutes. She knew his necessities. Could she be making them known to another?

It seemed so when his turn came. The release would be given only on payment of a sum that, in his present circumstances, was simply impossible.

He seemed now to have exhausted all expedients—all legitimate ones. A bitter recollection of that Sunday drive in the country came over him, he had indeed given a free rein to his wife and just how close he was to graze against ruin only the future could show. He spent a miserable, sleepless night, and at daybreak he had decided to tax the bank for his own necessities—relying upon the present maturing of his notes to set himself right within a month or two. Do not inquire as to his precise method. There are many ways to take—the actual appropriation of currency, the abstraction of securities, the over-issue of certificates of stock and so on and on. He chose the method which seemed liable to the lightest misconstruction and allowable of the promptest repentance. He avoided seeing himself in the aspect of a criminal by pleading his own cruel needs and by believing in his ability to make a prompt and complete restitution. Perhaps neither of these two reasons could have stood alone, but they leaned together and held each other up, a precarious poise that was not long to endure.

XXII.

It endured in fact, scarcely a fortnight. It lapsed at the close of a dull October day, a day that was within one of the first anniversary of his marriage. Let the means by which he was detected be asked no more than the means through which he transgressed. The delicate mechanism of a bank's accounts responds sensitively to the slightest and most ingenious variation, and it may be, too, that some one in this particular bank was watching for the slip and was waiting for the chance to expose and punish it.

The smoky dusk of the short afternoon was falling outside, while within, under the illumination made by a single electric light, a mother, in the same room where one of Brainard's daughters had pleaded for the other, was now pleading with him for her son.

No taint had ever fallen before on any of her family or connections. She was crushed and dazed at the thought that anything like this had happened, could have happened, had had the slightest need of happening. And she was dumfounded that all explanation fell upon heedless ears, and that all offers of restitution encountered such stubborn, brutish, and determined opposition.

"We have lands," she cried, with the tears coursing down her anxious face. "We can make this good twice and three times over. What more can you want?"

But Brainard *did* want something more. He wanted the ruin of her son.

"A bank can't deal in real estate," he said, doggedly.

He sent a malevolent glance across the table on whose far edge Ogden's bowed head was resting. Beside Ogden stood Fairchild; there was a look of sympathetic distress upon his kindly face.

"It is true," he said, in a low and quiet tone, "that it is not allowable for us to make a loan upon real property, but it would not be amiss for us to take it in payment of this—this—"

"Theft!" cried Brainard, loudly. Ogden winced and shuddered; his mother sank into a chair with a low moan.

"Look here, Fairchild," the old man went on, holding up his forefinger with an offensively masterful effect of caution, "it will pay you to go pretty slow just about here. This"—he wagged his head contemptuously towards the bowed head of the culprit—"was your man. You took his letters; you put him in here. Just stop and think of that."

Fairchild bit his lip.

"And the other man before him was yours. Don't forget that either." His face showed a cruel and malignant grin.

Fairchild flushed, and lowered his eyes to the floor in silence. Ogden half raised his head to look at him. What could these words mean? He looked at his mother, too; she was lying back with her face in her hands.

The young man's own face was mapped with the lines of a worry that goads one on to desperation, and it was painted with the blended hue that comes from shame and anxiety and fear and the exhausting struggles carried on through long and sleepless nights. It was hard to face these other faces, it was hard to face even the light of day, thick and dulling though it might be. His head dropped again to the friendly dusk of the table top before him.

"By heaven," Brainard went on, "not another man comes into this bank except under a guarantee, and he'll pay the premium for it if he don't stay more than a week! You might think, in a small bank like this, that some kind of eye could be kept on things; but it seems not. It's pick and steal, all the time, first one, then another. No sooner is young Pritt rooted out than this fellow comes up. One steady string of flea bites. I can't stand it; I won't stand it. Do you think I am going to have Shayne and Cutter and all the rest of 'em go around and tell how Brainard's always got somebody else's hand in his pants pocket and never finds it out? Not very much. I do find it out, and I'm going to punish it. You needn't ask me to hold off, it's no use. There's a law for this, and that law is going to take its course."

"THEN SHE FELL BACK WEAKLY AND COUGHED LONG AND VIOLENTLY."

His white hair stood up in a stiff shock over his forehead, and the gray gristle sprouting on his lip moved up and down forbiddingly as the lip itself worked over the broken row of his teeth. The red veins in his nose showed more redly yet, and his fists were clinched at the ends of his down hung arms with the straitened tension of an inexorable will.

"My poor boy! My poor boy!" his mother cried. She came over to him and bowed her head on his.

Fairchild looked at Brainard—a look that called for all his self control and fortitude. "This is too hard," he said. "There was provocation for him, and there are means to make everything good."

"See here, Fairchild," cried the enraged old man, "you have got to keep out of this, if you want to stay friends with me. We've pulled together a good while, but we shall pull apart after five seconds more of this. That young man there has fooled along with us a little too far. He has had his fun, and now he shall pay for it. He shall, by God, I say he shall!"

His voice rose to a harsh and strident cry, and his great fist fell with a ponderous thud on the table before him.

A second later another hand was heard—on the other side of the door. It was faint, but it was audible. It had been preparing for five long and hesitating minutes. To the heart that guided this hand the five seemed five-and-twenty.

Fairchild moved swiftly towards the door, and laid his hand upon the knob to prevent any intrusion.

The knock was repeated. He opened the door to a narrow crack. Then he opened it wider.

Abbie Brainard stood on the threshold.

She stepped in swiftly and softly. She shut the door behind her quickly, and then leaned her back against its shining panels.

Her face was pale; her bosom was heaving; but her gray eyes gave out the strong and steady light of courage and resolution.

Ogden saw her. He locked his jaws, and took a firm hold on the two arms of his chair, and raised himself and stood erect before her. Had not she herself, on this very spot, once done the same for him? However it might be or might have been with others, here, at least, was one who should not see him humbled.

There was no imitation of any kind on either side. She saw him, but seemed to be looking beyond him rather than at him; and in his eyes she stood there with the remote inaccessibility of some distant snow peak.

Her father turned towards her.

"Abbie! You here? What do you want? What do you mean by coming in like this? Go out again!"

She looked at him with a cool and quiet inflexibility. But her voice was low and trembling as she said, "I shall stay."

"You can't, you mustn't. You don't want to mix up in this business—you don't understand."

He laid one hand on her arm, and with the other he reached out towards the door knob.

She withdrew her arm from the hold of his fingers. "I understand," she said, inexorably.

He drew back. "You do? Well, stay then, if you will, and understand better. Learn what kind of a man he really is." He thrust out his arm towards Ogden, with a cruel and contemptuous smile. "He came here with letters," he began. "We gave him a chance. Nobody really knew what he was—"

Ogden stood there straight before him. He ground his teeth together to keep his face composed; behind him his nails dug into the palms of his hands as he held himself back from springing forward and fastening them around the throat of Abbie Brainard's father. There was a ringing in his ears, and through it there sounded faintly the fine tones of Fairchild, speaking to Mary Brainard.

"Nobody really knows who he is, or who his people are, or where he is from . . . a town full to overflowing with single young men . . . from everywhere. They are taken on faith. Most of them are all right, no doubt; but others—

He was now one of the "others"; his "people," whom no one had known, were to be known now, after years of probity, as the relatives of a—

"Nobody really knew who he was," Brainard repeated, "but he was taken right in and given a good place. Hasn't he ever wondered why? Is it so easy to go into a new town and get a good job in a bank the very first thing? Wasn't there any other men to jump at the chance of a position half as good—ain't the city full of 'em? Wasn't there any of 'em in the bank itself who was waiting for the place themselves—and had a right to it, too? Why was there a vacant place to fill, anyhow? Because, a week before another man had done just what this man has done. He was your man, Fairchild, too. And why did this one here come stepping in ahead of all the old ones? You fixed it, Fairchild, you liked his looks and his talk, you said Another had guess for you."

Fairchild studied the carpet with abashed eyes, as were he himself the culprit.

"Yes," Brainard continued, "he was put in a good place, and he was pushed right along. Hasn't he ever guessed why? Does a new man come into an office like this, and get as far along inside of a year as he has without there being any reason for it? I'll tell him the reason for it. I did it because my girl here—"

"Father!" cried Abbie, with face aflame. "No! no!"

"You say you understand," he said, turning towards her. "Now let *him* understand too. I advanced him to his position," he went on, shamelessly, "because my girl here asked me to."

"No, father! No!" the poor child cried. She threw her shamefaced head on Mrs. Ogden's bosom. She had never seen her before, but under such circumstances the only place for a woman's face was on another woman's breast.

"Yes, you did, too—ask me," he went on with increased hardihood, "or just the same as asked. I knew what you meant well enough. And I said to myself I'd do it. One girl went wrong," he continued, with a choking in his throat, "and I wanted to do what I could to—I wanted Abbie to do different. I wasn't going to have her carried off by another infernal scoundrel."

Ogden finished and paled and sank down into his chair. His head dropped into his hands, there was no possibility of his holding it up before anything like this.

"And so I helped him on," I said, 'If I do the right thing by him, he will do the right thing by—her; he will act like a man.' I *did* do the right thing by him—and what then? He had been hanging around all the spring taking walks and sitting out in front and borrowing books. But the moment I put him on his legs, what did he do?"

He was addressing the young man's mother now, whose tear stained face showed over Abbie's black hat, and whose poor old hand was laid tenderly on Abbie's shoulder. It was plain to every one now that the question was not one of money. Ogden saw clearly enough at last why he had suffered wreck when so many others had ridden the waves. Fruit had fished and had escaped. McDowell had plundered right and left and had never been brought down. Brainard himself had piled up a scandalous fortune and yet had contrived to evade the law. But none of them had come ashwart the mortified rage of a father—a father who had humbled his inborn savageness and pride for a daughter's sake, and had humbled himself in vain.

Ogden glanced across towards Abbie. She rested on his mother's shoulder as once, almost, and in this very room, she had rested on his. He knew why she had come, he recognized her devotion and her bravery. She had overlooked his pitiful palterings; she had forgiven the final slight to which they had led, she had imperiled her modesty and mortified her self love by coming here that she might save him from her father's vengeance.

Her father looked at her now, and took a softer tone.

"She's the best girl there ever was in the world," he declared, with a choking voice and a moistened glimmer in his eyes, "and the smartest. She knows how to do every thing. She's the only real comfort I've ever had. She would be a credit to any man, I don't care who. And what does he pass her over for? For another," he went on, with a recrudescence of his insane and primitive jealousy, "who can't care for her house, who couldn't be a mother to his child, who has ruined him by her extravagance—"

"Stop!" cried Ogden. He rose and approached Brainard. There was a threatening glitter in his eyes, and convulsive twitches played among his fingers.

"Yes, stop, for Heaven's sake," said Fairchild, laying an expostulatory hand on the old man's arm. "Stop," he murmured again, "his wife is dying."

Abbie rushed between Ogden and her father. "George! George!" she cried. "Don't! Be patient!"

"What if his wife *is* dying?" called out the infuriated old wretch. "Is that any reason for lying down when he has slighted my daughter and robbed me?"

"For shame, father! For shame!" She hid her face in her hands, and her tears gushed through them.

Ogden paused, stung and quivering. His hands dropped, his fingers relaxed. His wife was dying! Nobody had told him that before, and he had never dared to tell it to himself. But it was true, and he knew it.

Abbie rose again and confronted her father. The tears were still in her eyes, and a wide blush suffused her cheeks.

"Father, you shall not punish him. He may have done wrong, but there was reason for it. And any wrong he *has* done can be set right."

Ogden's eyes were bedimmed, but through the moisture he seemed to see again the sight that closed the evening of his one-day wedding journey towards the North; again he stood on the bridge, and the sun set over one lake while the moon rose over the other. Only now, with Abbie Brainard's blushes before his body's eye and his wife's pale face before his mind's eye, a confusion came alike over his thought and his vision. It was now the sun rising on him at the moment that the pallid moon was going down. He looked at her, and she looked at him, and in the eyes of both there was read the confession of a great mistake. Then her eyes drooped for shame and his for disloyalty, and neither one was able to look into the other's face again.

"Do you defend *him?*" her father cried. "Can you forgive *her?* I can't do either. No quarter; don't ask it, Abbie. He has chosen his course; he is responsible for his acts. And he shall answer for them, as any other man must who crosses me."

He flung open the door and passed out. Fairchild stood anxiously over the chair in which Abbie lay back panting for breath. Ogden pressed her hand, and turned towards his mother.

"Come, let us go," he said, and the two passed out into the great vestibule of the Clifton. He signalled the elevator.

"Wait for me here, mother—five minutes," he spoke in a voice which she hardly recognized as his. "Twelfth," she heard him say to the boy inside.

"Twelfth!" she gasped. "Twelfth? It's Eugene!"

She tried to stop him; her fingers merely caught in the grille work that shut off the empty shaft.

Why do we go mad? Why do we kill ourselves? Why is there more insanity and more self murder to-day than ever before? It is because, under existing conditions, the relief that comes from action is so largely shut off. How has humanity contrived to endure so well the countless ills of countless ages? Because society has been, in general, close knit, so that each unit in it has had room for some individual play. What so increases and intensifies the agonies of to-day? The fact that society has a closer and denser texture than ever before. Its fine spun meshes bind us and strangle us. Indignation ferments without vent; injury awaits with a wearing impatience the slow and formal infliction of a corporate punishment; self-consciousness paralyzes the quick and free action that is the surest and sometimes the only relief.

McDowell was in his office alone. A single light was burning in the room, and nothing remained but the drawing down of a desk top and the quenching of the light before locking the door from the outside and calling the day's work over. He looked up as Ogden entered.

"Oh, it's you. I haven't seen you for some time past." He used the dubious intonation that marks a half-smothered cordiality.

"Yes, it's I. And you won't see me for some time to come. You see me this once."

He stood with his hand on the back of a chair. He made no motion to seat himself, but he was unmistakably planted there to remain. McDowell therefore resumed his own accustomed chair beside his desk.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

He scrutinized Ogden with an undisguised curiosity. The young man's voice wounded strange in his ears, his face had an expression which made it almost the face of an acquaintance now first met.

"I have come to square with you," began Ogden, slowly. He passed an unmeaning hand along the varnished back of the chair, it was a chair in yellow oak, whose frame was light but strong, and whose seat was of cane.

"We are square," said McDowell, curtly. "You have your deeds for that ground—all put into the settlement at a fair value. I have paid your interest as it came due, and shall go on doing so. The principal the same. I'm all right; what is it you want? Try the courts, if you think you can reach me."

"I shall reach you."

"I wonder how?"

Ogden lifted his hand from the chair to his forehead, across which he passed it once or twice. McDowell gave him an amused smile.

"You have robbed me," Ogden said, "you have disgraced me; you have brought me to the edge of ruin. You took advantage of my trust, my inexperience, my strangeness to the city. You have stripped us all, and you have used my sister for a shield. You knew we would stand everything for her, and we *have* stood everything. You have acted like a sneak and a coward."

McDowell's eyes dropped to his desk. But no flush mounted to his face; that would have been a physical and a moral impossibility. He looked up again after a moment.

"You still reach me? I wonder how?"

Ogden, for the first time in his life, passed completely out of himself. There fell away from him all the fetters that shackle the superciviliized man who is habitually conscious of his civilization.

"Like this."

He seized the chair, raised it over McDowell's head, and went out, leaving the man crushed and bleeding on the floor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE'S BOOK.

It is done—the romance is over—
No blessing hath Fortune to send,
For Cupid has slammed down the cover
And written *The End.*

Quite short is the tale he has written,
Sweet, short as the text for a tomb,
Of love, and a youth who was smitten,
Then sighed and groan.

I thought it might be a long story,
A serial never to stop;
I thought he was writing for glory,
And not for the shop.

But no; he just scratched off a lyric
That some feeble poet might sing
(It almost would pass for a pyrrhic),
A little, short thing.

I thought a strong chain Love was weaving
To stretch to eternity's brink;
But the stanchion were very deceiving,
Composed of one link.

Do all dreams turn out just as bollon?
Must I go through life as a sage?
Alas! in Love's book must there follow
Blank page after page?

Or else was this little love-poem,
Which took her a day to compose,
Designed as a sort of a poem,
The war to be prose?

What hap if this crude that has parted
As prose to as poetry rank,
So long as the book Cupid started
He not left a blank?

FLAVEL SCOTT MILES.

GROWING OLD PLEASANTLY.

THE cheerfulest old folks you can find are those wise enough to mitigate the infirmities of age with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest tonic to declining years, infirmity, delicate health, and convalescence. It stimulates digestion, renews appetite and sleep, and insures regular action of the liver and bowels. Against malaria, rheumatism and kidney complaints it is a reliable safeguard.—[Adv.]

$50.00 a year for 10 years to the successful child, and a free literary, musical, or art education, all expenses paid, at any first-class institution in America or Canada, to the successful lady, are two generous offers made by the brightest illustrated juvenile monthly published. For particulars address SUNBEAMS, FOX VILLE PLACE, Cleveland, Ohio.—[Adv.]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[Adv.]

YOUNG MOTHERS

should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for thirty years. Your Grocer and Druggist sell it.—[Adv.]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,

"The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[Adv.]

Good complexion, good blood, and healthy livers secured by occasionally using Warner's INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.—[Adv.]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. Etc.—[Adv.]

NATURE contributes more to digestion than the use of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.—[Adv.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Smiles are becoming only when the Lips Display Pretty Teeth

The shells of the ocean yield no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable Dentifrice, Fragrant

SOZODONT

which hardens and invigorates the GUMS, purifies and perfumes the BREATH, beautifies and preserves the TEETH, from youth to old age.

By those who have used it it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth, without injuring the enamel.

Persons afraid to laugh, lest they should disclose the discoloration of their teeth, have only to brush them every day with fragrant

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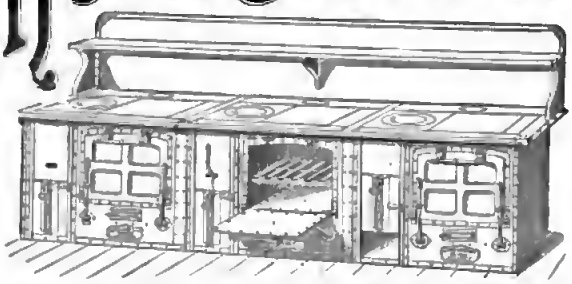

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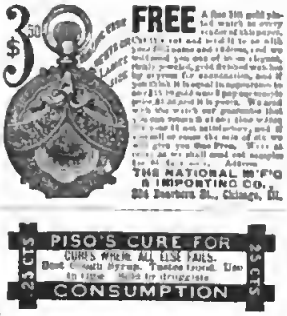

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A PSYCHICAL PRANK.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I.

WILLIS had met Miss Hollister but once, and that, for a certain purpose, was sufficient. He was smitten. She represented in every way his ideal although until he had met her his ideal had been something radically different. She was not at all Junoesque, and the maiden of his dreams had been decidedly so. She had auburn hair, which hitherto Willis had detested. Indeed, if the same wealth of tresses had adorned some other woman's head, Willis would have called it red. This shows how completely he was smitten. She changed his point of view entirely. She shattered his old ideal and set herself up in its stead, and she did most of it with a smile.

There was something, however, about Miss Hollister's eyes that contributed to the smiting of Willis's heart. They were great round lustrous orbs and deep. So deep were they and so penetrating that Willis's affections were away beyond their own depth the moment Miss Hollister's eyes looked into his, and at the same time he had a dim and slightly uncomfortable notion that she could read every thought his mind held within its folds—or rather, that she could see how utterly devoid of thought that mind was upon this certain occasion, for Willis's brain was set all a-gog by the sensations of the moment.

"By Jove!" he said in himself afterward—for Willis, wise man that he could be on occasions, was his own confidant, to the exclusion of all others—"by Jove! I believe she can peer into my very soul, and if she can, my hopes are blasted, for she must be able to see that a soul like mine is no more worthy to become the affinity of one like hers than a mountain rill can hope to rival the Amazon."

Nevertheless, Willis did hope.

"Something may turn up, and perhaps—perhaps I can devise some scheme by means of which my imperfections can be hidden from her. Maybe I can put stained glass over the windows of my soul, and keep her from looking through them at my shortcomings. Smoked glasses, perhaps—and why not? If smoked glasses can be used by mortals gazing at the sun, why may they not be used by me when gazing into those scarcely less glorious orbs of hers?"

Alas for Willis! The fates were against him. A far off tribe of fates were in league to blast his chances of success forever, and this was how it happened.

Willis had occasion one afternoon to come up town early. At the corner at Broadway and Astor Place he entered a Madison Avenue car, paid his fare, and sat down in one of the corner seats at the rear end of the car. His mind was, as usual, intent upon the glorious Miss Hollister. Surely no one who had once met her could do otherwise than think of her constantly, he reflected, and the reflection made him a bit jealous. What business had others to think of her? Impertinent, grovelling mortals! No man was good enough to do that—no, not even himself. But he could change. He could at least try to be worthy of thinking about her, and he knew of no other man who could. He'd like to catch any one else doing so little as mentioning her name!

"Impertinent, grovelling mortals!" he repeated.

And then the car stopped at Seventeenth Street, and who should step on board but Miss Hollister herself?

"The idea!" thought Willis. "By Jove! there she is—on a horse car, too! How atrocious! One might as well expect to see Minerva driving in a grocer's wagon as Miss Hollister in a horse car. Miserable, unfaithful world to compel Minerva to ride in a horse car, or rather Miss Hollister to ride in a grocer's car! Absurdest of absurdities!"

Here he raised his hat, for Miss Hollister had bowed sweetly to him, and passed on to the far end of the car, where she stood hanging on to a strap.

"I wonder why she doesn't sit down?" thought Willis; for as he looked about the car he observed that with the exception of his own all the seats were vacant. In fact, the only persons on board were Miss Hollister, the driver, the conductor, and himself.

"I think I'll go speak to her," he thought. And then he thought again. "No, I'd better not. She saw me when she entered, and if she had wished to speak to me she would have sat down here beside me, or opposite me perhaps. I shall show myself worthy of her by not thrusting my presence upon her. But I wonder why she stands? She looks tired enough."

Here Miss Hollister indulged in a very singular performance. She bowed her head slightly at some one, apparently on the sidewalk, Willis thought, murmured something, the purport of which Willis could not catch, and sat down in the middle of the seat on the other side of the car, looking very much amused—in fact, almost unamiable.

Willis was more mystified than ever, but his mystification was as nothing compared to his anxiety when, on reaching Forty-second Street, Miss Hollister rose and sweeping by him without a sign of recognition, left the car.

"Cut, by thunder!" ejaculated Willis, in consternation. "And why, I wonder? Most incomprehensible affair. Can she be a woman of whims—with eyes like those? Never. Impossible. And yet what else can be the matter?"

Try as he might, Willis could not solve the problem. It was utterly past solution as far as he was concerned.

"I'll find out, and I'll find out like a brave man," he said after racking his brains for an hour or two in a vain endeavor to get at the cause of Miss Hollister's cut. "I'll call upon her to-night and ask her."

He was true to his first purpose, but not to his second. He called, but he did not ask her, for Miss Hollister did not give him the chance to do so. Upon receiving his card she sent down word that she was out. Two days later, meeting him face to face upon the street, she gazed coldly at him, and cut him once more. Six months later her engagement to a Boston man was announced, and in the autumn following Miss Hollister, of New York, became Mrs. Barrows of Boston. There were cards, but Willis did not receive one of them. The cut was indeed complete and final. But why? That had now become one of the great problems of Willis's life. What had he done to be so badly treated?

II.

A year passed by, and Willis recovered from the dreadful blow to his hopes, but he often puzzled over Miss Hollister's singular behavior toward him. He had placed the matter before several of his friends, and, with the exception of one of them, none were more capable of solving his problem than he. This one had heard from his wife, a school friend and intimate acquaintance of Miss Hollister, now Mrs. Barrows, that Willis's ideal had once expressed herself to the effect that she had admired Willis very much until she had discovered that he was not as polite as he should be.

"Polite? Not as polite as I should be?" retorted Willis. "When have I ever been anything else? Why, my dear Bronson," he added, "you know what my attitude toward womankind—as well as mankind—has always been. If there is a creature in the world whose politeness is his weakness, I am that creature. I'm the most courteous man living. When I play poker in my own rooms I lose money, because I've made it a rule never to bent my guests at cards or anything else."

"That isn't politeness," said Bronson. "That's idiocy."

"It proves my point," retorted Willis. "I'm polite to the verge of insanity. Not as polite as I should be! Great Scott! What did I ever do or say to give her that idea?"

"I don't know," Bronson replied. "Better ask her. Maybe you overdid your politeness. Overdone courtesy is often worse than boorishness. You may have been so polite on some occasion that you made Miss Hollister think you considered her an inferior person. You know what the poet insinuated. Sorosis holds no fury like a woman condescended to by a man."

"I've half a mind to write to Mrs. Barrows and ask her what I did," said Willis.

"That would be lovely," said Bronson. "Barrows would be pleased."

"True. I never thought of that," replied Willis.

"You are not a thoughtful thinker," said Bronson, dryly. "If I were you I'd tide my time, and some day you may get an explanation. Stranger things have happened, and my wife tells me that the Barrowses are to spend the coming winter in New York. You'll meet them out somewhere, no doubt."

"No, I shall decline to go where they are. No woman shall cut me a second time—not even Mrs. Barrows," said Willis, firmly.

"Good! Stand by your colors," said Bronson, with an amused smile.

A week or two later Willis received an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Bronson to dine with them informally. "I have some very clever friends I want you to meet," she wrote. "So be sure to come."

Willis went. The clever friends were Mr. and Mrs. Barrows, and, to the surprise of Willis, he was received most effusively by the quondam Miss Hollister.

"Why, Mr. Willis," she said, extending her hand to him. "How delightful to see you again!"

"Thank you," said Willis, in some confusion. "I—er—I am sure it is a very pleasant surprise for me. I—er—had no idea—"

"Nor I," returned Mrs. Barrows. "And really I should have been a little embarrassed, I think, had I known you were to be here. I—ha! ha!—it's so very absurd that I almost hesitate to speak of it—but I feel I must. I've treated you very badly."

"Indeed!" said Willis, with a smile. "How, pray?"

"Well, it wasn't my fault really," returned Mrs. Barrows, "but do you remember, a little over a year ago, my riding up town on a horse car—a Madison Avenue car—with you?"

"H'm!" said Willis, with an affectation of reflection. "Let me see, ah—yes—I think I do. We were the only ones on board, I believe, and—ah—"

Here Mrs. Barrows laughed outright.

"You thought we were the only ones on board, but—we weren't. The car was crowded," she said.

"Then I don't remember it," said Willis. "This only time I ever rode on a horse car with you to my knowledge was—"

"I know, this was the occasion," interrupted Mrs. Barrows. "You sat in a corner at the rear end of the car when I entered, and I was very much put out with you because it remained for a stranger, a man I had often seen and to whom I had for reasons unknown even to myself taken a deep aversion, to offer me his seat, and, what is more, compel me to take it."

"I don't understand," said Willis. "We were alone on the car."

"To your eyes we were, although at the time I did not know it. To my eyes when I boarded it the car was occupied by enough people to fill all the seats. You returned my bow as I entered, but did not offer me your seat. The stranger did, and while I tried to decline it, I was unable to do so. He was a man of about my own age, and he had a most remarkable pair of eyes. There was no resisting them. His offer was a command, and as I rode along and thought of your sitting motionless at the end of the car compelling me to stand, and being indirectly responsible for my acceptance of courtesies from a total and disagreeable stranger, I became so very indignant with you that I passed you without recognition as soon as I could summon up courage to leave. I could not understand why you, who had seemed to me to be the soul of politeness, should upon this occasion have failed to do not what I should exact from any man, but what I had reason to expect of you."

"But, Mrs. Barrows," remonstrated Willis, "why should I give up a seat to a lady when there were twenty other seats occupied on the same car?"

"There is no reason in the world why you should," replied Mrs. Barrows. "But it was not until last winter that I discovered the trick that had been put upon us."

"Ah?" said Willis. "Trick?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Barrows. "It was a trick. The car was empty to your eyes, but crowded to mine with the astral bodies of the members of the Boston Theosophical Society."

"Who's at?" roared Willis.

"It is just as I have said," replied Mrs. Barrows, with a silvery laugh. "They are all great friends of my husband's, and one night last winter he dined them at our house and who do you suppose walked in first?"

"Madame Blavatsky's ghost?" suggested Willis, with a grin.

"Not quite," returned Mrs. Barrows. "But the horrible stranger of the horse-car, and do you know, he recalled the whole thing to my mind, assuring me that he and the others had projected their astral bodies over to New York for a week, and had a magnificent time unperceived by all save myself, who was unconsciously psychic, and so able to perceive them in their invisible forms."

"It was a mean trick on me, Mrs. Barrows," said Willis, ruefully, as soon as he had recovered sufficiently from his surprise to speak.

"Oh no," she replied, with a repetition of her charming laugh, which resounded in Willis's breast all the regrets of a lost cause. "They didn't intend it especially for you, anyhow."

"Well," said Willis, "I think they did. They were friends of your husband's, and they wanted to rub me."

"Rub you? And why should the friends of Mr. Barrows have wished to do that?" asked Mrs. Barrows, in astonishment.

"Because," began Willis, slowly, and softly—"because they probably knew that from the moment I met you, I—. But that is a story with a disagreeable climax, Mrs. Barrows, so I shall not tell it. How do you like Boston?"

"Hello, Sudie; how you feeling?"
"First-rate; only it's mighty hot for walkin'."
"Yas bet it is! and most too hot for wearin' furs, I reckon."

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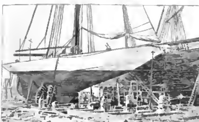
AMATEUR SPORT

The performance of the *Navahoe* in English waters the past week has been of a kind to fill every American with hope of her eventual success. Mr Carroll's boat has demonstrated that she has an undoubted good fighting chance for the Cape May, or the *Genesta* cup, as some of the English correspondents are incorrectly writing it down. There is no license for calling this trophy the *Genesta* cup, and editors of American papers at least should not permit it in the columns under their control. There would be quite as much reason in calling the *America's* cup the *Vigilant*, *Colonia*, *Pilgrim*, or *Jubilee* cup, after whichever one of these successfully defended it against the *Valkyrie*, or of even calling it the *Valkyrie* cup should the latter win it—a test, however, to which neither editors nor reporters will be called upon to undergo. The heeling over of the *Navahoe* until her rail was "well under" in the race on Thursday against *Valkyrie*, *Satanita*, and *Calluna*, and her subsequent retirement, owing to the jaws of her gaff breaking and dropping her mainsail, seem to have created a lot of amusing talk, particularly in English papers. The London *Times*, which, on the *Navahoe's* first appearance at Cowes, praised the American boat, and declared her fast, after Thursday's race found much to criticise. All despatches, in fact, from the other side unite in saying that English yachtsmen are emphatic in their opinion that the *Navahoe* is useless in a stiff breeze, and are correspondingly pleased over the superior showing of the English boats in Thursday's gale.



"COLONIA."
The Rogers cup-defender on dry-dock

By the time this paragraph is in cold type the *Navahoe* will probably have already shown the Englishmen, and the correspondents with no opinions of their own, how little they comprehended the true cause of her mishap, which was the simple lack of proper form, or, athletically speaking, condition. It is an easy matter to find in the early horse racing season an aged "selling plater," hardened under the vicissitudes of many a Guttenburg winter meeting, which would beat a Salvator before he was "fit." While disclaiming all intention of likening the English boats to Guttenburg "selling platers," the comparison points out for the British yachtsmen what is well known over here, and proved every season in yachting as well as horse-racing, viz., that a superior horse and a superior boat out of condition may be, and is, handily beaten by an inferior. The London *Times* seemed to lose sight of this fact in voicing the opinion of its yachting experts about the *Navahoe* being useless in a stiff breeze.

If there are any qualities American-built yachts have ever lacked, seaworthiness is certainly not among the number. It would be strange indeed were the *Navahoe* to be an exception in this age of superlative skill in yacht designing and building, and stranger yet if the designers of such recent and notably seaworthy boats as *Gloriana* and *Wasp* were to fail in a yacht which they knew would be called on to sail across the Atlantic Ocean on its own bottom, and afterwards weather the winds of the British waters in racing trim for an international trophy. There is as much likelihood of one being true as the other.

"Navahoe's" trouble is tenderness, undoubtedly due chiefly to her having had literally no tuning-up. On this side she had little or no sailing, and even in that little showed she was tender to an unusual degree. There was no time for tuning-up. She sailed across in cruising trim of course, hauled out, and up to Thursday had been in just two races. It was impossible, therefore, to expect her on such meagre preparatory work to stand a blow that called for all there is in the most seasoned boats. Probably Mr. Carroll's great desire to have the *Navahoe* reap the benefit of all possible tuning-up was the only reason for his starting in a blow that his experience must have told him was too stiff for his boat in her more or less tender condition. Although she heeled over at one time considerably, *Navahoe* was going through the water at a lively gait, and with as much prospect of winning as any one of the entries, until her mainsail dropped and she was out of it. She went to Southampton, and her canvas will be so thoroughly overhauled that such an accident is not likely to occur again. It is not fair to *Navahoe* to compare her performance in a heavy blow with that of the English boats, since they have been racing every day since the beginning of May, and are consequently in excellent form.

It is by reason of these facts that *Navahoe's* chances for winning the Cape May and Brenton Reef and Royal Victoria cups seem brighter to the writer than at any other time since she left Newport. There is one very important matter in the sailing of the English and American boats that at least correspondents in cabling their reports have apparently ignored, and that is the excellent windward work of *Navahoe*, notwithstanding her comparative tenderness. Yachtsmen generally look to the windward work of a boat for a line on her capabilities, and, all other things being equal, it is the most telling test. In the first race of the Cowes week, where the *Navahoe* reached home first on the first round of the course, and third on the second, she outpointed both *Britannia* and *Valkyrie* handily in her windward work, though she was outsailed on the second. In the other races in which she has been seen her windward work has been good. In running before the wind, with a single exception, the English boats have beaten her, but there is nothing to worry over in this fact, for I believe our usual experience has been in these international contests that the English boats are faster than the American in this particular. On the other hand, the superiority of the American boat was invariably shown in her windward work.

"VIGILANT."
The Morgan-Iselin cup-defender on dry-dock.—From a photograph by James H. Hare.

It is not to be credited that the English yacht designers have advanced more than have our own since 1885 when we last tested the merits of the British boat, and there is no reason for believing, even after the few races in which the *Navahoe* has competed, they can beat us to-day any more than they could eight years ago.

It is because, therefore, of *Navahoe's* good showing in her altogether unprepared racing state, against the very best of all England, tuned up to the highest racing key, that her eventual success appears to be the more assured. Another sign of what may be expected is the fact that *Navahoe* has beaten *Satanita* under ordinary conditions by about the same time as has *Valkyrie*, and *Satanita* is a consistent performer in mild breezes and fast in a heavy blow.

"ONAWA."
The 21-footer which beat *Alpha* on Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota.

It cannot be denied that the work of both *Satanita* and *Valkyrie* in the heavy wind of Thursday was very good. They sailed a fine race, and weathered the gale in the best possible manner. *Britannia* was on the ways, and not a starter, consequently, while *Calluna* had her usual accident and withdrew. If ever a boat had a hoodoo, it must be this Fife production, which has been so bitter a disappointment to all Scotch yachtsmen. Her lines are so good that when seen at the first of the season before any of the boats were launched, she was expected to do great things; but her very first trial was a disappointment, which has been growing keener with every subsequent race. Alterations in her made little difference; her racing record so far has been distinguished chiefly by accidents that have resulted in her withdrawal. *Satanita* proved Thursday that she is the fastest of the British boats in a strong breeze. She crossed the line eight minutes ahead of the *Valkyrie* and behaved handsomely throughout the race. It is to be hoped that another such half a gale will prevail again when the *Navahoe* is a bit more seasoned. There are good reasons for believing she could beat the *Valkyrie* and *Britannia* in heavy weather, and we should like to see what she could do against *Satanita;* more than that, we should like one of our big powered boats, *Vigilant* or *Colonia*, to have a try at the *Satanita* in a good hard blow. England has never had three such boats as the *Valkyrie*, *Britannia*, and *Satanita*, and if it is possible, the last two should come over here with *Valkyrie* to try our fleet of 85-footers.

It is for all these reasons that we pin our faith on *Navahoe* bringing three cups when she turns homeward. At all events, win or lose, America could not be represented by a more thorough sportsman than Royal Phelps Carroll, the *Navahoe's* owner.

And now, despite the letter the chairman of the *America's* cup committee sent Mr. H. Maitland Kersey, Lord Dunraven's representative over here, stating that the date for the first of the cup races had been fixed for October 5th, there is, after all, a bare chance of an earlier date being decided upon.

This committee really seems to have been singularly indifferent to the wishes of the challenger. There can be no two opinions on the fact that our defenders should have all requisite time in order to be at their best when the chosen one meets the *Valkyrie;* but after that is provided for, it would be good sportsmanship to consider the other side a little. There could have been a meeting of the cup defender owners two weeks ago just as well as waiting until the N. Y. Y. Club cruise, and it would certainly be more considerate to Dunraven, who cannot be expected to hold his arrangements to be made and unmade at the pleasure of the *America's* Cup committee. Having sent word that October 5th had been definitely settled upon, Dunraven has laid out his plans accordingly, and this afterthought of getting the cup defenders owners' opinion on an earlier date comes with poor grace, especially as it could

ST. GEORGE CRICKET GROUNDS, CHICAGO.
Scene of National championship doubles.
1. Taylor. 2. Tobin. 3. Hovey. 4. Hobart. 5. Campbell.

TAYLOR. TOBIN
California doubles champions.

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have been done just as well long enough ago to be of some value. It is a good idea to consider the other fellow a little in all these arrangements. No one ever loses anything by being considerate, which, after all, is only another form of good sportsmanship.

If the late report is true that the *Britannia* and not the *Valkyrie* has finally been chosen to defend the Cape May, Brenton Reef, and Victoria Cups against the *Navahoe*, Lord Dunraven has shown much good sense and sportsmanship in withdrawing in favor of the Prince of Wales's boat. As before said, the *Navahoe* will either beat them all or none, and the defense is just as safe with *Britannia* as with *Valkyrie*, and does not take the edge off the *America's* Cup race, as would *Valkyrie's* contesting.

THERE IS NOTHING TO ADD to the comment of last and previous weeks on the cup-defenders—they have all been hauled out and given careful dressing (the *Colonia* going out also for her second trip to the dry-dock) except the sensational story in one of the daily newspapers about the *Jubilee* being a failure, simply because General Paine had at that time neglected to send in his entry for the coming races. Curious enough it was that the story should be printed in columns that only a few days before had been exploiting the marvellous performances of General Paine's boat. It is rather late to discover the *Jubilee* a failure. The seventeen and eighteen knot speed of the boat has never been recorded in these columns, but we have seen her get through the water at about as lively a pace, as near as could be judged from following in a tug, as any of the others. When she sails in the Goelet Cup races she will answer beyond question the sensational newspaper query. To compare her with *Atlantic*, the Prime 46-footer of last year, is absurd. *Jubilee* may not defeat *Pilgrim*, to be sure. *Pilgrim* may not beat *Colonia* or *Vigilant*, but that fact does not make *Jubilee* or *Pilgrim* a failure, no more than it would make the New York boats failures if they are defeated. We shall certainly see some close racing when these four yachts come together, and, so far as can be judged from their single performances, with little between any of them.

Colonia has been doing a good bit of hard work recently, and bettered her form considerably.

On the dry-dock one has an excellent opportunity to compare the lines of the cup-defenders. *Pilgrim*, of them all, seems to have the easiest body to drive through the water, and her bow is certainly the sharpest, but it remains to be seen if the Bristol boats, *Vigilant* and *Colonia*, with their finely drawn out lines and greater sail-spread, will counterbalance lesser displacement. *Jubilee's* lines are fuller than *Pilgrim's*, and she is a handsome boat from end to end.

THE SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN CLUB has been doing a great deal for the small boats in the last two years, and their races for the Rouse and Wetmore Cups have become among the most popular in this neighborhood; certainly they are of the greatest possible interest. Were it not for what there is at stake in the 85-footer contests this year, no events could be so thoroughly enjoyable to watch as these races for boats under 42 feet l. w. l. Added to the fact that the classes always fill better, and the little yachts move about in the liveliest fashion, is the further interest that must come from boats which are handled almost exclusively by Corinthian crews. In the last two seasons no events have been given that have actually furnished so much genuine sport as the contests of these small boats. The Seawanhaka Club will hold, between August 5th and September 2d, five regattas for these little fellows, and those who want good sport should enter, or, the next best thing, go and see them. The dates are: August 12th, fourth Rouse and Wetmore Cup, for yachts 32 feet l. w. l. and under, time allowance. August 19th, two cups, Class I., yachts 42 feet and not under 28 feet l. w. l.; Class II., under 28 feet l. w. l., handicap. August 26th, Bullock Cup, handicap, yachts 32 feet l. w. l. and under. September 2d, third Rouse and Wetmore Cup, postponed, time allowance, yachts 32 feet l. w. l. and under.

ON THE LAKES NORTH AND WEST this small boat racing has grown to be of great interest, and the recent performances of the fleet 21-footer *Onawa* on Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota, have shown that all the skilful designers are not housed on the Atlantic coast. Last year the 21-foot class about Boston was the fastest and largest ever seen, all the most modern ideas of the improved racing machine were included in these tiny representatives, and it was a veritable class of freaks. These little boats did much for the designers, since the lessons learned in them have been fruitful in the building of the present class of 85-footers. *Alpha* was one of if not the fastest of the 21-footers. This year she was sold to a Western yachtsman.

Onawa was designed by Dyer of Deephaven, Minnetonka, and built by Burton of Minneapolis. She is 26 ft. 9 in. over all, and 20 ft. 8 in. l. w. l., with a 6 ft. 4 in. beam. She carries no ballast, is of very light construction, the idea being to have the lightest possible body to drive over the water rather than through it, and she carries 400 feet of silk sail. Her first appearance was June 17th, in a ten mile triangular course, in which she beat all comers and *Alpha* fourteen minutes. July 15th she again defeated all comers, the nearest, the Herreshoff *Kite*, by seventeen minutes. The time was one hour and thirty seven minutes. *Onawa* is from the Indian word "onawa," meaning awake, and the boat seems to have been significantly named.

IN SPEAKING OF THE *Volunteer* last week, the famous old boat was, in the hurry of writing, with possibly a passing cloud of retrospective passing by-the-bye, credited to General C. J. Paine, whereas she belongs now, as the writer knew, and as every one else knows, to that other well known Boston sportsman J. Malcolm Forbes. It is to be hoped she will join the New York cruise somewhere along the route.

THE MOST IMPORTANT TOURNAMENT of the lawn tennis week, ending last Saturday, was by all odds that at Southampton for the Long Island championship, and it furnished two surprises of first magnitude in the defeat of Clarence Hobart by W. A. Larned, 6-3, 4-6, 9-7, and of V. G. Hall by John Howland, 6-1, 6-4. This tournament is about the only one in which the Howlands (there is a brother) are seen, Southampton being the site of their country house, but they always show good tennis, exceptionally good, considering the small amount of tournament play they get. V. G. Hall at no time this year has been in condition approaching his old time form, but he would have had to be very near it to win from Howland, whose side-line placing was very good, and defensive play careful and well judged. V. G. Hall held this championship in '90 and '91. In the first round Larned again beat M. Wright—7-5, 6-3—and showed some of the brilliancy which later was to help him defeat Hobart; but D. W. Candler took advantage of one of his careless turns, and took one set from him—6-3, 3-6, 6-0—in their match in the second round. Hobart played in good form the first two days, defeating Richard Stevens in the semifinals more easily—6-2, 7-5—than it was expected he would. When he met Larned in the finals, he started off at an easy gait, evidently not fearing defeat; but Larned went into the match with a rush, and before Hobart could recover, Larned had carried off the first set—6-3. Hobart worked hard the next and the remaining sets, but Larned fairly and cleverly outplayed him. Hobart showed the same tendency he displayed at Chicago last week, at times, to drive balls into the top band of the net. At the very beginning of the season he did the same thing, but the failing disappeared, until at Chicago, and here at Southampton, it was as much *en evidence* as at the very beginning.

LARNED PLAYED A BRILLIANT and very clever game, running to the net at every opportunity, and making some beautiful cross-court drives. His game showed the same confidence he displayed last year at Newport, when he defeated E. L. Hall in an exciting and close match. He has a reckless way of playing that looks like a hit-or-miss game, but such is not the case. He has improved greatly since the first of the season, and his form against Hobart was as good as any he has ever shown. It was to be expected he would defeat E. L. Hall, holder, for the championship, after his showing against Hobart, and excepting the first set, he had a much easier time of it. Hall has not been in form this season, and his recent rest, while it will prove beneficial later, had somewhat unfitted him to keep up the pace Larned set. Hall put all his effort into the first set, which he won on brilliant work—6-2—beating Larned at his own game of running to the net. He spent his force, however, and Larned took three straight sets and the match—2-6, 6-3, 6-4, 6-0—with little difficulty, Hall tiring perceptibly.

WHILE LARNED'S GAME AGAINST HOBART shows that he is coming into his best form, and certain to make a bid for the Newport honors, it does not by any means point to his defeating Hobart at Newport should they meet. Every player at one time or another during the season succumbs to one whom he at top form could beat. Hobart early in the season was defeated by both Chace and Wrenn, neither of whom is nearly as formidable as Larned. If Larned plays with as much confidence and dash as he did at Southampton, he should, however, defeat Knapp if they meet, and if he meets Hovey in the semifinals, he will put up a great contest, but he should hardly win, as they both play very much the same kind of game, and Hovey this year is steadier than formerly, and certainly more brilliant than Larned. It looks as though Hovey would meet Hobart for the All-comers. It is interesting to note the defeats sustained by the leaders up to the end of last week.

Hobart defeated four times—by Chace at Baltimore and again at West Newton; by Wrenn at West Newton, and Larned at Southampton. Hovey defeated four times—twice by Hobart at West Newton, and again by Hobart at Tuxedo and Saratoga. Larned defeated seven times—twice by Hovey, twice by Hobart, and once by Chace and Wrenn at West Newton, and by Hobart at Tuxedo.

Knapp in his one appearance was defeated by Hobart. Chace has been beaten by Stevens, Wrenn and E. L. Hall. Stevens has been defeated by Larned and Hovey. E. L. Hall has been defeated by Hobart, and twice by Larned.

R. D. WRENN AND MALCOLM CHACE have had another match at the Sorrento, Maine, tourney, and again Wrenn has come off the victor. The Harvard man seems able nowadays to beat the Brown representative whenever they meet, and this time won in three straight sets—6-4, 6-2, 6-3. Wrenn has been improving in his play the last two weeks, and may be in as good form at Newport as he was last year when he defeated Knapp. He plays a brilliant net game when he does his best, and has a great advantage over Chace in being steadier. The hardest battle Wrenn has had this season was against C. R. Budlong at Sorrento last week. Budlong has been showing steady improvement in his play, and he put up the strongest game he has ever shown against Wrenn. He is not a graceful player, but some of his strokes are strong and hard to return, especially one of his backhanders, which resembles a Lawford. He placed well along the lines, passed Wrenn at the net frequently, and in the second set actually played all around him. Wrenn had to make his mightiest effort to pull out the match at all, but finally won through very brilliant play—6-1, 5-7, 11-9—though Budlong stayed with him up to the very last.

IN THE WORLD'S FAIR TOURNAMENT Hovey has had a comparatively easy week's play, there being no one to make him work until he met C. R. Neel in the finals. Neel is one of the brothers who put up such a good doubles game last week, and he is a player who should be heard from. It is to be hoped he will enter at Newport. S. R. McCormick, the Chicago player, Hovey defeated in three straight sets—6-1, 6-2, 6-3—but the former won a match from Wrenn—3-7, 6-2, 6-3, 8-10, 6-3—that showed some very good tennis. W. H. Taylor, Jun., the ex-champion of California, met Hovey in the third round, and, though playing a good game, the lesson of last week—of the greater pace and skill of the Eastern game—was administered over again, and Hovey was easily—6-1, 6-4, 6-0. The surprises of the week were the defeats of J. A. Ryerson, of Chicago—2-6, 6-2, 3-6, 8-6, 6-2—and veteran S. T. Chase, the Western champion—3-6, 7-5, 6-2, 7-5—by C. B. Neel, whose brilliant net work and clever placing completely carried his opponents off their feet. In his game against Hovey in the final Neel surprised every one by his lobbing and net play, and Hovey had to play harder than any one outside of Hobart has made him this year before he won the match—6-1, 4-6, 4-6, 6-2, 7-5.

The tournament this week that is attracting attention, and very likely bringing the leaders together, is the Essex County Club, Massachusetts, which this year takes the place of Nahant. The results should come nearer giving the true form of the players than any other tournament outside of Newport. Hobart, Hovey, Larned, Stevens, E. L. Hall, Wrenn, and Chace, will probably accept invitations to compete. Hovey will return from Chicago in better condition and with added confidence, and if again defeated by Hobart, his chance for the championship is practically lost. It would be a surprise if Larned repeated his Southampton victory.

J. PIM, THE IRISH PLAYER, has finally won the championship of All England. In the recent tournament at Wimbledon he won the All-comers by beating Mahony—6-1, 6-0—and defeated W. Baddeley, holder, in the championship round—3-6, 6-1, 6-3, 6-2. Pim is a veteran and has been playing good tennis for several years, but he never reached the final of the All-comers in '91, when Baddeley beat him three sets to one. Last year Pim won the All-comers from E. W. Lewis, and meeting Baddeley for the championship, was again defeated three sets to one. This year he began brilliantly, and has defeated every one he met.

The present English season has been remarkable for the downfall of the Renshaws; both of them have been defeated, and every one must regret that these two brothers, whom the game of to-day owes so much can no longer stand at the very head of the experts. W. Renshaw was beaten by Mahoney in the London championship and Ernest, the same player, in the All England Championship. Renshaw is still a beautiful player, but from the back of the court his returns are more uncertain than they used to be, and his game lacks the dash and confidence of yore. In a match against Mahoney he made no less than 17 double faults.

IN THE ALL-ENGLAND CHAMPIONSHIP the brothers withdrawn together, and as they have never been known to oppose each other, W. promptly retired, leaving Ernest to recover the lost laurels of the family, but in the very first round, after playing brilliantly in this first set allowing his opponent, Mahoney, only a single game, he was beaten three sets to two.

Pim, in his match with Goodbody, in the third round gave evidence of his superb form. He played Goodbody almost entirely with his backhand, which is very powerful, and placed down the line with wonderful accuracy.

The championship round was the most scientific tennis battle ever fought, quite notable too for continued speed, the four sets being finished in a few minutes over an hour. Once only was a double fault served and but one service was unreturned. Pim is now universally acknowledged to be the most skilful player ever seen in England or Ireland, and he has apparently never yet been extended. W. Baddeley, the former champion, though very active and a marvel of activity, could but get one set. He was all over the court, returning balls almost impossible and finally eventually killed by Pim in his calm masterful manner. Pim's play is remarkable, there seems no end to his strength and his ease and coolness back up his wonderful strokes so effectively. He seems perfectly indifferent as to where the balls go over the net or not, and never appears to put himself in the least, playing each stroke with a turn of the wrist, and hardly following it up with the racket. He never takes an unnecessary step. This championship has proved that to win at tennis nowadays a man must be able to play a strong back line game as well as at the net. Pim is a player with many tennis honors. Besides winning the All England Championship from W. Baddeley twice—3-6, 6-1, 6-3, 6-2—he is the Irish champion, and with F. Stoker holds both the Irish and All England doubles championship. In the latter they beat the Baddeley brothers in the All comers—6-2, 4-6, 6-3, 5-7, 6-2—and Lewis and Barlow, holders, for the championship—4-6, 6-3, 6-1, 2-6, 6-0. When our champion, O. S. Campbell, was abroad last year, Pim beat him—4-6, 6-4, 12-10, and W. Baddeley, the champion, defeated him—6-2, 6-0.

MISS LOTTIE DOD, WHO SUCCESSFULLY DEFENDED her title against Mrs. Hillyard in the All England women's singles championship—6-8, 6-1, 6-4—has been defeated in any tournament but twice in six years—by Mrs. Hillyard in '91, and by Miss Martin in '92. She plays more like a man than any other of her sex, hits clean and low, volleys with back and forehand equally well, and places skilfully, her one weakness is a mild underhand service, and the only chance of scoring against her would be to keep her on the defense at the back of the court, playing as quick a game as possible so as to allow no time for that long sweep of the racket which never fails in procuring a clean, low, hard stroke. The match was not so close as had been the Northern Championship, in which the same two met recently with a different result, but Miss Dod had to play up to her very best, as Mrs. Hillyard showed a very strong game, and an improvement over last season. Miss Dod will always have the advantage of her in the backhand, but the other's serves are the better of the two.

MRS. HILLYARD HAS MADE quite a record on English courts since the institution of the women's championship in '84. In that year she reached the semi-final round only. In '85 she won the All-comers, but lost to Miss Watson in the championship; '86, she beat Miss Watson, but lost the title in '87 when she met Miss Dod; '88, she won All comers but lost to Miss Dod; '89, she again won All comers, and became champion by default; '90, she retired; '91, she lost to All comers, to be defeated by Miss Dod. Last year Miss Dod again beat her in the final, and this year she again worked her way to the championship round. She has a most when kept in the back of the court, not putting enough "drive" into her return, but she is a unique player, and takes the ball on the rise instead of on the fall which gives her an immense advantage in time. She always plays in gloves, and they do not seem to interfere with her game in the least. Her best stroke is a round arm swing on the ball is rising, which goes fast across the court and does not bound much, she has a capital eye for a place and she is very near the lines, not being deterred by having to play an uphill game, but always goes for her stroke, her backhand is weak and "lobby," but well placed and very sure. She never gives up, and is "game" to the very last stroke.

Following the championships were the England vs. Ireland matches, the latter proving invincible in singles, but falling off in doubles, losing by 6 matches to 9.

THE POLO WEEK AT BOSTON, or really at Wenham, a suburb, furnished some good sport, as expected. Though the entries were confined to Harvard, Independence of Newtown, and Myopia, the Harvard and Myopia back played good games, but neither won a match for Independence.

The Newport entries are small—Hockanum, Independence of Westchester (this is the Morristown team, Independence, with E. C. Potter in place of Easton) and a Westchester team captained by W. K. Thorn. Meadow Brook and Country Club of Westchester, strangely enough, will not enter.

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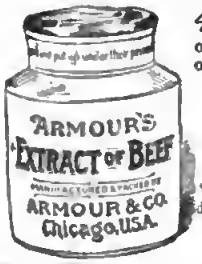

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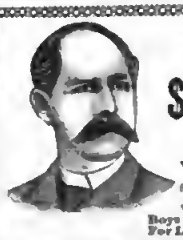

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXVII.—No. 1913.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1893.

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A PATROL-BOX ARREST IN CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 786.]

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 19, 1893.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND ON THE MONEY QUESTION.

THE country owes its gratitude to President CLEVELAND for the message with which he opened the extra session of Congress. In view of the circumstances under which it was issued, we consider it one of the most perfect state papers read by this generation. That Mr. CLEVELAND would urge the immediate and unconditional repeal of the silver-purchasing clause of the SHERMAN act was generally expected. But he has never written or said anything that equals this message in simplicity and clearness of statement, in logical strength of reasoning, and in force of appeal. It exhausts the subject; and although the debate following it may elaborate some of its propositions, nothing can be said surpassing it in power. It proves to the country that, as far as the Executive is concerned, the financial policy of the government is in perfectly safe hands; for the President shows not merely that he has a general idea of what is to be done, but also that the reasons why it should be done are perfectly clear to his mind and deeply grounded in his convictions. It is a great comfort and pleasure to be able to say this with such unqualified assurance.

His view of the origin of our present business troubles is the view of common-sense. He shows conclusively that for several years under the operation of the existing law we have been buying silver for gold at the rate of fifty millions a year; that we have been throwing away in enormous amounts the money of the commercial world and our money of redemption for the purpose of storing up vast accumulations of a metal which the commercial world has rejected as a money metal, and which for purposes of redemption we cannot use. Thus public confidence in our monetary system was methodically undermined and disaster invited. Nothing can be more crushing than his simple array of facts and figures in exposing the suicidal madness of such a policy. He makes it evident to the dullest understanding that with such a policy it will be utterly impossible to keep the two metals on a parity with each other, that we shall irresistibly drift into silver monometallism, and that "given over to exclusive use of a currency greatly depreciated, according to the standard of the commercial world, we could no longer claim a place among nations of the first class, nor could our government claim a performance of its obligation, so far as such an obligation has been imposed upon it, to provide for the use of the people the best and safest money."

Not the least valuable part of the message is that in which he brings a few weighty sentences down upon the heads of those who entertain the silly notion that we are a universe to ourselves; that we "need not care for abroad"; that the economic laws which govern the business concerns of the world outside stop at the boundaries of the United States; and that we can flout them with impunity. The conduct of our financial policy, and, through it, the welfare of the people, have suffered so much from this sort of childish superciliousness in high places that the terrible object-lesson we have now before us, of general business paralysis, of untold thousands of working-men deprived of their daily bread, and all this in consequence of the controlling influence of a lot of financial quacks in Congress, cannot be pointed out too strongly.

No class of our population can read the President's message with more profit than the laboring-people. It will strike them very forcibly when they see it so plainly put that the wage-earner has to rely for employment upon "the ventures of confident and contented capital"; that in times of disturbance and uncertainty the capitalist may protect himself by hoarding his means for profitable use when opportunity offers, but that the wage-earner, as the President most felicitously expresses it, "cannot hoard his labor" without starving; that the capitalist "may even find profit in the fluctuation of values," but that the laboring-man, "the first to be injured by a depreciated currency and the last to receive the benefit of its correction, is practically defenceless." It is a very encouraging sign of the times that one at least of the great labor organizations of the country has closed its ears to the songs of the "cheap money" dervishes, and strongly demands the repeal of the SHERMAN act on the ground that the best money is the only safe money for the laboring man.

While continuing to recognize tariff reform as one of the urgent problems of the times, President CLEVELAND does not press it for consideration and action at this special session of Congress. This is eminently wise and proper. The small politicians of the Republican party and their newspaper organs will probably jeer at it as a cowardly surrender of the Democratic platform by the Democratic administration; but no fair-minded man will fail to admit that the monetary question is at present the first one to be disposed of, and that it would be dangerous to permit it to be mixed up with any other. If the two were considered alongside of one another, shrewd protectionists might use the opportunity of trading votes for sound money for concessions on the tariff; but when prompt and decisive action is required no opportunity should be furnished for log-rolling bargains.

President CLEVELAND aptly says that the question presented to this special session "rises above the plane of party politics." This is patriotic sentiment, never more in place than now. But the Democratic party, controlling both Houses of Congress, should not forget what it has at stake. Within the last half-century that party has never had the benefit of a leadership that was wiser, more patriotic, and more trusted by the American people than it has now in the person of President CLEVELAND. At a moment of great public distress he urges a measure of relief which is recognized as absolutely necessary by the best thought of the country. It is the unconditional repeal of the silver-purchase law. With words of profound conviction he urges its immediate adoption, and the voice of millions of people in dire trouble re-enforces his appeal. If the Democrats in Congress, or enough of them to prevent the enactment of the measure demanded, now repudiate that leadership and give themselves up to the counsels of small demagogues or of selfish interests, they will deal the prospects of their party a blow from which they will not recover in a great many years to come. The American people would be slow to trust again a party which at a moment of great public peril failed either in wisdom or in fidelity. The Democrats in Congress have every reason gravely to consider that their party stands face to face with a decisive crisis of its fortunes.

PROSPECTS.

ONE of the most cheering signs as to the financial condition of the country at large is to be found in the recent statement put forth by Mr. ECKELS, Comptroller of the Currency, concerning the condition of the national banks. Our national banking system has borne such a reputation as to safety that when 200 national banks were said to have collapsed, it looked as if no financial institution would any longer be worthy of trust. Now the Comptroller of the Currency has assured us that not only the number but also the character of the national bank failures have been grossly exaggerated, that of the nearly 3900 national banks in the country, not 200, but only 105 have suspended; that a considerable majority of them have either already resumed payments or applied for permission to resume; that only 33 of them are actually in the hands of receivers; and that most of those still in the hands of the bank-examiners will reopen. Considering, in addition to this, the fact that most of the suspended banks were small institutions situated in those parts of the country which are most affected by the silver craze, and were exposed to unreasoning excitements of a very extraordinary nature, it must be admitted that our banking institutions have, on the whole, endured the shock of a great crisis with remarkable firmness, and the tested and proved solidity of the banks should inspire increased confidence to the whole business community.

This confidence should be further strengthened by the discovery that the excess of our imports over our exports during the last fiscal year, which appeared enormous and might in itself have caused serious uneasiness, had been greatly overstated in the statistical reports of the government, and that the international balance sheet stands very much better for us than had been believed. The gradual reflux of gold from Europe towards this country, which has unmistakably set in, and which, although subject to interruptions and fluctuations, is likely to continue as the natural outcome of the business situation, may be taken as bearing testimony to the same effect. Of the causes which are ordinarily considered as apt to bring on crises, such as over-speculation, an over-straining of credit, the sinking of large amounts of capital in enterprises which can bring no speedy return, the destruction of capital in great quantity by wars, fires, or floods, enormous waste by general extravagance, and the like—of these causes, or of any of them, there has been so little, and that little so restricted to limited localities, that the stringency at present prevailing may in greatest part safely be ascribed to the disturbance of popular confidence in our monetary system. The number, and still more the character, of the business failures that have occurred indicate that, on the whole, the business of the country was by no means on an unsound footing, and that, had only our monetary system been generally recognized as safe, there would have been no disastrous perturbation of very wide extent or long continuance.

It must be admitted, however, that the lack of confidence in our monetary system has spread to almost everything else, and has thus created a business situation which is extremely serious. We are informed by a prominent banking house in this city which has much to do with small merchants and tradesmen, that a very large proportion of the payments and deposits which they formerly made in the shape of checks, are now made in currency. This indicates that a great many of these small business men have taken their deposits away from the banks, locked up their money in their safes, and thus withdrawn it from the uses of circulation. In other words, the hoarding of money is going on to a very large extent, not merely by speculators who want to squeeze the market, but by a large part of the business community, which thus co-operates in bringing on dangerous embarrassments which it would be glad to avoid. The greatest peril would be easily averted if those who have something to lose were not so afraid of it. But the present condition of distrust, and the consequent withdrawal by business men and capitalists of money from active circulation, cannot continue very much longer without seriously aggravating that peril. If it does, more and more business houses that are really solvent may be doomed to failure in consequence of temporary stress, and more employers of labor will have to turn their working-men into the street because they cannot get the money with which to pay them. It is, therefore, necessary not only that the remedy for allaying the existing distrust be found, but that it be applied in the promptest manner.

What that remedy is follows from the nature of the disease to be cured. If our ailment consists mainly in a lack of confidence in our monetary system, the first thing to be done is to make the monetary system sound. Those who find themselves in greatest trouble are the debtors and persons who in order to carry on their business are obliged to borrow money. What they need is that those who have money to lend be inspired with confidence in the value of the money we have, and not that money in which they have no confidence be increased in quantity, and thereby still more unstable in value. As soon as the lender of money is enabled firmly to believe that our legal-tender dollar, of whatever description, means, and will surely continue to mean, a gold dollar, the first step towards the revival of confidence will have been taken. This will be accomplished by the repeal of the silver-purchasing clause of the SHERMAN act pure and simple. We do not mean to say that this simple repeal will exhaust all the possibilities of salutary financial legislation. But it will proclaim to the world that the government of the United States—the legislative as well as the executive branch—is determined to uphold the value of its legal-tender dollar at the gold level, and that, the principal danger threatening that policy having been removed by this repeal, it will also *be able* to do so. Nor do we mean to say that this simple repeal will instantly restore the country to a condition of general prosperity. But we confidently believe it will turn the tide, relieve the business community of the dark apprehension of something worse to come, inspire new hope, and initiate a perhaps slow and gradual but steady progress from the new starting point.

We cannot insist too strongly that this measure of sanitation, to prevent further disaster, should come promptly. The legislators of the country in Congress assembled will take an awful responsibility upon themselves by every hour of unnecessary delay. They profess to have the interests of those who owe money, whom they call the "debtor class," especially at heart. He who stands in the way of immediate action is the worst enemy of the debtor and of the man obliged to borrow money. Every day lost will be fruitful of business embarrassments and failures, and increase the number of laborers out of employment. The member of Congress who wishes to deserve the name of a friend of the suffering people will see to it that no time be squandered with the consideration of so-called substitutes for the SHERMAN act, that the matter be not permitted to be dawdled with in committee, and that the repeal of the silver-purchasing clause pure and simple, without condition or appendage, be voted upon and passed at the earliest practicable moment. This great measure of relief enacted, other desirable measures of financial policy may be matured at leisure.

THE FACILITATION OF LEGISLATIVE BUSINESS.

WHAT rules shall be adopted by the House is a question of more than usual importance at this session of Congress. The objections to the adoption of clôture in the Senate are not wholly applicable when the House is considered. The Senate has not the habit of debate; the House has, or nearly has. The Senate has been little given to filibustering, not

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sideration of the pending measure by the House has come to mean the obstruction of it. When the minority talks about its rights and complains that the majority is oppressive, the right taken away or threatened is too often the right to prevent the House from coming to a decision. The most vociferous defenders of the privilege of debate are men who seldom speak to the question, but whose part in the then misnamed parliamentary proceedings is confined to demanding the yeas and nays on motions to adjourn, to adjourn to a day certain, to take a recess, and to do other things which they know that the House is in no mood to do and ought not to do. The ordinary filibuster is a man who is unwilling to abide by the decision of the majority, and he is therefore a strange product of a race that for ages has settled its political questions in this way, and is generally noted for its love of fair play.

Filibustering, like many other evils, had an excellent origin. It was really resorted to for the purpose of compelling the majority to permit debate and amendment. It was revolutionary, but it was right. It is now very often rebellion, for it is wrong. In its inception it was the defence of a small minority against the political aggressions of a large majority. It was not until recently that obstruction has been employed for the purpose of preventing a decision of the House in questions of business on which parties divided. But for several years members have been in the habit of preventing the carrying of finance measures, of bills affecting land grants, and even of such measures as the international copyright and bankruptcy bills, by opposing such obstacles to the orderly course of legislative business that the House could not come to a vote.

There is a real evil that Speaker REED undertook to cure by the rules which bear his name. The trouble with his code was that it went too far in the other direction. It is the essence of our parliamentary system that the legislative body should be deliberative. If it does not deliberate and debate it ought to be reformed. The arbitrary decision of four hundred men is not greatly preferable to the arbitrary decision of one man. Before Mr. REED's rules were adopted the filibusters had put an end to deliberation by preventing its legitimate conclusion—decision. Mr. REED's rules, as he himself boasted, also put an end to deliberation, by compelling decision without debate or amendment. They placed the Speaker in control of the business of the House, made him its arbiter, and bestowed upon him the power to declare that motions were dilatory, and therefore to rule them out of order, and to refuse to put them to a vote. The rights of amendment and debate were limited. The rules worked as was intended for a short time, but finally there was a protest. Both sides of the House resented the deprivation of their power; new methods of obstruction were invented; or, rather, old ones were revived. The House broke away from the Speaker's control, and during the last days of that famous Congress it was almost impossible to transact any business.

All this had been predicted by Mr. CARLISLE in the early days of the Congress; for he was then a member of the House and of the committee on rules. He urged Mr. REED not to assume a power which should rest with the majority of the House alone. He outlined a system of amendments which would doubtless be the rules to-day if Mr. REED and his party friends had adopted them. Mr. CARLISLE, quite as fully as Mr. REED, recognized the evil which filibustering had grown to be. It had developed greatly in the Fiftieth Congress under his own Speakership. All thoughtful members of the House recognized that something should be done to facilitate business, to deprive the selfish and frivolous of the power to prevent the House from doing the tasks with which the country had charged it.

It is as necessary now as it was four years ago to give the majority proper power over the business of the House, and to make it impossible for a mere handful of members or for one member to stop the progress of legislation. But this end may and should be effected without depriving the House of the right and power of debate. On the contrary, debate should be encouraged; and if the House could once more become a deliberative body it would be greatly to the advantage of the country, for it would mean saner and more carefully prepared statutes. There is a disposition, it is understood, among the responsible men in Washington, the men on whose action depends the future of the Democratic party, to carefully revise the rules of the House for the purpose of formulating a system that will properly facilitate business, while at the same time making provision for reasonable amendment and debate. This can be done. The rules that Mr. CARLISLE outlined during the committee discussions of the subject at the beginning of the Fiftieth Congress would have accomplished this end. The rules may determine definitely, for example, what may be done after the demand of the previous question, what motions may be made, and the number of days within which debate shall continue under the order of the House. They may provide that when the time fixed by the House shall expire, then the vote on the bill must be taken; that this rule shall not be suspended except under certain specified circumstances or by a two-thirds vote, notice of a motion to suspend being given in advance. The time for a vote may be as definitely fixed as the time for the expiration of the Congress, and the rule may be so fortified that its repeal or suspension will be almost impossible. A cloture rule to be enforced under extraordinary circumstances and by some action of the House, as by petition, might also be adopted. The remedy for the acknowledged evil is at hand. Its details may be left to the parliamentarians of the House. The right to debate may not only be preserved, it may be stimulated.

The Speaker and the Democratic members of the House have, fortunately for the country, recognized the necessity of preventing obstruction, while the agreement between the silver and anti-silver men allows the possibility of composing rules that will facilitate business.

THE MAN WHO SWIMS.

ALL boys swim—at least all boys in this enlightened age presumably swim. If they do not, they are laying up a store of discomfort of misery of stretched mouths of jealousy, that may afflict many of their elders. The boys of this time know more than their ancestors did at their age, and among their other items of knowledge is that of natation, as was illustrated recently when his little nephews saved an uncle whose early education had been neglected.

Men who grow up without learning to swim are very likely to remain without the delightful accomplishment for the rest of their days. Perfection in the art requires that it shall be learned in the callow days of infancy, when infancy gives courage and unconsciousness of danger leads to recklessness. It is only thus that the swimmer comes to entertain that spaniel-like confidence in the water without which he has no pleasure, and with which he enjoys himself so completely that his summer is quite a different one from his who watches him disport himself.

There are grown-up men who do not know the splendid delights of a plunge into the cold water, fresh or salt, salt being preferable. There are men who go yachting, rowing, canoeing, who cannot swim a stroke. No healthy boy should be brought up in such a shameful state of ignorance; and if a father is afraid of cramps or vertigo or other imaginary ills, he had nevertheless better suffer in silence, and permit his boy to learn to swim.

How different are the warm and pleasant months of summer to one who has learned to take care of himself in his other native element than they are to one who has not! Nature has provided him with oceans, rivers, estuaries, shaded pools, and calm deep lakes in which he may escape from the heat and dust of the parching earth. He does not suffer, at least not all the time, from flies, mosquitoes, sun, and other discomforting things. He takes a header, and for a brief hour, at all events, the summer is an ecstasy and a joy unspeakable. While his comrade who sits on the bank is sweltering in a wilted collar, and brushing away the gnats that worry him, there is nothing but happiness in the heart of the cool swimmer, and a splendid sense of power in his lusty muscles. And when the too brief vacation is finished, one has felt the infinite delights of the country, and the other recollects only her stings, one returns to the bath-tub with a sigh, and the other with a great longing.

EXCURSIONS AND HOT WEATHER.

THE hot days that come to this city are comparatively few, but they are very severe. Hot weather differs essentially from cold in more than one way, and especially in its being unescapable. One cannot sit in a refrigerator without catching pneumonia, and if it were actually possible to resort to a cooler for comfort, ice is too expensive to be used in this wholesale fashion by any but the very rich.

The best thing to do, of course, in hot weather is to leave the city and go into the country, where the air, though hot, is at least fresh, and where there is more than an even chance for cool nights. Even if this escape is only for a day, it is better to take a short sniff of good air and an hour or so of real comfort than to live immured in brick and mortar through all the hot twenty four hours. This is especially true of those who have ailing children, and who are able to give them real country air for a few brief hours, with a reasonable regard to their comfort *in transitu*.

But there is one class of our city's population who are to be warned against a pernicious habit in which they indulge whenever the weather is especially hot. To those who are seeking comfort, we would say that their rooms or apartments or houses in the city are much more comfortable than a crowded excursion boat.

There is no sense displayed in going down the bay or up the Sound or the river in the character of a sardine. Humans packed like sardines are warm in the coldest weather, and on a hot day in summer each atom that composes the mass crowded together on the upper or other deck of an excursion boat is simply suffering torments.

It is of great value to a man on a hot day that he is possessed of ordinary common sense, for if he is he will not sit on a camp-stool in the midst of a sweltering crowd that keeps from him even the miserable pretence of a breeze that the boat makes for its motion to spread an hour on hot sands or under stifling branches, and to return at night in a similar state of swelter to hot streets, discontented, miserable, angry with himself, and disgusted with an outing from which he expected rest and refreshment.

The ordinary citizen has just so many days and just so much money for excursions into the country. Such being the case, he should economize his resources and make the most of them. Instead of wearing himself out by a trip on an intensely hot day where he is crowded out of comfort by his numerous fellows who are like minded, he should spend such days in as restful ease as his business will permit. He should steal slowly to and from his office through shady streets or ride in open cars. He should pass the evening in the dark in slippered and coatless ease. He should save his excursions for cool and pleasant days when a trip into the country will truly refresh him, and when he will return to town with a pleasant memory of rural scenes lingering in his mind—memories that will tempt him to repeat his experience when the next cool day on which he may run away from toil comes round.

There are many charming excursions in the neighborhood of this beautiful city, but they should not be resorted to when the day is hot and the boats are crowded by those whose holidays are few and whose aim is comfort.

NEW JOYS OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

LET us talk of icebergs, glaciers, floes, packs, slips, Esquimaux, cold shoulder of whale, the aurora borealis. Let us contemplate zero from below and explore the zenith for the North Star. No less a scientific authority than Colonel Sellers tells us that it is not so much heat as the appearance of heat which is wanted on a cold day. May not the converse be also true—may it not be the appearance of cold rather than cold which we need this sort of weather? But without stopping to demand artificial frost on the window-pane or ear-muffs on the street-car driver, we may at least keep up the appearance of cold in a conversational way, and talk of cold weather. Besides, there is an arctic subject demanding immediate attention regardless of the state of the weather here at hand.

We felt pretty certain when Mrs. PEARY went to the arctic regions with her husband that we should hear more of the practice. We set it down as one of those things which are bound to spread. It impressed us instantly as being something which would appeal to the sex—an idea they could not resist—and we unravelled that the notion had not taken hold of them before. And we were right. Mrs. NANSEN, wife of Dr. NANSEN, he of the rock-ribbed ship which is to be squeezed up out of the water and ride gayly across the north pole on the ice like a big wooden shoe, has also gone with her husband on the Northern trip, while Mrs. PEARY has gone for the second time. We feel that even this is only the beginning. All arctic explorers in the future will be accompanied by their wives. Naturally their lieutenants—the mates, surgeons, and so forth—will take *their* wives. Then the crew—it is settled that each member of the crew will take *his* wife. Wives imply family—children perhaps sometimes grandchildren, servants, maiden aunts, younger brothers and sisters, the whole household—with a few guests, distant relatives, and similar social débris—all will go. Life for the arctic explorer of the near future will be endurable.

In fact, we are impressed with the idea that it was about time a little light dawned on the arctic explorer. The arctic explorer has borne his share of hardships. No one has ever attempted to make it pleasant for him. For years he has been buffeted about in a cheerless ship amid the awful cold of a— No! the awful cold was all right. The arctic explorer cannot come to us and get sympathy for having endured awful cold. We congratulate him on the awful cold, we hug for his awful cold ourselves. But the ship was cheerless, and his privations many. But now it is to be all changed. Hereafter life on board the arctic exploring vessel is going to resemble that on the good ship *Mantelpiece* while commanded by that paragon of naval officers the late Captain Reeve, R.N., as sung of by Professor GILBERT, author of the entertaining and scholarly history of the cruise of her Majesty's ship *Pinafore*. On the *Mantelpiece*, it will be remembered, "a feather bed had every man," with "on sultry days cream-ices handed round on trays." Not was this all.

> "Then current wine and ginger pop
> Stood handily on all the 'tops,'"

and often:

> "New volumes came across the sea
> From Mister Mudie's library,
> The *Times* and *Saturday Review*
> Beguiled the leisure of the crew."

But the crowning act of Captain Reeve's career was when he married his entire stock of female relatives to his worthy crew at the suggestion of his coxswain, the modest William Lee. Said William to his captain after running over the list of the latter's family, beginning with his daughter,

> "If you'd ameliorate our life,
> Let each select from them a wife;
> And as for nervous me, old pal,
> Give me your own exclaiming gal!"

Which was done; but it appears that the good Captain Reeve missed his vocation after all, he should have been an arctic explorer.

Seriously speaking, however, we congratulate the arctic explorer on the changed prospect before him. He has not had his portion of the good things of life in the past, and it is high time he began to come into some of them. To be sure, as we intimated, he has had the one greatest blessing of worldly existence, cool weather; but cool weather is not everything, what is even fifty degrees below zero without the "endearing elegance of female friendship"? But in the future there shall be balls and parties in the winter to help break up the ridiculously long night, and weddings in June, with a bear-skin shoe and a shower of pemmican thrown after the bride. The only danger we can foresee in it all is that with the new departure, together with the delightful climate of the arctic regions, so many will turn in and begin exploring that the business will be overdone and the north pole will become as commonplace as Coney Island.

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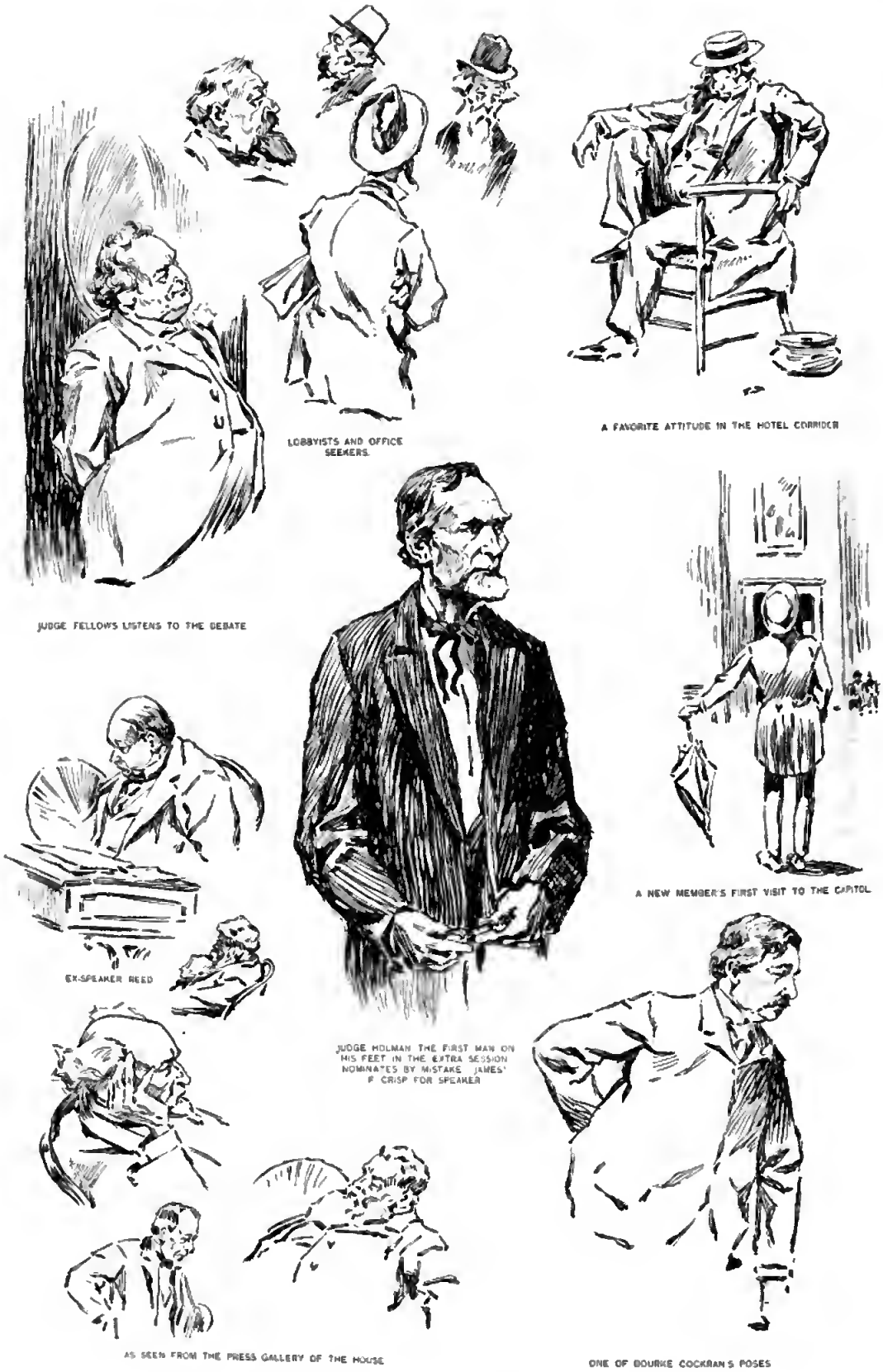

SPECIAL SESSION OF THE FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.—DRAWN BY H. M. WILDER.
Sketches from our Artist's Note-Book.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCE OF INDIA."

Some of General Lew. Wallace's Reminiscences of War, Diplomacy, and Literature.

ON a hot afternoon—that is to say, an afternoon when it is hot in New York—there is no more delightful retreat within three hours' ride than the veranda of the Mizzentop Hotel, on Quaker Hill, in Dutchess County. "Mizzentop," let me stop to say, by way of explaining what has puzzled many people, because a still higher point on the same ridge of hills had already, before the hotel was built, been occupied, and its title of Maintop "pre-empted" by Admiral Worden, whose retirement, so gallantly earned, has been gracefully spent there. "Foretop" is still available for another proprietor of cottages or hotels. From the veranda of the Mizzentop you look southwestward over a green bowl of eight or ten miles across, of which your own point of view is one of the highest points of the irregular rim. The green bowl is an undulating valley, with patches of dark woods and cultivated fields, almost all in grass for the maintenance of the herds of Holsteins and Aldderneys that supply the great dairies of Dutchess. It is a goodly sight, this "sweet and cheerful country," as you see it from the veranda of the Mizzentop on a July afternoon when the fervency of the sun is tempered by a refreshing breeze, and your selfish contentment is enhanced by a good cigar and the thought how broiling hot it is in town. If, in addition to these sources of comfort, you are fortunate enough to have credentials from HARPER'S WEEKLY that induce so instructive and entertaining a companion as General Lew. Wallace to give you the story of a career that has been as diversified as it has been distinguished, there is nothing wanting to complete your felicity. For, indeed, there is no American career that is more remarkable and interesting. I have served in the Mexican war—though, in look at the General, you would say that that was quite out of the question; it is nevertheless a fact—to have been one of the most distinguished generals of the civil war, with whose military services those of few indeed of the survivors of the war can be put in competition, to have been intrusted with an important diplomatic mission, and to have taken it as much more seriously as the usual American amateur in diplomacy as to have won not merely the approbation of his own government, but a special and complete confidence of the sovereign to whom he was accredited—a confidence that has been shown since a mission was fulfilled even more strikingly than while it was in course of fulfilment, and finally to have become far by the most successful author of his time, a novelist for the equal of whose success we must go back to the days of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in default of any contemporary examples—to possess any one of these claims to distinction would suffice to make memorable an interview with the possessor, while the combination of them is absolutely unique in American history, if not in any history. If I were to set down all that the General was good enough to tell me in answer to my questionings, HARPER'S WEEKLY, even with a supplement, would not contain the things that should be written. It is necessary to make a choice, and I will do it, after summarizing—I am sure with a great loss of the raciness of the talk itself—the General's account of his boyhood, by making an excerpt, subject to the same defection, from his reminiscences of each of his careers—the military, the diplomatic, and the literary.

II.

"I was born at Brookville, Franklin County, Indiana, April 10, 1827, of a family that was originally, by my best information, settled in Virginia. At the time of the Revolution it comprised four brothers of whom one died in the hulks—the British prison ships of New York Harbor—two were killed in battle, and the fourth, my great grandfather, settled after the war in Pennsylvania. My grandfather went to Cincinnati shortly after it had been founded, and established there the first newspaper of the place, *Liberty Hall Gazette*, which afterwards became the *Cincinnati Gazette*, and is now the *Commercial Gazette*. My father had a boyish inclination for the military profession, and in order to gratify it my grandfather made application for an appointment to West Point, and invoked for it the powerful influence of General William Henry Harrison. The General had made the application, as it turned out, on behalf of his own family from the same district, but on hearing my grandfather's statement, he withdrew his own application, leaving the field clear for my father. That was an obligation which, as you may suppose, neither my father nor his descendants were likely to forget. When General Harrison's grandson Benjamin established himself two generations afterwards as a lawyer in Indianapolis, the result of it was a warm friendship between us, especially between him and my elder brother, whom, when he became President, he appointed postmaster of Indianapolis.

"Well, my father in this way got his appointment as a cadet, went through his time with credit, and after his graduation served for some years at the academy as assistant professor of mathematics. The drawbacks of the army as a profession in time of peace had impressed themselves upon him, and he removed to Brookville, and there read law in the office of his father-in-law that was to be. After his admission to the bar he combined law and politics, was twice elected Lieutenant-Governor of Indiana, and once Governor. His election took the family to Indianapolis, where we have ever since been established, my own home at Crawfordsville being but two hours away.

"As for me, I cannot say I was a model boy. As a matter of fact, as I grew up and my love of adventure and of mischief asserted itself, I became a terror to the community, and my activity did not cease with the daylight.

"Very fortunately for me I was a passionate reader, and my father had a good library, which I read with the eagerness of an omnivorous boy, though, of course, I had my favorites, of which a prime one was *Plutarch's Lives*. I skipped the parallels, I must own, but I lost none of the stories, and when I went away, as I often did for two or three weeks at a time, with a dog and a gun, on excursions, during which I lived with the farmers, who all knew me, a volume of Plutarch was apt to be my other companion. As you may imagine, this course of life was inconsistent with a regular education. At ten I made a scholastic experiment, but it was not successful. My elder brother was already entered at Wabash College, and it occurred to me that it would be a good thing to join him. So I joined him by running away; but the studies naturally demanded both more maturity of mind and previous preparation than an idle boy of ten could possess, and at the end of three months I terminated my academic career by running away again and resuming my nomadic life.

"Of course this could not last forever, both as I might be to have it come to an end. When I was sixteen my father called a halt and a conference. He showed me the twelve years' school bills that he had paid for me, while I had not had a year's schooling in all, and said that he had done his duty in providing for me these advantages by which I had not profited, and that now it was time to make provision for myself. I recognized the justice of his position, but the outlook was not bright. My interests and my ambitions had been too various to admit of my mastering anything. I wanted, among other things, to be a soldier, a writer, and a painter, and I had made essays in these two latter directions. I had always been sketching, as well as scribbling, and perhaps I had a talent for art, though it was not a talent easy to cultivate in that time and place. After I had done what I could without instruction in black and white, I aspired to color, and confided my aspirations to the one professional artist that Indianapolis then possessed. His name was Cox. He gave me some pigments, but they were dry, and I must have oils. Luckily there was a person ill in our house, and the doctor had prescribed castor oil. I confiscated the medicine in the interest of art, and pursued my work. It was a portrait of Black Hawk, the Indian chief. He was a hideous old ruffian, with very strongly marked features and only one eye, so that it was difficult to make a portrait of him that would not be recognizable. When the abstraction of the oil was discovered and traced to me, in answer to my mother's inquiry what I had done with it I produced the work of art in which the medicine was incorporated, and she at least thought it a success.

"I had also completed a literary work. It was a novel—*The Man at Arms; a Tale of the Tenth Century*—and I should like to see it again. But I left it at home when I went to Mexico, and I have not been able to find it since.

"As there was no immediate career in Indiana, nor even an immediate livelihood for an artist or a novelist, and as my necessities were immediate, I cast about for a humbler and more gainful trade. In some way I had contrived to acquire a good handwriting, and I supplied for work as a copyist to Robert Duncan, the clerk of the county. He at once turned me loose upon the records, with instructions to copy them at my convenience, and at what seemed to me the princely pay of ten cents a hundred words. With the first eleven dollars I bought a gun.

"Meanwhile I had become somewhat sobered with time, and though I had not relinquished the military ambition which there did not seem any way of gratifying, I read law with my father, and was in the way to establish myself as a practitioner when the news came of the outbreak of the Mexican war. I at once set to work to organize a company, succeeded within a short time, and the captaincy was offered to me in spite of my boyishness and inexperience. I declined in favor of "Colonel" Drake, whose claim to that rank I do not know—he was by occupation a hotel keeper—and the first lieutenancy in favor of John McDougall, who afterwards became Lieutenant Governor of California, accepting for myself the second lieutenancy. We were ordered to the mouth of the Rio Grande. My superiors being wholly indifferent the discipline of the company came entirely upon me. I maintained it, and became unpopular, accordingly, as every disciplinarian must become at the first with volunteers. We were engaged in a few skirmishes, but camp diseases were much more formidable to us than the enemy. Perhaps the most important result of my experience in Mexico was that it gave me the notion of writing *The Fair God*, or rather of giving it form, for I had begun the story at home when I was seventeen."

GENERAL LEW. WALLACE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

III.

"How did you come to join the Union army, General?"

"After the Mexican war I had resumed the practice of law, but my chief amusement had been a military company, which I organized and commanded, and which I used to my cost more than my family, for at that time Indiana had no militia. When the war broke out, I believe I may say mine was by all odds the best company in Indiana.

"During the winter of 1861 the situation grew more and more threatening, and finally, at a private meeting in Indianapolis, the leaders of the Democratic party held language which I regarded as treasonable. I rallied upon Governor Morton at once, and offered my services to him in any capacity in which they might be useful in the event of civil war. I had latterly opposed him, but I was with him then. The Governor's eyes filled on his thanked me. In April I was making a speech to a jury in the county above mine, when a telegram was handed to me from the Governor offering me the office of Adjutant General of the State. I left my associate to finish my speech, and made my way to Indianapolis. The first call for troops had been made; the quota of Indiana was six regiments, and there was the most urgent need for prompt action. I accepted the place on condition that when the work of organization was done I should have command of a regiment in the field. This was on Tuesday. I asked for the office of the Adjutant General—there was no office; for the records—there were no records, for the laws prescribing his powers and duties—there were no laws. Nevertheless, on Friday following the six regiments, and seventy companies over, were in camp. I led a regiment into separate barracks, and on Sunday had a battalion drill and a dress parade. I received a Colonel's commission and the command of the Eleventh Indiana.

"My regiment was ordered to Cumberland, Maryland, to keep open the line of the Baltimore and Ohio at that point, and then to Martinsburg to join General Cadwallader, whose orders were to prevent Joe Johnston from joining Beauregard. Cadwallader, however, allowed Johnston's army to pass him, with the result that we all know. I was next ordered West, to the division of General C. F. Smith, at Paducah, Kentucky, in General Grant's district, and promoted Brigadier General; took part in the capture of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, and after the latter's surrender, was promoted to be Major-General."

"I have never clearly understood what was the cause or what was the final outcome of your difference with General Grant about the battle of Pittsburg Landing, and I imagine the public is in much the same state of ignorance."

"I think I can make it clear to you even without a map, although a map would be useful. On the 6th of April, 1862, my division was at Crump's Landing, six miles below Pittsburg Landing where the other divisions of Grant's force were, while Grant himself had been ordered by Halleck, at St. Louis, to establish his headquarters at Savannah, four miles below me, until the arrival of Buell with the Army of the Ohio to join the Army of the Tennessee, when the great man (Halleck) was to come down in person and show us how it should be done.

"But Albert Sidney Johnston, then in command of the Confederates, did not wait for him, but attacked before Buell could join, and, indeed, attacked before the Army of

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the Tennessee was ready to receive him, so that the fight of Pittsburg Landing, as I understand it, was on our side a division fight all day. McClernand was the ranking division commander, but he was a civilian, so Sherman was recognized for communication on the field. My own position was peculiarly exposed and isolated and when I heard the firing on the morning of the 6th I made preparations to join the right of the army or enable the right to join me. My column was at the fork of two roads leading to Pittsburg Landing, one by the river, and the other by a circuitous route, which was much the more direct route to our right. The roads were horrible and I had had them corduroyed. Thinking the firing would bring Grant up from his head quarters, I took my station on a boat in the river, so that he might leave me my orders and go on without loss of time. At half past eight he came. 'Have you heard the firing?' he said. 'Yes.' 'What do you think of it?' 'There is a general engagement going on up there.' He thought a moment. 'Very well hold yourselves in readiness, and wait for orders.' 'But, General,' I said, knowing that I should be with the rest of the army, 'I am ready now.' 'Well, hold your command where it is till further orders.' And he steamed on up the river.

"The firing continued louder than ever, and I was more and more anxious to advance. Nine, ten, eleven came, and no orders. At last, at half past eleven, I saw a mounted officer coming down the road on a horse I had left in charge of an orderly for such an emergency. 'How is the battle going?' I asked him. 'We are repulsing them all along the line.' And then he handed me a written order, which was unfortunately lost, but which several persons read and which I remember perfectly well. It was an order to leave a force to guard the public property at Crump's Landing, and to march at once and effect junction with the right of the army. As this was the order I thought I should have had hours before, I hastened to obey it, and marched my division along the road that would take me most directly to our right—that is, the road I had already corduroyed. We were within a quarter of a mile of Sherman's position on the right, when a young lieutenant covered with mud galloped up. 'General Grant wants you to hurry up.'

"Ten minutes afterwards another officer of General Grant's staff rode up with 'Where are you going?' I explained to him that I was going to the right of our army. 'Why, don't you know,' he said, 'that we have been driven all day, and that our lines are most directly to our right—that is, the road I had already corduroyed. We were within a quarter of a mile of Sherman's position on the right, when a young lieutenant covered with mud galloped up. 'General Grant wants you to hurry up.'

"Ten minutes afterwards another officer of General Grant's staff rode up with 'Where are you going?' I explained to him that I was going to the right of our army. 'Why, don't you know,' he said, 'that we have been driven all day, and that our lines are most where they were?' 'Then,' I said, 'here I am in the rear of the whole rebel army. Tell me explicitly what General Grant wants of me.' 'He wants you at Pittsburg Landing, and he wants you there like ——.'

"There was nothing for me to do but to countermarch and get into the lower or river road, of course at a great and fatal loss of time, for when I received the last order I was, as I have said, almost where Sherman's camp had been. There was the opportunity of a lifetime before me for the straggling and disorganized Confederates were between me and Beauregard's fresh army, of which Nelson's division was already across the river. On the next day, the 7th, my division led in the attack. We drove the enemy all day long, and were a mile and a quarter in advance of our lines of the morning when General Grant recalled me.

"It was a year afterwards in Washington, when a friend called my attention to the official reports of the battle of Pittsburg Landing, and I was not less astonished than indignant to find myself severely blamed for my conduct on the 6th. General Grant may have meant me in march by the river road, but he did not order me to do so, and the road I took was the shortest road to the right of the army, where I was actually ordered. I at once applied for a court of inquiry, but it was refused, after a reference of the application to General Grant. There was a scapegoat needed for the result of the first day's battle and—and I was not a West Pointer. I have the satisfaction of knowing, however, that the last words that General Grant ever wrote, a foot-note to the account of Pittsburg Landing in his "Memoirs," were a withdrawal of his harsh and unjust judgment. If not wholly ungrudging, it amounts to a vindication of my action. The last paragraph of the foot-note is worth quoting:

"'Having the sounds of battle, General Wallace early ordered his first and third brigades to concentrate on the second. If the position of our front had not changed, the road which Wallace took would have been somewhat shorter to our right than the river road. U. S. Grant.

"'Mount MacGregor, N. Y., June 21, 1885.'

"After my unsuccessful attempt to procure a court of inquiry I was put in command of the Middle Department and Eighth Army Corps, with headquarters at Baltimore. I suppose it seemed to General Halleck who was at that time in Washington as 'Chief of Staff,' though of whose staff nobody ever knew, that I was safely shelved, and out of the way of service in the field. But I did have my opportunity, with the timely and most effective co-operation of General Ricketts, to save Washington from capture by Jubal Early, in command of an expedition which General Halleck pooh pooh'd as a mere raid.

It is a great pity that the exigencies of space forbid me to tell here this very interesting episode of the war, which surely deserves to be told in the words of the chief actor in it.

IV.

"What opinion did you form, during your sojourn in Constantinople as minister, upon the present and future position of Turkey in Europe?

"The Eastern question is of course full of complications which no man can easily master. I used to tell my friends among the other foreign ministers, when I visited them, that I had come for lessons in the Eastern question. But essentially the question is very simple, and it has been the same question since the Crimean war. Indeed, since it has been a question at all. The Turk is in Constantinople because the great powers cannot agree what should be done with Constantinople if he were put out. For all practical purposes Constantinople is Turkey in Europe. If the powers could arrive at an agreement upon this point, the Turk would be forced to decamp at once, and to betake himself to Asia. The Sultan holds his place by reason of the equilibrium he maintains among the great powers. The Sultanship is therefore an unstable and precarious place, and demands the very highest order of diplomatic skill on the part of the man who occupies it, and a close business it is to play off one of his covetous neighbors against the other, to soothe the susceptibilities of one and excite those of another, so as to maintain himself through their rivalries and their jealousies. The present Sultan eminently possesses that skill. I look upon him as the ablest diplomatist in Europe. As he 'teeters' there in the 'balance of power' a single mistake would be fatal to him; but he does not make any mistakes, and he is there still, and likely to remain, so far as anybody can see, for his lifetime. He is not likely to encounter any more serious trials than those he has already undergone concerning Egypt. To one episode of this Egyptian business I am myself a witness, and was, in a way, an actor in it, and it has so long passed that there can be no indiscretion in telling the story. One night I was surprised by a summons from the Sultan. It was, of course, one of those invitations that cannot be declined, and I at once followed the messenger to the palace. I was ushered into the presence of his Majesty, who was unattended, except by his grand chamberlain, whom he presently dismissed with an intimation that he wished to speak to the American minister in private. When we were alone he explained that a controversy had arisen between his government and that of Great Britain about Egypt, and that what he wished to know of me was whether the government of the United States would undertake to arbitrate the difference if its good offices were invoked for that purpose. I returned that while I could not in any case answer for my government, it would be necessary for me to have a statement of the subject matter of the dispute and of the Turkish contention, in order to transmit the proposition to Washington. He had anticipated this condition, for he at once took from a desk a paper, written in French, which proved to be exactly what I had required. The Sultan made it plain to me that the matter was one of extreme urgency, and was anxious to know when an answer might be expected from Washington. I calculated the time that would probably elapse, and gave him a date. Then taking my leave, I went back as I had come to my own house at Therapia and on the way studied the statement I had received until I had mastered it. The same morning I called upon the British minister, who was then Lord Dufferin, one of the most charming of men as well as one of the ablest of diplomatists, surprising him, I remember, by my appearance at so unusual an hour—he had not yet breakfasted—and, of course without revealing the source of my interest in the matter, asked him if he could give me a statement of the British side of the controversy with the Turkish government. He turned to his desk and wrote, with a rushing pen and without a pause. When he had done, he read what he had written, and, without making a correction or a change handed it to me. When I read it over I was astonished at the lucid and complete statement he had made of so complicated a matter—a statement, indeed, that was an admirable state paper, and that could not have been improved of the writer had deliberated upon it for hours, instead of writing it as I have told you. I was now in full possession of the question at issue and framed my despatch to Washington accordingly. When the time I had mentioned to the Sultan and in which I had allowed for communications between the Secretary of State and the British minister at Washington, and between our State Department and the British Foreign Office had elapsed, I became anxious for my answer. It came in a form that I could not have anticipated, but it was sufficiently explicit as to the intentions of the British government, if not satisfactory. The answer was an order for the bombardment of Alexandria."

"I have heard that you were personally on particularly good terms with the Sultan, apart from your official relations with the Sublime Porte."

"That is quite true. Indeed, the Sultan conveyed to me a proposition that I should enter the Turkish service and made me an offer, of which the terms were very handsome and flattering. When I declined he pressed for my reasons, and I frankly told him that the jealousy of the Turkish officials for foreigners, of which I had seen many examples in the army and navy as well as in the civil service, was so great I foresaw, in case I accepted the appointment, that it would be manifested in such a way as both to impair my usefulness to him, and, if not to destroy his confidence in me, to give him so much trouble that he would be compelled in the end to let me go in the interest of his own peace. I knew the Oriental spirit of cabal and intrigue, and I had an illustration of it in this very matter. Some years after I had left Turkey an American acquaintance of mine, also at the time a representative of the United States at a European capital, visited Constantinople in the course of his annual holiday, and was presented to the Sultan, who, in the course of conversation, asked him for news of me, which my friend gave so far as he could. 'I wish you would ask General Wallace, when you see him,' said the Sultan, 'why he has never answered a communication which I sent him.' I had received the communication, which was a renewal of the offer of which I have told you, and I had answered it, and had transmitted my answer through the Turkish minister at Washington. The minister, I am sure, had forwarded it for, besides being a man of honor, he was a friend of mine and yet the Sultan had never received it. If I had needed any justification for declining to enter the Turkish service, I should have found it in this fact. A country in which the sovereign cannot get his letters delivered is not a country in which a foreigner who values his peace will care to hold any public station."

V.

"What relation, if any, has your official residence in Constantinople to your forth-coming book, *The Prince of India?*"

"Why, I may almost say I was sent to Constantinople to write that book. When General Garfield became President he offered me, in the first place, a mission in South America, which I declined; but when the Turkish mission was offered, I felt the charm that Constantinople must have for every romantic mind. I had become acquainted with the President in the army, and he had read *Ben Hur*, and liked it. As I was coming away from my visit of acknowledgment at the White House, he put his arm over my shoulder in his cordial boyish way, and said: 'I expect another book out of you. Your official duties will not be too onerous to allow you to write it. Locate it in Constantinople.' That was, of course, agreeable, and a main consideration in accepting the place. The capture of Constantinople by the Turks is one of the most striking events in the history of the East and one of the most striking in the history of the world. There could not be a finer setting for a historical romance. I don't know whether you are one of the select few who have read Dr. Samuel Johnson's tragedy of *Irene*, but if you are, you will remember that it is founded upon an incident of the Turkish occupation of Constantinople. The incident is in old Knolles's *History of the Turks*, of which Johnson said that it 'displays all the excellences that narration can admit.' Whatever one may think of Knolles's style, whoever sends him to get an authentic account of the siege of Constantinople will be deeply disappointed.

"The story upon which Johnson founded his *Irene* is rejected by Gibbon and Von Hammer, though there is a historical basis, of which I have made use in my novel. The accounts of the capture of Constantinople in the current histories are far from satisfactory, and I naturally expected to find on the spot a wealth of detail which the historians had overlooked. I had facilities as minister for inspecting the old records which no private student could very well obtain, and I had the invaluable assistance of Professor Grosvenor, of the American College at Hissar, who knows more about old Constantinople, about Byzantium than any man living now that Pasquali is dead. But all this for my purposes amounted to very little. There are in Constantinople mosques by the hundred, and every mosque has a library, and I had access to all these libraries, but found my labor in searching them was mainly lost. There is a lapse of Turkish history about the capture of Constantinople. Nevertheless, it is, of course, of the greatest possible advantage to me in such a work to have lived on the spot for so long. It would not be fair to my publishers for me to give an outline of the novel, but I may say that the main idea is of the Wandering Jew. It has always seemed to me necessarily true that the longer a man lived, if he had common sense originally, the wiser he must become. My Prince of India is a man who impressed himself upon those who met him as a normal man, like others, except that he was very wise and very powerful, and that while generations of other men were passing, he did not appear to die.

"He has what seems to him a 'universal solvent' upon which all spiritually minded men can unite and with which he expects to put an end to the religious disputes that have raged among mankind and done so much mischief. He tries it upon the Mohammedans in Arabia, and he tries it upon the Christians, such as they were of Constantinople in the fifteenth century; and it is perhaps needless to say that his experience with the theologians is very discouraging. While he is the central figure of the book, the main story—his love story—is one with which he is directly connected. I have endeavored to make the book as true a picture as I can of the conflicting civilizations that came into collision at the siege of Constantinople, invoking research as well as imagination. It is a more elaborate work than *Ben Hur*, and covers at least as large a canvas, so to speak. I have devoted six years to it, with what success it is of course not for me to say."

O COOL GRAY JUG!

O cool, gray jug that touched the lips
In kiss that softly closed and clung!
No Spanish wine the tippler sips,
Or poet the poet's praise has sung,
Such pure untainted sweetness yields
As cool gray jug in harvest fields.

I see it now! a clover leaf
Outspread upon its sweating side
As from the standing sheaf
I pluck and swing it high, the wide
Field glows with noonday heat;
The winds are tangled in the wheat;

The myriad crickets blithely cheep;
Across the swash of ripened grain
I see the burnished reaper creep;
The lunch boy comes, and once again
The jug its crystal coolness yields—
O cool gray jug in harvest fields!

HAMLIN GARLAND

THE CHICAGO PATROL-BOX.

THERE are located throughout the grounds and at accessible points within the buildings of the exposition about four hundred boxes, or call stations, which are used for the purpose of summoning patrol wagons, police assistance or for reporting unusual occurrences of any character, except fire, for which a separate and distinct system of alarms is maintained. Each of these boxes is connected by means of underground wires with the central station in the Service Building, and contains, besides a telephone, an automatic apparatus for indicating not only the exact location but also the specific nature of the call. The operation of this system is similar in many respects to that used in the police service of the larger cities.

Upon making an arrest, the guard takes the offender to the nearest box, unlocks it, and telephones the central station, giving to the officer in charge full particulars regarding the case. Immediate connection is then made with the most convenient patrol wagon barn, where the box from which the call is turned in is indicated by its number being struck upon the register, or "joker." At the first tap of the gong the horses are released from their stalls near by, and move forward with the promptness of fire-department veterans to their proper positions at the wagon, the harness, which is suspended overhead when not in use, is lowered upon them, and by a single snap of the collar they are hitched and ready to start. The driver is by this time in his seat, and the wagon, carrying in addition to two Columbian guards, a member of the Chicago police force, proceeds at as rapid a rate as is consistent with the safety of pedestrians along the roadways to the scene of the trouble. Upon arrival, the person under arrest is placed in the wagon and brought to the headquarters of the guard, where the officer of the day, who is on duty day and night, hears the complaint against him, the guard making the arrest being present, and often, should the offence not prove to be of a grave character, discharges him with a reprimand, or orders him removed from the grounds. Should, however, the charge be a criminal one, the prisoner is conveyed to the police station at Woodlawn Park, near by, where, unless bailed out, he is held to await trial in the Justice Courts at Hyde Park.

The patrol-wagon corps comprises a separate company of the Columbian Guard, and is under the same military discipline as the latter. One of the officers of the United States army, detailed by the Secretary of War for service at the exposition, is in immediate command. In addition to service in arrests, they answer any general emergency call, are present at fires, and although the exposition has a most efficient ambulance corps, it is occasionally necessary to call upon them for the conveyance of ill or injured persons to the hospital.

MONTGOMERY BRECKINRIDGE PICKETT

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THIS BUSY WORLD

Mr. Alvan S. Southworth describes Sir Richard Burton as "a two-bottle man" who could go twenty-four hours without sleep, work all the next morning prodigiously at one of his tasks, "take a bath, a drive, a brief siesta in the afternoon, and then for another night, and so the days went." To be that sort of a "two-bottle man," and record seventy years of immense mental and physical activity into fifty years of life, must be a blissful condition while it lasts. It is quite a different state from that of "two-bottle men" whose entire capacity for daily achievement is represented by the two empty bottles. Nevertheless, the most wasteful of dissipations is that which cheats nature out of its rightful proportion of sleep. The ordinary man who takes care of himself avails about as much in the end as the extraordinary man who abuses his strength. Take a possible "two-bottle man," make him eschew a bottle and a half of possible daily indulgence, have him spend his nights in sleep instead of in talk, and his days in labor, and perhaps when he comes to full maturity you may find in him the powers of an octogenarian Gladstone. Old men are too potent in the world in these days to encourage Titans of strength and intellect to improve their time at the expense of their longevity.

It is interesting to read that the British Medical Association has investigated hypnotism, affirmed that it is a genuine force, and advised that its use should be forbidden to all except physicians. That is just like the doctors. If after endless trouble you succeed in convincing them of the value of some novelty in therapeutics, they turn on you at the first chance and proclaim that the thing is indeed a good thing, but that they are the only folks fit to be trusted with its application. And the best of it is that the public usually agrees with them.

The German Emperor possesses the admirable quality of being able to enjoy himself. Having succeeded in passing his war bill, he turned himself loose on a yacht at Cowes, and had fun for a fortnight. It is fairly reassuring to read of his gay and unconventional behavior. A man must be reasonably sane who can be a boy again when he takes a holiday. No doubt his spirits were not adversely affected by the hair-breadth escape of France from a war with England.

That hair-breadth escape, by the way, deprives the Peace Congress which meets at Chicago of the chance to illustrate its proceedings by a current example of real war. Doubtless, however, there is evidence enough already on record to enable the peace orators to demonstrate to their satisfaction that war does not pay. The contemporary prevalence of that opinion is demonstrated by the efforts of all the powers in Christendom to make such a showing of military strength that no one will dare to quarrel with them. It is not, of course, with any purpose of war that our government spends money on battle ships, but merely for the sake of being so visibly strong that the neighbors will all be polite, and let us go about our business without the distraction of squabbles.

How long can it reasonably be expected that the old custom will last in deference to which wives are content to be known by the surnames of their husbands? All the recent tests tend to show the superiority of the female mind to that of the male. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer in a recent address supported the cause of coeducation with the argument that "nothing in the world will take the foolishness and romantic notions out of a girl so quick as to work with young men and find out how little they know." Of course marriage has the same effect, but after a girl is married it is too late for her to save her maiden name. If she arrives before marriage at the sophisticated stage that Mrs. Palmer describes, she may very reasonably demur to giving up a name which she feels competent to distinguish for one which will be handicapped by her husband's relative inferiority. All along the line this summer women have triumphed. In the recent assignment of general fellowships by the Chicago University young women got so disproportionate a share of the spoils as to scandalize the authorities. When the London Geographical Society declined in the spring to admit women to its membership, the society's action was received not at all as evidence of the inferiority of women, but purely as a new proof of the limitations of men. Ten women passed the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos this year and two of them came out wranglers. Three women took honors at Oxford, at which university also honor examinations were this year opened to women in three new courses. At London University, Miss Ogilvie, a prodigy of erudition from Aberdeen, passed with the highest credit the examination for the degree of Doctor of Science. At this rate, how long will women be content with the substance, and abstain from grasping the shadow also? How long will Miss Jones consent to become Mrs. Smith? How soon will she demand a competitive examination between Smith and herself to determine before marriage which is the compelling entity, and whether it is more meet that she shall become a Smith, or that Smith and the children shall become Joneses?

It would be interesting to know, if it did not involve too sudden an exposure of private griefs, how Mr John Boyd Thatcher has enjoyed the Columbian Exhibition. Among the earliest sounds that the fair emitted after its opening were objurgatory outbreaks of dissatisfaction with Mr. Thatcher's methods of doing business. They have continued ever since, varied indeed by intervals of rumored acquiescence on the part of the exhibitors and fleeting upheavals of truce. Not less than five times a week since the 1st of May Mr. Thatcher must have put his foot in it, so to speak, when he got out of bed in the morning. Not less than five times a week he must have lain down with a new wrangle on his hands, and a fresh lot of irreconcilables to face on the morrow. It is possible that he is a copper-fastened philosopher, and regards war as a condition naturally resultant from the job he undertook, but unless he rises to battle as a strong man to run a race, and sniffs conflict on the gale and cries ha! ha! like the war horse of Scripture, he must be a very weary person, with ragged nerves, and a large appetite for sympathy and condolences. If there is any one who might be expected to have a fellow-feeling for him, it would seem to be Mr Robert Porter, the late manager of the United States census. Mr Porter's census must have satisfied some people, and possibly there are some quarters in which Mr Thatcher's system of awards gives satisfaction, but on the whole Mr. Porter must have had an experience in the art of deriving solace from apparently inadequate sources, of which Mr. Thatcher might avail himself with a prospect of gain.

None need be at the expense of believing the rumor that Miss Ellen Terry will leave the stage after her present American tour. "See Rome and die" is a striking exhortation, but it is not successfully paraphrased by the injunction Play a month in Chicago and then retire from the stage! It will be time enough to lament the passing of Miss Terry when she actually passes.

This tense solution of the "The United States is or are" problem comes from a seventh son, to whom it has been revealed in a dream. When you use capitals you say "is," *e. g.*, "The United States is." And when you don't use capitals you say "are," *e. g.*, "the united states are."

Giving the news of some on savings-banks, a New York newspaper reported, the other day:

"The number of women exceeded the number of men by fifty four hundred per cent. If the wholesale began, as said, with the more intelligent people, the condition has changed. The average of intelligence among the slightest depositors is on the decline."

It will be observed that the increased proportion of women in the line is interpreted by this contemporary to signify a decline of intelligence among the clamorous depositors. The name of the journal that jumps to so rash a conclusion is mercifully withheld.

That is a pleasant remedy for hard times that is being tested by Dr. Warner in his factory at Bridgeport. It is a corset factory, and there are 1000 women employed in it. In view of the state of business the factory is running only three days a week, but the proprietor has provided that all girls who have no homes, and who find half wages not enough to pay their board, shall get their meals without money or price at the Bridgeport Sea-side Institute until the factory begins again to run on full time. At last accounts Dr. Warner had 600 guests, and the business of his summer hotel was the envy of the Connecticut shore.

Light has been let into the patent medicine business by a recent lawsuit in the English courts, wherein one Alabone, the proprietor of a specific, sued one Morton, his former manager, for stealing his ideas and testimonials and setting up an opposition trade. Alabone is an M.D. from Pennsylvania; Morton made no pretence of being a doctor. As has happened before in such cases, the ingredients of the Alabone consumption cure and its bogus nature came out in the trial, as did the qualities of some of the affidavits of cure. Alabone won his suit, but the judge in giving judgment in his favor suggested the propriety of having both the parties prosecuted for infringement of the Apothecaries' Act. The London *Times* suggests that the real victory in the case is with the public, which may profit by the disclosures made in the course of the trial as to the worthlessness of nostrums. But the mainstay of the patent-medicine gentlemen is people who do not concern themselves very much about the law reports. What they want is something to take, and they take that which is offered with the most persistence and recommended in the largest type. However worthless any particular patent medicine may be, it is nobody's business to make that worthlessness public, whereas it is the particular business of the proprietor that the medicine shall be systematically cracked up and put upon the market. The true way to kill off a patent medicine is not to demonstrate that it is of no value, but to invent a new one and advertise it in bigger letters.

E. S. Martin

THE DESTITUTE IN DENVER.

As surely as all roads in New Jersey lead to New York, so all roads in Colorado lead to Denver. To be sure, you can get through Colorado without going to Denver, but that is the natural centre of gravity whither all loose particles of humanity tend when they become detached in other parts of the State, and so to Denver have drifted men who have been thrown out of work by the recent depression. Few other towns in Colorado contain now any large number of idle men, but in the State capital during the last two weeks in July and the first week in August they were numbered by hundreds.

The number of men in Colorado six weeks ago who, while they lived in the Silver State and voted there, yet looked for "home" somewhere "back East"—in Missouri, or Illinois, or Michigan, or Ohio—was quite large. When such men were out of work their natural instinct was to seek their old homes, and this accounts in large measure for the exodus that took place during the latter half of July. The railways were so bothered by men who were trying to beat their way East—in one case, at least, a train was "held up" and taken possession of by these returning wanderers—that they finally shipped several train loads of them free, and then made a nominal rate of six dollars to the Missouri River for those who could not pay the regular fare. The trains supplied for these excursions were not made of "cattle cars" either, but of regular passenger coaches. Certainly the railways have done their full share in providing cheap transportation for the men who wanted to leave Colorado for the East. But it understood that in using the terms East and West the Missouri River is the dividing line to Colorado people.

Temporary relief committees had been formed early in July in Aspen, Leadville, and other places immediately affected by the shutting down of the silver mines, and about the middle of the month it became evident that something of the sort was needed in Denver. Not only were men drifting thither from all parts of the State, but hundreds were thrown out of employment in the city itself, and these, added to the city's normal population of tramps and beggars, made a proletariat of altogether abnormal proportions. Out of these conditions grew the Relief Camp at River Front Park, illustrations of which are given herewith.

This Relief Camp was an oddly managed institution. The State supplied tents, and militia to guard them and keep order. Mr John Belsha Walker supplied the ground—a race-track down by the river, just across from the Union Depot, and two clergymen took charge of the supply of inhabitants for the camp. These two men were the Very Rev. Dean Hart of the Episcopal Church, and "Parson Tom" Uzzell, of the People's Tabernacle. The latter is one of the most interesting personalities in Denver. His brother built the Tabernacle, and ran it mainly if not entirely at his own expense. When he died, some years ago, Parson Tom—who, by the way, is a regularly ordained Congregational minister—took charge of it. It is supported by voluntary contributions. In connection with it are a free dispensary, an employment office, a registry of persons who need help, and various other adjuncts of the sort. The building is in the lower part of town, where there are no other churches, and it is packed at every service with the poor, the unfortunate, and even the outcast. Mr. Uzzell is called Tom, or Parson Tom, by everybody. He is somewhat sensational in his preaching, and perhaps given to overstatement, but his heart is in his work, and he does a vast deal of good. If Myron Reed is known as the most popular preacher in Denver, "Tom" Uzzell is emphatically the people's preacher.

It was natural that such a man should come to the front at such a time, and to him most of the applicants for places in the Relief Camp were sent. He was indefatigable in his efforts to make the camp a success, and, besides that, he had on his hands at the Tabernacle a very large list of persons needing relief.

The camp was opened on Thursday, July 27th, and continued about a fortnight. During that time lodging in tents was furnished to an average of 375 men every night, and meals were served twice a day to numbers ranging from 500 to 1000. Besides those who slept in the tents, anywhere from 100 to 200 slept every night in the grand stand, which forms the most prominent feature of River Front Park.

The State furnished one hundred tents, and a detail of fifty officers and men from the First Regiment, National Guard of Colorado. Twenty-seven of the tents were occupied by the militia—one for headquarters, in front of which flew the American flag, one for the surgeon's tent, with the red cross on a white ground emblazoned on its ensign; one for a hospital tent, and the rest for sleeping. The detachment of militia was under command of First Lieutenant B. H. Merchant, and their work, although constant, and for the first forty-eight hours arduous, was easy enough so far as keeping order was concerned. During the entire period the camp regulations were strictly observed, and not even a reprimand was necessary to prevent disorder.

It was natural that a camp like this should attract at first all the idle elements in the city, but most of the tramps got enough of it the first day and left. They did not care to go to bed at 9.30 and get up at 6.30, to get permits to go out, or to live on two frugal meals a day. One of this class said to a reporter:

"I don't eat here. I can cadge better food every day than that stuff," and he pointed contemptuously in the direction of the mess-tents. "Out on Broadway every day I get all I want to eat in boarding houses and private families. The camp may break up any day for all I care."

After the second day, in the opinion of the officers in charge of the camp, less than ten per cent. of the men were tramps or "hobos." It is not easy to explain what a "hobo" is. Perhaps the nearest thing to it is a San Francisco "sand hatter." Here is the same reporter's description of one:

"The first true hobo in Row A was found about half way in the row. He had in hand a magazine, on which he was making marginal notes. 'Going East to-night? Oh no!' he said, in answer to a question. 'This is too big a snap. I'm too weak to work, and the world owes me a living. The State'll have to take care of us poor working-men or there'll be trouble.' As he said this the man of leisure began to roll a cigarette."

This element is always to be found in Denver, and has been somewhat increased of late by the difficulty of getting that living which the world owes it in the mountain towns. It was this crowd that ran amuck on the night of July 26th, and treated the dead body of the lynched murderer Arata with such sickening brutality. It was this crowd which the citizens feared might loot the provision stores on the following night. Whether any of the Relief Camp men were in the mob that lynched Arata cannot be known, for the camp was not established until the following day; but on the second night none of them were in the mob that gathered and was dispersed by the police, for they were all in their tents asleep.

Almost all sorts and conditions of men were represented in the camp. One man was there who had lost $1800 by the suspension of a bank in Aspen. One was a striking coal-miner from Pittsburg, Kansas. In one tent there were a furniture salesman, a drug clerk, a railway conductor, and the ex-proprietor of a barber shop. In another were half a dozen Frenchmen who had been bakers or cooks at the hotels. In still another were a company of Swedes who had worked in the Denver smelteries. There were miners from the mountain towns, foreign immigrants stranded for want of a job, a few bricklayers, here and there a farm hand and quite a number of waiters and of railroad laborers.

On the last day of July it was decided to have the men at the camp do some work for the State in return for their keep, and forty of those who volunteered were set at work cutting wood. So far as I could discover from the conversation of the men in camp the next day, the great majority of them were perfectly willing to work. "Why," said one of them, whom I overheard talking to a companion, "a few hours' work a day is only an amusement. We ought to be willing to do something for our keep."

During the last two weeks in July, according to Parson Uzzell's estimate, about fifteen hundred men were sent East from Denver. On the 1st of August there were at least as many there unemployed. There are two reasons why so many men were idle, first, that many had been discharged because their employers reduced force, like the railroad men; second, that many had quit work voluntarily rather than accept a reduction in wages. One instance may serve as a sample of many. At the Maid of Erin mine in Leadville, owned by Mr David H. Moffatt, the men were offered a reduction of 50 cents a day—those who were getting $3 50 to receive $3, and those who were getting $3 to receive $2 50. This was about the average wages. The offer was declined without thanks, the mine was abandoned, and the men who refused $2 50 per day are presumably walking East. The mine has filled with water, and it will cost, at a low estimate, $100 000 to get it again in working order. There are a good many mines at Leadville and elsewhere that would have continued working right along if the miners had been willing to take from $2 to $2 50 per day.

Another case in point of the Arkansas Valley Smelter (not smeltery) at Leadville. This had been working up to the 1st of August, but the company found that it must either reduce wages or quit. It offered a ten per cent reduction, which was accepted by forty men, but when they attempted to work, the rest set upon them with sticks and stones, and drove them away, and the smeltery had to shut down.

Before the Relief Camp was abandoned measures were adopted by the city authorities to provide work for a number of men. Appropriations aggregating $15,000 were made

THE CITY OF DENVER.

for street improvement, and about a hundred men were employed in this way. Since then, also, the grading of new streets and repaving of old ones have provided work for several hundred more.

Thus far men only have been mentioned; but there are a great many women out of work too. For the help of these an organization of some of the most prominent society women in Denver has been formed, which is doing good work, but in a less spectacular way than the formation of a relief camp. Women do not drift about like men, and most of the unemployed women in Denver are those who have had work until recently in the city.

The problem of the unemployed is likely to continue for some time to be a hard question to solve. The city has felt the panic as severely as any in the United States—perhaps more severely than any other. As an illustration of the small economies that are practised, it may be mentioned that the receipts of the street car companies have fallen off fifty per cent. People walk a mile to save a nickel—something heretofore unknown in Denver. The State will do something, the city will probably do more, to give work to those who need it; but unless there is a wonderful revival of confidence within six months, the next year is likely to be a hard one for the destitute in Denver.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PLATT

A PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

CHICAGO has this year given to the world many attractions, and the calendar has not yet run out. There still remains one grand feature of the World's Columbian Exposition that outranks all others in its importance and its uniqueness.

The coming month of September will be a Mecca for the whole world, and gathered there for deliberative purposes will be the representatives of all of the great religious systems of the world. There is no doubt that the great question of the age is that which pertains to the brotherhood of man, irrespective of what may be the creedal environments of individuals. When it was intended that the World's Columbian Exposition should be the greatest event in the history of the world, the advanced religious thinkers of this live country decreed that there should also be held the greatest religious gathering that has ever been chronicled. When the scheme was first mooted there were many who doubted the feasibility of bringing together representatives of the non-Christian faiths to meet on a common platform those of the Christian religion, to sink for the time all differences of dogma and ecclesiasticism, and to discuss those subjects which have particular reference to the well being of man on earth and the welfare of his soul in the unknown spirit land. Great as was the opposition on the part of many eminent thinkers, the plans of the World's Congress Auxiliary, so ably presided over by the Hon. C. C. Bonney, for the holding of a Parliament of Religions have crystallized into such substantial form as to warrant the assertion that the Parliament will be an indisputable success. It has taken now two years to bring to the present state of perfection the arrangements for this great meeting, and testimony has come from all quarters of the globe endorsing not only the desirability but also the necessity of such a gathering as this. The plans for this meeting have been arranged practically single handed by the Rev. John Henry Barrows, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago, and his indomitable energy in the face of much vexatious opposition is bringing to a successful issue this great undertaking.

Among the hundreds who have signified their approval of the scheme, and who have rendered material assistance in perfecting the arrangements by their counsel, good advice, and suggestions, have been Mr. Gladstone, the late Lord Tennyson, the Anglican Bishop of Worcester, Prof. F. Max Mueller, Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter, the Rev. the Hon. W. H. Freemantle, Sir Edwin Arnold, Hon. Dadabhai Naoroji, General William Booth, Captain C. J. W. Pfoundes, William T. Stead (editor of the *Review of Reviews*), Prof. Robert H. Drummond, Rev. H. R. Haweis, A.M., Rev. Henry S. Lunn, D.D., Rev. E. Frommel, Count A. Bernstorff, Prof. Otto Pfleiderer, Dr. T. Bach and Prof. F. Bommel, D.D., of the University of Munich, Prof. J. T. Beeles, D.D. and Prof. J. Valeton, Jun., of the Utrecht University, Count Goblet d'Alviella, Rev. P. P. Waldenstrom, D.D., M.P., of Stockholm, Prof. Von Orelli of Basle, Prof. Godet of Neuchâtel, Cav. Matteo Prochet, Pres. George Washburne, D.D., of Constantinople, Rev. J. F. Clark of Sumakoo, Bulgaria, Prof. N. J. Hofmeyr and Dr. Andrew Murray of Cape Colony, Rev. H. H. Jessup, D.D., Dr. George E. Post, the Hon. Mr. Justice Ameer Ali of Calcutta, Consul Henry Ballantine of Bombay, Hon. Rai Maya Das, Mr. H. Dharmapala (Secretary of the Buddhist Society of India), Mr. B. Nagarkar of Bombay, P. C. Mozoomdar of Calcutta, Mr. J. J. Modi, the Hon. Pung Kwang Yu (First Secretary of the Chinese Legation, Washington, D.C.), Pres. W. A. P. Martin, D.D., Rev. Mr. Candlin of Tien-Tsin, Prof. Bunyiu Nanjio, Rev. J. T. Yokoi, Rev. E. S. Eby, Rev. Mokurai Shimaji, the Rt. Rev. R. Shibata, Rev. Zitsunzen Ashitsu of Japan, Mr. K. R. Hirai (Buddhist scholar), Sir William Dawson of Montreal, Principal G. M. Grant, D.D., Archbishops Ireland, Ryan, Janssens, and Bishop Keane, of the Roman Catholic Church, Bishops Davies, Gillespie, Hale, Dudley, Knickerbacker, Seymour, Spaulding, Tuttle, Whipple, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Bishops Andrews, Foss, Fowler, Hurst, Merrill, Newman, Hendrix, Neide, Fitzgerald, and Vincent, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Drs. Ellinwood, Patton, Green, De Witt, Hunt, Willis, Beecher, Happer, Haydn, Briggs, Van Dyke, Sample, Morris, Higgs, William C. Roberts, William H. Roberts, Marvin R. Vincent, Schaff, C. L. Thompson, Eccb, Parkhurst, W. A. Bartlett, Nicholls, Tucula L. Hamlin, Ray, Withrow, Worrall, McClure, Tuttle, McPherson, and Freeman, of the Presbyterian Church. Among the Baptists are Drs. Boardman, Thomas, Brasslin, Hovey, Horr, Dobbins, Strong, McArthur, Lorimer, Sampey, Cauffill, Moxom, Anderson, Hoyt, and Montague. Among the Congregationalists may be mentioned Drs. Abbott, Storrs, Taylor, McKenzie, Ward, Gillis, Carroll, Dunning, Bradford, Francis E. Clark, Gladden, Harris of Andover, Winton, Munger, Park, Wells, Josiah Strong, Herrick, Cyrus Hamlin, and S. C. Bartlett. Among heads of colleges are Presidents Dwight, Simms, Warren, Gates, Andrews, Hankin, Seelye, Hyde, Carter, Capen, Coulter, Schurman, Rogers, Angell, Thwing, Harper, Ballantine, McCracken, Jordan, Cravath, Scovel, Burroughs, and Eaton.

It is now certain that a fairly good representation of the non-Christian faiths of the world will be made at this Parliament. Buddhism will have among its representatives Mr. H. Dharmapala, Secretary of the Buddhist Society of India. Confucianism will be represented by Hon. Pung Kwang Yu, Secretary of the Chinese Legation at Washington. Zoroastrianism, by J. Modi, a Parsee priest of Bombay. Hindooism, by Manilal Dvevidi of Nadiad, India. Shintoism, by the Rt. Rev. Reichi Shibata. Mohammedanism, by the Hon. Mr. Justice Ameer Ali of Calcutta, and Said Ali Bilgrami of Hyderabad. These are a few who it is known for a certainty will make the journey to Chicago for the purpose of representing their several faiths.

Judaism will be championed by the best minds of the Jewish faith in this country. Among the speakers are Dr. Wise of Cincinnati, Dr. Berkowitz of Philadelphia, and Drs. Silverman, Kohut, and Kohler of New York.

Christianity will of course have the greatest representation at this gathering, and the majority of the historically known sects of the Christian Church will be either officially or unofficially represented. The Roman Catholic Church will speak through the mouths of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishops Ireland, Ryan, and Chappelle, Mgr. D'Hulst of Paris, Mgr. D'Harlez of the Louvain University, Father Fidelis Kent Stone of Brazil, Fathers Elliott and Hewit of the Paulist Order, and Bishops Keane and Spaulding. The Orthodox Greek Church will send unofficially the Bishop of Zante, Greece. The Armenian Church will have, among others, Mr. Minas Tcheraz of London known to history for the part he played in the Berlin Congress as the representative of the Armenian people. Protestantism in general will be set forth by Bishop Dudley of Kentucky, Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., Prof. George T. Ladd, D.D., and Prof. George T. Fisher of Yale, Rev. Henry Blodgett, D.D., of Peking, China, Rev. Maurice Phillips of Madras, India, Prof. M. Valentine of Gettysburg, Bishop Thompson of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Rev. George T. Candlin, Prof. William Henry Green, Prof. Philip

A. Surgeon's Tent. B. Headquarters. C. Mess Tents. D. Tents for "Inmates."

THE RELIEF CAMP AT DENVER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

RT. REV. REICHI SHIBATA.
High Priest of the Zikiko Sect of Shintoism.

HON. PUNG KWANG YU.
Confucian. Washington, D.C.

REV. Y. R. INOUYE.
Tokio, Japan.

REV. F. B. HORN.
Protestant. Christiania, Norway.

PROF. N. J. HOFMEYR.
Stellenbosch, South Africa.

MUNI ATMARAMJI.
High Priest of the Jain Community of India.

DR. ADLER.
Chief Rabbi of the British Empire.

REV. KITSUKEN ASHITSU.
Buddhist. Ozai, Japan.

MR. B. NAGARKAR.
Theist. Bombay, India.

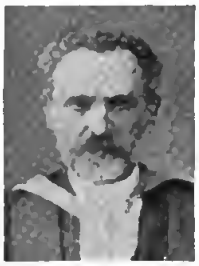
H. R. H. PRINCE CHANDRADAT CHUDHADHARM.
Buddhist. Bangkok, Siam.

PURUSHOTTAM B. JOSHI.
Hindoo. Bombay, India.

NASARVANJI F. BILIMORIA.
Parsee. Bombay, India.

RT. REV. JAMES T. HOLLY.
Missionary Bishop of Haiti.

HON. MR. JUSTICE AMEER ALI.
Moslem. Calcutta, India.



REV. JAMES MACGREGOR.
Edinburgh, Scotland.

RT. REV. JOHN JAMES STEWART PEROWNE.
Bishop of Worcester, England.

PROF. J. T. DOEDES.
University of Utrecht.

VERY REV. AUGUSTINE F. HEWITT.
New York.

THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS TO MEET AT CHICAGO.

Some prominent Members of the Advisory Council on Religious Congresses, of the World's Congress Auxiliary.

Schaff, D.D., Pres. Schurman of Cornell University, Prof. Richard T. Ely, Hon. Andrew D. White, Col. Thomas W. Higginson, Rev. H. K. Carroll, D.D. (Chief of the Bureau of Religious Statistics, United States Census), Rev. Dr. James S. Dennis, Rev. Joseph Cook, Rev. George Dana Boardman, D.D., Rev. Dr. J. T. Gracey, Dr. David J. Burrell, Prof. J. P. Landis, D.D., Dr. Henry Jessup of Syria, Dr. Francis E. Clark, D.D., Rev. Theodore T. Munger, D.D., Prof. William C. Wilkinson, D.D., of the Chicago University, Bishop John H. Vincent, Prof. M. S. Terry of the Northwestern University, Rev. H. Grattan Guinness of London, and others.

The Parliament will convene on the 11th of September, and continue until the 27th, holding three sessions each day. The programme in its skeleton outline is as follows, each main head being divided into as many sub-heads as the contingencies demand.

September 11th.—Addresses of welcome and responses by the authorities of the World's Congress Auxiliary and the visiting delegates.
September 12th.—God.
September 13th.—Man.
September 14th.—Religion essentially characteristic of humanity.
September 15th.—Systems of religion.
September 16th.—Sacred books of the world.
September 17th.—Religion and the family.
September 18th.—The religious leaders of mankind.
September 19th.—Religion in its relations to the natural sciences and to arts and letters.
September 20th.—Religion in its relations to morals.
September 21st.—Religion and social problems.
September 22d.—Religion and civil society.
September 23d.—Religion and the love of mankind.
September 24th.—The present religious condition of Christendom.
September 25th.—Religious freedom of Christendom.
September 26th.—The religious union of the whole human family.
September 27th.—Elements of perfect religion as recognized and set forth in the different historic faiths.

One of the main features in arranging for the Parliament was the appointment of an Advisory Council, which now numbers three thousand members, representing upwards of a hundred distinct schools of religious thought. The suggestions of the members of this council, coming as they have from all parts of the world, have been the means of formulating the programme. The *personnel* of the council indicates in itself that there is not a corner of the globe that has not been penetrated by the glad tidings of this coming congress of man, which many have been pleased in their enthusiasm to call the second Pentecost.

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THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.*

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

XXIII.

BRAINARD, after leaving the office of the bank, had also taken the elevator, and before Ogden had reached McDowell's floor his chief stood at the door of Freeze & Freeze, the firm did some legal business for him now and then, under his own general designation of "odd jobs." But their door was locked, as it usually was at that hour; and the old man descended again, took the street car, and went home to tea.

"I've got him, all the same," he muttered to himself. "He can have a little leeway if he wants, but it won't carry him very far off—as things are now."

He stamped and fumed through the parlor floor for the quarter of an hour during which he attended the preparation of tea in the basement dining-room. He sat down with Burt and Cornelia and his younger daughter; Abbie had shut herself up in her room, and had sent down word that she was too ill to appear.

The table was set with the plated ware of twenty years ago, hideous in varied quirks and chasings. Just within the door of the room stood a baby's high chair, and Brainard, in passing to his place, contrived to put a vicious foot heavily upon one of its sprawling wicker legs.

He went through the meal with a great grinding of molars and a loud smacking of lips. He said nothing; he handled his knife and fork and his goblet with a heavy-handed clatter, while his eyes stared fixedly at the table-cloth. The others watched him in silence; his teeth were grinding something other than food, and the smacking of his lips indicated a relish beyond that for any mere eating and drinking.

After his second cup of tea he arose and pushed back his chair, and planted his feet with a ponderous stamp on the space over which the chair had stood.

"Burt," he said, as he moved towards the door, "you can step down the street when you get through and tell Albert Freeze to come up here. I shall be in my room."

He commanded the attendance of his attorneys as lightly as he commanded that of his clerks. The Freezes happened to be youngish men, but it would have been the same with older ones.

He withdrew to his den. He rearranged the coke-balls that he had had spread on the top of his grate fire, and then he began to rummage among the disordered papers on his desk.

A book was lying among them—a thin volume, with the place marked by a paper-cutter.

"I wish Abbie wouldn't leave her things around everywhere," he said, grumblingly.

He tossed the book across to a table. The paper-cutter fell out of it, but landed by its side, where it balanced on one corner of the table-top. It was a cumbrous implement, somewhat after the fashion of a dagger, and it was smeared over with something that produced the effect of green bronze.

He went to the window and looked out before pulling down its shade; the window opened, after the manner of a door, on the side porch. A misty rain was falling—slight, but deadly chill, and through it there appeared the discolored flank of the stable draped with the autumnal stringiness of its wild-cucumber vines.

The door of the room opened with a swift and sudden quiet, and a young man stepped in. His shoulders were covered with a thousand shimmering rain globules, and his breath gave out a strong reek of brandy. It was Marcus.

"I want to see Mr. Brainard," he had said at the outer door to the strange servant-girl, and he had pushed straight by her without further word.

He stood there pale and tremulous; his eyes glittered like two knife-points.

"I'm out again," he said. "I've got another chance, and I don't mean to lose this one."

His father turned on him with a fierce frown—a frown full of malevolent intention.

"It's you, is it?" He was silent for a moment. "Well, you can stay. I've been thinking about you lately. I can 'tend to two as well as one."

"You've been thinking about me lately, have you?" Marcus repeated. He spoke with a hardihood that came from draughts of brandy more than once indulged in. "You had better have thought of me before."

"I'm thinking to just as much purpose," his father declared, grimly. "I haven't been altogether in the dark," he went on, "about your goings and your doings. I know what you've been living on, and how you got it, and who put you up to it all. I know how you have been figuring on my dying, and preying on me before my dying; but I'm alive yet, and the next time you see that singing Canadian scoundrel you can tell him so. And I know all about your latest tactics too. Do you see that?"

A pass-book was lying on his desk, and between its covers there was a packet of checks, bound by a rubber strap. He drew out the top check and extended it towards his son; he used his clumsy thumb and forefinger to keep a strong hold on one end of the paper—the end that bore the signature.

"You've seen it before, too, unless I'm mistaken," he went on with a glance in which indignation was overlaid by a cruel sense of power and a cruel determination to use it. "You didn't expect it to get around to me quite so quick, did you?"

"I see it, yes," said the young man. "And I've seen it before. What of it?" He spoke like one who had nerved himself to this—and to more.

"What of it?" cried his father, in a sudden fit of rage. "There's this of it! Do you think I'm going to stand being stripped by a thieving scamp like you? Do you think I'm going to be bled, drop by drop, by a couple of infernal scoundrels? Oh, that whining about your drawing, and your not being allowed to go on with it! You can handle a pen all right enough! You can draw checks for me, and you can draw yourself to Joliet! That's the best place, all around, for both of us."

"I shouldn't mind meeting you there," said Marcus, with a contemptuous sneer. "*There* would be a 'couple,' sure enough—the only one *I* know anything about."

"Where is that wretch?" cried Brainard, seizing the youth by the arm. "You know, you do, too—you see him every day! Tell me where I can find him! He must be followed up. Let me get him, too, and put him where he belongs!"

"Keep off!" called his son; "keep off, you fool! I haven't seen him for a year, and I don't want to see him for another. It's you I want to see; you and Burt—brother Burt."

His eyes glittered with a sharpened anger, and his dilated nostrils quivered with the indignation that the thought of his elder brother always aroused.

"I want to see the vice-president of the Underground National. I want to see the bridegroom who got half a million on his wedding day. And I want him to see me. I want him to have a look at the poor devil who has been knocking around from pillar to post for the last two years, who has hidden in dives, and who has been dragged through the slums, and who has been driven from the variety stage, and has served his time more than once. Let him feel the difference, let me help him to feel it!"

"Your own blame!" cried his father. "You had the same chances, and threw them all away. And you'll serve another term now—a longer one."

"I guess not," said Marcus. He looked about the room with a sharp and wary eye. It might have been thought that he sought at once both means of offence and means of escape.

There was a tap on the door; Burt's voice was heard outside.

"Here's Mr. Freeze, father. I suppose he can come right in."

Marcus reared his head suddenly.

"It's Burt!" he trumpeted. "He's here! he's here!" He sprang towards the threshold and clamped his long fingers about his brother's throat. Burt's head struck with force against the white jamb, he half fell, and his legs and arms writhed in company with his brother's.

"Get them apart, Freeze, get them apart," called Brainard with a loud roar. "Am I going to see Burt strangled before my very eyes?"

Marcus released his grip and staggered back into the room. He reared himself pantingly against the table. His face was deadly pale, and the perspiration was starting out in beads beneath the dark disordered locks that lay on his forehead. The screaming of women's voices was heard in the corridor outside and the light hastening of women's feet.

"Three to one!" panted Marcus. "It's a plot! It's a trap! I know you, Freeze. I see through all of you. But three ain't enough. You can't do it, no!"

Abbie Brainard came rushing through the hall. She reached the threshold and paused there to see her brother catch up her paper-cutter from the table, plunge it into her father's neck, and break through the window, and to hear his nimble feet clatter escape down the stairs of the side porch.

Brainard fell heavily against the marble slab of the fireplace. Blood soaked his high old-fashioned collar and trickled down the pleats of his shirt front. He lay there stunned and bleeding, and lifeless—as it seemed.

His huge bulk was gotten laboriously to bed—half dragged, half lifted. He lay there for a fortnight, between life and death.

The doctor came, and with the chill gray of the first dawn came the nurse. It was to be a hand-to-hand struggle, and all the forces were engaged at once. The nurse spent the first half-hour of uncertain daylight in bringing order out of the chaos that had established its instant sway in the old man's room on the evening before. She raised or lowered the shades, adjusted the transom, quieted the fire, and arranged her bottles and bandages. She wore the dull uniform of a public institution, and she was accustomed to carry this uniform at a moment's notice into strange places and among strange people. She accepted her assignment blindly, and took up its details afterwards.

She seemed of a rather rugged, stolid build, but her eyes were eloquent with a haunting sorrow. It was as if time had redraped her figure with the flesh that sorrow and suffering had once stripped from it, but had been powerless to reclothe her spirit in its pristine hope and cheerfulness.

She stood at the window, endeavoring to get her bearings in the early light of the dim morning. The lilacs and syringas in the yard showed the crinkled brownness of latest autumn. A boy was crossing and recrossing the street to put out its lamps; and in the second-story window of the stable the flickering of a single gas-jet was helping the coachman and hostler to make up his own bed.

Behind her she heard the heavy grunting breath of the sick man. Presently another sound mingled with it—a creeping and rustling sound that made its little track along the hall and across the threshold of the half-open door. She turned; a baby was on the floor beside her—a beautiful boy, with dusky, liquid eyes, and the beginnings of a poll of dark and curly hair. An inquiring pain plucked at her heart and set its signal in her eyes; she saw a resemblance that it was impossible to overlook. She cast a hungry and timorous glance about her, and presently, with a great yearning and a steadying resolve, Jane Doane was kissing Russell Vibert's child.

For this privilege she was indebted, in a sense, to Erastus Brainard. She had never been indebted to him for anything else.

The old man lay in a kind of stupor; his head had been seriously injured by his fall, and blood-poisoning of the most virulent type pointed to his inevitable end. He had occasional moments of recurring consciousness, and at such times he attempted, with the help of Abbie and of Freeze, to bring his affairs into order, and to dispose of his belongings by will.

The Ogden affair, meanwhile, stood still. No formal steps had been taken, and the young man had Fairchild's assurance that an accommodation was sure to be brought about.

The situation became known to the Bradleys—in its general outlines at least. They caught at the end and ignored the means, as would have been done by anybody else in their position. They considered that their friendliness towards Ogden had been misplaced and that their confidence had been betrayed. They preserved appearances with him through their daughter's final illness, and by a great effort that even produced an effect of a common suffering and a common sympathy at the funeral. But after that they never saw him again. The difficulty with the bank did not become public, but they considered themselves, all the same, no less disgraced than deceived.

The desperate illness of Brainard dragged itself along, meanwhile, and the house was saturated with gloom. Abbie assisted actively in the nursing; she watched in alternation with the first nurse and with the succeeding one. Cornelia was given an opportunity to put her hand to the household helm. As she said to herself, she was soon to manage a house of her own, and she might as well be brushing up her knowledge.

"And she has got to go with me," Cornelia said to herself for the twentieth time; "she can't live here after—*this*."

Cornelia had fought out many a fight during her year in this grisly old house, but she saw now that her intended campaign on behalf of Marcus was an impossibility, and that all the forces might as well be withdrawn from the field.

Nobody had seen the youth since that fatal night, nobody, that is, who had cared to make the fact known. Neither did anybody know where he was keeping himself, save the sister on whose night-watches he had once or twice stolen by way of the window through which he had made his escape from his brother and Freeze.

He came again—for a third and last time. It was one o'clock in the morning when she heard his light touch on the window. She hastened to him with her mouth set for a terrified whisper.

"Yes, I know it's dangerous, Abbie; I know I promised not to come again. But I can't help it—I've got to hear. How is—how are things going on to-night? Is there any improvement over yesterday?" He locked his fingers in a convulsive strain. "I thought they had laid a trap for me," he said, chokingly. "Just tell me yourself how it is, and after this you can send me word, as you have before. I won't come again, I promise you."

She threw herself on his breast and burst into an agony of tears. "No, you never will," she sobbed; "he is dying. There is no hope; he won't live till morning."

The young man trembled like an aspen; tears rolled out of his dark and hollow eyes. He tried to speak but no word came. Then he clasped his sister in his arms and withdrew as he had entered.

The night, laden with anxiety and fear, dragged out its weary length. In the early morning the house resounded with a great cry. The dying man in a brief moment of consciousness, half raised himself and heard the sound and the tidings thus conveyed. The word was passed from man-servant to maid-servant, and came to their master through the voice of a Swedish girl whose mind was capable of dealing with emotions only in the most primitive way, and whose imperfect command of English made her communication come with a horrible and harrowing directness. One second before Erastus Brainard fell back dead he knew that his son had hanged himself; the last picture that rose before his fleeting vision was that of his boy pendulous from the rafters of the stable, his slight body swinging to and fro, and his tongue protruding uglily from the purple black of his face.

XXIV.

The months passed by, and autumn came around once more.

Ogden's first year as a widower was lived with his mother; he used the same time to establish himself in the real-estate business, whose ins and outs he had now mastered in the bitter school of experience. He had left the Clifton altogether, and had established himself in another street and a different neighborhood. Every stone of the great pile seemed to have raised its tongue against him, and to have driven him out with the loud and insulting hubbub of its angry clamor. He had no wish ever to see again the room in which he had first met his wife, the room in which he had wrestled with his brother-in-law, the room in which disgrace had forced him to bow his head. Bradley lay in wait for him in the court, Jane Doane dogged him through the long corridors, Marcus Brainard rose up as a pallid spectre within the entranceway. He left the building for once and for all. The placards that he placed on vacant tenements and the signs that he caused to be reared on open corners in the suburbs directed inquirers to a street and number quite different from any near his old neighborhood.

Within this year Cornelia Tillinghast Brainard had moved into her new house and had moved out again. For three poor months she occupied her French Renaissance château on the Lake Shore Drive, and then she gave it up forever. In vain her anxious plannings of chambers and stairways, her long waitings for the slow finishing of the carved oaks and walnuts of her vast interiors, in vain (for the present, at least) her lofty aims in the direction of social distinction. For Burt with his father was one man, and Burt without his father was another. He had relied upon the elder's advice more than he had realized, and he had felt the steadying and restraining power of his father's hand to a greater degree than he would have been willing to acknowledge. When he came to act for himself and by himself, the difference soon became apparent. He operated in a variety of directions, he was confident and daring and ambitious, and one day he risked all and lost all.

His failure swept away everything of his and nearly everything of his sister's. Abbie had come into the new house along with Burt and Cornelia—no great urging had now been required to induce her to abandon the house on the West Side. She led the same retired and quiet life in the one quarter that she had led in the other, save that she never felt otherwise than utterly strange and forlorn. And as she had placed herself in her brother's house, so she put a great part of her share in her father's estate into her brother's hands when ruin came and every available resource was required. She had never used much money; she may not have realized the gravity of her sacrifice. Perhaps, too, she had hoped to rest her disappointed soul on something that money could not buy.

To Cornelia the failure came as a sudden and awful blow. Considering the brief time at her disposal, she had made a distinct impression on society. A great many people of consequence came to her house and invited her to theirs. They laughed at her freedoms and familiarities, they enjoyed her picturesque and untrammelled phraseology. Some of the more insatiable invited her twice. She encountered but one decided check; this was from Mrs. Floyd.

The ship of the Floyd household, now navigating regardless of its customary dependence on the distant admiral of the whole Floyd fleet, was tossing in shallow yet stormy waters; there were not lacking indications that it was occasionally grazing bottom, and there was a notion abroad that it might presently beach or founder. Mrs. Floyd therefore manned the helm with more than her customary caution. For one thing, she set the ship's chronometer by la

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1909.

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"'THREE TO ONE' PANTED MARCUS, 'IT'S A PLOT!'"

cal time. That is to say, her own watch, which had now been giving the time of Boston for the last three years (and she had become very expert in the deducting of the hour and some minutes of difference) came to be set by the hour of Chicago. For another thing, she must think twice before speaking every strange craft—such a one, for example, as that propelled by the Brainards. She did think twice, and concluded to remain silent.

"Huh!" said Cornelia, "all because I worked in her husband's office, and she met me there! Thank goodness, I wasn't allowed to have my wish and work for Inglis, too! I'll fetch things around, though, you see if I don't; and I'll capture Cecilia Ingles yet!"

Abbie, along with many other persons and things, became a mere piece of driftwood in the general wreck of her brother's fortunes. She wrieled and eddied about for some time through a succession of boarding houses, and after a while she found refuge in the latest home that her sister had made. She found her new brother-in-law a good-humored and well-disposed fellow. Briggs had established his family in the old neighborhood on the West Side, and readily admitted Abbie, he made no more objection to his sister-in-law than he had made to his sister-in-law's nephew.

Ogden saw nothing of them, heard nothing of them. He merely went around in a quiet way among a few old friends, and he dropped in at frequent intervals on the faithful Brower. Brower was sometimes at home and sometimes away, the fire-bird still kept him on the move. One late September evening, after an interval of a month or more, Ogden repaired again to the house which had once been their common home, and found Brower just back from Minnesota.

He was seated on his trunk, the rigors of whose cover he had softened by the doubled folds of a striped travelling-wrap. He had his brier-wood pipe in his mouth and a book in his hand. It was a paper-bound volume, the back cover was missing, and there was exposed to view the fine, close tabulation of the books composing a well-known "library."

"Well, my dear fellow," cried Brower, rising and grasping his hand, "how are you? Say, I believe you're looking better. Here, put yourself in the light where I can have more of a chance at you."

George stood immovable, and Brower jerked out the elbowed gas jet, so as to make the light fall upon his visitor's face. It fell on his visitor's head, too, and the whole brown head was sprinkled with silver.

Ogden put his two palms on his temples, and spread out his hands until the finger-tips met over the part in his hair.

"There are more," he said, with a smile of quiet sadness, "don't count them again."

"I won't," said Brower. He drew away his eyes, but threw his arm over the other's shoulder. "I've had quite a trip this time," he went on, in the tone which we employ when contriving a light diversion. "Been away out into Dakota—Bismarck, Mandan, Yankton, Sioux Falls. I was at the Falls one Sunday."

"Is that any great place to spend Sunday?"

"Lots of folks go there to spend a few Sundays—twelve or fourteen Sundays—and the week-days between. On the evening of my Sunday I went to church."

"I've known you to go to church on Sunday evenings before. Service any different from any other?"

"It was a song service. Don't you suppose the poor creatures waiting along out there in Sioux Falls have got to have their little consolations? Ain't music the great consoler?"

"They *were* consoled, then?"

"Oh yes, indeed! the principal consoler had been there himself. He sang tenor."

"Better tenor than the average?"

"Good deal better. The most touching, pathetic tones I ever heard. He sang the 'Angel's Serenade,' with another man playing the violin. It was affecting. One poor lady near me, with a sort of Eastern look about her, just caught up the child in the pew by her side and burst right out crying. I was all broke up myself."

"That's a good song," declared Ogden. "I always like to hear it."

"You've heard it before, then? At St. Asaph's, perhaps?"

"At St. Asaph's, yes."

"Well," said Brower, "the man you heard sing it at St. Asaph's was the man I heard sing it at Sioux Falls."

"Vibert?"

"Vibert."

George dropped his eyes; he had no wish to pursue the theme further. "What have you there?" he asked. He indicated the book that Brower had left lying on top of the trunk.

"Oh, nothing special. It's just one of those cheap novels. I was merely running it through to see if he really did marry the right one in the end. Might have done it in the first place as well as not." He passed the book to Ogden wrong side up. "I guess it's yours, by rights—one you left behind when you moved out."

Ogden turned the book over and read the title. It was, *A False Start*.

He started. He blushed. "Yes, perhaps it is," he stammered. He held it awkwardly in his hand for a moment. Brower watched him curiously, yet sympathetically. "Yes," Ogden repeated, in a bold, firm voice, "it *is* mine." He put it in his inside pocket and buttoned his coat.

"Oh, come," cried Brower, trying to throw a veil of jocularity over his earnestness, "that isn't fair! I've got to finish it. I've got to know whether he did or didn't. Anyway, let me see the end."

"There is no end," said Ogden, soberly. "Or if there is, it has come."

"Then I can only guess." Brower looked at him with a studious anxiety in his brown eyes. "He made a mistake, sure enough, but I think he sets it right. Yes, I think he sets it right."

Ogden's eyes sought the floor.

"No; he abides by it."

"He can set it right," said Brower, gravely; "and if he can, he ought."

"Not now, not after—everything. Let bad enough alone."

"Make bad enough better," cried Brower. "Is he the only one to be considered? Upon my word," he went on, with a nervous attempt at lightness, "we are getting these great truths down finer and finer. A couple of years ago we agreed that marriage concerned but two people, now we are finding that it concerns only one. The question simply is—which one?"

"The one who would be most exposed to injury," said Ogden, with a distant sorrowfulness in his face and voice.

"There are different kinds of injury; there is the injury of commission, and there is the injury of omission. Sometimes the last is harder—on a woman. Why not let the victim choose her own particular woe? Why not be generous enough to give her an opportunity?"

"Not now," groaned Ogden. "You don't know. Not after all—that's happened."

"Well, then," continued Brower, with kindly perseverance, "out goes generosity. Now bring in selfishness and give *that* a chance. What is our hero going to do? Must there be more sorrow for him, more suffering, more self-punishment, and everlasting dissatisfaction generally? What is he made of? Can he stand it? If so, how long? And if he does, why should he?"

"Brower, Brower!" Ogden cried; "not another word if you care for me—if you care anything at all for me!" He crossed his arms on the table and bowed his head upon them.

Brower passed his hand softly over this head and said no more. He was a patient husbandman; he would sow the good seed and wait for the harvest.

Ogden took the book home with him. He fluttered its leaves a few times; then he sat down on the edge of his bed and read the title-page for an hour. The next night he read it some more and dreamed about it. The next night he was reading it still, and he lay awake thinking of it until daylight.

On the following evening he took the old familiar way to the West Side.

He found Abbie Brainard at home alone. Mary and her husband had gone out, and the baby had been put to bed.

Abbie was sitting in the half-gloom of one small lamp; the parlor was a little room, and a rather cheap and ugly one. But the lamp, thanks to its bellowed shade, was discreet and reticent in the disclosure of unprepossessing detail; besides, twenty lamps would not have had power to divert his thoughts from the channel through which they were now coursing.

On his entrance she started up to light the gas. She looked pale and worn, and older than he would have believed possible. But he looked older, too, and felt much older than he looked. The light beat down upon his silvered hair, and heightened the glance of pitying surprise that shone from her eyes.

In this increased illumination he saw that fortune had left her, as well as her youth and beauty, as well as the father whose life he had felt to make their union impossible, and whose memory might still keep it so. But she herself, in her own essence, was before him—the same courage, the same resolution, the same tenderness and fidelity. And in him she saw the only man she had ever seen, or had ever cared to see.

To her he came as a messenger of pity to heal the wounds that knavery and scandal and violence had hacked upon her quivering heart. A messenger of pity, yes; but could he, by any possible chance, find her worthy of the pity that was akin to love?

To him she appeared as the victim of his own faint-heartedness and faithlessness. After all that he had done to wring her heart, could he venture upon the crowning indignity of offering her his tarnished name?

To her he stood there as a tower of refuge—a tower from whose sunrift the swathing fogs might be cleared away by the warm breath of trust and confidence, and whose smirched walls—if smirched indeed they were—might be purified by the tears of love and the fingers of forgetfulness.

To himself he lay before her as a heap of crumbling and smoke-stained ruin. Every stone cried out for the cleansing power of pity and for the firm and friendly hand that was to rear them all again to their pristine use and comeliness.

The clock had struck eight as he entered; it was striking eleven as he rose to go.

"Not yet," she said, softly. She pressed him back into the depths of his great easy-chair, and, leaning upon its rounded and padded arm, she looked down upon him.

"You take me, then, as I am?" he asked her, soberly.

"How else do you take *me?*"

He raised his hand to his head. "There will be more of them," he said. "They tell me I shall be white at forty."

"How many of them are mine?"

He pressed her hand. "Not one, not one! Or, no," he continued, with a stronger pressure, "they are all yours—do with them as you please." He felt something warm drop on his head and trickle down his temples. "Yes, that is the best thing to do," he said. "To think," he added, with a tender seriousness, "that you might have saved me from them—from every one!"

They were married within a month, and they began their married life in the same house in which he had begun his

(Continued on page 794.)

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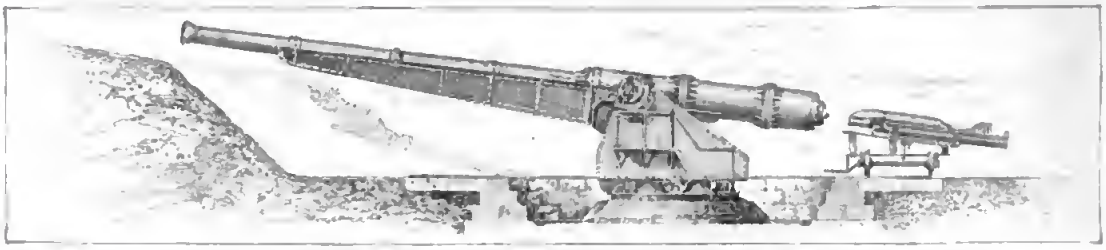
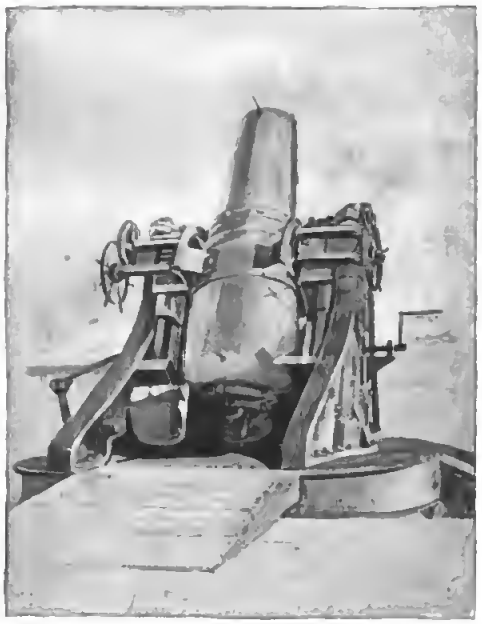
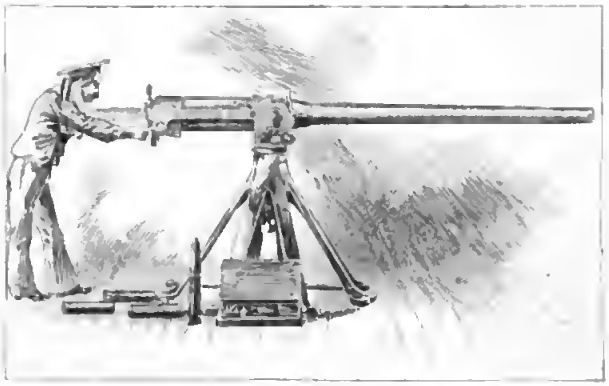


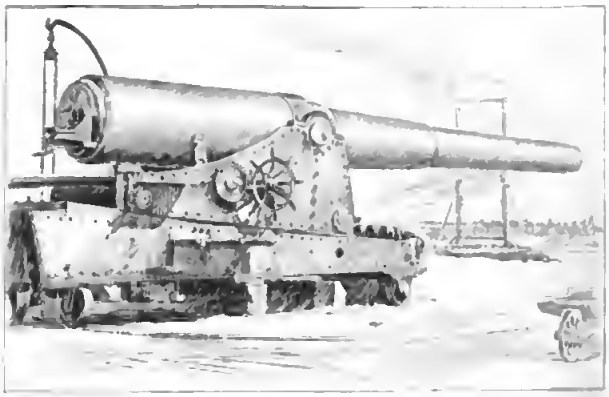
15-INCH PNEUMATIC DYNAMITE SEA-COAST GUN.—LENGTH OVER ALL, 80 FEET



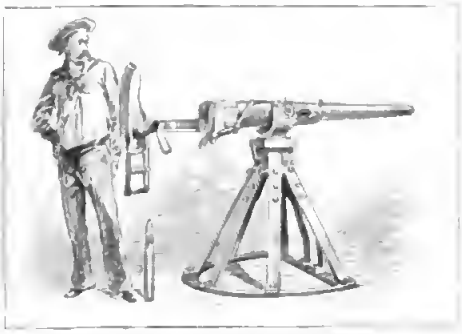
12-INCH BREECH-LOADING MORTAR (UNITED STATES)



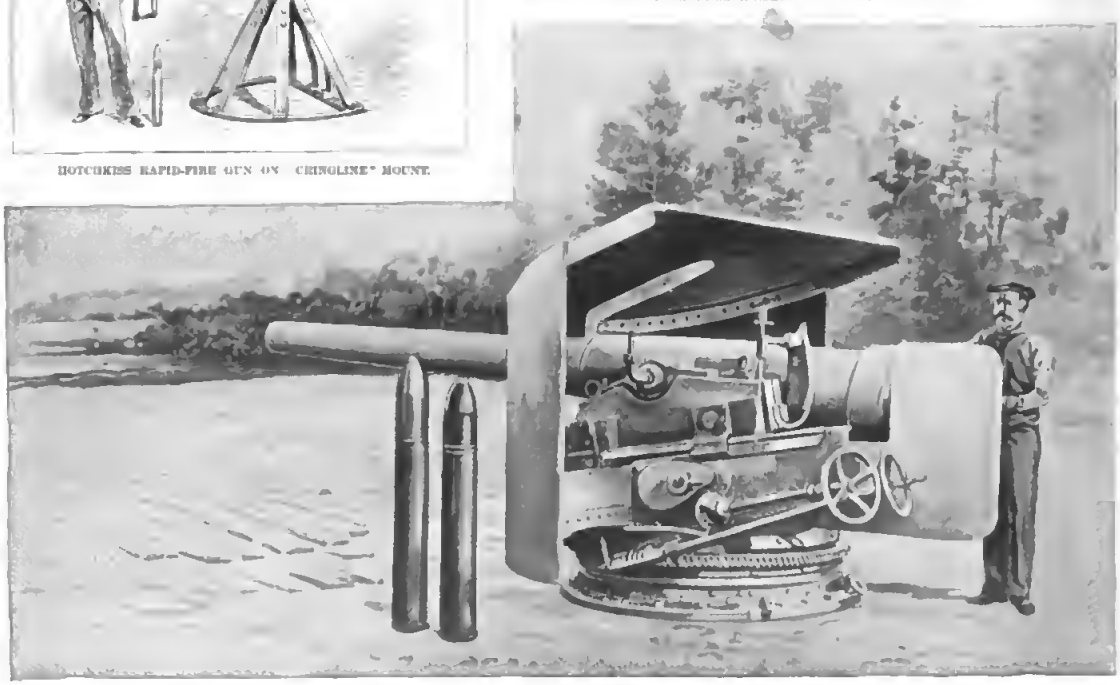
DRIGGS-SCHROEDER RAPID-FIRE GUN



10-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE (UNITED STATES)



HOTCHKISS RAPID-FIRE GUN ON "CRINOLINE" MOUNT.



A KRUPP RAPID-FIRE GUN.

FIRING SEA-COAST GUNS AT UNSEEN TARGETS.—DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER.—[SEE PAGE 797.]

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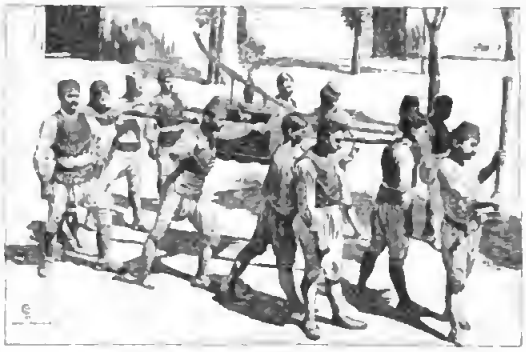
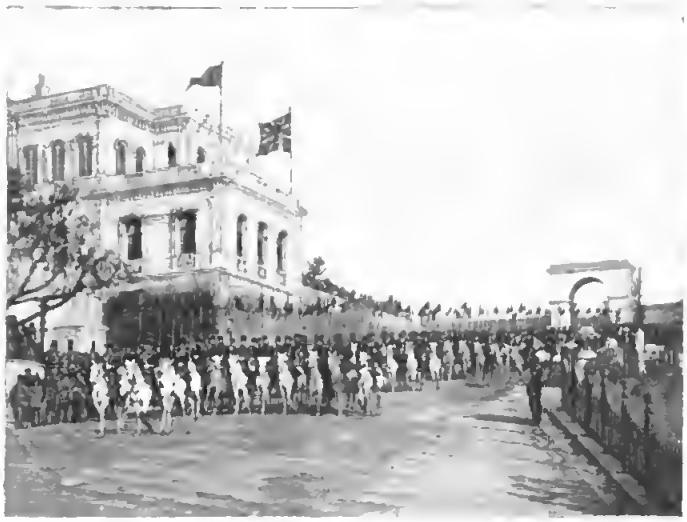
ONE OF THE SULTAN'S PALACES ON THE BOSPORUS.

EXTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF ST SOPHIA.



A FIRE COMPANY OF CONSTANTINOPLE.



GUARD OF CAVALRY PRECEDING THE SULTAN TO THE MOSQUE.

STREET DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

GENERAL VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—[See "Rulers of the Mediterranean," Page 794.]

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"SHE PRESSED HIM BACK INTO THE DEPTHS OF HIS GREAT EASY-CHAIR."

(Continued from page 791.)

Western life as a bachelor. Mrs. Gore's kindliness still survived, after the hard rubs of three years of city life, and she spread her sympathetic interest over her new couple with an unstinted hand.

Their wedding involved no social celebration, unless we note their participation in one of a series of great public functions that sometimes mark the early winter. This took place in a vast hall that was luminous in ivory and gold. They sat before a wide curved frame brilliant with a myriad points of light, and listened to the united endeavors of many voices and instruments to please the four thousand people about them. Ogden and his wife had taken places in the balcony. They had toned down existence to a quiet gray; they recognized the middlingness of their lot. Cornelia and her husband, unknown to the Ogdens, had seats on the floor beneath.

One box in the two long parallel rows remained vacant during the first and second acts. As the prelude to the third act began among the violins the box was claimed. A party of four entered.

"There she is," said Cornelia to herself, in her place on the main floor. "Just you wait. Burt's smart and I'm careful, and we shall catch up to you yet!"

"Who are those people?" asked Abbie, turning towards her husband. "Who is the gentleman with gray hair?" She was beginning to admire her husband's own.

The two ladies of the party had seated themselves; the two gentlemen were busy with their own and their companions' wraps in the back of the box.

"That is Mr. Atwater, the architect. The lady in yellow is his wife. The tall, brownish man, just handing the glass, is Mr. Ingles; he owns the—the Clifton."

"And the other lady?" his wife continued. She indicated a radiant, magnificent young creature, splendid, like all her mates, with the new and eager splendor of a long-awaited opportunity. This new-comer had nodded smilingly to many people on entering—to her neighbors on either side, to a large dinner party that filled three boxes across the house. She seemed pleased to have so many persons to bow to so publicly; and everybody whom she favored seemed equally glad of an opportunity to return her attention.

Ogden looked at her, and turned his eyes away.

"I—I have never seen her before," he said. "I don't know who she is," he appeared to imply.

But he knew perfectly well who she was. He knew that she was Cecilia Ingles, and his heart was constricted by the sight of her. It is for such a woman that one man builds a Clifton, and that a hundred others are martyred to it.

THE END.

VII.—CONSTANTINOPLE.

A LITTLE Italian steamer drew cautiously away from the Piræus when the waters of the bay were quite black and the quays looked like a row of foot-lights in front of the dark curtain of the night. She grazed the anchor chains of H. M. S. the *Colossus*, where that ship of war's broad white deck lay level with the water, as heavy and solid as a stone pier. She seemed to rise like an island of iron from the very bottom of the bay. Her sailors, as broad and heavy and clean as the decks, raised their heads from their pipes as we passed under the glare of the man-of-war's electric lights, and a bugle call came faintly from somewhere up in the bow. It sounded as though it were a quarter of a mile away. Our lower deck was packed with Greeks and Albanians and Turks, lying as closely together on the hard planks as cartridges in the front of a Circassian's overcoat. They were very dirty and very handsome, in rakish little black silk pill-box caps, with red and gold tops, and the initials "H. I." worked in the embroidery; their canvas breeches were as baggy and patched and muddy as those of a football player, and their sleeveless jackets and double waistcoats of red and gold made them look like a uniformed soldiery that had seen very hard service. Priests of the Greek Church, with long hair and black formless robes, and hats like stove-pipes with the brim around the upper end, paraded the narrow confines of the second cabin, and German tourists with red guide-books, and the Italian ship's officers with a great many medals and very bad manners, stamped up and down the main deck and named the shadowy islands that rose from the sea and dropped out of sight again as we steamed past them. In the morning the islands had disappeared altogether, and we were between high banks—higher than but not so steep as the Palisades; rows of little scrubby trees ran along their fronts in lateral lines, and at their base mud forts with mud barracks and thatched roofs pointed little cannon at us from every jutting rock. We were so near that one could have hit the face of the high hills with a stone. These were the Dardanelles, the banks that nature has set between the Sea of Marmora and the Mediterranean to protect Constantinople from Mediterranean squadrons. We pass between these banks for hours, between the high bank of Roumelia on one side and the low hilly country of Asia where Troy once stood on the other, until, at sunset, we are halted in the narrowest strait of the Dardanelles between the Castle of Asia and the Castle of Europe, "the Lock of the Sea"—that sea of which Gibraltar is the key. That night we cross through the Sea of Marmora, and by sunrise are at Constantinople.

Constantinople is such a long word and so few of the people you know have visited it in comparison with those who have wintered at Cairo or at Rome, or who have spent a season at Vienna, or taken music lessons in Berlin, that you approach it with a mind prepared for surprises and with the hope of the unexpected. I had expected that the heart of the Ottoman Empire would be outwardly a brilliant and flashing city of gilded domes and minarets, a cluster of colored house fronts rising from the dancing waters of the Bosporus, and with the banks lined with great white palaces among gardens of green trees. There are more gilded domes in New York city and in Boston than in Constantinople. In New York there are three, and in Boston there is the State House, which looks very fine indeed from the new bridge across the Charles when the river is blocked with gray ice, and a setting sun is throwing a light on the big yellow globe. But Constantinople is all white and gray, the palaces that line the Bosporus are of a brilliant white stucco, and the mosques, like monster turtles, that give the city its chief distinction, are a dull white. In the Turkish quarter the houses are more sombre still, of a peculiar black wood, and built like the old log forts in which our great-grandfathers took refuge from the Indians—square buildings with an overhanging story from which those inside could fire down upon the enemy below. The jutting balcony on the Turkish houses is for the less serious purpose of allowing the harem to look down upon the passers-by. Constantinople is a fair-weather city, and needs the sun and the blue sky and the life of the waters about it, which give to the city its real individuality. It misses in winter the pleasure-yachts of the summer months, the white uniforms of the thousands of boatmen, and the brighter dressing of the awnings and flags of the ships and steamers.

But the waters about Constantinople are its best part, and are fuller and busier and brighter than either those around the Battery or those below the Thames Embankment, and by standing on its wide wooden bridge, over which more people pass in a day than over any other (save London Bridge) in the world, one can see a procession of all the nations of the East. Constantinople is a much more primitive city than one would expect the largest of all Eastern cities to be. It impresses you as a city without any municipal control whatsoever, and you come upon a building with the stamp of the municipal palace upon it with as much surprise as you would feel in finding an underwriter's office at the north pole. In many ways it is the most primitive city that I have ever been in. In all that pertains to the Sultan, to the religion of the people, of which he is the head, and to the army, the recognition due them is rigidly and impressively observed. But in what regards the local life of the people there seems to be absolutely no interest and no responsibility. There is no such absolute power in Europe, not excepting that of the Czar or of the young Emperor, as is that exercised by the Sultan; and the mosques of the faithful are guarded and decorated and held more highly in reverence than are many churches of a more civilized people, and the army impresses you as one you would much prefer to lead than one from which you would elect to run away. But the comfort of the inhabitants of Constantinople is little considered. There is nothing that one can see which would engender a desire to remain in the city; there is no "public spirit," unless building a mosque and calling it after yourself, in a city already supplied with the most magnificent of such temples, can be called public spirited. Of course one does not go to Constantinople to see electric lights and asphalt pavements, or to gather statistics on the poor-rate, but it is interesting to find people so nearly in touch with the world in many things, and so far away from it in others. As long as I do not have to live in Constantinople, I find its lack of municipal spirit quite as interesting a feature of the city as its mosques.

Constantinople, for example, is a city with as large a population as has Berlin or Vienna, and its fire department is what you see in the picture accompanying this article. They are very handsome men, as you can note for yourself, and very smart-looking, but when they go to a fire they make a bargain with the owner of the building before they attempt to save his property. The great fire tower in the capital of the Ottoman Empire is in Galata, and from it watchmen survey the city with glasses, and at the first sight of a blazing roof one of them runs down the tower and races through the uneven streets, calling out the fact that a house is burning, and where that house may be. Each watchman he meets takes up the cry, and continues calling out that the house is burning, even though the house is three miles away, until it burns down or is built up again, or the watchman is retired for long service and pensioned. Besides these amateur firemen there are two real fire companies, but they can do little in a city of 800,000 people.

The police who guard Constantinople at night are an equally primitive body of men. They carry a heavy club, about five feet long and as thick as a man's wrist, and with this they beat the stones in the streets to assure people that they are attending strictly to their work, and are not sleeping in doorways. The result of this is that no one can get to sleep, and all evil-minded persons can tell exactly where the night watchman is, and so keep out of his way. The watchman under my window seemed to act on the idea of the gentleman who, on taking his first trip on a sleeping-car, declared that if he couldn't sleep no one else should, and acted accordingly.

There is nothing, so far as I can see, in which the Oriental delights as much as he does in making a noise. It is most curious to find a whole people without nerves, who cannot talk without shouting, and who cannot shout without giving you the idea that they are in great pain, and that unless relief comes promptly they will die, and that will be your fault. Those of them who sell bread or fruits or fish or beads, or whatever it may be, in the streets bellow rather than shout, or cry in sharp, agonizing shrieks, high and nasal and fierce. They apparently never "move on." They always meet under your window or at the corners of a street, and there all shout at once, and no one pays the least attention to them. They might be lamp-posts or minarets, for all the notice they receive. I can imagine no fate or torture so awful as to be taken ill in Constantinople and have to lie helpless and listen to the street cries, to the tin horns of the men who run ahead of the street cars—which incidentally gives you an idea of the speed of these cars—and to the snarling and barking of the thousands of street dogs.

There are three or four intensely interesting ceremonies and many show-places in Constantinople which are unlike anything of the same sort in any other city. Apart from these and the bazars, which are very wonderful, there is nothing in the city itself which makes even the Oriental seek it in preference to his own mountains or plains or native village. Constantinople, so far as its population is to be considered, is standing still. It impresses you as stagnant before your statistical friend or the oldest member of the diplomatic corps or the oldest inhabitant tells you that this is so. You can very well imagine the Frank's finding a long residence in Cairo possible, or in pretty little Athens, where the boulevards and the classics are so strangely jumbled, but one cannot understand a man's settling down in Constantinople. Where there are no women there can be no court, and the few rich Greek residents and still fewer of the pashas and the diplomats make the society of the city. Even these last find it far from gay, for it so happens that the ambassadors are all either bachelors, widowers, or the husbands of invalid wives, and the result is a society which depends largely on a very smart club for its amusement. In the winter time, when the snow and rain sweep over the three hills, and the solitary street of Galata is a foot deep in slush and mud, and the china stoves radiate a candle-like heat in a room built to let in all the air possible, I can imagine few less desirable places than the capital of the Ottoman Empire. This is in the winter only; as I have said, it is a fair-weather city.

There are three things which one is taken to see in Constantinople—the mosque of St. Sophia, the treasures of the Sultan, and the Sultan going to pray in his own private mosque. The Sultan's own mosque is situated conveniently near his palace, not more than a few hundred feet distant. Once every Friday he rides this distance, and once a year journeys as far as the mosque of St. Sophia. With these outings he is content, and on no other occasions does he show himself to his people or leave his palace. This is what it is to be a sovereign of many countries in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and the head of the Mussulman religion, to rule nations and lands conquered by your ancestors, of which you see less than a donkey-boy in Cairo or the owner of a caïque on the Bosporus. We used to sing in college,

"The Sultan better pleases me;
His life is full of jollity."

The jollity of a life which the possessor believes to be threatened by assassination in every form and at any moment is of a somewhat ghastly nature. You obtain tickets for the Selamlik, as the ceremony of the Sultan's visit to his mosque is called, and you are requested, as you are supposed to be the guest of the Sultan on these occasions, not to bring opera-glasses. But it is nevertheless strongly suggestive of a theatrical performance. The mosque is on one side of a wide street; the houses in which the spectators sit, like the audience in a grand stand, is on the other. One end of the street is blocked by a great square, and the other by the gateway of the palace from which the Sultan comes. The street is not more than a hundred yards in length. A band of music enters first and plays the overture to this ceremony. It is mounted on horseback and followed by a double line of cavalrymen on white horses, and each carrying a lance at rest with a red pennant. There are thousands of these, they stretch out like telegraph poles on the prairie to an interminable length, their scarlet pennants flapping and rustling in the sharp east wind like a forest of autumn leaves. You begin to suspect that they are going around the square and returning again many times as the supers do in *Ours*. Then the horses turn black and the overcoats of the men change from gray to blue, and more scarlet pennants stretch like an arch of bunting along the street leading to the palace, until they have all filed into the open square and halt there stirrup to stirrup, a moving mass of 4000 restless horses and 4000 scarlet flags. And then more bands and drums and bugle calls come from every point of the city, and regiment after regiment swarms up the hill on which the palace rests, the tune of one band of music breaking in on the tune of

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the next, as do those of the political processions at home, until every approach to the gate of the palace is blocked from curb to curb with armed men, and you look out and down upon the points of five thousand bayonets crushed into a space not one-fifth as large as Madison Square. There is no populace to see this spectacle, only those of the faithful who stop on their way to Mecca to catch this glimpse of the head of their religion, and a few women who have brought petitions to present to him are allowed within the lines of soldiers.

But pashas and beys and other high dignitaries are arriving every moment in full regalia, for this is like a drawing-room at Buckingham Palace, or a levee at St. James's, and every one must leave all other matters to attend it. Twenty men with twenty carts rush out suddenly from the curtain of Zouaves and sailors, and scatter soft gravel on the fifty yards of roadway over which the Sultan intends to drive. They remind you of the men in the circus who spread saw-dust over the ring after the horses' hoofs have torn it. And then, high above the heads of the nine thousand soldiers and the few thousand more dignitaries, diplomats, and spectators, a priest in a green turban calls aloud from the top of the minaret. It is a very beautiful cry or call in a strong sweet tenor voice, inexpressibly weird and sad and impressive. It is answered by a bugle call given slowly and clearly like a man speaking, and at a certain note the entire nine thousand soldiers salute. It is done with a precision and shock so admirable that you would think, except for the volume of the noise, that but one man had moved his piece. The voice of the priest rises again, and is answered by triumphant strains of brass, and the gates of the palace open, and a glittering procession of officers and princes and pashas moves down the broad street, encircling a carriage drawn by two horses and driven by servants in gold. At the sight of this the soldiers cry, "Long live the Sultan," three times. It is like the roar of a salute of cannon and has all the feeling of a cheer. The Sultan sits in the back of the open carriage, a little, thin, tired looking man, with a hooked nose and black beard. He is dressed in a fur overcoat and fez. As he passes, the men of his army—and they *are* men—salute him, and the veiled women stand on tiptoe behind them and stretch out their petitions, and the pashas and chamberlains and cabinet officers bend their bodies and touch the hand to the heart, lip, and forehead, and drop it again to the knee. The pilgrims to Mecca fall prostrate on their faces, and the Sultan bows his head and touches his head to his fez. Opposite him sits Osman Pasha, the hero of the last war, and one of the greatest generals of the world, his shoulders squared, his heart covered with stars, and his keen observant eyes wandering from the pale face of his sovereign to the browned, hardy looking countenances of his men. The Sultan remains a half-hour in the mosque, and on his return drives himself back to the palace in an open landau. This was the first time I had seen the Turkish soldier in bulk, and he impressed me more than did any other soldier I had seen along the shores of the Mediterranean. I had seen the British troops repulse an imaginary attack upon the rock of Gibraltar, and half of the Army of Occupation in Egypt dislodge an imaginary enemy from the sand hills around Cairo, and I had seen French and Italian and Greek soldiers in lesser proportion and in lesser activity. But to me none of these had the build or the bearing or the ready if rough look of these Turks. The French Zouaves of Algiers came next to them in mind, and it may be that the similarity of the uniform would explain that, but as I heard the Sultan's troops that morning marching up the hills to their outlandish music, and looked into eyes that had never been shedded from the sun, and at the spring and swing of legs that had never worn civilized trousers, I recalled several notable battles of past history, and the more recent lines of Mr. Rudyard Kipling where he pays his compliments to the Russian on the frontier:

> "I'm sorry for Mr Blueboard,
> I'd be sorry to cause him pain;
> But a bullet of a sepoy
> There is sure to be
> When he comes back again."

The Oriental is one of those people who do things by halves. He has a fine army, but the hulk of his navy has not left the Golden Horn for many years, and it is doubtful if it could leave it, his palace walls are of mosaic and wonderfully painted tiles, and the roofs of rusty tin, his sons are given the questionable but expensive education of Paris, and his daughters are not allowed to walk abroad unless guarded by servants, and with the knowledge that every policeman spies upon them, knowing that, could he detect them in an indiscretion, he would be rewarded and gain promotion. Consequently it does not surprise you when you find the Sultan's treasures heaped together under dirty glass cases, and treated with the indifference a child pays to its last year's toys.

The crown jewels and regalia kept at the Tower, itself under iron bars and guarded by Beef-eaters, are not half as impressive as are the jewels of the Sultan, which lie covered with dust under a glass show-case, and guarded by a few gloomy looking effendis in frock coats. All the presents from other monarchs and all the gifts of lesser notables who have sought some Sultan's favor, all the arms and trophies of generations of wars, are piled together in this treasury with less care than one would give to a rack of pipes. It is a very remarkable exhibition, and it is most offensive in its Oriental disregard for wealth through long association with it. Bronze busts of emperors, jewelled swords, imperial orders, music boxes, gun cases, weapons of gold instead of steel, precious stones, and silver dressing cases are all heaped together in dusty shelves, without order and classification and without care. You can see here handfuls of uncut precious stones on china plates or dozens of gold and silver pistols thrown in a corner like kindling wood. And the most remarkable exhibition of all is the magnificent robes of those Sultans who are dead, with the jewels and jewelled swords and belts and insignia worn by them, placed on dummies in a glass case, as though they were a row of stuffed birds or specimens of rock. In the turbans of one of these figures there are pearls as large as a woman's thumb, and emeralds and rubies as large as eggs, and ropes of diamonds. This sounds like a story from the *Arabian Nights*, but then these are the heroes of the *Arabian Nights*—the Sultans who owned the whole northern coast of Africa, and who spent on display and ornament what we put into education and railroads.

The Mosque of St. Sophia is one of the first things you are taken to see in Constantinople. It is to the Mussulman what St. Peter's is to the good Catholic, although Justinian built it, and the cross still shows in many parts of the great building. Three times during the year this mosque is illuminated within and without, and every good Mussulman attends there to worship.

There is something very fine about the religion of Mahommed—you do not have to know much about it to appreciate the faith of its followers whether you know what it is they believe or not. In their outward observance, at least, of the rules laid down for them in the Koran, they show a sincerity which teaches a great lesson. You can see them at any hour of the day or in any place going through their devotions. A soldier will kneel down in a band stand, where a moment before he has been playing for the regiment, and say his prayers before two thousand spectators, and I have had some difficulty in getting my trunks on the Orient Express, because the porters a rue at another end of a crowded noisy platform bowing towards the East. Once a year they fast for a month, the season of Ramazan, and as I was in Eastern countries during that month I know that they fast rigidly. Ramazan begins in Egypt when the new moon appears in a certain well near Cairo. Two men watch this well, and when they see the reflection of the new moon on its surface they run into Cairo with the news, and Ramazan begins. There is nothing which so well illustrates the unchangeableness of the East and its customs as the sight of these men running through the streets of Cairo, with its dog-carts and electric lights, its calendars and almanacs, to tell that the moon has again reached that point that it had reached few many hundreds of years before, when all the faithful must fast and pray. On one of the last days of Ramazan I went to the door of St. Sophia, and was led up a winding staircase in one of its minarets—a minaret-tower so broad and high that the staircase within it has no steps, but is paved smoothly like a street. It seemed as though we had been climbing nearly ten minutes before we stepped out into a great gallery, and looked down upon thousands of turbaned figures bowing and kneeling and rising again in long rows like infantry in close order. Between these worshippers and ourselves were fifty circles of floating tapers swinging from chains, and hanging like a smoky curtain of fire between us and the figures below. The voice of the priest rose in a high uncanny cry, and the sound of the thousands of men falling forward on their faces and arms was like the rumble of the waves breaking on the shore. Outside, the tops of minarets were circled with lights and lamps strung on long ropes, with the ends flying free, and swinging to and fro in the night wind like necklaces of stars. This was the most beautiful of all the sights of Constantinople, and as a matter of opinion, and not of fact, I think the best part of Constantinople is that part of it that is in the air.

Before ending this last article of this series of articles on the Mediterranean I should like to make two suggestions to the reader who has not yet visited the Mediterranean and who thinks of doing so. Let him not be deterred, in the first place, by any idea of the difficulties of the journey, for he can go from Gibraltar all along the northern coast of Africa and into Greece and Italy with as little trouble and with as much comfort as it is possible for him to make the journey from New York to Chicago. And in the second place, should he go in the winter or spring, let him not be misled by "Italian skies," or "the blue Mediterranean," or "the dancing waters of the Bosporus," into imagining that he is going to be any warmer on the northern coast of Africa than he is in New York. I wore exactly the same clothes in Italy that I wore the day I left the North River blocked with ice, and I watched a snow-storm falling on "the dancing waters of the Bosporus." There are warm days, of course, but it is well to follow that good old-fashioned rule in any part of the world, that it is cold in winter and warm in summer, and people who spend their lives in trying to dodge this fact might as well try running away from death and the postal system. To any one who has but a little time and a little money to spend on a holiday, I would suggest going to Gibraltar, and from there to Spain and Morocco. This is the only place, perhaps, in the world where three so widely different people and three such picturesque people as the Moor, the British soldier, and the Spaniard can be found within two hours of one another. Morocco, from political causes, is less civilized than any other part of the northern part of Africa; and it can be seen, and with it the southern cities of Spain and the Rock of Gibraltar, in five or six weeks, and at a cost of a very few hundred dollars. This was to me the most interesting part of the Mediterranean, chiefly, of course—for it possesses few of the beauties or monuments or historical values of the other shores of that sea—because it was unknown to tourists and guide-books. A visit to the rest of the Mediterranean is merely verifying for yourself what you have already learned from others.

A DILEMMA IN ETHICS.

Mr. J. Asnoy Smith, of West Ipswich, Connecticut, the well-known inventor finds himself in a curious predicament. Owing to the inadequate protection furnished to inventors by our patent laws, Mr. Smith is far from well-to-do, in fact is in very straitened circumstances. Although many of his inventions are in general use, and have made fortunes for other people, Mr. Smith is confined to the threadbare and bread and water existence common to most poets and inventors. Pie is an unusual luxury in the Smith household, and the family is rarely represented at the annual visits of the circus.

In addition to being an inventor, Mr. Smith is a good citizen and a consistent Baptist. Just now he finds those two estimable qualifications opposed to his financial success in his chosen work. His latest invention, the complete details of which he rigidly refuses to make public, is a device to be applied to any button—shoe, shirt, overcoat, or otherwise—for the purpose of attaching it securely to its appropriate garment. It does away entirely with the necessity for needle, thread, thimble, or female assistance. It accomplishes its work instantaneously, and can be used by the most inexpert and awkward fingered bachelor. This invention, it will be seen, is calculated rapidly to amass a fortune for its owner.

But just here is where Mr. Smith's perplexity arises. He has read much in the newspapers about the increase in the number of clubs and their comforts. He has read about bachelor apartment-houses and their luxuries. He has also read about the consequent alarming decrease of the ratio of marriages to population. He sees wealth within his grasp, but also sees that the Smith Automatic Button would remove one of the primal causes of matrimony. With it in general use no man would feel obliged to marry.

Mr. Smith's temptation is great, but he believes that wedlock is a divine institution. With St. Paul he holds that matrimony should be honorable among all men, and he believes that it is not well for man to live alone. Therefore he cannot bring himself to aid and abet the present tendency to make marriage less necessary. But he knows of many estimable Baptists and good citizens like himself who derive portions of their incomes from the rental of bachelor apartments. In weak moments it seems to idea that he may safely follow their example.

In these days of lax consciences Mr. Smith's scruples are most creditable to him. He has submitted the entire question to the elders of the Ipswich Baptist Tabernacle, and we hope for Mr. Smith's sake they will take a broad and liberal view of the question. Their decision will be awaited with much interest.

James S. Metcalfe.

THE SPECIAL SESSION.

There were many old familiar faces on the floor of the House when the Clerk mounted the rostrum and called the members to order in special session on the 7th of August. There was Judge Holman, of Indiana, just beginning his fifteenth term, without whose alien figure and grizzled face the House would not seem complete, and his contemporary, Charlie O'Neill, of Pennsylvania, with the reputation of knowing every voter and having kissed every baby in his Congressional district. And there was also big Tom Reed, of Maine, his smooth baby face wreathed in smiles, moving with elephantine tread across the floor to hold out his plump hand to a political enemy. Presently these two will meet in debate, and Mr. Reed will take his opponent's scalp off and hang it at his belt; but he will do it so neatly and so smilingly that he will leave no personal rancor behind. There was Blair of New Hampshire, blond of beard and soft of voice, translated from the Senate to a Chinese mission which he never filled, and now restored to a place in the House by an urgent constituency, as he tells us through the Congressional Directory.

Bland of Missouri would not miss this session for five good years of his life. He stands the most determined defender of silver and of the dollar which bears his name. He does not look like a man of much weight, with his insignificant figure, his close cropped beard framing rather pronounced features, and his dull eyes looking out beneath a pair of heavy eyebrows. He has a nasal twang in his voice which is far from musical. But he knows the silver question as very few men do, and he is an expert in the rules of the House.

There is Hatch, another Missourian, with a big body and a big good natured face, perpetually a candidate for high appointive place, and perpetually disappointed, guarding the farmer's interest with pure food bills and anti-option bills and all sorts of paternal measures which infringe the rights of the little Populist following. Chief of the Populists in interest is the sage of Medicine Lodge, the immortal Jerry Simpson.

Not the least famous of the New Yorkers on the floor is the hero of the Chicago Convention, Bourke Cockran, the silver tongued Irishman who thought that Cleveland could not carry New York. The New Yorkers make up in brains what they lack in stature. There is John R. Fellows, less than five feet eight inches tall, but with brains enough for two such men. Amos Cummings is not far away, prepared to repeat his great feat of presiding over the House of Representatives while he eats a piece of pie from one hand and writes a syndicate letter with the other. He is the best of the "old prints" on the floor, and there are a good many of them who stood at the case not many years ago.

Smooth-cheeked Tim Campbell furnishes the comedy element in the New York delegation. He is the originator of that phrase so general in the polite world to day, but which he first made at Secretary Whitney's, "Sure there's no flies on that dinner." If you knew Tim in politics you would not be surprised to hear that his cousin Jim is one of the shrewdest bankers in the city of St. Louis. Tim's time for many days will be devoted to the denial of that slanderous report that he is writing a novel of Washington life.

There is a face familiar to the older members, but strange to those who came first to the last Congress. It is a grizzled, weather beaten face, fringed with a heavy beard, well pointed. It is the face of the veteran "Joe" Cannon, of Illinois, who was defeated for election in the Fifty second Congress after eighteen years of continuous service. He has a pleasant word for all his old friends, and they are many. There is another survivor of that notable recolation of 1890 in Charles H. Grosvenor, of Ohio, gray bearded and round-shouldered. When he went out of the Fifty first Congress it was only a question of time when he would return. He has friends all over the House, for his campaigning has taken him to the remotest corners of the United States.

Oates of Alabama leads one of the Southern contingents, his empty sleeve attesting his courage in war, his firm expression and steady eye telling of his independence in legislation. He is prepared to stop the wheels of Congress, again unless the rules are changed, to prevent any piece of legislation that he individually opposes. Bankes of Indiana, the hero of the mine during the stormy time of Tom Reed's rule as Speaker, is not far away. He was writing a book a few years ago, but it has not been heard from since. John C. Black, of Illinois, who was at the head of the Pension Office during Mr. Cleveland's first term, is a familiar figure to most of the members, though this is his first term in Congress. He should be of immense service to the Democratic party in the threatened revision of the pension list and laws. Then there is courtly Colonel Hooker, of Mississippi, another one armed veteran of the Confederate army, the embodiment of the spirit of the "true Southern gentleman." Near him is General Dan Sickles, of New York, the hero of a hundred offices and of a good many hard fights. His empty trousers leg will match Mr. Hooker's sleeve. Hooker's colleague, Secretary Herbert, will be missed. So will the colleague of Speaker Crisp, Mr. Cleveland's "paramount" representative, Mr. Blount.

Mr. Boutelle of Maine is on hand looking as much like a sad sea dog as ever and quite as well prepared to splice the main brace or to discuss the question of armored cruisers or line of battle ships. There are many familiar faces and figures, and there are many "budding" statesmen whose fame may date from the meeting of the extra session of the Fifty third Congress.

George Grantham Bain.

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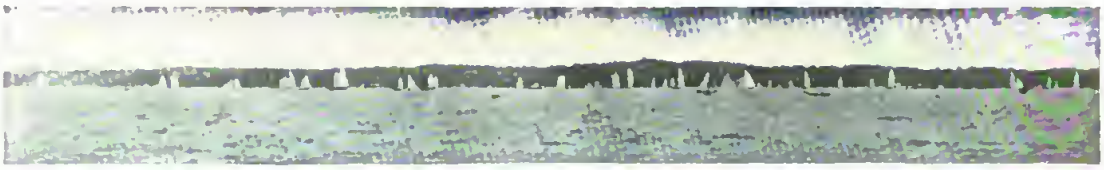
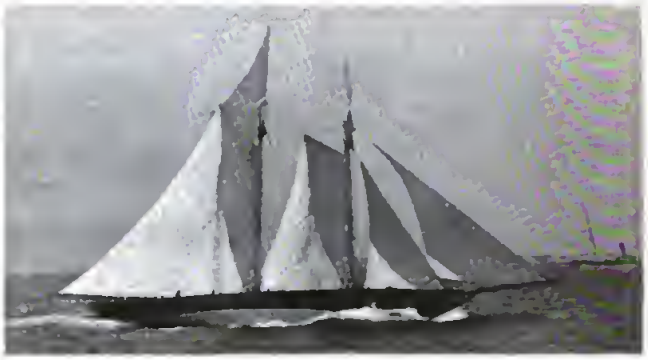


THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB FLEET AT THE RENDEZVOUS, GLEN COVE.

"QUEEN MAB" NEARING THE MATINICOOK POINT MARK ON THE SECOND LEG.



THE "ARIEL."
Winner of Commodore Cups for Schooners.

Vigilant. Flagship Mag. Queen Mab.

START OF THE SLOOPS

WAITING FOR THE START AT GLEN COVE.

THE WRECKED "VIGILANT."
Clearing away for the Return to Glen Cove.

THE "COLONIA" ROUNDING THE MATINICOOK POINT MARK.
Winner of Commodore Cup for Sloops.

THE WRECKED "VIGILANT."
Bowsprit and Topmast gone.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB CRUISE AND CUP RACES.

The Rendezvous at Glen Cove and Races for Commodore Cups.—From Photographs by N. L. Stebbins.—[See "Amateur Sport."]

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THE JOHNSON FAMILY VISIT THE DAHOMAN VILLAGE.

MRS. JOHNSON. "EZWELL JOHNSON, STOP SHAKIN' HAN'S WID DAT HEATHEN! YOU WANT DE HULL FAIR TER T'INK YOU'S FOUND A POO' RELATION?"

FIRING SEA-COAST GUNS AT UNSEEN TARGETS.

IT is not the custom, I believe, for a sportsman who is anxious for a large bag to shut both his eyes just as he is aiming at the birds, nor for the expert rifle shot to expect to make a long string of bull's-eyes off a target that he cannot see. Yet when Uncle Sam's artillerymen use their great guns against an enemy's men-of-war they will have to aim their pieces at unseen targets, and the reason for this is readily seen.

A philosopher is said to have asked, "What good is a man when his wife is a widow?" Uncle Sam, when brought face to face with the rapid strides made in recent years in the manufacture of death-dealing weapons—the deadly small-calibre rifles and rapid fire guns—has had to ask himself the question, "What good is a gunner if he doesn't live long enough to discharge his gun?"

Let us take a look at the modern types of battle-ship and cruiser. Mounted along the rail and upon the upper deck you see a row of revolving cannon and rapid fire guns, some discharged by the revolution of a crank, and others by pulling a trigger, exactly like a pistol. Up aloft, on the top of the artillery-masts, are platforms protected by steel barbettes, over which peer more rapid-fire guns, with Gatlings to help them out. So when the ship has cleared for action, while the big guns below are hammering away at the turrets and casements of the defence, trying to batter in their sturdy sides, a bluejacket, standing behind each rapid fire and machine gun, is watching like a cat for any stray head that may appear in the fort, and from these guns will pour such a deadly storm of bullets, shell, and shrapnel that a gunner will not live long enough to pull a lanyard, much less to load and aim his piece. It then becomes necessary to devise a scheme which will provide at the same time for the protection of the cannoneers and the accurate pointing of the guns. As yet no complete system of range and position finding, as it is called, has been officially adopted by the War Department, but the following excellent method, devised by Captain Chester, of the Third United States Artillery, will give the reader an idea of the general principles involved.

In the proposed system for the defence of our coast the 16-inch steel breech loading rifle, the largest gun that we propose to make, will be mounted in an iron turret. These guns are enormously expensive, and it would be poor policy to have one of these costly weapons disabled by a stray shot; so they will be placed in chilled iron turrets, made cupola-shaped to deflect the enemy's projectiles, and revolved by steam or electric power. The 14-inch and 12-inch rifles are to be mounted in armored casemates—galleries or chambers in the parapet of a fort, the exterior of which is protected by heavy armor. The cannon are fired through embrasures or openings in the parapet, built of such dimensions that the gun may be aimed freely, and at the same time protection be secured for the cannoneers. Finally, our least expensive ordnance—the 10-inch and 8-inch rifles, which cost only $30,000 and $15,000 respectively—are mounted in barbette; that is, the guns are placed behind a parapet, generally made of earth with a core of rubber or concrete, and fired over the top, without any overhead protection. To secure this protection the gun carriages are either placed on movable platforms, which are raised by hydraulic or steam power when the gun is to be fired, and lowered immediately after the discharge, or the piece is mounted on a disappearing carriage, so contrived that the gun is raised into its firing position, generally by counterpoise weights, and the recoil carries it back again below the parapet, in position to be again loaded and aimed.

In all of these cases it is plain that the gunner cannot see his target. If his piece be mounted in a turret or casemate, his field of view is limited by the area of the embrasure, and a whole fleet could manœuvre with impunity under the gun noses of his guns, provided they kept out of the small space visible from his place behind his piece. Why does he not make his embrasure larger? Those keen-eyed bluejackets behind the rapid fire guns would soon find out this weak point in the defence, and when they had once obtained the range, it is safe to say that the gunner would fire but few more shots in that engagement. In the barbette batteries the pieces have to be loaded and aimed behind the parapet, and unless the cannoneers have eyes that can see through seventy-five feet of earth, they must fire at random, with as good a chance of hitting their own floating defences as of disabling the enemy. What, then, is our gunner to do? He cannot use his own eyes, so he has recourse to the eyes of science.

Let us suppose that in the year 1905 England and the United States, falling foul of each other again on the Bering Sea question, lose their tempers, reject all ideas of arbitration, and declare war. John Bull prepares at once for a descent upon our coasts, and Uncle Sam loses no time in making ready to give him a warm reception.

At Fort Farragut, commanding the approaches to the harbor of Portsville, final preparations are being made for the defence of the position against the English fleet. Some years before, under the provisions of a general order issued by the War Department, the commanding officer of the fort had detailed a young lieutenant, fresh from his drawing-board at West Point, to make an accurate and complete map of the harbor. This map is divided into squares by horizontal and vertical lines, and these squares—the sides of which represent a hundred yards—are then numbered, so that the position of a ship in the harbor is at once made known by giving the number of the square in which she lies. Tables are next prepared showing the distance in yards from the centre of each square to every gun in the fort, and the elevation necessary to be given the gun that its projectiles may reach any square.

Two points determining an imaginary line, called the "base line," are selected, from which a clear and unobstructed view of the whole harbor may be obtained, and the distance between these points accurately measured. At each end of the base-line bomb-proof covers and steel conning towers are erected, so that under their shelter the observers and telegraph operators may do their work undisturbed by the enemy's fire. Each station is supplied with telegraph and angle measuring instruments. When this has been done the determination of the position of the enemy's ships is an easy matter. The commander of the fort telegraphs to the observers at the base ends "Ready to observe the battle-ship *Nelson*." Each observer turns his telescope on the indicated ship, an electric bell rings a signal from the commander, the angles are read off and telegraphed at once to the central station. Here the adjutant lays off the indicated angles from each end of the base line marked on the chart of the harbor, and the point of intersection of the lines making these angles with the base line falls in the square where the vessel was at the time of observation. A glance at the diagram will make this clear.

All these things having been prepared, the day now comes when the lookouts on the headlands telegraph the news of the coming of the English fleet. High above the works, in his conning tower, sits the commander of the fort, his eye at the telescope and his finger on the electric button, controlling and directing every officer and man, every gun and mortar, in the defences. Telegraph and telephone wires run from this central station through heavily protected conduits to the observing stations and batteries. In the room below the tower are stationed the adjutant and his assistants, ready to collect and distribute throughout the works the information that comes clicking from the stations at the ends of the base-lines. Let us go down into this battery at the right of the works, where four 12-inch guns are standing in an armored casemate waiting for the signal from the central watch

A B, base-line. *C*, position of ship. *C A B*, *C B A*, angles measured by observers. Scale, 1:6; sides of squares, 100 yards.

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tower to play their important part in the general scheme of defence. The first relief of cannoneers has finished loading, and the men are standing about the guns, clothed only in shirts and trousers, and with arms bared to the elbow, for the work of manœuvring these great guns is onerous and exhausting. Hand-cars are lumbering down the track from the shot-sheds and storage magazines to discharge the barrels of powder and the 1000-pound projectiles into the service magazine between the guns. Here the magazine-service men are busy knocking in the heads of the barrels, weighing the charges, and tying up the powder in cartridge bags. At the two guns on the right of the battery a boyish-looking lieutenant is making a last inspection of the mechanism of the carriages, while another officer, in charge of the left pieces, is giving his final directions to two artillery sergeants standing at attention before him. From under the arches of the casemate in rear peer the anxious faces of the soldiers of the second and third reliefs, drawn from their rest by the silent solemnity of the scene and the weird attraction that danger seems to have for all men. You will notice that the circular iron plates bolted to the gun platform, on which the wheels of the carriage run, are graduated into degrees and minutes, with the zero point of the scale distinctly marked. By means of these traverse circles, as they are called, the gunner is enabled to give the proper direction to the piece, moving it so many degrees and minutes to the right or left, according to the directions received from the captain.

Behind the bullet-proof sides of his conning-tower sits the captain of the battery, waiting for his target to be indicated to him by the commander of the fort. In front of him is spread out the chart of the harbor, on which are marked in zones the elevations necessary for his guns to reach the different squares. A powerful telescope, working on an arc graduated to correspond accurately with the traverse circles of the guns, enables him to search any part of the harbor, while by means of electric buttons convenient to his hand he can discharge his battery from his position in the tower. Behind him stands his first sergeant, to assist him in his work, and in the adjacent room, protected from shot and shell, the telegraph operators and assistants are waiting for the signal to commence the fight.

Suddenly the heavy silence is broken by the clanging of an electric gong, and everybody takes his place in readiness for the combat. The telegraph instrument clicks the order, "Your target is the battle-ship *Sanspareil*, the second ship in the first echelon." The captain trains his telescope on the vessel indicated, reads the corresponding angle on the arc, and makes the necessary corrections for wind and other deviating causes. From the direction and speed of the vessel he quickly estimates how far she will have gone by the time the guns are ready to be fired, and having made this final correction in the reading of his telescope, he obtains the proper direction to be given the gun in order to hit the ship. In the mean time the observers at the ends of the base-line, at a signal from the commanding officer, take the angles of the vessel, and telegraph them back to the central station. Here they are quickly plotted by the adjutant as shown in the diagram, and he wires to the captain of the battery, "Square 21." The captain looks at his chart for Square 21, reads the elevation marked on it, and sends this elevation, together with the angle described above, to the lieutenants at the guns.

A sharp command is given, and the cannoneers spring to their places, the great guns are swung slowly until the pointers on the carriages are set to the required angle on the traverse-circles and firmly clamped. The gunners mount quickly on the platforms in rear of the pieces, place the sights in their sockets, and give the guns the proper elevation, while the other cannoneers retire to the rear of the casemate, there to await the result of their shots at a target they have never seen. "All ready, sir," is passed back to the captain, who, with his eye at the telescope, presses the button that fires number one. A mighty roar fills the arches of the casemate, and an earthquake seems to be upheaving the floor, but, heedless of it all, the cannoneers spring back to their posts, and begin sponging and loading the piece. The telegraph instrument in the conning-tower clicks again; the observers at the base-ends are sending word, "Your first shot fifty yards short." The captain immediately sends the proper correction in elevation to the gunners, and when this correction is made he fires number two.

If the enemy is wary, he will not attempt to enter the harbor by day, but will wait for some cloudy night, without moon or star, when he can steal in under cover of the darkness and take position for battering the fort. But from sunset until daylight the entrance to the harbor will be watched by the tireless eyes of the electric search-lights on the fort. Their white rays will sweep the water from shore to shore, prying into every cove and inlet. When a ship is found stealing slowly in, the light that discovers it is kept steadily upon the vessel, while a second beam is thrown across the first, and moved along it until it reaches the ship. This points out the vessel to the observers at the base-ends, who, at a given signal, take her angles. The second light is then thrown off her, while under the steady glare of the first the ship stands out a brilliant target for the guns against the darkness of the night.

JOHN E. McMAHON,
First Lieutenant Second U. S. Artillery, A. D. C.

BY ADVERTISEMENT.

BY FRANCES McELRATH.

"I've about made up my mind I'll answer it," said Hiram Sturdy.

He had deliberated the matter constantly for several days before reaching this decision, and even now he drew the lamp nearer, as if a stronger light might reveal something that had escaped him in his many readings of the fascinating paragraph.

Hiram put conscience into lamp-cleaning as into everything he did. The clear light illumined his honest bronzed face bending intently over the newspaper spread out on the white pine table, and glanced across the barely furnished cabin to the row of bright tins hanging on the wall behind his cook-stove. Through a door opening into the other room of the ranch it made dimly visible his cot-bed spread with a buffalo-robe. Hiram's life was simple, and his wants primitively few.

"If she wasn't so tip top it would be easier," he muttered. "Young, beautiful, and stylish. Lord! the idea of me thinkin' of her! Wants to correspond with a well-to-do ranchman; object, matrimony. Humph! I wonder would she really look at a grizzled homely fellow like me? Women's such queer cattle, you never can tell what they would like. I've seen times when they preferred the homely ones. There's Phil Peters, now, I reckon I ain't worse-featured than him, and he's had two. So I've a mind to try my luck, and I shan't be cut up about it if she won't have me, seein' I ain't really ever kept company with her. And if she should think well enough of me to come out here, it would be awful nice."

The purple light was creeping over the eastern bad lands as Hiram finished his lengthy, laboriously composed letter.

"I've started out square with her, told her about the wart on the side of my nose, and just how lonesome it is on a Montana ranch six miles from a neighbor, and what work there is to do, and all," he said, as he put the carefully folded sheets of blue-lined paper in an envelope and addressed it to Miss Julie Raynor, Westville, Ohio.

It was already his customary hour for rising, so he freshened himself with a wash at the pump outside the door, and then cooked some coffee and bacon and potatoes for his breakfast. Then he pulled on his heavy boots, and tramped half a mile up the gentle slope behind the house and opened the irrigating ditch, which sent the water rilling through his acres of sprouting feed-corn. Before noon he rode over to the town road, and put his letter down the slit in the tin cracker-box fastened to a post on the lonely way-side in time for the incoming stage from Deadwood, which stopped that day to take up the mail and carry it on to Belle City.

In a few days a reply came to Hiram's letter. Billy the driver handed it down to him from the box-seat of the stage, and he rode off home with his sturdy heart thumping pretty hard against the envelope in the breast pocket of his red flannel shirt. It was a pink envelope, and exhaled a strong odor of musk in the warm contact. Hiram sniffed up the perfume with enjoyment. He hoped that the letter read as sweet as it smelled, and he made one or two conjectures as to its contents. But after a few attempts he modestly gave it up. He never before had received a love-letter, which he supposed this to be, and he felt a certain delicacy in framing one to himself. When he reached the ranch he closed the door on even the intruding prairie before opening his letter.

It was written in a smooth running hand, and its effusive expressions of affection made Hiram blush with happy shamefacedness as he read.

"Sayin' she knows I'm an old dear from the way I wrote, and that she loves me already. Pshaw now! she can't really mean that. Though 'tain't likely the girl's a liar. She don't mind the wart on my nose either, says she wouldn't care if I had six of them. She's seen enough trouble in life not to care for extremities. What's that? Oh, I reckon she means my nose is an extremity, it certainly does stick out some. No; it's *externals*. That's outside things. She only cares for my good heart. Bless her little heart, she shan't see any more trouble if I can help it."

His correspondent wrote that she was a clerk in a dry-goods store and lived with her grandmother in a little cottage on the outskirts of the town. She was glad to enter into a matrimonial correspondence with Hiram, because her grandmother was feeble and would leave her entirely alone when she died.

"Well, now," thought Hiram, "why not have the grandmother come out here too? I'll take care of them both well as not, and it might do the old lady no end of good."

He was for having them both come without further preliminaries, but Julie's next letter said the scheme was impracticable because her grandmother was too aged to make a change, and that they must wait until she died before thinking of marriage.

Hiram responded by return mail to this second letter, and received an early reply. The correspondence soon became the most absorbing as well as the pleasantest feature in his life, and each new letter increased his desire to see Julie Raynor.

The stage came out from town three times a week, and left the mail for the neighboring ranches at the cracker-box station, about which a group of horsemen were usually waiting when it arrived. Hiram took to meeting regularly with them. He did not deny that he had "a girl in the East" when his friends quizzed him about the regular appearance of the pink envelopes, and in his increasing happiness about her he even came out of his customary reservedness concerning his affairs sufficiently to tell them her name, and how he was expecting to soon have her out there. When he galloped home to read his letters in private, he thought with a sort of exultation of how lonely the ranch now was, and how different it would be when Julie's presence filled it.

Julie wrote that she was all ready to marry him as soon as her grandmother died, but must not think of leaving her so long as she required her care, and Hiram's admiration was increased by this praiseworthy devotion. Such a good grandchild was bound to make a good wife, he thought, and he tried not to be very impatient at the delay.

"It seems as if it would almost knock me silly with joy to see her fussin' about the house when I come in," he thought. "Young, beautiful, and stylish! Don't that sound nice? And to think that she's willin' to furness in with a rough old chap like me! It's surely luck."

He thought about Julie all the day as he worked in his fields. He liked to look up suddenly from his task imagining that he heard her coming out to chat awhile. Perhaps she would stand at the door of the cabin and wave her hand when dinner was ready. He resolved to leave the work in front of the house to do at noon-time so that he could see her cheerful form standing there. Every other night he wrote to her, and off nights he read and re-read her letters to him.

Hiram was prosperous. His corn fields yielded well and the grain brought good prices, and his cattle, ranging with a larger outfit up the river, were thriving. He felt himself in a position to enlarge his house, and furnish it properly for his expected wife.

One evening he surprised the Peters family by dropping in at their ranch and spending a whole evening getting the women's ideas of house furnishings.

Bessie Peters gave him some capable suggestions, though she took it rather to heart that he should have sought a wife in the way he did when there were several nice likely girls in the neighborhood. Hiram never had been looked upon as a marrying man, and, indeed, he led so shy a life that he gave the girls no chance whatever with him.

After this talk he had out carpenters from town, and bought a set of stiff upholstered furniture and a roll of red carpet and a great many other things. By adroit questioning he tried to learn Julie's desires, and then tried to carry them out, for he was determined that she should have everything that she wanted. He often pictured the little house where she lived, and fancied even the appearance of the grandmother. He grew to take a great interest in the old lady, and, in spite of his longing for Julie, felt truly sorry when he heard that she was growing weaker. He sent on money to buy delicacies for her, and wrote that she was to have the best doctor and that he would settle the bill. When Julie's letter came saying that she was no more, a big tear rolled down his rough cheek, and early the next morning he rode thirty miles to Belle City to buy a band of crape to put on his hat. It seemed a proper mark of respect to pay the old lady's memory, and he told the girl in the dry-goods shop that some one very dear, almost a relative, had died. The girl felt very sorry, and made a nice little bow of crape on the side of his felt sombrero.

Julie was to come out to Hiram to be married. She wrote that she preferred doing this instead of having him go to her, because it was so sad now at Westville since her grandmother's death, and Hiram sent a generous draft to bring her. He told her to buy some good clothes too, he wanted her to keep up her stylish ideas when she was married. He mentally resolved to do all the hard work of the ranch himself. He thought Julie would be likely to sit a great deal of the time in the bay-window that had been put to the sitting-room, where he would be able to see her when he worked near the house. He often had visions of that pretty face looking out at him.

On the whole, he was glad that she was coming to him, for he thought he would rather spend their first few days together on the ranch, and he arranged with Billy to bring her out to a place some distance below the post-box, where there would be no witnesses to their meeting.

From there he would take her over to have a look at the ranch, and then they would go to the Cross-bar Ranch, where a clergyman was stopping, and be married. Afterwards they would drive back home in the moonlight.

"It's nothin' more than fair to give her a good square look at me and the place before marryin' her," thought Hiram. But there was a mixture of pride now with his humility. He thought no woman could reasonably object to the ranch, enlarged and furnished and shining in three coats of white paint as it was, and he had grown more complacent about his own appearance since Julie had admired his tintype. And indeed his honest face was positively handsome with pure happiness as he drove off in his white-topped buckboard, dressed in a new suit of brown velvet corduroy, to fetch his bride.

The stage was early, and Hiram's pulse beat very fast when he saw it approaching in a cloud of dust. After a moment he rubbed his eyes, thinking surely the dust must be interfering with his vision, for he could make out only one passenger in the open stage, a young man, who was up on the front seat with Billy. He appeared to be a very amusing fellow, from the uproarious manner in which Billy was laughing. Hiram could hear him long before the stage came up.

"Whoa," said Billy, and Hiram felt a dizzy sensation rushing through his head.

It was not the fault of the dust. There was only one passenger, and he jumped at once to the ground, flinging a leather satchel before him. Hiram tried to speak, but his tongue had grown stiff and thick all of a sudden.

"Hello, Hi!" said Bill, merrily.

"Hello, Bill!" Hiram managed to answer. "Where's your other passenger?"

"Only had the one."

"I mean the lady you was to stop here with—Miss Raynor."

Billy let out an amused chuckle, and looked at the stranger as if he left that for him to explain.

The young man held out his hand to Hiram with a broad smile. "Is this Mr. Sturdy?" he said. "How do you do? I'll introduce myself. I'm Miss Raynor."

"What do you mean?" asked Hiram, heavily.

"I mean that I'm the Julie you're expecting. But Julian is my real name—Julian Raynor. I've come out to marry you. Ha! ha! ha!"

"It was a hoax all along," cried Billy. "Ha! ha! ha!"

Hiram put his hand to his head in an uncertain way. His wits were not very quick, and it took him several seconds to grasp the situation, to get a full realization of the fact that all his dear plans and hopes had been built upon the flimsy structure of another man's trick, and that the structure had suddenly crumbled and left him without anything. For one moment of overwhelming disappointment he betrayed how keenly he was hurt by the ashen look on his face. Then he collected himself and showed that he was game. He forced his mouth to form a wide white smile, and echoed Billy's words with a mirthless sound. "It was a hoax all along. Ha! ha! ha!"

The young man named Julian laughed too until the water stood in his weak brown eyes. He was slim and undersized and wore a straggly auburn moustache over his wide thin-lipped mouth.

"I knew you'd think it an awful good joke," he said.

"An awful good joke," said Hiram.

His own words failed him, and he found it a safe refuge from his surging feelings to repeat those of the other two.

"Well, so long!" said Billy, gathering up the reins. He was anxious to get to the crowd at the post-box a mile further on.

"You'll be sure to tell the boys yonder that my girl has come, won't you, Billy?" said Hiram. "And say that I send them all an invite to call on her."

As the stage rattled off he dropped his forced manner and turned on Julian such a look as a mastiff might give a cur-terrier in his power when he was deliberating whether it would be worth the effort to shake the life out of him.

Julian's face took on a sudden alarm, and the fundamental principle of Hiram's code of fighting, which was that there should be equal odds on both sides, made him turn with a sniff of contempt from the light-framed man.

His change of expression brought a sharp suspicion to Julian's mind that perhaps he wasn't enjoying the joke as much as at first appeared, and he made an involuntary step after the stage.

"Oh, I forgot something," he said, hastily.

Hiram caught him firmly by the arm. "Hold on," he said. "It'll keep, and I want you to stop along with me for a while till we've had a little more joking together. Oh, I ain't a-goin' to hurt you!" he added, scornfully. "Come along."

He walked a few steps off the road to where his buckboard was waiting, and sat down on the edge of the floor.

Julian stood before him, smiling dubiously.

Hiram eyed him steadily for a few minutes. "You say that it was you who writ all them letters?" he said.

Julian started nervously into an explanation.

"Yes. You see it was this way. I'm clerking in Westville, where it's awful dull for a young gentleman like me. There's hardly any society that one cares for, you know, and I thought I'd have some fun out of advertising as I did. I read a book once about a man playing himself off for a

woman, and that gave me the idea. And then you answered, and your letters were so good—all the fellows in the store thought so—so good-natured and kind, you know. And when my vacation-time came, they all dared me to come out West and see you, and so I came. They thought your letters no end of fun."

"Yes, they was no end of fun," assented Hiram dryly.

"You needn't be troubled about the money you sent," Julian went on, in a quick, propitiatory way, "for I brought it all back to you. Of course I wouldn't joke in any but an honest way."

"Any but an honest way," said Hiram.

The young man found this repetition of his words becoming rather trying. He looked up the road after the stage.

Hiram took his hat off, and quietly removed the band of black crape.

"Then there wasn't any little house just outside the town, nor she didn't have any grandmother," he remarked very slowly, as if he was trying to rid his mind of each precious detail of his belief.

"Oh, can't you see?" said Julian. "There wasn't any girl at all. I'm her."

Hiram rose from his seat and looked at him quietly. "Young man, that's where you lie," he said.

In spite of the joke, the ideal Julie was Julie still.

Julian looked up the road again. "When does the stage return?" he asked, nervously.

"Not for several months," replied Hiram, pulling the horses into position to start home. "In the mean time you'll come and stop with me. Pitch in your grip, and get in."

Julian hesitated. Hiram's brows were very black. "I believe I'll walk on to where the stage stops for the night," he said.

"Get in that buckboard," said Hiram, with quiet force. "You haven't any need to be scared, for I wouldn't hurt you any more than I would a fly."

Julian obeyed him reluctantly.

Going home Hiram avoided the road and cut across country. The springless buckboard jounced hard over the lumpy sage-brush. Hiram knew that the buckboard could easily stand it, and he hoped that Julian could not. He took a grim delight in the latter's half-uttered expressions of distress as he urged his heavy shires into a canter.

He changed an involuntary groan into a cough as they entered the ranch.

In the middle of the room a table was spread with what he had thought would be his wedding supper. Mrs. Peters had baked him a large cake for the center, and he had made out the rest of the meal with the choicest canned dainties to be found in Belle City.

"Sit down," he said, huskily, to Julian; and the two men ate the wedding-feast in silence.

A replenished stomach made Julian feel more comfortable. He began to look on this adventure in the light of a novel experience that would be worth relating to the boys when he returned to Westville. He had the reputation there of being a smart young man. He glanced around the gaudy little room with a superior smile of disapproval.

"Who plays the organ—you?" he asked, conversationally.

"That's for you to play," answered Hiram.

"Wish I could, I'm sure, but I don't know how."

Hiram held a knife and fork in either fist, and leaned towards him through them with a grim smile. "You'll larn," he said.

His manner brought back Julian's uncomfortable misgivings as to his host's capacity for appreciating a joke.

"I'm afraid I haven't the time," he said, with a light nervous laugh.

"I reckon that you'll find time," said Hiram. "You writ that you was anxious to larn, so I bought that organ, and an instruction 'book along with it. And you're to larn the sewing-machine too, as you writ you wanted to. I've bought some flannel and a pattern for you to make some flannel shirts *as* you writ you'd love to do, and a new cook stove and a cook book, all complete, jest as you wanted. Now you're goin' to work to larn 'em all."

"What a funny chap you are," said Julian, "with your joking!"

"That's what I'm doin'—*jokin'*," said Hiram. "You've had your little joke, now I'm goin' to have mine. I'll start in by showin' you where you'll find the things to red up the dishes with. You said you'd dote on doin' all them things for me."

Julian glanced out of the open door at the surrounding stretches of bare uninhabited country, and saw no way of escaping from the ranch that night. Hiram was standing at the kitchen door waiting to show him where the dish-pan was kept, and he felt impelled to set to work at the dishes. He determined to leave that point out when he related his Montana experiences to his Westville friends.

When dark set in, Hiram opened the bedroom door and told Julian he might turn in there when he liked. And then he went out of doors, off by himself through his harvested corn, and sat down among the stubble on the dewless ground. There was no need here in the darkness to hide the anguish of the disappointment he was suffering.

"Little woman! little woman!" he groaned to the Julie of his dreams, "when you writ me last month that you wasn't feelin' fust-rate, I was fearful cut up about it, and wondered how I'd get to live if you should get down sick and be took from me. It would have gone hard with me then, sure enough, but it couldn't have been so cruel hard as this."

Hiram stuck unflinchingly to his words. He roused Julian out of a sound slumber before daylight the next morning, and ordered him to make the fire and get breakfast.

"I was meanin' to do such chores for *her* myself," he remarked, "but I reckon you can do them for me."

When he had partaken of the breakfast that Julian in no good humor prepared, he suggested to him that eight o'clock was a good hour to begin his practising on the organ, and that he wanted his dinner at eleven sharp, and his supper at five.

"There's three months' provisions in the pantry, and you'll find a dead calf hangin' on the back door," he said, as he was stalking out to his work. At the door he paused. "There's one thing you're *not* to do," he added. "Do you see that bay-window? Well that was built expecially for *her*—for me to see her from the front of the house. If you show yourself there, I'll come in and shoot you. Do you hear?"

Julian saw no alternative but to do as Hiram said. The day brought no means of escape nor the next nor the next. Hiram watched him like a hawk, and seldom left the ranch, and when he did, took his two horses with him, and Julian did not dare trust himself on the great sea of prairie without a guide. He was very much afraid of Hiram.

One day Phil Peters came to the ranch, and Hiram brought him into the room where his captive was working at the sewing-machine. Phil told about it at the mail station that evening and several ranchers rode over to see "Hi's Julie," as they called him, at his housewifely labors.

It was inquisitorial torture to Julian, who, like most practical jokers, did not enjoy having the tables turned on himself.

At last he pleaded with Hiram about carrying his joke too far. He said his vacation was up, and that if he did not return at once to Westville he would lose his place in the store.

But Hiram told him that such a nice pert young man readily could get another place, and that he wanted to get his money's worth out of the things he'd bought for him before he let him go.

Julian had raised and shattered the sweetest dream that ever had come into Hiram's hard life, and his wounded feelings found relief in venting themselves in tyranny over the culprit.

He kept him at the ranch for several weeks until he was heartily tired of his company, and then sent him to town on an errand one day, with careful instructions how to get there.

Julian did not return. Hiram had not expected him to. He found the horse he had loaned him at the livery-stable, and brought it out the first time he went to town.

"He knows some new accomplishments to teach the fellows at his store who had fun off my letters," said Hiram, as he jogged along the road back to the ranch. "He can make a cup of coffee fust-rate, and can fetch a tune or two out of the organ, and I've got six new shirts that I couldn't get into if I tried, and I reckon he won't be quite so smart at playin' jokes as he was. I'm glad he's gone, and to-night I'm goin' straight over to Peters's and ask Bessie by word of mouth to be my wife."

The Peters family were collected in the sitting-room when Hiram called. It was soon evident to them all, from their visitor's unusually smart appearance and preoccupied manner, that he had come on some important errand. As he directed his attention chiefly to Bessie's remarks, Mrs. Peters took the children off to bed and sent Phil, with a knowing look, to shut the chicken-house door.

When they were left alone Hiram gravely studied Bessie's face as she sat twisting her white apron self-consciously.

"Bessie," he said at length, "you've seen my place since I fixed it up, ain't you?"

"I think it's awful nice," said Bessie, with a little giggle.

There was another pause.

"Bessie," he began again, "did you ever happen to have a grandmother?"

"Lands' yes, of course!" said Bessie.

"A nice old lady that lived in a little house on the outskirts of town?"

"No, she didn't; she lived along with my aunt Jane in Pelltown, Iowy."

"Did you used to go in see her and—and tend her when she was sick?"

"Indeed I didn't. Aunt Jane did all that. I never went there oftener than I was made, she was so cranky, and she was everlasting coming to stay with us when she wasn't wanted. I mus' say, Hi, you do ask funny questions."

"I jest wanted to know," said Hiram, apologetically. "I suppose you can cook most likely, Bessie?"

"Just drop in to tea some night we know you're coming and try me."

"And can sew on the sewing-machine?"

"Well, I make all my own clothes on it and run up seams for ma's and the children's."

"And you play on the organ?"

"Well, I should say so! Why, I've took a whole quarter's lessons. Want I should play for you?"

"Oh no, thank you," said Hiram. He rose and stood awkwardly for a moment.

"Guess I'll have to be goin'," he said. "Good-night, Bessie. Say good-night to your ma for me, will you? I feel like I ought to be hung for meanness," he said, as he rode slowly home in the keen thin air across the moon-lighted plains. "But I couldn't do it. Bess knows too much. She'd try to boss me. *She* was only jest goin' to larn all them things, and I planned how I'd sit by and watch her. And when I thought of Bessie trampin' about the house—she'd have had a soft step, I know—doin' the things *she* was to have done, and settin' in that bay-window, where I could see her from front of the house, why, my feelin's went plumb down to my boots, and I couldn't have asked her to marry me if I'd been shot for not doin' it."

The white ranch looked very pretty in the quiet moonlight when Hiram reached home, and the little gray cat he had raised from a kitten for Julie came out from the doorway and twisted herself in loving welcome about his legs. Hiram stooped down and took the soft little creature into his arms. He felt quite content with his decision to abide alone.

"I reckon it would be a tough job to find another girl that would equal Julie," he said.

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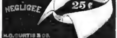

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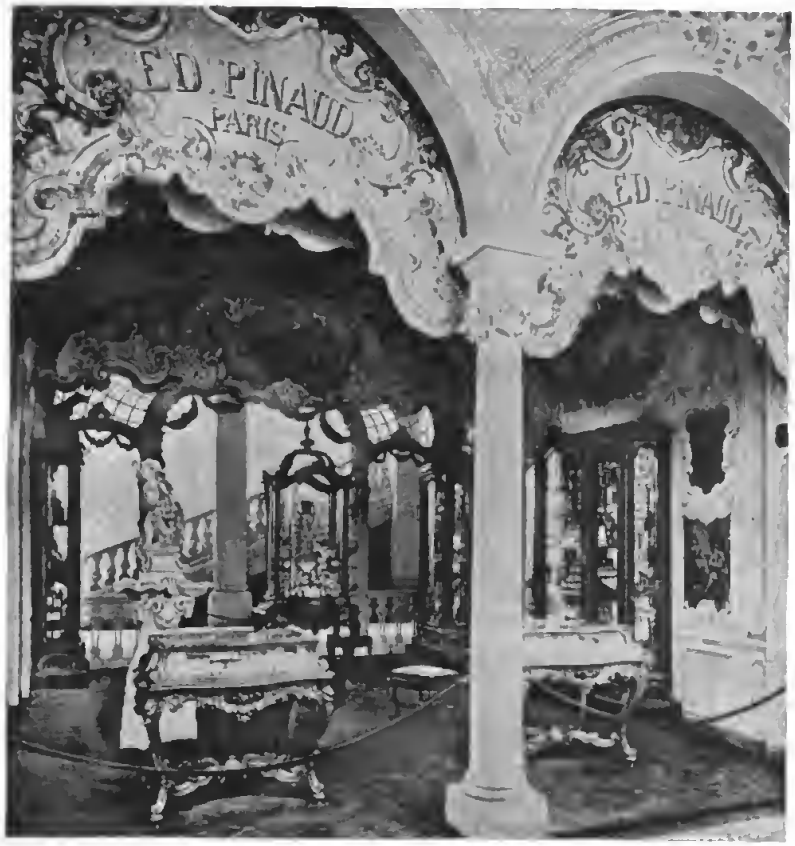

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In no year has there been so many handsome cups offered as in this yachting season of 1893, especially as features of the New York Yacht Club cruise. It may almost be said that the inauguration of giving cups in regattas held during the cruise has been responsible for the development of different classes.

Probably so much cannot be proven, but it is a well known fact that Mr. Ogden Goelet has annually, for the past dozen years, given an immense incentive to the building of new boats by his offers of two each handsome cups. Another instance of what cups have done is seen in the increased interest in the squadron runs from port to port since cups were offered for the boats in each class that first cast anchor in the objective harbor of the day's sail.

It has given new life to the cruise since it became a regular thing. While it is true that yacht designing has made marvellous strides, it is also undeniable that the silversmith has fully kept pace with the great development. These cups were all designed and manufactured by Tiffany & Co., and a more beautiful lot have not been offered yachtsmen in any country. How much this cup-designing has improved may be seen at a glance by comparing these with the Cape May and Brenton Reef and Royal Victoria cups, published in HARPER'S WEEKLY last week.

Twenty years ago, when James Gordon Bennett gave the Cape May and Brenton Reef trophies, they were considered very beautiful, but they have become insignificant compared with any of these cups published this week. The Victoria Cup is of comparatively recent manufacture, having been first offered in 1891. If it represents the highest production of England's silversmiths, they would do better in future to come to America for their cups.

The history of the Goelet Cups is virtually a history of the evolution of the present day "racing machine." Year by year, as the racer has grown from class to class, it has been in the Goelet Cup regatta that the several members of the class have met to decide on the superiority of one. Some have seen the popular standard advance and retreat only to advance again. The ninety-footers to the seventies, down to the forties, and then up again to the forty-sixes, and to take a great leap to the eighty five footers the present cup-defender class. In the mean while the schooners have remained pretty steadily at between eighty to ninety feet, and the one great race each year for them has been for the Goelet Cup, this event having practically decided the best schooner of the year. Mr. Goelet spends $1500 annually for these handsome trophies, $1000 for the schooner and $500 for the sloop cups. Messrs. Tiffany seem to have outdone themselves this year, especially in the schooner prize, which is a beautifully proportioned shell, forming a graceful bowl, supported by a mermaid, whose form entwined with dolphins partly makes the base. On each side of the shell is a shield, on one of which is "Goelet prize for schooner yachts, 1893." The other is left for the winner's name. Delicately chased laurel wreaths complete the exquisite trophy, which stands 23 inches in height, and weighs 418 ounces.

The Goelet sloop cup is a departure from the conventional idea, being from a design of the old Roman period. Mermaids again figure here, in a less prominent way, forming the border of the shields on each side of the cup. It is 15 inches high, and weighs 232 ounces.

Until this year these were the only cups offered during the New York Yacht Club cruise, with the exception of the squadron run prizes. E. D. Morgan, Commodore of the club, appreciating the wishes of the New-Yorkers unable to follow the cruise or go to Newport for the Goelet Cup races, and recognizing how more completely it would cement the Eastern and Western interests, offered the Commodore Cups for a regatta to be held in cruising trim at the rendezvous off Glen Cove. The success of his undertaking was evident August 7th, when quite a good sized fleet sailed over a 26 knot course, and for the first time a race held at the beginning of the cruise, within easy access of the city gave every one an opportunity to see the fleet in the Cove and witness some exciting racing.

The Morgan cups are very handsome, both being cases of a strictly classical character. Sea gods, mermaids, and the like welcoming the victor with blasts from sea horns, and shells adorn the upper part of the body of one, while palm branches, the conventional Greek water border, and laurel wreaths all tell of a victory on the sea. This vase is 17 inches high, and weighs 120¼ ounces. On the other Venus and cupids hold possession in beautiful *repousse*, while the laurel branches of victory and ivy of friendship, adorn the graceful handles and neck. This vase is 19¼ inches high, and weighs 93 ounces.

The Astor Cups, which have been given by J. J. Astor, are intended as a graceful offering to the yachtsmen whose sportsmanship has built us four of the fastest yachts that could be designed to defend the *America's* Cup. They are open to the cup-defenders only, I believe, and will be sailed for off Newport August 16th, 17th, and 18th. One is a bowl, completely covered by exquisitely etched sea-weed and shells, 9 inches in height, 17 inches in diameter and weighing 196 ounces. The other is a loving cup but with only two, instead of three, beautifully chased handles; dolphins, shells, and sea-weeds forming the subject for ornamentation. The cup is 15 inches high, and weighs 150 ounces.

Certainly six more beautiful cups were never offered yachtsmen.

PADEREWSKI.

BY RUTH DANA DRAPER.

Thou hast the sovereignty of tender thought,
Of maddest passion, of unlying grief:
Of resignation that deep woe has bought,
Of doubt and fear, and hope and of belief.

These are thy slaves, serving thy masterhand,
And borne aloft on wings of melody,
Like Ariel, at Prospero's command
To work thy bidding, swiftly they do fly.

The warrior hears Ambition's martial strain,
The tears well forth that rise a lion lorers peri,
And as the moonlight steals across the plain
So peace comes softly to the aching heart.

And to that lonely soul, defiant, grim,
Before whose stolid gaze a dead hope lies,
Thy radiant touch proclaims the angels' hymn:
"Lift up thine eyes! Whence cometh joy
Lift up thine eyes!"

AMATEUR SPORT

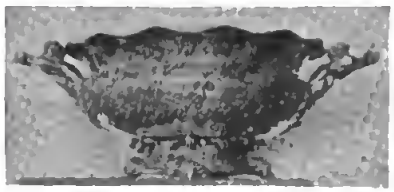
THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB FLEET rendezvoused again this year at Glen Cove, Long Island, and added the feature of one day's racing previous to weighing anchor for the cruise proper. Until the last few years New London was the place of rendezvous; but the club committee wisely appreciated how comparatively few of its members, and of New York sportsmen, generally speaking, caught even a glimpse of the most important event of the yachting year, and Glen Cove, which is only about thirty miles from the city, was chosen. Of the very many men that member the New York, Larchmont, Seawanhaka, Corinthian, Atlantic, and American yacht clubs, not ten per cent. are able, from business and one thing and another, to take the time to either follow the cruise or go down to Newport for the races that previous to this year have all been held there. Therefore the Glen Cove rendezvous has been continued in the face of much opposition from a number of the captains, and despite the fitful breezes that prevail on the Sound. The skippers have no love for the sail up the Sound to New London, and the fleet never attains its complement until it has anchored off the Pequot House. This year was no exception.

WHILE THE FLEET AT GLEN COVE numbered upwards of one hundred, sail and steam, it was below the figure reached last year. Some well-known yachts were regrettably absent, and the steamers seemed much fewer than usual. This is easily explained by the financial crisis through which we have been passing, and, indeed, the fact that the fleet was not appreciably lessened to the casual observer bespeaks the hold yachting has on its devotees and the length of the yachtsman's pocket book. For the first time in the history of the club's latter-day cruises, a race was held at the start for cups offered by Commodore E. D. Morgan, and so cruise of the N. Y. Y. C. began with more éclat, despite the accident to *Vigilant*, which took half the interest from the wonderfully fast sailing of *Colonia*.

EACH SUCCEEDING YACHTING YEAR seems to emphasize the growing restriction of popular interest to the performance of some one or two particular boats. Last year this department called attention to the same fact, and it appears important enough to write of again.

As the day approaches for the New York Yacht Club squadron to concentrate and sail away on its annual cruise, a number of persons, who may be called the "yachting elect," evince a feverish interest in the success or failure of a very few contesting boats. The squadron is a very large one. In fact, it is becoming cumbrous; there are very few harbors large enough to comfortably accommodate two hundred sail, the number of hulls which are usually crowded into Newport Harbor on the night preceding the race for the Goelet cups. Notwithstanding, however, the fine spectacular situations afforded by foam streaked blue sea, hurrying clouds, graceful hulls, and straining canvas, the real yachting man is a very "Gallio," and cares for none of these things. He knows the comparative racing records of last year's successes, has made a study of their individual idiosyncrasies, and through the winter he has followed up with care the variations in shape and sail plans by which the designers have essayed to evolve a few minutes more speed. Probably, also, in his more enthusiastic moments such a one has yielded to the temptations of futile argument, and backed his choice with money. So it is that the personal interests of a man in quasi partnership with a boat are reduced in these recurring events to a small number.

IN 1891 "GLORIANA" was evolved, and the question uppermost was how much she could beat her class. Last year the *Wasp* absorbed all attention, though some little was incidentally doled out to *Lasca* and *Alcera*, the two new additions to the 90-foot schooner class. It is entirely natural this year that the new 85-footers should occupy the yachting mind, since from among them is to be chosen the defender of the *America's* cup. And while *Vigilant*, *Colonia*, *Pilgrim*, and *Jubilee* are keeping our attention well occupied, there are nevertheless some other very interesting developments to follow. The racing classes really contain more of interest this year than in any preceding one in my recollection. Aside from the excitement of the races between the cup-defenders, other classes promise good sport. There is the little foreign-built *Queen Mab*, the first centreboarder of her kind and size built in Great Britain for years; there are two new schooners—the *Ariel*, which has started off well, and the *Emerald*, which sailed a fine maiden race and then did poorly in the racing off Glen Cove. Besides this there are *Lasca* and *Alcera*, which made their first appearance last year, and the former sailed straight through the season without a defeat. The *Alcera* was a great disappointment in '92, but the overhauling she has had appears to have bettered her to an appreciable degree, since in the Commodore Cup races she ran away from *Lasca* with little difficulty. Then there is the *Dauntless*, which is the famous sloop *Titania* made into a schooner and rechristened. She has given no evidence yet of attaining the fame of other days in her altered rig. Of the old-timers there are the *Constellation*, the fastest schooner of them all, the ocean racers *Coronet* and *Dauntless*, and the *Yampa*, *Mayflower*, *Marguerite*, *Resolute*, and the sloops *Katrina*, *Gracie*, *Bedouin*, *Heron*, and *Clara*.

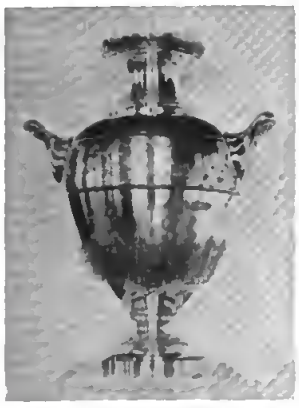


THE ASTOR CUPS FOR SCHOONERS AND SLOOPS.
To be raced for off Newport, August 10-13.—[See Page 800.]

THE FIRST RACES OF THE CRUISE almost invariably contain a surprise, and this year was no exception in the Commodore Cup races off Glen Cove, for *Alcera* sped along as she had never sailed before. Neither *Emerald*, which was expected to do so much, nor *Lasca*, which last year played with *Alcera*, was within hailing distance, and Mr. Clark's schooner fairly outsailed every boat in her class. The *Ariel* was well handled and sailed a good race, her sails fitting particularly well. The weather favored *Constellation*, and she went through the water like the wind, though not fast enough to make up *Ariel's* time allowance, and consequently, though crossing the line first of the schooners, lost the cup. The old *Coronet* did well, especially as she split her maintopmast stay-sail. But the *Marguerite* showed the poorest form of two years. She seemed to sulk, and while going under a full spread of canvas her sails appeared of small service. Either the man at her wheel had an off day or the boat has lost her speed. *Emerald's* poor sailing was almost as much of a surprise as the fast work of the *Alcera*; she made no headway even in the half-gale that blew a greater part of the time.

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF *Colonia* and *Vigilant* in a race was, however, the feature of the Commodore Cup races. There seems little to choose between in their preliminary maneuvring about the Cove. Probably *Colonia* seemed to come about quicker, but nothing of that kind could be asserted under conditions of merely loafing about until the time to start. Their rig is practically the same, and the greater canvas spread of *Vigilant* is not perceptible except in her jib, which is immense. Both had obtained an excellent position when the starting gun was fired from the flagship *May*, but the *Colonia* appeared in no hurry to get under way, her skipper rather taking his time in breaking out her sails. *Vigilant* went over the line with working topsail, balloon jib topsail, and jib spread to the fitful breeze that was growing stronger and more erratic, and with the water boiling up under her bow. *Colonia* crossed a minute later, under topsail, jib-topsail, and balloon stay sail. Both boats immediately cut out a pace that has never been equalled before under like conditions, and the *Vigilant* soon overhauled *Queen Mab*, that had crossed before her, and went past as though the English boat was anchored. The *Vigilant* seemed to be going a little faster than the *Colonia*, but making more fuss in going through the water. She seemed too tender, and did not weather the stiff breeze nearly so well as *Colonia*. Twelve minutes after the start *Vigilant* was tearing through the water at a great rate, and her rail under the water, when her bowsprit broke short off and her topmast went overboard. *Colonia* kept on, but her captain profited by *Vigilant's* experience, and took in her jib-topsail. The wind continued puffy though strong all the time, except a short piece on the second leg. It was a reach all the way, and *Colonia* had no opportunity to show what she could do working to windward. The distance was twenty-six

THE GOELET CUPS FOR SCHOONERS AND SLOOPS.
Raced for off Newport, August 11.—[See Page 800.]



THE COMMODORE (MORGAN) CUP FOR SLOOPS.
Won by the *Colonia* at Glen Cove.—[See Page 800.]

PAINE CUP-DEFENDER "JUBILEE" ON DRY-DOCK.

THE COMMODORE (MORGAN) CUP FOR SCHOONERS.
Won by the *Ariel* at Glen Cove.—[See Page 800.]

miles, she sailed in 2 h. 6 m. 30 s., leading the fleet all the way, including *Constellation*, in itself a notable performance.

Although the *Colonia*, notwithstanding the half gale blowing, failed to develop the fifteen to seventeen knot per hour speed which has been claimed for some of the cup-defenders, she went through the water faster than any boat has ever done in a race under similar conditions. She made the first leg of the triangular course 12½ knots, in 38 minutes and 33 seconds, the second, of 4 knots, in 21 minutes 30 seconds, and the third, of 9½ knots, in 47 minutes and 26 seconds—the last stretch without her forestay-sail, the leach of which had given away. The *Constellation* beat *Colonia* only 16 seconds on the first leg of 12½ miles which shows what clever work Mr. Rogers's sloop was doing, for the conditions all favored Mr. Thayer's very fast schooner.

After such a whole-sail breeze off Glen Cove something good was expected for the run to Morris Cove Tuesday but the wind flattened out, and the run was nothing more than a drift, fortunately with the tide. The *Colonia*, having no competitor in her class, got under way early, and laid her course for Newport, to take advantage of the extra day in trimming up for the Goelet Cups race. She had no more wind than any of the other boats but she was not long in moving out of sight, proving that she can drift as well as hold her canvas in a hard blow.

"Queen Mab" crossed first, and at noon was in the lead of the sloops on the Long Island side, with *Wasp*, *Jessica*, and *Bedouin* following; a little farther back were *Constellation*, *Gracie*, *Hildegarde*, *Dauntless*, *Huron*, *Katrina*, and still farther away was *Emerald*, which was not keeping up her reputation. Along the Connecticut shore *Alcea* was continuing the good work of the previous day, showing that whatever Mr. Clark has done to her she is immensely improved over last year's form in a drift as well as in a breeze. Following her were *Lasca*, which was gradually being left behind, until late in the afternoon she was quite a mile astern of *Alcea*, and after her came *Ariel*, the schooner which has been doing such good all round work. The boats on this shore seemed to have a little more breeze, but the first day's run of the cruise was very slow work, and it was late in the night when many of them finally drifted across the finish-line at Morris Cove. *Alcea* was the first to drop her anchor, and she came into port nearly ten minutes ahead of *Lasca*. *Constellation* was the third boat over, the *Dauntless* following an hour and a half later, the other large two-stickers—*Yampa*, *Coronet*, *Romona* and *Brunhilde*—did not finish until the next morning. *Emerald*, *Mayflower*, and *Atlantic* at the last had a race for the third position in their class, which the first secured, and with it the prize. The *Ariel* ran entirely away from *Dagmar* and finished when the other was not in sight. *Marguerite* did not do very well. The drifting was evidently not to *Queen Mab's* liking, and, to the general astonishment, she was beaten by *Hildegarde*. The winners of Tuesday's run were, schooners, *Constellation*, *Alcea*, *Ariel*, *Neaera*; sloops—*Huron*, *Hildegarde*, *Eclipse*, *Wasp*.

The second day's run, from Morris Cove to New London, was a great improvement in point of weather. While the wind was not strong enough to get all out of the boats, it was a fair sailing breeze, and doubly appreciated after the calm of the day before. The absence of the *Colonia* and the others of her class left the sloop-racing to the veterans, excepting the imported *Queen Mab*, which has not kept up the speed promised in the race for the Commodore's Cups. She is evidently not a light-breeze boat. *Constellation* sailed a handsome race against *Lasca*. The latter was leading at noon by almost a mile, but the *Constellation* began to overhaul her, and at half past three had passed and was leading *Lasca* and the fleet.

The *Wasp* sailed in her old-time form on this day's run, and led the single-stickers into the New London Harbor. *Alcea* did not do so well as on the previous two days, and finished well behind. The *Dagmar* on this run did better, and made a close race of it with the *Ariel*, being beaten only a few minutes. *Emerald* was in no better shape than the previous day, and lost to *Lasca* by nearly an hour. *Neaera* continued her good work and easily won in her class. The *Dauntless* finished second, but about two hours behind *Constellation*; the old *Coronet* was far behind, with *Marguerite* and *Shamrock* for companions. The winners of the run to New London were, schooners, *Constellation*, *Lasca*, *Ariel*, *Neaera*; sloops, *Katrina*, *Queen Mab* (easily beating *Clara*), and *Wasp*.

The great interest of the run from New London to Newport centred in the race between *Jubilee* and *Vigilant*, it being the first opportunity afforded to judge their comparative merits. In manœuvring before the start the *Jubilee* rather had the better of the *Vigilant*, her skipper showing some clever work, and when the flag-ship *May* fired her gun, the *Jubilee* went over the line nearly a minute before her rival, and in the windward position. The *Jubilee* caught the breeze and seemed to move faster than *Vigilant*, though the latter's sails set beautifully, and appeared to draw for every square inch there was in them.

It was a reach from Race Rock to Point Judith, with the wind somewhat fitful and the position of the boats constantly changing. When the wind freshened, the *Jubilee* would increase her lead, and when it flattened out, the *Vigilant* would creep up a bit. Off Watch Hill the *Jubilee* was nearly three-quarters of a mile in the lead. As the boats neared Point Judith, *Jubilee*, still in the lead, took in her staysail and prepared to break out her spinnaker. *Vigilant*, however, held on to her staysail for a quarter of an hour longer, and thus working to the windward of the Boston cup-defender, had her completely blanketed, when, in turn, she broke out her spinnaker. However, the *Jubilee* retained her lead, though the *Vigilant* hung on close to her stern.

This position remained unchanged until off Narragansett Pier, where the *Vigilant* began to draw away, and at Beaver Tail Light was leading *Jubilee* by 150 yards, crossing the finish line one minute and three seconds ahead.

In the other classes *Constellation* had no challenger save the old *Dauntless*, which was left behind by Mr. Thayer's faster schooner. *Lasca* did pretty good work, and so far as *Alcea* was concerned, had the day all to herself. The famous *Volunteer* made her first appearance with the fleet, but was no match for the new boats in light airs. It remains to be seen how she will compare with them in a blow. *Ariel* continued to leave her class, and it is a question if she will not be able to make her time allowance on any schooner in the fleet before the cruise is ended. She has proved to be a good mover in all sorts of weather, outside of a dead calm such as existed in the Goelet Cup races. The winners on the run from New London to Newport were schooners *Constellation*, *Fortuna*, *Lasca*, *Ariel*, *Neaera*.

In the sloops, outside of *Jubilee* and *Vigilant*, the greatest interest was evinced in how the new An 46-footer *Carmita* would compare with *Wasp*, last year's champion. But the interest was short-lived, for *Carmita* turned out to be no match for *Wasp*, at least in light air. The winners, *Katrina*, which had quite a struggle with *Huron* before beating her, *Queen Mab*, won on time allowance from *Hildegarde*, *Eclipse*, *Wasp*, *Mariquita*. *Clara* seems to be getting a beating all around. *Marguerite* has not once poked her nose to the front, and the new *Loyal* is not yet up to the little *Neaera*. *Mayflower* holds her own pretty well among the old timers.

The Goelet races off Newport, the ones above all others to which yachtsmen have been looking with great expectations, proved the dullest fizzle of the cruise. Delayed unaccountably at the start by the non-appearance of the flag-ship *May*, the yachts went away with the smallest kind of a breeze, that petered out on the second leg in the run from Sow and Pigs, and became a dead calm at Hen and Chickens. While the fleet was beating about the Brenton Reef Light-ship, waiting for the *May* to set the course signals, *Pilgrim* broke her club topsail and the regret of her owners and designers was shared by every one of the several hundred yachtsmen on the attendant fleet of steam yachts, steamboats, and the many curious craft that carried on-lookers, who wanted to see what this much-talked-of boat, with her fine lines, lesser displacement and sail spread, and deeper draught, could do against the others. Her handlers pluckily set a working topsail, but they got a wretched start, and then tacked off goodness knows where on a hunt for a breeze. Evidently they did not find it, for *Pilgrim* steadily fell to the rear, and at length became lost in the fog, which was more plentiful than wind.

"Jubilee" and "Vigilant," as at New London, had a manœuvring match at the start, and again the Paine boat got the better of it, though to all but experienced eyes it looked as if the Morgan Iselin cup-defender had the more desirable position, until she went about, and then the *Jubilee's* advantage was patent to all, by her crossing the *Vigilant's* bow on the wind. The *Colonia* was rather slower in going over the line, and was followed by the *Helena*, *Pilgrim* (handicapped), *Lasca*, *Ariel*, *Volunteer*, the only schooners that got over in time, the others, *Emerald*, *Marguerite*, *Dagmar*, *Mayflower*, and *Alcea* all being handicapped. The schooners got away poorly—in fact, the starting of all save *Jubilee*, *Vigilant*, and *Colonia* was not very creditable, though the light air of course had a great deal to do with it. The three cup-defenders rapidly (comparatively speaking, for nothing was rapid on that day of doldrums) drew away and the attending fleet of spectators went with them, no one ap-

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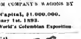

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

parently having any interest in the schooners, no matter how good they happened to be.

The story of the race is easily and quickly told. *Jubilee* maintained her lead on the *Vigilant*, increasing a little, and both continued to draw away from the *Colonia*, which seemed not to get whatever little air was stirring so quickly as the other two. There were times on the first leg when the run from New London was duplicated, *i. e.*, *Jubilee* would pick up and widen the distance between her and *Vigilant*, and then the latter would crawl up.

BUT ONE FACT WAS APPARENT to every yachtsman watching the three boats, namely, that certainly in light airs the *Jubilee* points higher and foots faster than either of the Herreshoff boats. She stood up in the wind in a manner no sloop has ever excelled, and she did not spill enough of it out of her sails to blow a feather outboard. Compared with her, *Vigilant* fell away considerably, while *Colonia*, in her position at the rear, seemed to hold her grip on the air. *Colonia*, however, continued to fall back, and when the course to the Sow and Pigs Light was about three-quarters run she was lost in the fog, which would shut the fleet in for some minutes, to open again in front shortly, and not seen until the light was reached. Then she loomed up in a much nearer position to the leaders, and seemed to get more breeze by the way she was moving. *Vigilant* also had decreased *Jubilee's* lead a very little, and went around the mark three minutes and forty-five seconds after her, *Jubilee* losing time when she squared away for Hen and Chickens, by the failure of her balloon jib-topsail to break out, to say nothing of the spinnaker, which likewise did not come out clean. The balloon jib-topsail had to be hauled down and righted, and in the mean time *Vigilant* was having a little trouble with her spinnaker, though the topsail broke out well. The *Colonia* rounded the mark five minutes after *Vigilant*, and broke out her sails the best of the three.

THE WIND DIED OUT COMPLETELY on the run to Hen and Chickens, and it took one hour and twenty-three minutes to cover this leg of four miles. *Vigilant* continued to draw up on *Jubilee*, while the *Colonia* fell away a little. The Morgan boat is unquestionably the best drifter. *Colonia* took in her spinnaker, and all followed suit, her sails, by-the-way, set beautifully—the best of all the cup defenders. They all drifted on towards Hen and Chickens Light, where *Vigilant* had crept up to one hundred yards of *Jubilee*. When the Paine boat rounded the mark, she came to a standstill, and *Vigilant* turning inside of her, came up even and blanketed her. Here they lay drifting, *Vigilant's* Tobin bronze bottom seemingly enabling her to slide along without wind. *Jubilee* anchored, while *Vigilant* and *Colonia* kept up their efforts to make headway against the tide. About ten o'clock *Colonia* seemed to catch a little wind, and moving up passed *Jubilee*, whereupon the Paine boat weighed anchor, and the drifting match began once again. *Colonia* finally finished at 1 28 Saturday morning, ten minutes before *Vigilant*, the *Jubilee* crossing the line at 2 18 35.

As for the schooners, the old *Volunteer* proved she was not, after all, out of it with the new boats in a drifting match. She maintained her lead throughout, and finished at 5 14 22 in the morning, six minutes ahead of *Lasca*, and nearly an hour and a half before *Alcea*. The other schooners gave it up long before. Nat Herreshoff had the wheel of the *Vigilant* throughout the race, while John Paine steered the *Jubilee* a good bit of the time. Thus ended, probably, the most unsatisfactory Goelet Cup race ever sailed. The only lesson of the tiresome day was to emphasize the necessity of putting a time limit on all yacht races. As a test of the cup-defenders' sailing qualities the event was absolutely valueless, save to show *Jubilee's* superior wind-work in light airs.

Volunteer, as a sloop, won the Goelet Cup in '87, '89, and '90, and as a schooner in '91 and '93.

IN THE MANAGEMENT OF THE NATIONAL ROWING REGATTA last Wednesday and Thursday, Detroit proclaimed itself worthy of serious consideration as a permanent place for these races. Nothing was left undone that could add to the comfort and convenience of the oarsmen, and the promptness of the events delighted contestants and spectators alike. The regatta itself was very successful from the stand-point of the number of entries and the closeness of the races. Only two events occurred to mar the sport—one in the trial heats of the senior four-oared shell race of a mile and a half with turn, when the Wyandotte crew mistook the finish flag and stopped short, and the other in the finals of the same race, when the New York Athletic Club four fouled the Minnesota's, and were disqualified. The first accident was of little import, as later racing proved the Wyandottes to be in too fast company; but in the foul the New Yorks probably lost the race, as they beat all of the same crews an hour later in the mile-and-a-half straightaway. This race demonstrated what has so often been claimed, that turns in four-oared racing are to be discountenanced as tending to bring in too much of the chance element, when all should be contested on merit purely. The poor steering of the New Yorks in making the foul could largely be explained by the strong wind which kept setting them in toward shore and their opponents' course; but the trouble lay primarily in not getting straight after the turn, and too strong a protest against adhering to this unfair method cannot be entered. Another point where the rules of the association proved weak was brought out in the eight-oar senior race. Here the Atalantas won a "walk-over" race, having no opponents. In order to make a race possible they entered two crews from their club, and then brought but one to the starting point, the other having been defeated previously by the Dauntless in the intermediate eight. A rule should be passed forbidding a club entering two crews in the same event, and then in case of no other entry the championship would have to go over from the previous year. The justice of this is more apparent when it is considered that the Atalanta's time was about twenty seconds slower than the Dauntless, who were prohibited from entering by not having made their entry early enough.

THE MOST PLEASING FEATURE of the regatta to sportsmen, however, was the noticeable improvement in the class of entries. There was but one protest against contestants, and this cannot in all probability be sustained, and the men as a rule, conducted themselves as gentlemen, and added a dignity to the sport that was gratifying.

A continued improvement in the same line will place amateur rowing here in the foremost rank of amateur sport, and we may hope in time to see the Henley regattas rivalled in those held under the auspices of our own associations.

Another matter for congratulation was the failure of the so-called "git thar" stroke against slower and more finished oarsmanship. The most notable instance of this was the four-oared rowing, where the better work and more even form of the New Yorks and Minnesotas put them in the lead over their heavier and stronger opponents. The Dauntless eight also showed far improved form over the usual style of amateur rowing, and reflected great credit on themselves for their faithful work in attaining it.

All this goes to show that the standard is being raised, and that in future years we may look for amateur crews which compare favorably for workmanship with our college oarsmen. It is in the hope that the Association will take a friendly hint and guard the amateur standard more zealously in the future that I refrain from criticising the acceptance of at least two of the entries. It is being proved every day that the cleaner sport is kept the more assured is its success. *Verb. sap.* The winners were:

Senior Singles.—John J. Ryan, Sunnysides, Toronto, won. Time—10.24¾. W. S. S. McDonnell, Iroquois, Chicago, second; James Henderson, Catlins, Chicago, third; Edwin Hedley, Passaics, Newark, N. J., fourth; Joseph Wright, Torontos, fifth.

Junior Singles.—W. E. F. Paine, Argonauts, Toronto, won. Time—10.00¼. John H. Hall, Albany, N. Y., second. Time—10.06. Alfred Jury, Torontos, third; Alfred Russell, Torontos, fourth.

Double Sculls.—Stars, Buffalo—John Gray, bow; Robert Curran, stroke, won. Time—9.44½. Vespers of Philadelphia, second. Time—9.60. Pawtuckets third; Columbias of Allegheny fourth.

Senior Fours.—Wyandottes and New York Athletic Club disqualified for fouling; Argonauts and Minnesotas ordered to row over.

Junior Fours.—Wyandottes—James Ryan, bow; James Sweeney, 2; Warren Girardin, 3; Henry Weatherwax, stroke—won. Time—9.23½. Mutuals of Detroit second. Time—9.28. Torontos third.

Senior Pairs.—Detroits—Fred Standish, bow; Frank A. Lyon, stroke—won. Time—10.05. Torontos second. Time—10.21. Iroquois of Chicago third.

Senior Eights.—Atalantas of New York rowed over the course. Time—7.05 4-5.

International Fours.—New York Athletic Club—W. H. Pinckney, bow; F. H. Howard, 2; A. L. Clark, 3; J. H. Crawford, stroke—won. Time—8.07. Minnesotas of St. Paul second; Argonauts of Toronto third; Atlantics of Hoboken fourth.

YACHTING TAKES SO MUCH SPACE there is little left for comment on the tennis week, which has really held nothing notable save the defeat of Hobart by Budlong and of E. L. Hall by a second-class player, and the brilliant playing of Chace in his victory over Wrenn. While Budlong has made great improvement, not much importance can be attached to his win over Hobart; the latter is evidently stale and should rest, for he can ill afford to go off at this late day. Chace is showing the best form of his career. E. L. Hall gives no promise of regaining his form. Hovey, Knapp, Larned, and Stevens have been getting good practice.

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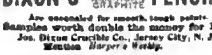
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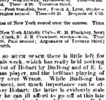
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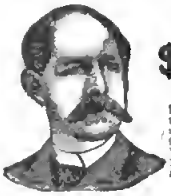

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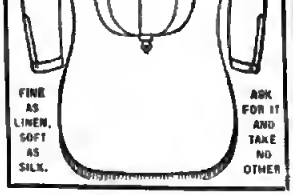

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Vol. XXXVII.—No. 1914.

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ENEMIES OF THE PUBLIC WELFARE.

WE cannot remember in the political history of any country an exhibition of more undisguised, glaring private selfishness as against the public welfare than we find in the attitude of the silver kings and their attorneys in the Senate of the United States. The distress caused by the present business crisis is growing at a shocking rate: from day to day more and more failures of business concerns that would be perfectly solvent but for the difficulty of obtaining money on good security, more and more manufacturing establishments closed, and more and more thousands of working men turned into the street, for the same reason. And nobody can tell how far the ruin may spread, unless something be done to remove the cause of the general distrust. What this something should consist in is pointed out by the almost unanimous voice of the business community all over the country. There is not a town large enough to have a chamber of commerce or a board of trade, East or West, North or South, only excepting the silver producing States, that has not in the most emphatic language called for the prompt repeal of the silver-purchasing clause of the SHERMAN act as the very first thing necessary to allay the prevailing distrust, and to render possible a revival of that confidence without which business cannot prosper. The very fact of the generality of this demand proves under existing circumstances conclusively that the remedy asked for is the right one. Want of confidence is the source of the trouble. When now all classes of the business community declare with substantial unanimity that by a certain act their confidence will be restored, when, in other words, the very men whose confidence is to be revived say that this act will do it, then it is certainly the thing to be done.

Senator TELLER, from Colorado, feeling the strength of this argument, seeks to ward it off by saying: "The clamor for the repeal of the SHERMAN act does not come from the productive agencies of the country, not from the men who created the wealth of the country. It comes from the money centres, and from them alone." Senator TELLER knows that this is not true. New York city may be called a "money centre," so may Boston, and perhaps Philadelphia and Chicago. But is Omaha in any sense a "money centre," or St. Louis, or Louisville, or Memphis, or Nashville, or Baltimore, or Pittsburg, or Atlanta, or Charleston, or Cincinnati, or Cleveland, or Milwaukee, or Minneapolis, or St. Paul, or Kansas City? Every "productive agency" in the country, except perhaps silver-mining is represented in these places, and the business men of all of them are substantially of one mind. A man like Mr. BLAND, whose brain has room for only one idea, and that a mistaken one, may not see the significance of this fact. But men of ability like Senators TELLER, JONES, WOLCOTT, STEWART, and others certainly see it. They see just as clearly while they are constantly talking of their devotion to bimetallism that the continuance of the silver purchases will make bimetallism utterly impossible, and land us with the certainty of fate upon the silver basis. But knowing all this, they insist that the silver purchase clause of the SHERMAN act shall not be repealed. No matter how large the popular majority against them, and how small a minority in their favor, they will resort to every parliamentary trick within their reach to defeat that majority, and to make the interests of that minority prevail. No matter what becomes of their pretended idol bimetallism, no matter how much the commerce and industries of the country are exposed to disaster, no matter how many business concerns are thrown into bankruptcy, no matter how many hundreds of thousands of working people are delivered over to want and misery, these Senators want a higher price for their silver, and to obtain this end they are ready to resort to any misuse of their power, and to sacrifice everybody and everything. It is the most brazen "stand and deliver" policy this country has ever beheld. In view of the appalling circumstances surrounding us these men have no reason to complain when they are called enemies of the public welfare.

They find aid and comfort at the headquarters of another kind of selfishness. The American people will do well in these days to have a keen eye on Senator GORMAN, from Maryland. He has sometimes been called the evil genius, the Mephistopheles, of the Democratic party. He seems to be about to establish for himself a new title to that name. By a political alliance with the worst elements of society he managed to win control over the Democratic organization in his State. He belongs to that class of politicians who never hesitate to sacrifice the interest of the country to the interest of their party, and the interest of their party to their own. Every movement in favor of good morals in politics will be sure to find in Senator GORMAN a determined foe. It was he who at the beginning of Mr. CLEVELAND's first term demanded of him, on account of campaign services rendered, an appointment of which he must have known that it would throw doubt upon Mr. CLEVELAND's intentions as a reformer, and be an unending trouble and disgrace to the administration. It was he who opposed and derided every step in the way of reform by the President of his party. It was he who seduced the Democrats of the Senate in the struggle against the force bill to vote for free silver coinage in order to gain the favor of the Senators from the silver-producing States, although the fight might have been fought and won by straightforward means. This was his great achievement as the Democratic leader of the Senate, and, as every sane man could foresee, it has been a most prolific breeder of mischief. He has the ambition not only to be the leader of the Democratic majority in the Senate, but to be the leader of the Democracy of the country, and to be nominated and elected President of the United States. At the last National Convention he appeared with a handful of henchmen, in appearance not unfriendly to CLEVELAND, but eagerly watching for a chance to stab him in the back and to leap over his corpse into the place of leadership.

Now he seems to be at his old game again. The calamities under which the country is suffering urgently demand a remedy. Public opinion with singular unanimity points out what the remedy is. President CLEVELAND straightforwardly and convincingly proposes it. He patriotically proclaims that the interests of the country are here superior to any party interests, and should be considered alone. But Senator GORMAN will not follow President CLEVELAND's lead. He wants to be the leader himself, and, in order to show how valuable he is to the party, he maintains that a measure of relief must be found and proposed upon which all the Democrats in Congress can unite. And this he seeks in some mysterious way to accomplish, while, as a sane man, he must know that no measure that is acceptable to the free silver-coinage Democrats can possibly satisfy the needs of the country. It must be evident to him, as it is to every candid person, that if the only effective remedy for our present ills, the unconditional repeal of the silver-purchase clause, is to be carried, it must be straightforwardly demanded and fought for with the utmost determination and vigor, and that the worst thing to be done is to seek for a compromise to begin with. And in thus insidiously endeavoring to demoralize his army before the fight, Senator GORMAN is in a fair way to earn for himself, too, a place among the enemies of the public welfare.

If the Democrats in Congress confide themselves to the guidance of Mephistopheles, there is no doubt as to where the journey of the party will end. It is to be hoped that the honest patriots among them will rise up and relieve themselves of such wicked and pernicious leadership.

THE BERING SEA CONTROVERSY.

THE decision of the High Tribunal of Arbitration gives to the United States practically all that they desire and ask for. The seal is so carefully protected from destruction that it is difficult to see how pelagic sealing may still be a remunerative occupation. Whatever technical triumph the British government may have secured in defeating the legal propositions of the United States, the Canadian sealers will find their occupation gone. They rebelled against the agreement entered into between Mr. PHELPS and Lord SALISBURY as destructive of what they were pleased to call their "industry." Yet the decision places them in a much less favorable situation than the one which the governments of Great Britain and the United States were satisfied to accept as a compromise of the then existing differences.

Some criticisms in the press reflect upon the conduct of the negotiations by Mr. BLAINE, and impute to that statesman a manifest effort to overreach Great Britain by the formulation of unwarrantable demands; others insist that his absurd pretence that Bering Sea is a closed sea made our case ridiculous from the outset, and condemned the United States to inevitable failure. A careful examination of the diplomatic correspondence and of the facts will show that injustice is done to Mr. BLAINE. True, he did, in grouping together all the arguments that militated in favor of the United States, make the claim that Bering Sea may be treated as a *mare clausum*; but this was evidently in his mind a mere incident to the principal grounds which he advanced; his letters are before our people to show that he brought together, in masterly arrangement, every possible reason based on law, humanity, expediency, or right of whi[ch] [the] case admitted. We have looked in vain throu[gh] the arguments of counsel for any point of whic[h the] germ, at least, was not contained in this correspon[d]ence. Thus much we deem it due to Mr. BLAIN[E to] state: whatever his faults, he cannot be charge[d in] this instance with having lacked either patriotism [or] intelligence.

The decision itself deserves careful study. It ap[]pears to have been framed upon the theory that the United States were right in the substance of the claim, and that the seal should be treated as prac[]tically, though not in theory, their property. In[]deed, it may not be extravagant to argue that the protection being in fact accorded, it is more expe[di]ent from our stand-point that it should flow from an agreement binding upon both nations rather than from a conception of exclusive property right, which might cause serious practical difficulty in its enforce[]ment. As the decision stands, it is equally the duty of Great Britain and the United States to prevent violation of provisions which virtually possess—in fact possess—the dignity and binding force of treaty stipulations. In the one case, the exclusive duty to police in the Bering Sea and North Pacific Ocean would have devolved upon the United States; now it is incumbent upon both to exercise it in good faith for the protection of the seal. It is fair to add that we shall not look for exceptional diligence in the performance of this duty by Great Britain, as the benefits of protection almost, if not quite, exclusively belong to the United States, but it is something that the duty at least exists.

It is apparent that the tribunal was largely affect[]ed in rendering its decision by the nauseous details of indiscriminate destruction which were accumu[]lated in the American case and commented upon by the counsel for the United States. The reckless killing of gravid and nursing females could not but tend to the extermination of the seal family. The process of killing was shown to be brutal and re[]volting in the extreme. It is not an extravagant assumption that the arbitrators concluded that the business of pelagic sealing was to be severely dealt with, and that they may have felt, as Mr PHELPS and Mr BLAINE earnestly insisted, that the pursuit of the seal at sea, with its accompanying and revolting de[]tails, was *contra bonos mores*, and, from the stand[]point of humanity, a crime.

The difficulties thrown in the way of the pelagic sealers may not amount to absolute prohibition, but they so closely approach interdiction as to make the line of demarcation a shadowy one. The British counsel insisted that the United States could not properly claim exclusive dominion over the sea be[]yond the *three mile* limit. The tribunal practically assented to this, but extended it, by virtue of its own authority, to sixty miles all around the islands. The same counsel argued with equal earnestness that the North Pacific Ocean was not embraced in the area of water over which the regulations might extend, but this contention was brushed aside, and rules made extending over a portion of the Pacific Ocean as well as the Bering Sea.

But the unkindest cut of all, that which the Cana[]dian sealers feel most keenly, is the interdiction of fire-arms and explosives generally. What weapons of destruction they will devise remains to be seen, un[]less they accept the situation and try another path to fortune. Permission to B to fish in A's brook would not seem very valuable if the use of lines and hooks were interdicted. Shot-guns and rifles alone are now used, so that the inventive faculty in the use of destructive devices will have to be appealed to, or the seal business will belong exclusively to the United States. Nets might be used in the Aleutian Straits, and pups occasionally caught, but a bull seal weighing eight hundred pounds might occa[]sionally find momentary embarrassment if he struck such an impediment, in which case the damage to the sealer would be measured by the cost of a new net.

Beyond and above all the advantages or disad[]vantages that either party may enjoy or suffer, the world is a gainer by the mere fact that such an arbi[]tration was had and a result reached that both can cheerfully accept. When two of the leading powers of the world concede that there is a better way of settlement of international disputes than war, the immediate benefit to each is of small importance when compared with the great stride that the human race has taken in the blessed path of peace.

THE NEW PHASE OF THE CURRENCY

THE closing of the Indian mints to the free coin[]age of silver, and the consequent collapse of the silver market, brought our currency question suddenly and unexpectedly to a new stage. Whatever assumption of steadfastness among our silver en[]thusiasts, it is clear that the free coinage of silver no longer will be seriously urged. Even before this lapse no sober and well-informed person could believe what the silver men tried to show, that under free coin[]age silver would rise to par, and the silver dollar

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late on equal terms with the gold dollar. But there was at least a possible ground for arguing that this result would ensue, and some of the silver advocates certainly were honest in their faith that the United States could bring it about. Now, however, the cause is hopeless. Single-handed the United States cannot be expected, even by the most ardent friend of silver, to bring the price of the metal in gold to the figure of $1 29 an ounce, or to raise its price in a degree to correspond to any ratio proposed for free coinage. It is clear as day that free silver must bring a cheap and debased money standard; and when the question is thus nakedly presented to the American people, the answer from the vast majority is beyond doubt.

Not only free coinage, but the SHERMAN act, is discredited by the new phase of the silver question. And this notwithstanding the fact that the direct result of the new conditions is to diminish rather than increase the dangers of that measure. While we have never believed that the SHERMAN act was so directly and solely the cause of the panicky feeling of the last few months as some of our fellow-opponents of that measure have urged, it undoubtedly contributed much to shattering confidence, and so promoting financial embarrassment. The collapse of the silver market and the President's admirable message to Congress have improved the situation by increasing the probability of the eventual repeal of the dangerous legislation. But in another aspect that legislation has become less dangerous than it was. The real and permanent evil which threatened from the SHERMAN act was the issue of currency to excess—an evil which was not the less real and serious because it might take some years to make itself felt. The sudden fall in the price of silver has unexpectedly diminished the evil. The SHERMAN act provides for the monthly purchase of four and a half million ounces of silver, and for the issue of Treasury notes to the amount of the purchase price of that quantity of silver. With silver at $1 an ounce, the monthly issue of notes was $4,500,000. With silver at 70 cents an ounce, the monthly issue would be only $3,150,000. The difference between these two sums may possibly be the difference between an excessive issue and one which, on the whole, is not greater than the rapid growth of the country's population and trade makes innocuous. It is true that even at the present low price of silver the issue of Treasury notes remains ominously large; but it may fairly be said that the present situation contains in less degree the permanent elements of danger. Danger enough it contains at best; and the reasons for the repeal of the act are not the less strong because for the moment its evils are somewhat diminished.

But the change serves also to bring into prominence the absurdity of the present system. The growth of our currency under the SHERMAN act depends on the price of silver, rising as that rises, falling as that falls. When the act was passed, it looked as if it would bring excessive issues; now it is possible that the issues are no longer excessive; it might conceivably turn out in the future, if the price of silver should fall very much more, not to provide for enough currency. Here is an evil in the system quite apart from the danger lurking in the background that the depreciated silver dollar may become the basis of our currency. We need to regulate our money supply on a more rational basis and in less haphazard amount. With the steady growth of our wealth and numbers, some addition to our currency supply must be provided for, and that provision should correspond to our real needs, and not be arranged (as the SHERMAN act virtually was) to supply a market for the product of the silver mines. The way to secure a currency that adapts itself to real needs is the old and familiar one approved by experience—bank-note issues fully and amply secured.

THE VALUE OF DEBATE.

THERE is an opportunity at this juncture to radically reform the House of Representatives. Before the expiration of the present extraordinary session of Congress the country and its legislators are likely to have an admirable object-lesson as to the value of debate, and to appreciate the necessity of reforming the rules of procedure to encourage discussion.

A good deal of ignorant contempt has been poured out recently over the institution of debate. A daily newspaper gravely announced at the outset of the present session that debate of the silver question is unnecessary. Is it so? What, then, has produced the change of mind evinced by Judge PATTERSON and Congressman BROWN, members of Congress, who have heretofore favored free coinage, but who are now both of them for the unconditional repeal of the SHERMAN law, while Judge PATTERSON announces that he believes in the necessity of the single gold standard? These conversions bear no resemblance to the miraculous change of heart wrought in St. Paul. They were the result of discussion, of conversation with men familiar with the subject of finance, of editorials in newspapers, pamphlets, and books, of speeches and lectures, and of debates in Congress. Changes of mind are wrought in this way, and in our system of government a large legislative body means, theoretically at least, that we believe that legislation should be intelligent decision following debate which should give to all the members the benefit of the learning, the thought, and the wisdom of each. If the framers of our Constitution had desired government by edict, they would have provided for an unhampered Czar instead of a President and Congress.

Debate in Congress is of vastly more importance than appears at first thought. It is not only beneficial to the Congressmen who listen to it, many of whom know little of the subject, especially if, like the silver question, it is at all abstruse, and are not likely to do much investigation on their own account. Such men are more inclined to listen to the voice of their constituents than to the voice of a Congressman from another section of the country. What they want is the approval of their districts, rather than the commendation of their consciences and the satisfaction of their intellects. There are many others, however, like Judge PATTERSON and Mr. BROWN, who really desire enlightenment, and who patiently and industriously seek it. These men act, of course, with a due regard to the wishes of their constituents, but, being convinced themselves, they have sufficient confidence in their own powers to believe that they will be able to show the voters at home that their action in Congress was right. These men are often numerous enough to make the balance of power on a question that is not partisan.

Beyond the halls of Congress debate is of equal and sometimes more importance than in Congress itself. It reaches the constituencies of both the weak and the strong man. It goes where metropolitan newspapers do not go, and where, if they did go, they would not accomplish the end, because they do not print the debates. The Congressman sends home the *Record* and the pamphlet editions of the leading speeches of a debate, and these are eagerly read and discussed throughout the rural districts. In this way the debate that goes on in Congress is heard throughout the country, and is influential. The people of the thickly settled portions of the country are often astonished by the information concerning Federal affairs that they find on scattered farms and in remote hamlets. This information is derived from the public documents which the Congressmen are at the pains of sending home from Washington. There is no single agency so potent for the enlightenment of the country as a thorough debate in Congress. If the Senate votes as Mr. VEST threatens, after the long debate which now seems possible, the Missouri Senator and his silver friends from the mining States will be surprised by the intelligence with which the people will vote, and the information and sound sense they will display on the issue which the demagogues, the misguided, the speculators, and the mine-owners are now beclouding with falsehood and sophistry.

By all means let the debate go on, especially if there is any present doubt of the lack of common sense or common integrity in the Senate. And let the leaders of the House take advantage of their opportunity to make rules that will ensure debate on all important measures; for debate, besides enlightening Congress and the country, will lead to legislation that will benefit instead of harass, that will make laws plain instead of obscure, that will relieve the courts of a large part of the burden of interpreting doubtful statutes, and consequently will enable them to give more time to their appointed duty of doing justice between man and man.

BEEFSTEAK AND REFORM.

THERE has been trouble on Long Island. There has been a contest over a question of good government. Village fathers have fallen out. The heads of households have been embroiled, and, saddest of all, reform has been vanquished by beefsteak.

It is not a long story, but it is true, and it is fraught with instruction. There was suspicion—unjust, it may be, but suspicion—and it crept even into the Board of Trustees. A reformer, or at least an apparent reformer, was chosen to be a village father. He wanted to know, and in his eager efforts after knowledge he wanted to know too much for the comfort of one at least of his coadjutors. He probed into the secrets and mysterias, and drew deductions from the facts he guessed to the injury of the feelings of the trustee who sold meat.

It was not only that this trustee sold meat that made him an important element in society, but it was that he was the only man in the village who sold meat that made him two or three times, or at least once, a day the most important element in society. Whatever accusation the reformer made—and it was one of those charges which constitute the current daily history of small municipalities—the butcher took the odium upon himself, and resented the imputations with a vigor worthy of his calling. It may be said, indeed, that there was a personal encounter arising from the butcher's resentment of the imputation that he thought was intended by the reformer's speech. He struck out, as it were, for what he regarded his sacred honor.

"Friends separated them." Such was the conclusion of the newspaper report of the affray, but such was not its real conclusion. The reformer had intended to make an effort in behalf of good government, and he doubtless went to his home after the eventful meeting with a bruised body but a contented mind. He felt that he had at least begun the accomplishment of the purpose for which he entered politics.

The incident was not closed, however. The butcher, though a politician, had the feelings of a man, and brought his domestic and commercial relations into his public affairs. He gave orders that no meat should be supplied to the reformer's family, and without meat reform could not prosper. For several days the reformer and his family went hungry. For principle's sake, but at last nature, or the family, got the better of the reformer. He went to the butcher and begged for a steak, the which the butcher gave him with tears streaming down his erstwhile suspected cheeks. The reformer yielded. He called the butcher by his nickname, once so familiar on those stern lips from which hunger had at last driven the accents of reform. The effort for good government was over. A beefsteak was the obstacle in the way of improvement in Whitestone.

Once more the ideal had succumbed to the materialistic. Once more the joint had been found in a reformer's armor.

WILL CROQUET COME AGAIN?

DISCLAIMING utterly the epithet of alarmist, the WEEKLY nevertheless finds it necessary, in the interests of truth and the public welfare, to call attention to the fact that there appears to be a disposition in many quarters to revive the game of croquet. We fully understand that for several seasons the game has seemed to be impending, and that the country has escaped, but this is no reason why we should relax our vigilance, especially as the danger now seems more imminent than heretofore.

We are by no means ignorant of the fact that the game of croquet was never fully stamped out in this country. Sporadic cases have been numerous. But when we remember the virulence with which it raged fifteen or twenty years ago, and compare it with the practical freedom from its ravages which the country has enjoyed since that time, the reasonableness of a degree of apprehension at the prospect of its possible appearance as an epidemic becomes apparent. And it will be doubly so when we say that the game as it now threatens to seem to be in its most malignant form.

As proof that the croquet with which we may soon have to grapple is of an exceptionally fatal type, we have only to refer to a case which recently developed in Butler County, Iowa, as reported to the daily press in special despatches from Mason City. Two farmers named respectively JAMES FISHER and FREDERICK HARDMAN were indulging in a game when the usual dispute arose and raged with great violence. It seems that HARDMAN had just attempted to make a particularly fine play when, owing to the inequalities of the ground, his ball went wide of the mark, finally rolling half-way up a tree, currooming on a rustic seat and coming to rest in the worst possible position—a frequent experience in the game. This nettled Mr. HARDMAN, and he made some slighting remark to FISHER. FISHER replied, according to the ethics of the game, by charging HARDMAN with cheating. The usual fight followed, in which HARDMAN made the strongest play recognized by the rules, and struck FISHER on the head with his mallet. FISHER had strength enough to walk home, but died soon after reaching there.

In this case it was a farmer who succumbed to the game, but we all know that croquet counts its greatest number of victims among the ranks of our young women. It is most apt to assume a dangerous character between the ages of fourteen and twenty-five. During the last outbreak of the game in this country few young ladies between these ages wholly escaped its ravages. Many, of course, got through it without anything worse than calling their dearest friend a "mean thing," or a "horrid wretch," or being so denominated themselves; but others, alas! fell victims to the secondary stage of the game, and smote sister, brother, lover, schoolmate, or closest friend with the mallet, or were themselves so smitten by one of these. It was not often, perhaps, that even this type of the game resulted so seriously as it has just done in Iowa, but the number of young and middle-aged persons now living with sadly battered skulls and other physical deformities directly resulting from mallet blows is much greater than is generally known.

When we make these serious charges against croquet we may, perhaps, do the game, *per se*, an injustice. As a game it may not be much more productive of what is known in the police reporter as "bad blood" than the game which succeeded it—lawn-tennis. But as a direct cause of that other favorite of our police friend, "foul play," croquet overshadows lawn-tennis as a mountain overshadows a valley. It is the exceptional facilities offered by the ever-present mallet for assault and battery, mayhem, and similar crimes which make croquet the scourge which it is. In the light of the irritating and exasperating nature of the game itself the croquet mallet becomes a deadly weapon, and should be so recognized by legislatures and courts. No such execution can be done with the tennis racket as with the croquet mallet. It is whispered that repairers of sporting goods could, if they would, tell strange tales of tennis rackets brought to them with battered edges and nagged and broken-network; but the harm which can be done even by a vigorous and righteously indignant young lady on her friend or lover with a tennis racket is slight. She may, it is true, overtax her own strength in battering at the horrid thing, but recovery in this case is usually rapid. The crushing and breaking powers of the croquet mallet, however, are such as to make it feared by even the strongest; and when applied to the human head with quick, acute strokes, seldom fails of producing marked results. If croquet could be played on an even surface, thus robbing it of its irritating and maddening features, and with rubber or light papier mâché mallets, thus taking away its facilities for hasty assault and unconsidered homicide, no doubt it would become an extremely desirable game.

But it is idle to talk of changing croquet. The croquet which threatens us is the old croquet. Once let it fasten itself upon the country and it will be found that the balls will roll just as erratically, that your partner will find fault with your playing just as freely, that criminations and recriminations will fly about just as buoyantly, that your opponent will charge fraud just as openly, and that the sharp, ominous crack of the mallet as it does its deadly work will float out on the evening air with just as much regularity. What is wanted is a strong and systematic effort to prevent the game from again getting a foothold in this country.

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THE HON. HENRY M. TELLER.
Senator from Colorado.

THE HON. RICHARD P. BLAND.
Representative from Missouri.

THE HON. EDWARD O. WOLCOTT.
Senator from Colorado.

THE HON. JOHN P. JONES.
Senator from Nevada.

THE HON. WILLIAM M. STEWART.
Senator from Nevada.

THE HON. GEORGE G. VEST.
Senator from Missouri.

ENEMIES OF THE PUBLIC WELFARE.—[See Editorial Page 806.]

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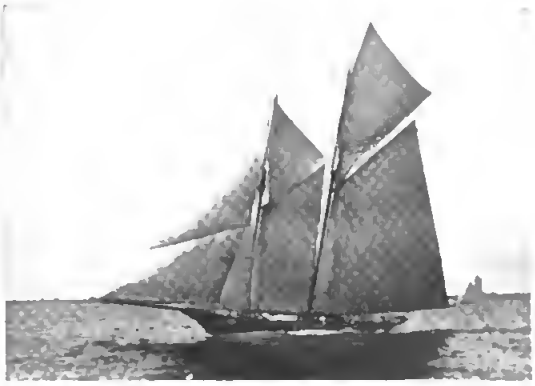
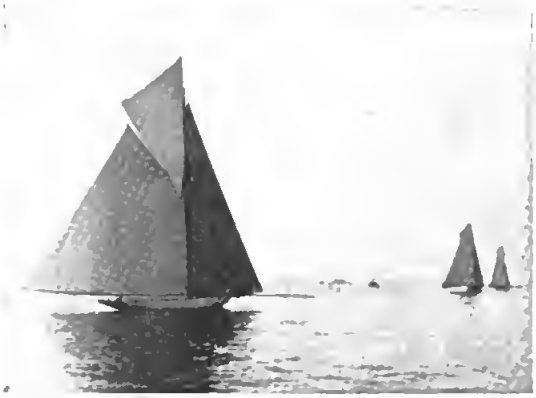
COMMODORE E. D. MORGAN'S FLAG-SHIP "MAY"

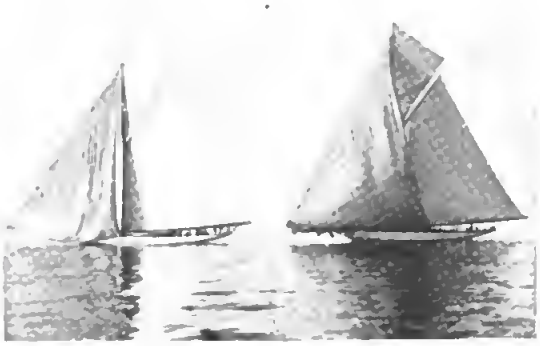


"VOLUNTEER"—LOST GOELET CUP ON FAILURE TO ENTER PROPERLY.



BETWEEN VINEYARD SOUND AND "HEN AND CHICKENS" LIGHT-SHIPS.

"LASCA"—AWARDED THE SCHOONER CUP.



"JUBILEE" AND "VIGILANT" DRIFTING AFTER ROUNDING "HEN AND CHICKENS" LIGHT-SHIP

GOELET CUP RACE—START OF SCHOONERS.

AT ANCHOR IN NEWPORT HARBOR.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB CRUISE AND RACES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY N. L. STEBBINS.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT."]

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TO THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION.

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN," "THE REBEL QUEEN," ETC.

I.

HE was an austere person, always serious of visage and of speech; even as a young man he was the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, in middle age he seldom laughed; in old age he never smiled. He was a Philanthropist, but of the severe kind; he gave freely, but not with a cheerful face. Chiefly, he supported efforts to reform sinners of all kinds, male and female, especially those which were concerned with the interesting but difficult case of Discharged Prisoners. He held meetings in his library on behalf of these unfortunates whose real punishment only begins when they come out; he spoke for them; he spoke with great earnestness, though he had but one speech, and he always ended this oration dramatically by throwing open his coat, to the imagination of the audience exposing a guilty bosom, and saying in hollow accents that if all secrets were known not one of us but should be occupying the cold and lonely cell of the convicted malefactor. Not a cheerful subject this, but he made it the work of his life. He wrote a book advocating the reception of the criminal, after his punishment, back into the bosom of society, as having expiated his sin by his captivity. In this book occurs the famous and often quoted passage—you all know it—on the prisoner innocent and wrongly convicted. Also in his speech—his one speech—he never failed, before the peroration of the bared breast, to draw a moving picture of this unfortunate person. And by long practice he had become so eloquent that his audience never failed to be thrilled, through and through. When they recovered, they reflected that for so rich a man to be so austere was a compensation to set off against their own poverty. Cheerfulness goes with a light heart. He who spends his life in thinking that he should be in prison, if he had his deserts, ought to be—must be—rich.

He was now a man turned sixty, a widower, with an only child, his daughter, the one survivor of six or seven children, a girl of nineteen. It has been stated that he was always of a grave disposition. But during the last four or five years he had become more than grave—more than austere—an ascetic. He lived on the plainest food, he did not use his carriage, he dressed as if he was a pauper, he walked with hanging head, he sat silent and depressed; and whenever he discharged his one speech he made the hollowness of his tones, the severity of his eyes, and the baring of his breast assume a solemnity that was perfectly terrifying. He gave large sums of money to sinners; he was the noblest patron ever known to the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, but for all his charities he grew no more cheerful. He was a just man in all his relations with servants and dependants; but he was not loved, plain, simple, unadorned, perfect Justice is the one human virtue which commands no love. A little uncertainty, a little—say—tendency to backslide—a little coming down here and there from the cold heights of Perfection—is felt to be the kind of Justice most proper to Fallen Man. When we have got up again after that Fall, and brushed our knees, we shall enjoy the Cold Perfection, but not till then.

His daughter Isabel had no sympathy at all with the Discharged Prisoner. She said that he ought not to have done it. Nor did she feel pity for any sinner, male or female. She said that the sinner ought to be ashamed of himself or herself. Nor would she help the helpless person; she said that he ought to help himself. As for the baring of the bosom, she said it was rubbish, and that no one she knew deserved to go to prison, and if any of her friends were so deserving, they would cease to be her friends. And, so far from imitating the austerity of her father she was a cheerful young woman, who laughed a great deal, and went into society as much as she could.

The meeting was over. The austere Philanthropist was left alone in the library—the great library filled with books whose very names he knew not, for he read nothing. He walked up and down with bowed figure and hanging hands. Had he lifted his head you would have seen a face no longer austere, but haggard, torn with pain. Do you know the face of one who has endured mental or physical suffering for years, how watchful, how full of anxiety it is? Such was the face of this man. He did lift his head, it was when the door was opened and his daughter looked in. "Is your meeting over? Was it a good meeting? Good heavens!" she cried, seeing his haggard face. "What is the matter?"

He sat down and made no reply for a few moments. "Child," he said, "it is that—that pain—of which I have spoken. You can do nothing. Never mind me, Isabel. I shall get better presently. Leave me here. Do not expect me at dinner. I shall be perfectly well in a little while—perfectly—perfectly well—when I have had a little rest—a little rest."

"You look very ill," she said, anxiously; "let me bring you a glass of wine." She took his hand, laying her finger on his pulse. "There is no fever. Is it fatigue? Is it over-excitement at the meeting?"

"Child," he said, solemnly, "if we could lay bare the secrets of the heart, most of us would be found worse than the poor wretches whom we keep in prison—worse—far worse. When the punishment falls upon us—when we are stripped of all we love—all we desire—when the scourge that will pursue us to the third and fourth generation begins to fall—"

"Father, you are morbid. Your work for the criminals has filled your brain with fancies. You must go away—you must live better."

"Yes, my dear, I will—I will live better—much better—if I can—if I am suffered. But you—you—oh! to the third and fourth generation shall the curse extend. Child, leave me here. Yes, I shall be better soon. I shall be well—perfectly well—to-morrow."

He rose, laid his hands upon his daughter's shoulders, and gently pushed her from the room.

Isabel left him. Before going to bed in the evening she looked into the library. Her father was writing; he nodded more cheerfully than he had done for months. He told her that he was already much better, and that she might go to bed without any uneasiness.

At eight o'clock in the morning the maids opened the library door. On the wooden chair at the table sat a dead body. Life and soul had fled. A little bottle on the floor showed how they had been driven out of the earthly house. The maids shrieked and fled. Isabel, called up, hurried down stairs. The dead hand lay upon a bundle of papers tied up and sealed. These were inscribed, "For Isabel." Nobody saw the packet except his daughter, who slipped it into her pocket with a presentiment of something even more dreadful than the suicide.

When it was noised abroad that this man had committed suicide—this man of all men—this rich man—this charitable man—this man of large heart—there were many who remembered with what earnestness he had been wont to declare that were each to bare his guilty breast there would be revealed a criminal as vile as any who lay in prison. And those who thought of these hard, cold, and cruel words asked each other what this man, for his part, could have done.

The coroner's inquest returned a verdict of "temporary insanity." With all that money and no trouble of any kind, what but temporary insanity could be the cause of suicide?

II.

"This," said the solicitor, laying down the papers, "is the most wonderful document that I have ever read." Before him sat the girl in deep mourning, watching him with eager eyes.

"Wonderful? You only call it wonderful?" she replied. "I call it horrible—terrible—shameful!"

"Wonderful, I call it. Because, my dear young lady, there is not a word of truth in this self-accusation."

"Oh! If I could think so! But it is too—too circumstantial, and it explains everything—his austerity—his depression—even his continual repetition about the baring of the breast. Everything is explained. Oh! What am I to think? How can I continue to honour my father? What am I to do?"

"You will honor him by acknowledging with me that there is not a word of truth in it. But I agree with you: the document explains his depression of late years—growing deeper every day as the illusion grew stronger."

Isabel shook her head. "No," she said, "I cannot think so. Would to Heaven I could!"

"I remember the case that he recalls," the solicitor continued. "We were all school fellows together, your father, the man—afterwards the criminal—Farrier, and myself. When we left school, Farrier, who was a light hearted, shallow lad, just the opposite of your father, used often to visit at the house. He fell into debt, he got into difficulties; he forged your grandfather's name for a large sum; he was detected, tried, and found guilty. The evidence, mind, was the clearest possible; there was no defence whatever; the whole case took little more than half an hour. Your father was very much cut up about it—quite naturally—and I believe the forger confessed before the sentence was passed. I have always thought that this event and the recollection of his old friend's fall had much to do with his taking up the Discharged Prisoners. Now I see that it even led to the illusion that he was himself the guilty man."

"No," said Isabel, firmly. "Here is his confession. Give me back the papers, Mr Barry. I must keep them myself. At least, the world shall not know. What has become of that unhappy man?"

"The forger? I don't know. He has long since gone under. Dead, most likely."

"If he is living, I will find him. If he has children, I will find them. I will make such atonement, even if it takes my last farthing, as I can. Atonement? Oh! What—what atonement is possible for the ruin of a life? Atonement? Oh! What atonement can avert the curse that lies upon me? For the third and fourth generation! Mr Barry, do you think—do you think—that such a one as I—the child of such a—such as my poor father—could marry and bring upon children—innocent children—the curse that such a crime entails? Don't you see the doom that this revelation brings upon me?"

Now, the girl was rich, and there was a certain young man interested in that girl whom the solicitor knew, and he took a paternal interest in that young man, therefore he hastened to expostulate.

"My dear young lady!" he urged, solemnly. "How shall I persuade you? What can I say? The man confessed, I remember now, he wrote to your grandfather from prison and confessed."

"My father says that he did so in order to screen himself—the real criminal. My father says this. Can I choose but believe? Would any man say a thing so terrible as this if it were not true?"

"Says—oh! says. Why it is part of his madness to believe it! I assure you that the evidence was overwhelming, the young man gave the forged check to his principal creditor, the check book which he had stolen was in his possession; there could not be a clearer case."

"I cannot believe it. Nothing would make me believe it—except the man's own assurance."

"Well, then, let us find the man if he still exists, and obtain his assurance. For my own part, I prefer his letter of confession and the evidence before the court, and the charge of the judge and the verdict of the jury."

The girl took up the papers again and read aloud the words with which the confession ended: "'Therefore, Isabel, it is my command that you seek out this man, or his children, whose ruin I have wickedly compassed, and that you make such atonement as is possible, even to the uttermost farthing of your inheritance. This I solemnly charge and enjoin upon you if you wish to avert a curse upon you and upon your children and your grandchildren.' But," said Isabel, looking up, "there shall be no children to bear that curse. 'I have been punished by the death of my wife and of all my children except yourself, and by a remorse which has been a flame within me, that burns and consumes me, for years. What other punishment I go to meet I know not. It cannot be worse than what I have endured.'" Isabel read these terrible words with a hard and resolute voice. It was the lawyer who bent his head to hide the tears in his eyes.

"Poor man!" he said. "What suffering! And all for a morbid brain!"

"No. The thing is true. My father could not write these words if they were not true. And now it only remains to find the man."

III.

For a year after this event there appeared once or twice a week in all the London papers, and in many of the provincial papers, not to mention those of America, India, Australia, Africa, New Zealand, and the Isles, an advertisement which ran as follows:

> ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.—The above reward will be paid to any one who will furnish the advertiser with the present place of residence of Percival Henry Farrier, or with proof of his death and the whereabouts of his children, if any. The said Percival Henry Farrier, if living, is now about sixty-one years of age. He was last heard of thirty-five years ago. He was then a young man with light hair and blue eyes, and beardless. He had a good voice, and could play the piano and sing. He was of gentlemanly address. If the said Percival Henry Farrier will in person respond to this advertisement he will hear of something greatly to his advantage.
>
> BARRY, PENNEFATHER, & STALLARD, Solicitors,
> Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

"No," said Mr Barry, "we have had no serious reply. People have come fishing for information, dozens have written saying that they know where the man is, and if we will send a ten pound note they will produce him. One woman called in deep mourning, and said that her father, Percival Farrier, was just dead and buried. She was a past mistress of fiction. Well, how much longer?"

"As long as I live, if necessary."

"I showed you what the police knew about him. Your poor innocent victim became billiard sharper, welsher, confidence-trick man, card sharper, singer in low music halls, and all the time drunkard and outcast."

"He was naturally weak. We must forgive everything on account of the Deep Wrong which he endured."

"Well, he has disappeared. He is dead most likely. Who cares when such a creature dies? He is buried and is forgotten as quickly as possible."

"Perhaps he has left children. We will go on searching."

IV.

Isabel took to reading in a hospital. It was an occupation for her, it diverted her thoughts from the oppression which now hung over her like a cloud. She sat at bedsides in a ward and read to sick people. It is a most charitable thing to do; the more so because to most of us it is so horribly tedious. She did it for a year and more, until an accident, say a providential arrangement, caused her to desist, at least for a while.

It happened in this way:

Isabel walked one afternoon through the ward on her way to the reading. On either side in the white beds lay the patients. To the unprofessional eye there was little outward show of suffering; the men lay perfectly quiet, some were reading, some were sleeping; most of them lay with their eyes open, not caring for anything but rest and ease from pain. She stopped casually before one of the beds. It contained a new-comer, a man advanced in years; he was quite bald, and his face was beardless. The reason why she stopped was that, of all the faces she had ever seen, this was the most dreadful which glared at her from the pillow. Its owner seemed about seventy years of age, but he might have been eighty or ninety. Wreck, decay, and degradation were written plain and clear upon his face. Lost soul, it proclaimed. Long years of the life which knows neither honor nor principle nor self-governance had stamped it with a seal as plain to read as the seal of a limited liability company. Even the most innocent person, even this child of the self-accused, wicked man could read upon this evil countenance bad drink, bad food, bad companions, bad habits, bad thoughts, and bad words. The man's face was red, with spots and blotches, as if leprous; his nose was a red and shapeless lump; his cheeks and neck were puffed, his lips were swollen and uncertain; his eyes were shifty and suspicious. Every feature proclaimed individually and separately, the lawless life. He was the very type of the Prodigal Son grown old and unrepentant.

Isabel stood over the bed and looked at this interesting case. The nurse joined her.

"Pneumonia," she said. "You should have seen him when he came in—a mass of filth and rags. In this place we have our experiences, but there!" Her gesture showed that the case was unspeakable.

The patient looked on, suspiciously listening, but said nothing.

"He came from a wretched 'doss' house," the nurse went on. "They brought him here because they thought it would be better if he died here than there. I think he was starving as well. However here he is. By his name," she took up the card which hung at the foot of the bed and gave it to Isabel, "you see, he might have been a gentleman once. It isn't exactly a—"

"Good heavens!" cried Isabel. "It is the man we have been looking for so long. Tell me"—she bent over the patient—"are you, really and truly Percival Henry Farrier, the man who was convicted of forgery and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment thirty-five years ago?"

The evil face grew more evil to look at; the eyes more shifty and more suspicious. "Who are you?" the man asked. "I ain't done nothing to you that I know of." Gentleman or not, he had clearly forgotten the speech of civility.

"Heaven knows I do not wish to do you any harm," Isabel answered, earnestly. "Are you that man?"

"I've had trouble," he said, doggedly. "I've repented, lady," he whined.

"How have you lived since—you—you came out of—"

"Honest work, lady—only honest work." But his eyes did not corroborate these comfortable words.

"But you have been in prison since—not once, but many times."

"There's always trouble for some folks. I'm one of the unlucky ones."

"When you recover—if you recover—and go out again, what shall you do?"

"Honest work," he said, whining again. "I shall strive for honest work."

"This unfortunate man," Isabel turned to the nurse, "has led, I fear, a dreadful life. But he once suffered a terrible Wrong, and allowances must be made. His friends have been looking for him a long time. Now that he is found, we shall not let him go again. Make haste, my poor friend

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—she laid her hand on the red and flaming brow—"make haste to recover. You are what your misfortunes have made you. We shall take care of you for the future. Your troubles are over."

The victim of his own—or other people's—wickedness received this intelligence with a look of profound suspicion. The very last thing that he desired, you see, was to be looked after: the one thing that remained to him was his freedom to live after his own heart, low down—walking among the swine. Besides, he had already, very unwillingly, been looked after a good deal. He had been looked after quite paternally, kept from doing any harm, and even from getting drunk, for long periods. Therefore, this young lady's promise gave him no joy at all, but, on the other hand, filled him with a dreadful foreboding. Was he going to get well again only to be looked after? Better, perhaps, the "dose" house, with its freedom and the drink.

V.

The next day this interesting patient had another visitor—Mr. Barry, the lawyer, to whom Isabel had communicated her discovery. He stood over the bed, and thoughtfully, chin in hand, contemplated the wreck.

"You are changed, Mr. Percy Farrier," he said, presently, "since I saw you last."

"I don't know you," the sick man replied, uneasy under those searching eyes.

"You have forgotten, I dare say, the days when you were a gentleman. We were at school together, Farrier Secundus. I was Barry. Do you remember Barry? No?" The man shook his head impatiently. "You have forgotten those times, no doubt. Best to forget them. It was long before you became billiard sharper, welsher, confidence-trick man, writer of begging letters, or any of your later professions. It was before you committed your first great crime. You remember that first crime?" The man covered his head with the sheet. Mr Barry drew it back. "Come," he said, "I am not going to worry you. In fact, I have good news for you."

The man shook his head. "Good news? There can be no good news for me. Go away—leave me."

"What did you do it for—I mean the first forgery?"

"I was in a mess—I don't know what—and it looked so safe. I thought it *couldn't* be found out."

"Just so. Well, I have good news for you. When you get well, you will not be allowed to go back to the old life at all. You will be taken into custody; you will be placed in comfortable quarters, you will have as much of everything as you can desire."

"I don't understand."

"You will understand, by degrees. Meantime get better—and if you think at all, it will be salutary for you to think of the days when we played cricket together on Clapham Common. Farrier Secundus—perhaps now Primus—you have got such a stroke of luck as you do not deserve. You are, let me see, about sixty one or sixty two years of age; you are broken in health, you are a hardened old prison bird. There is not in the whole country a more degraded wretch. Yet you are to have one more chance of repentance. You don't deserve it, but you are to have it. Make the best of it."

Mr. Barry turned and walked thoughtfully down the ward. The man looked after him as he had looked after Isabel, with troubled eyes. To be taken into custody, to be placed in comfortable quarters, suggested some kind of prison. But he was too weak to think much.

"Do what you please for him," said Mr Barry to Isabel. "He won't live long. But give him nothing, or, better still, promise him nothing. When it comes to tim giving, I shall have something to say myself. Meantime, your father, remember, was under the most miserable imitations that ever fell upon any man."

VI.

A month later Isabel stood with her interesting recovery before a pretty little cottage a few miles out of London. It was quite an ideal cottage, covered with creeping and clinging things—roses, wistaria, passion flower, clematis—porch and walls, and even the roof, standing in its own garden; a low cottage of two rooms below and three above. The patient, greatly improved in appearance, was dressed like a gentleman, his face, owing to the hospital treatment, had lost its puffiness and its blotches, his features were no longer swollen, they had become even refined by the purgatory of pneumonia; his thin nostril was almost transparent, he stooped and moved feebly, for his illness had left weaknesses of various kinds, and he looked very old. Nobody, however, could mistake him for a venerable old man, or a good old man, on account of those shifty eyes glancing with suspicion here and there; his hands hung dangling—you know the dangling hand? It betokens servitude, or, at least, obedience and discipline. The soldier has it, the valet has it, and the prison bird has it. You may always know the prison bird by those hands that have dangled so long and so often before the officials of the prison.

Arrived at the porch, Isabel preached a short sermon, to which the penitent listened with apparent interest.

"Mr Farrier," she said, solemnly, "this cottage is only the beginning of what you will receive. But your return to your better self must be, I am well aware, gradual. You are repentant, I believe." He groaned, in corroboration of that faith, "Truly repentant." "That is something. Remember that whatever you have done, I do not blame you. Weakness followed on a great wrong." "A great wrong," echoed the penitent. He didn't know what it was, but he saw that the words were mighty in results. "You have never spoken to me of that great wrong, but I know it, and for the sake of it you shall—well, on that subject I cannot speak. Here I leave you. The cottage is furnished for you, the rent will be paid for you: every Saturday you will receive the sum of three pounds, you will find a respectable woman engaged as your servant. I think you will find everything that you can possibly want. You are safely removed from your old companions. And now I leave you to the companionship of—your better self. Be true to your promises and all will be well with you." She took his dangling hand and squeezed it, just like the chaplain of the prison, who always squeezed that flabby and dangling hand, which is the reason why hand-shaking, to all prison birds, represents religion.

He followed her with troubled eyes as she walked down the street. What did this mean? Nothing at all said about work; nothing about going to church. Yet she shook hands with him. And in his pocket were three sovereigns. He went out into the road and looked up and down the village street. A little way off there hung a sign. He marched as briskly as his feebleness allowed in the direction of the public house.

"He is what his misfortunes have made him," said Isabel. "We must have patience. Meantime he seems resolved. I hope for the best. He promises faithfully to abstain from drink. He weeps as he promises amendment. After all his misfortunes there remains an emotional nature, and he is so easily led that one hopes the very best. I shall leave him quite alone, to think and feel his way back to his better self, for one month."

VII.

But it was less than a month after this that Isabel had to visit her penitent. She acted like the policeman, from information received. She stood in the sitting-room of the cottage. Alas! The room was bare, there was nothing at all in it; there was no furniture of any kind, it was horribly dirty; she stepped into the kitchen; that was also bare. She climbed the stairs; in one room there was a bed with a blanket on it, and nothing else. She descended the stairs and went out of the cottage into the porch with a sinking heart. Presently there came along the road slowly, for he was still feeble, the tenant of the cottage. His clothes should have been respectable, but were not, because he had no collar and no waistcoat, and his flannel shirt was torn at the neck. Mr. Percival Farrier, in this new guise, looked even more disgraceful than when he lay in his hospital cot. His face was swollen again, and was more dreadful than ever, his eyes, his nose, his mouth, had all relapsed into their former condition before the time of hospital. Where—oh! where—were the outward signs of penitence?

"What is the meaning of this, Mr. Farrier?" Isabel asked. "Where is the furniture?"

"Sold," he replied. "Everything is sold"—his voice was a little thick. "All sold to assist a poor man, another poor man who has been in trouble. There's lots of us—lots of us—trouble everywhere."

"Where is your servant—the woman who was to take care of you?"

"Gone. I sent her away. She drank. She filled the house with her wicked companions."

"You are lying," said Isabel sternly. "She is a most respectable woman. I placed you in this cottage, where you could be safe from your former associates. I have heard from the Vicar of your wickedness. You bring your old companions here—to this peaceful village; you sell the furniture; you turn out the woman, you make the house a scandal with your drunken orgies. This must stop. I shall have to find you another kind of home. Oh! I hoped—from what you promised—I hoped so differently."

The man began to whine. "That Wrong," he began. "That what you told me about. That Great Wrong!"

"Promise him nothing," said Mr. Barry, a second time.

"He is what that Great Wrong has made him," said Isabel. "We must have patience. I owe him so much—oh! so much—even to the innermost farthing I must give him everything—all my youth and all my life—and nothing will atone. But you are right. If we give him money now, he would become a greater wretch than ever. We must have patience."

VIII.

Isabel took him to her own house, debauched and drunken as he was. She got a strong woman whom she knew to watch over him all day. She made him go decently clothed and she kept him sober. Now the man, with a dignity which astonished her, because she did not understand that it was the dignity of the prison, born of long obedience to right rules, obeyed her in everything, without a murmur. He accepted whatever food was placed before him, he even accepted books, and made pretence to read them. But his eyes were always watching—watching—either with a purpose or a fear—following his nurse or his jailer.

"I cannot make him talk," Isabel told the lawyer. "His memory seems gone. He even bears no resentment for the Wrong."

"I should like to catch him bearing any resentment," Mr Barry interrupted.

"This silence is a beautiful trait. He must know when I am, and he will not shame me by speaking of—the truth. Yet the memory of the Wrong must still burn in his breast. His behavior is beautiful. Sometimes he weeps. I think of him as of an innocent man condemned—oh! it is dreadful—to live among the refuse and wreckage of the world till he has almost forgotten what he was. But always docile and childlike."

When she went home she found the strong woman, the custodian, in despair. Her charge had escaped. He had just walked openly out of the front door.

Isabel reflected. Then, by inspiration, "Let us," she said, "search the public houses round." They found him in one of them. He was drinking fast and furious: he was drinking with the thirst of one who has been cut off for many days; he was already too drunk to stand—too drunk to speak.

Sadly they bore him home and laid him in his bed. In his pocket his nurse found a pawn ticket and a sovereign. And a clock was missing, which was discovered to be represented by this pawn ticket.

Isabel spoke to him in the morning. He was deeply penitent; he groaned and wept. Isabel pointed out that such an outbreak showed that his better self, which it should be his sole object to regain, was as yet a long way off. She assured him once more that she had no reproaches to offer him—only patience and joy. "You are what you are," she said, "through the weakness that followed your Great Wrong."

Then the work of reformation began again. That is to say, the man became once more steadily docile. A week later it was discovered that he had again escaped. He had lowered himself out of his bedroom, which was on the first floor. And where had he gone? The public-houses were searched, but nothing was discovered.

Isabel went to her adviser. "As for his retreat," he said, "it will be easy to find him. He will go back to his old friends and his old life. Let him go, Isabel."

"No, I will never let him go. He is my charge. I atone for my father's sin."

They found him, in fact, that same day in the "dose" house which he had formerly frequented. He had had time to get drunk, and half sober, and drunk again; had pawned all his clothes, and was dressed again in rags. They put him into a cab, and carried him back. In the morning he seemed to have forgotten everything. Some kind of fever followed, and he was kept in bed for two or three days. When he got up he was too weak to run away. Isabel tried persuasion again. Her exhortation recalled fond memories of the chaplain, and produced exactly the same effect. He listened; he wept; he promised; he said dutifully what was expected of him. Experience had taught him to speak of repentance, amendment, and honesty. So he spoke of them filthily, and with the starting tear.

One day there appeared a change in him—a very odd change. He became talkative; he answered questions; he showed interest. Isabel congratulated herself. The corner was turned, he was now passed out of the crushed and passive stage, he was ready to resume his own responsibility. She asked him about his old life. He was quite ready to tell everything. He told her so much that she was fain to stop him. For it was a revelation of things incredible and impossible.

Next day the same thing, and the day after. Then a very sad discovery was made. For when they awoke in the morning, behold! the patient was found in the cellar, lying in the sawdust, under the tap of a beer barrel. Once more he was carried up and put in bed.

Deprived of this resource, he relapsed into apathy.

"Let him go," said Mr. Barry. "Indeed, you have no right to keep him. He is not your prisoner."

"He is my charge," said Isabel. "But I will give him his liberty."

She opened the doors for him. She gave him money. "If you want to go away," she said, "do so. Go back, if you can, to your old companions. Whatever you do, I shall never reproach you. Return when you please. This house is your own. Go away, if you please. Come back when you please."

He shuffled away feebly, with his shifty eyes and his dangling hands.

A week later he came back. Isabel was out. He was allowed, by her order, to enter and go about unwatched. He stole some trifles from the drawing room and disappeared with them.

During the whole of that summer he came at intervals. He came in rags and dirt; he knocked at the door and was admitted without a word. If Isabel was at home, she came out and shook hands with him politely, asking him if he were well and ignoring the appearance and the degradation of him. I know not what he understood of the position, more than that here was a Lady of Whims, who gave him money and allowed him to take anything he pleased, and called him Mr. Farrier, as if he was still a gentleman.

One morning he came again after an absence of three or four weeks. His limbs trembled and shook; his eyes were unnaturally bright; his face was swollen; he was terrible to look upon.

"Mr. Farrier," said Isabel, taking his hot hand, "you look ill. Will you sit down?"

The man looked round the room; he saw nothing to take; his eyes fell upon Isabel's watch and chain.

"You want my watch and chain? Take it, Mr Farrier; take anything that I have. All is yours in atonement for that Great Wrong."

"That Great Wrong," the man repeated.

"But you look ill, Mr. Farrier, and your hand is hot. Will you stay here and rest a little?"

In answer the poor wretch clutched greedily at the watch which the girl handed him. Then his limbs bent under him, and he fell in a heap upon the floor.

IX.

"He is dying," said the doctor, a day or two later. "I wonder that he has lasted so long. He must have had a wonderful constitution. He will become comatose presently. And he will probably die unconscious."

Isabel returned to his bedside. It was another and a last attack of pneumonia which had laid him low.

"Mr. Farrier," she said, "I have done what I could for you. Forgive me before you die. Forgive my father. Do you understand me? Then say you forgive us for the Great Wrong."

He opened his eyes and looked suspicious. "Great Wrong? he repeated—"Great Wrong? What d'yer mean—you and the Great Wrong? Always going on about the Great Wrong. It's all wrong—seems to me."

"You remember, surely," Isabel went on. "The Wrongful charge—the cruel silence—the trial—the sentence—you cannot forget that time."

"What's the use of remembering?" asked the dying man. "I served my time—I done the thing, and I served the time for it. Didn't I? Well—then—what d'yer mean? When a man has done time, the thing ought to be finished."

"You did the thing? You?" Isabel bent over the bed, eagerly. "Do you mean this? Is it true?"

"I told the judge I done it. I told the chaplain I done it. Well—and I paid for it. I was a gentleman once. I paid for it." He had, his face, his speech, his eyes, proclaimed the price he had paid for it.

"Stay—am I in my senses? Man! You are dying—tell me—you are dying—in the name of the Great Judge before whom you will appear to-day—to-morrow. In the name of GOD, who forged that check?"

"I forged it. Who else could ha' done it? Done it? I alone it—I done it," he repeated with a last gasp of energy. "And I done time for it."

"You? You?" Isabel could say no more. The man closed his eyes wearily and seemed to fall asleep. Isabel sat by the bedside waiting for a return to consciousness. But there was none; he breathed heavily; the poor wreck, beaten and battered out of all resemblance to that Better Self, would strike upon no more rocks.

"It was, then after all," said Isabel, "pure hallucination."

"Pure hallucination," repeated the solicitor. "It came of brooding too long upon one class of suffering and punishment. Perhaps the original cause was this very case, which your father took greatly to heart, and never forgot. His own friend—his own personal friend—whom he loved. I have here—I meant to show it to you in case you should do anything more time—more than commonly extravagant—the man's detailed account of the crime, and how he did it. He dictated it when he was in hospital."

"No, thank you, I do not wish to see it. I have seen enough. Oh! It was hallucination, after all. My poor father! How he must have suffered! What shame! what self-reproach! Oh! and I am free. I can look the world again in the face—free from that awful sense of hereditary shame!"

"You are free, my dear young lady, as you have always been; but you had no more faith than Doubting Didymus. Well, as to what you were saying a year ago"—the solicitor thought of that young man already referred to—"about the third and fourth generation, you know, you will, I suppose, now feel yourself able to—to change your views, and to—to consult your own happiness."

"I shall consider," said Isabel, blushing.

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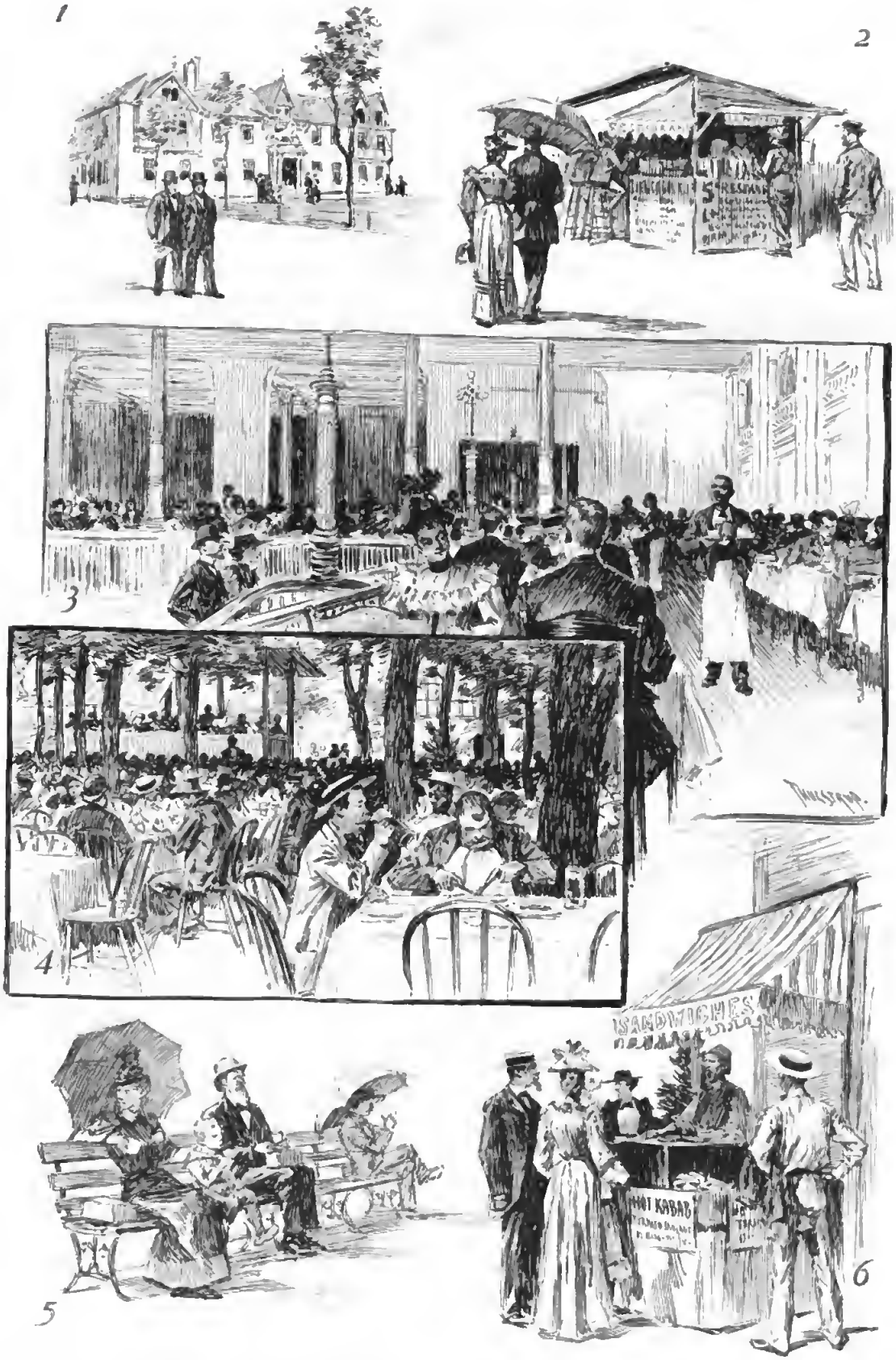
ANCIENT SPAIN AT THE FAIR.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

The *Santa Maria* near the Convent of Rábida, at the East End of the Agricultural Building.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—HOW THE CROWDS LUNCH.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 824.]

1. The "White Horse" Inn. 2. Five-cent Restaurant—Outside. 3. At the Casino. 4. In a German Beer-Garden. 5. Lunch-Boxes. 6. Turkish Sausage Stand.

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A MIDNIGHT CONFIDENCE.

AM a Jersey 'skeeter, and I revel by the sea,
A biting dudes and common folk in manner bold and free,
To-day I'm full of English blood; to-morrow every vein
May hold the bluest, richest gore that ever came from Spain.

Another day I'm like as not to sing "Die Wacht am Rhein,"
From having bit a German when perchance I came to dine,
And there are times when, reeling on my happy daily ways,
I take a nip that's Paris-bred and hum the Marseillaise.

Oftimes I am a Russian from my wing tip to my bill,
Oftimes I hold the richest blood you'll find on Murray Hill.
Sometimes I take a mixture, but I find it does not pay,
Unless I wish to suffer pain for many an anxious day.

For I have found that when I've bit a Briton and a Celt,
I'm pretty sure to suffer in the regions of my belt;
And when a Frenchman I have nipped, of Germans I keep free:
I do not want a battle-field down in the midst of me.

From which I think 'tis evident, while seeming free from care,
I have to keep a watchful eye upon my bill of fare;
And that is why I stick by you, my friend, the livelong night:
I'm dieting—and if I may, I'll have another bite.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

SILVER IN CONGRESS.

THE extraordinary session of the Fifty-third Congress was called by the President for the purpose of repealing the purchase clause of the Sherman act. No sooner had the proclamation been issued than the prominent opponents of repeal, or rather, as they prefer to be called, the "friends of silver," began to declare themselves. They do not like the Sherman law. They agree with the anti-silver men that that statute is bad, and that it ought never to have been placed on the statute book. No one is friendly to the law, and there is no doubt that it would be repealed at once if its repeal would not wipe out the last law that treats silver as a money metal. If the Sherman act should go, silver would be where it was left by the demonetization act of 1873, so far as the law is concerned. As a matter of fact, however, there is, aside from law, a great difference between the status of silver to-day and silver twenty years ago in this country. Not only is silver bullion very much cheaper, but the government has coined something like 420,000,000 silver dollars, while under the Sherman law a large quantity of bullion has been purchased and is stored in the Treasury vaults. But the "friends of silver" are not content with the store of coin and bullion already in the possession of the government and in circulation. They want the public market for silver maintained, no matter at what cost to the people. They insist that if the government should stop purchasing 54,000,000 ounces of silver every year, it must promise to stamp for any owner to its mints each fifty seven cents' worth of silver as a dollar. Provided this shall be agreed to, the "friends of silver" will vote for the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act, but not otherwise.

The movement for the restoration of silver as a money metal began in this country with the passage of the Bland free coinage bill, which after amendment secured by Mr. Allison in the Senate, became a law in February, 1878. Mr. Bland did not originate the silver movement, for the question of coinage was universal in the later seventies. While his bill was under discussion, continental Europe was adopting the gold standard. In 1870 Great Britain was the only gold standard country in the world by law. The United States were practically a gold-standard country, for the silver dollar, being undervalued, did not circulate. In 1871 Germany adopted the gold standard, and practically threw her old silver coins on the market in the form of bullion. Holland followed in 1873, the Latin Union in 1876, and Spain in 1878.

The immediate reason for this movement was the depreciation of silver. Silver had fallen, by reason of the discovery of the great American silver mines, from 61½*d.* per ounce in 1863, to 59*d.* in 1873, when the demonetization act was passed. By 1877 it was down to 54¼*d.*, and the mine-owners began to fear that they would lose the great profits which had made the most of them multi-millionaires.

Mr. Bland was simply a means, an instrument, through which the mine-owners worked. When the act of 1878 was passed, John P. Jones was completing his first term as Senator from Nevada. His present colleague, William M. Stewart, was not then a member of the Senate. He had served in that body from 1864 to 1875. He was elected again in 1887. In the other years other silver kings had occupied the seat; for this pocket-borough, Nevada, is always represented in the Senate by men who dwell in San Francisco, but who own the mines that make her greatest and practically her only resource.

Senators Jones and Stewart are the owners of silver mines, and are insisting upon the use of silver as money because they have silver to sell. The effort to increase the market price of their product through government purchases has turned out a failure. The Bland-Allison act required the monthly purchase and coinage of at least $2,000,000 worth of silver. It stood on the statute book until the passage of the Sherman act in 1890. In that time the price of silver fell from 52⅝*d.* in 1878 to 47¼*d.* per ounce in 1890. The Sherman act was passed, and directed the monthly purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver. This was about double the amount required by the Bland Allison act. Since it has been on the statute book silver has fallen, until it is now sold in London for about 39*d.* an ounce.

Senators Jones and Stewart, acting for themselves and their mine-owning associates, insist that the country, having experimented with silver purchases at an enormous cost to itself, shall now try free coinage, and this for the purpose of increasing the price of the product of their own silver mines. They are ably seconded by the two Senators from Colorado, Messrs. Teller and Wolcott, who, if they are not owners of silver mines themselves, speak with the voice of the mine-owners of the great silver producing State whose Governor declared that the "friends of silver" would "wade in blood up to their horses' bridles" before they would permit the "gold bugs" of the East to have their way.

Senator Jones is an experienced legislator and an able man. He has an accomplished and helpful associate in Senator Stewart. Both men have studied the history of coinage sufficiently to be able to talk with the appearance of great learning on a subject which very few public men in this country comprehend. They have beclouded the minds of the unwary, and have filled the minds of the uninformed with statements that are actually false, but that have passed as truths now for many years, because no one has contradicted them with the same vehemence with which they were made. In fact, no one has had quite the personal interest in the silver question that is felt by the four Senators named, and by some other Senators, of less importance except as voters, who represent Montana and Idaho.

Nevada had a total population by the census of 1890 of 45,671. It is a diminishing rather than a growing State, having lost nearly 17,000 people since 1880. Its few people, chiefly miners, have as many votes in the Senate as the 6,000,000 people of New York. Colorado had a population in 1890 of 412,198. It also has a voice as potent as New York's. The two States together outvote New York two to one, although New York's population is thirteen times greater than theirs, while it is nearly nine times greater than the combined population of the four silver States, who outvote it in the Senate four to one. But in point of character and ability either Colorado or Nevada makes much better showing in the Senate than New York.

Senator Teller is one of the oldest members of the body. He began his service in 1876. He was one of the first Senators from Colorado, and, with the exception of three years' service as Secretary of the Interior under Mr. Arthur, has been in the Senate since he first took his seat. He therefore participated in the passage of the Bland-Allison act and the Sherman act. His associate, Senator Wolcott, is one of the youngest men who have ever sat in the Senate. He is forty-five years old, and is perhaps the readiest and most valuable debater on the Republican side of the Senate. The two Colorado Senators attack the question as politicians and lawyers rather than as mine-owners, and they supplement Senators Jones and Stewart. It is a formidable quartet, fighting for the interests of themselves and their clients, studying the prejudices of their States, dominated by selfishness, eager, determined, resourceful, and bitter. How sincere one at least of them is in his advocacy of silver is shown by the accusation made in open Senate, and never denied, that Mr. Stewart, taking advantage of a statute of Nevada, has more than once stipulated for the right to exact gold in payments due him.

These men are the agents and attorneys of the owners of silver mines, who are in the silver fight to save their profit. Their allies and victims are the men who think that the country needs more and cheaper money. Mr. Bland stands for them. He is one of the oldest members of the House of Representatives, having entered it from Missouri twenty years ago. He has acquired a certain skill in parliamentary discussion by reason of his long service in Congress. He is intensely in earnest, thoroughly honest, bigoted, and obstinate. But, as is shown by his agreeing not to filibuster, he is too fair a man to resort to obstructive tactics to carry his point. He has some ready debaters on his side in the House, but he is the soul and mind of the struggle in the popular branch of Congress.

Senator Vest stands in the Senate for what Mr. Bland stands in the House—the people who have been deceived by the mine-owners into believing that free coinage means abundant prosperity. He has not much influence. He is brilliant and erratic, entertaining, but not convincing. He has nothing of value to give the silver men except his vote.

A CITY REFLECTION.

As sometimes 'twixt the crevice of a wall,
Or from an ancient walk, perchance a tomb,
Where at high noon the warmest sun rays fall,
A dainty perfect flower bursts to bloom,
So from this city's stones, which, cold and gray,
Seem like the monuments of dead vain hopes,
A bud awakes beneath Love's gentle ray,
To blossom sweetly on on nature's slopes.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

A CHIP OF HISTORY.

IT was in the fall of 1882 that government agents noticed a marked falling off in interest as regarded education among the Sioux tribe of Indians. In fact, the Indians at the Standing Horse Agency, at least, developed actual hostility to educational ideas. It has been estimated by one authority that the cause of education among the Sioux was put back twenty years; but to this day the government does not know the reason of it. It was a simple matter after all.

On September 28, 1882, Professor Moses Slowshaw stepped from the stage as it drew up in a swirling cloud of dust at the Standing Horse Agency. Professor Slowshaw was a special embassy sent out by the William Penn Rights of Savages Society of Philadelphia, of which he was a shining member, to see if the gentle family of Sioux was being deprived of any of their inalienable rights. There were no corresponding members of the William Penn Rights of Savages Society among the settlers in the Territory of Dakota at that time. There are none in that neighborhood now.

A curious group of Indians, stage-drivers, cowboys, half-breeds, soldiers, plain and ornamental cutthroats, and other members of reservation society watched Professor Slowshaw unload a large Philadelphia carpet bag from the foot of the stage and carry it to the house of one of the resident teachers. It was the professor's first trip to that region, but he was not unprepared for it. He had read about the country and knew what to expect. In the hold of his carpet bag the professor had stowed away all things needful. There were thick woollen under-clothes to guard against the change of climate; blue goggles to ward off the effects of the sun which poured down on the great, open, shadowless plain; a field glass for viewing the somewhat meagre landscape, a rain-coat and rubber boots for wet weather; riding gloves and a heavy felt hat for excursions to distant points where some solitary and isolated savage might be suffering gross wrongs; a large six shooting revolver, lest the unsettled state of society should demand the exercise of the first law of nature; and last, in the very bottom near the shooting and remote from the hatchway, was a liberal bottle of snake bite remedy. The professor had been his own steerage, but the work was thoroughly done, and the well trimmed cargo was brought safely into port.

Whiskey is not an antidote for the venom of the American rattlesnake. The professor knew this as well as anybody, but he also knew that it comes nearer to being an antidote than anything yet known to medical science. Therefore, wishing for the best, he saw that his bottle of bite-cure consisted simply of pure whiskey, deftly extracted from the long rye of the rich Susquehanna Valley. The bottle was large, but it had been put in solely for use in case of bite, as I have said, and not with the intention of employing it to slake ordinary thirst. The professor had heard that the snakes were numerous on the reservation, as, indeed, they were, along the water-courses and in the Bad Lands.

But Professor Slowshaw, though not personally familiar with far Western life, was not altogether ignorant of some phases of the existence. He had a vague notion that it was quite customary there to look upon whiskey in the light of a mild and refreshing beverage, to be drunk freely upon certain occasions, namely, whenever accessible. The thought of his bottle being stolen occurred to him. He saw a vision of himself standing in the centre of a ring of fiery hissing snakes, and not a drop of remedy on board his bag. He determined to do what he could in advance to reduce the chances of this fate overtaking him. He accordingly pasted on his bottle a large red label

> POISON!
>
> *For External Use Only.*

He chuckled softly as he lowered the bottle into place just aft of the sun-shooter.

The evening after Professor Slowshaw arrived at the Standing-Horse Agency his friend, the teacher with whom he was staying invited him to meet certain other workers among the Indians at the house of a missionary near by, where the rights of savages would be discussed. The professor left his bag riding, as he supposed, safely at anchor in his room. Now it happened that in the family of his friend was a young Indian named Running-Bear, a pupil of the agency school, and a young man of promise who was destined to go East to finish his education. There were also three other Indians, old and unregenerate heathens, who did not know a school house from the precession of the equinoxes, who were retainers of the family in a way and came and went as they chose. One of them, named Man that Whoops, was the father of Running Bear, the promising young man. The others were named Rolling Thunder and Slap-in-the-Face respectively. Old Man that Whoops had never been favorable to Indian education.

After the professor and his friend had gone it occurred to young Running Bear to look about a bit, if perchance he might not further improve his expanding mind. He finally pulled the professor's bag, made fast, and boarded it. Naturally he explored the hold, and brought to light the bottle of remedy. His intelligent young eye glistened when he first saw it, for it was exceedingly difficult for an Indian to get whiskey on the reservation; but his elucidated jaw fell as he read the label, and saw, as he supposed, his mistake. Putting the bottle back with a sigh, the young man cast off, and went upstairs to see a friend.

He had not been gone long when the three blanket Indians arrived, Man-that-Whoops, Rolling Thunder, and Slap-in-the-Face. They, too, soon came alongside the strange Philadelphia craft, and were not slow in getting open its hatchways. It was not their intention to steal, but they thought they might as well see what sort of a cargo the good pale face from the land of the rising sun carried. After admiring the hat and the pistol, they came, in their poor aboriginal way, to the bottle. Old Man that Whoops seized it by the neck with a grunt of satisfaction which shook his powerful frame. The others grunted in chorus as bottle Old Whoops pulled out the cork, and his eye caught the label. "Huh," he grunted scornfully as he pointed to the red skull above the crossbones; "bin been heap scalped." Then he glued the bottle to his lips and drank with a precision and earnestness which only a simple out-door life and great thirst could give him strength for. Then Rolling Thunder and Slap-in-the-Face also drank. After which they all three drank several times.

When Professor Slowshaw and his friend entered the house, two hours later, flushed with indignation at the stories of the Indians' wrongs which they had heard, their ears were greeted by strange sounds from above. The first idea of the professor was that the roof of the building was being wrenched off by a shrieking cyclone, and he turned his face cellarward; but the more experienced ear of his friend detected wild human cries mixed with the crash of breaking furniture and the frequent discharge of fire-arms. They rushed up stairs. This is a part of what they saw. Rolling Thunder was armed with the empty bottle, Slap-in-the-Face with the bag itself, and Man that Whoops with the revolver. They were fighting one another with all the ferocity known to their savage natures. Each was beating the other two with his weapon, and every time he got a good chance old Whoops was taking a shot at his opponents. Each was whooping as if he would put his whole life in each individual whoop, and never whoop again. The air was filled with finely broken up débris which never seemed to alight, such was the terrific atmospheric disturbance. The professor and his friend took one terrified look, and then ran to the house of the agent. He called out a detachment of the Indian police, and after considerable difficulty arrested the three savages.

The next day when young Running-Bear got the facts in the case he was the most disgusted young red-man in the tribe. He saw the sorry trick his vaunted education had played him—and he as thirsty as his father or any other man. He wept and danced on his school-books and cursed the day he had learned to read. The news came to the other Indians, and they all saw what the young man lost by his education and what the old ones gained by their want of it. No one pointed it out with more earnestness than old Man-that-Whoops and his two friends when they sobered up. It finally came to the ears of the whole tribe. The hopeful young Running Bear went back to the blanket and joined Sitting Bull.

The government agent who reported that the cause of education had been set back twenty years among the Sioux did not overstate the case.

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A MAN FROM ANOTHER WORLD.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

AT about Christmas time last year there was an obvious and palpable stir among the older men of the city of Helena, the capital of Montana. It was not seen in any movement or gathering of these people; indeed, it would be difficult to say in what way it was made manifest, and yet there was plainly a strong influence at work that disquieted and monopolized the leading men. These citizens when they met asked one another, "Have you seen him yet?" or, "How does he look?" or they expressed a wish to shake the hand or to get a glimpse of some one—always the same person, evidently, and always referred to as "he" or "him." It was plain that some one of extraordinary importance, and whose presence was a novelty, was in the city and in every one's thoughts. I, who did not especially deserve such good fortune, was among the first to see him. Mr Hugh McQuaid, one of the pioneers of Montana civilization, though still a young man, was impelled by his former training as a journalist to take me to see this pervasive personality, regarding whom he said: "I wish to make you acquainted with a man from another world. I wouldn't on any account have you miss talking with him."

"A man from another world?" I repeated, "relax talking to him? I should say not. But who is he?"

"Why, it's Johnny Healey, one of the finest and bravest men who ever lived, and a pioneer and pillar of the old days; ex Sheriff of Choteau County when that county was the size of New England—an old Indian fighter and trader and hunter. He has been in Alaska six years, and has just come back to see the folks he used to know and the places where he made his mark. Everybody is crazy to see him; I tell you he is a very remarkable man. He used to be a terror to road agents and Injuns, and he is back again. To us of Montana it is like the reappearance of a man who has died. But come along. I've told him you are here, and made a date with him to see you, now, at the club."

"But why do you call him 'a man from another world?'"

"Because it was another world that we had here in his days, when Montana contained only a few raw mining camps, miners, traders, women at only one kind, stagecoaches and no railways, shootings, hangings, highwaymen, Indians. When mining was about the only business, and the only law that amounted to anything was miners' law."

On the way to the attractive and almost metropolitan headquarters of the Montana Club man after man stopped us to ask Mr. McQuaid whether he had seen Mr. Healey, or "Johnny." It was evident that the excitement would not abate until all had seen the hero of the life that had departed.

I found Mr Healey in the office of the secretary of the club, stowed away behind a closed door, as if he were too precious to be allowed to move around the rooms where the card tables and newspaper files and the "loaded" tumblers were in busy use. He seemed to me to be about fifty or fifty-five years of age, a plain citizen who might have been taken for a soldier in civil dress, very spare and hard of flesh, light in weight, and slightly Celtic in facial features, with brown hair and moustache and a grizzled goatee. He was dressed distinctly like a man of the present world, in what we call a "business suit." As I studied him more and more closely I saw that he had very steady and intense blue eyes, a sun-browned complexion, and a strong chin and jaw to betoken great firmness. He showed but one scar, a little one on one side of his nose, where a cur had bitten him as he stooped down once upon a time to enter an Indian tepee. That scar made a great impression on my mind, as often have I stooped down to enter tepees, and so abundant and vicious are the dogs wherever there are tepees.

Mr Healey would not talk about "the other world" from which he had come. He said it would look like boasting, "and," he added, "what's the use?" He was willing to tell me all about the people and resources of Alaska. He has a trading station at Chilcat, in that Territory, and for six years he has studied the less poetic people of that region precisely as he once studied the Sioux, Crows, Bloods, Blackfeet, Piegans, Crees, and Stonies of our plains. But a lucky accident or intervention sent his thoughts and talk back to early Montana. Some one passing along the hall outside the room called out, "Whose voice is that I hear? Can I come in? Why, bless me, if I didn't know you by your voice, Johnny. How are you, old fellow? You look fine rate."

"Why, hello, Tom!"

The new-comer was United States Senator Power, another old comrade and old timer with Mr Healey. The two men sat down, and I could not help contrasting the appearance of my companions. Mr McQuaid and the Senator were both men of full habit, soft faced, fat-handed, with every appearance of leading easy, phlegmatic, indoor lives, accompanied by rich meals regularly obtained. They were the men of to-day, and they sat facing the man of yesterday—the wiry, browned, nervous, muscular, out-of-door semblance of what they had been. It was the scene of the famous painting of "The Return of the Missionary" repeated. As the missionary looks, surrounded by the cardinal, his retinue, and the magnificent trappings of his palace, so looked Mr Healey for the next hour in the Montana Club. Senator Power felt this, for after a pause, during which he looked Mr Healey over from head to foot, he asked him a question that seemed inspired by the situation—the one question that could fetch an answer to epitomize the entire gamut of contrasted conditions.

"Johnny," the Senator inquired, "you don't mean to say you are still at it, with your hand on your gun and the border life around you?"

"That's what I am," said Healey; and then he hastily added, "but it ain't what it used to be, Tom, not near."

A flood of recollections—pleasant, exciting, tragic, and fierce—must have surged over the Senator's mind, for he sought relief and expression by turning to me with a testimonial to Mr Healey's virtues such as any old Montanian would be proud to have earned, and such as it never was any fortune to hear spoken of any man before.

"Healey was the best man we ever had here in the early days," said he. "He was afraid of nothing and no one. You could not scare him with a gun. He was as quick as cat, and as scientific as Sullivan. If you pulled a gun on him, he would grab it with one hand and knock you down with another. The rough element wanted no trouble with him, I can tell you. If he was out of reach of a gun that was pulled on him he would simply laugh, and wait his chance at the man who threatened him. He has made hundreds of arrests, and never used a pistol once in taking a man. Is not that so, Johnny?"

"No," said the hero; "I pulled a gun once."

"What time was that?"

"Dutch Bill's gang."

"Oh."

I got Mr. Healey to tell me that story, but it was by no means the equal in old time flavor of others that I heard and heard of. He and a companion were out after thieving Indians near Fort Benton, and they were tired and hungry. They saw some horses and two mounted men, and rode up to them. Mr Healey rode close to the men, and they slipped off the beasts they were riding and rested their rifles on the saddles in a decidedly threatening manner. "Who are you?" one cried. "We're white men," Healey shouted, riding closer. "But who is ——are you?" the stranger insisted. By this time Mr. Healey was so close to the men that he could see what sort of rifles they were "levelled" with. "Quick! who are you?" "Healey," said the hero of the story. "Then throw up your hands, —— you!" was the answer. Instantly Mr. Healey threw himself sidewise over his horse so as to expose but one foot, and dashed away for his life. His companion followed suit. As they rode away Mr Healey said: "They're been stealing horses, and I'm going back to stampede the horses and get them away. Come on."

"You'll get killed—and that's all you'll get," the other replied. But Mr. Healey on his superb horse was dashing back as if the grass was on fire behind him. Both men rode right up to the bunch of stolen horses and began firing at the men, who were still behind the barricades they had formed of their horses. Mr. Healey shot both their saddle-horses and stampeded the stolen steeds, getting them away with him. Next day one of the thieves was captured and brought into Fort Benton by some one else, and on the day after that Mr. Healey rode out for the other scamp. He rode up to a shack, or cabin house, where he suspected the other desperado would hide, and learned that the man he wanted would soon return, that he had gone away for water. When the man did return, Healey, standing in the doorway of the shack, covered the man with his gun and remarked: "It is my turn now, hold up your hands."

That was the only time that, as constable or sheriff, he had occasion to threaten a man's life in order to make an arrest.

I talked with Mr. Healey then and afterwards, and found my appetite for stories of the old mining camp life keenly whetted. In the course of my quest for the recollections of the pioneers, I learned that one who had a knack at writing had made a book of what he knew, and that this book had been declared by no less a person than Charles Dickens to be "the most interesting volume he ever read." It was on his second visit to this country that the famous English novelist had obtained and read the work, at least that is what the most reputable men out there believe and declare. Very eagerly I sought the book, and after but little trouble obtained a copy. As I had suspected, it left little else to look for by one who wished a clear reflection of the mining-camp scenes in the early "sixties," when Alder Gulch and then Last Chance Gulch (Helena) sent the fame of their gold yields broadcast and attracted a host of miners, prospectors, traders, and adventurers from California, Utah, Nevada, Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky, and many other States, into the new region of diggings.

It is called

THE VIGILANTES OF MONTANA

OR

POPULAR JUSTICE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

BEING A CORRECT AND IMPARTIAL NARRATIVE OF THE CHASE, TRIAL, CAPTURE, AND EXTINCTION OF

HENRY PLUMMER'S ROAD AGENT BAND

TOGETHER WITH ACCOUNTS OF THE LIVES AND CRIMES OF MANY OF THE MEMBERS AND DESPERADOES, THE WHOLE BEING INTERSPERSED WITH SKETCHES OF LIFE IN THE

MINING CAMPS OF THE "FAR WEST"

BY

PROF. THOMAS J. DIMSDALE

SECOND EDITION

VIRGINIA CITY, M. T.

D. W. TILTON, PUBLISHER

1866

I had intended to quote liberally from the professor's book.* I wrote to his publisher at his printed address in Virginia City and at another address to which it was said he had removed, but I got no reply. Then I interested some friends in Montana in the task, and they failed. It is a pity, for no substitute can be made for the charms of the plain and direct tale which thrilled the great novelist.

It is indeed as interesting and a very peculiar book. It is not true, as its title indicates, that it is an impartial account of the scenes and contentions it records, but perhaps it is as nearly fair and frank as it would be possible to find a history written by a spectator of, if not an actor in, a drama of such heated and desperate action as that which began with a wholesale murder, robbery, and arrogant vagabondism, and ended by tasselling the trees with the swinging bodies of desperadoes executed by an excited populace. The time has scarcely yet arrived when a history of the vigilance committees of either California or Montana can be also fairly impartially set down, because many of the participants in those movements are yet alive, and because some among those who took part in them were little better than or different from the men they chased and shot and hung.

In the presence of a company of these heroes of that other and boisterous era, I explained the conditions that rendered such a work unlikely by an interrogation that I put to them—though not without some hesitation and timidity.

"Gentlemen," said I, "in reading about these necessary and righteously conceived uprisings in the far West, it has several times struck me that the Vigilantes were not all at them better than the outlaws. Am I right about that? Were all the Vigilantes wholly deserving of the admiration the people bestowed upon them?"

"Well," one settler replied, "I guess you are right. You see, things were red hot when they came to the pass where vigilance bands were organized, and some men who saw that right was going to triumph over wrong were induced by their shrewdness to take sides with law and order."

"There is one thing that you must make note of that is not put down in the records," said another, "and that is that in these adding communities there were many weak and shifty characters who were not bad at heart, and did not want to be bad in deed, but who found themselves siding with the outlaws, and did not know how to break away. Sometimes these were men who were asked or forced to give some little assistance to the desperadoes—to shelter them, or outfit them, or perform some other act that they did not dare to refuse. After having done it they never had the courage to shake off the relationship that grew up between them and the outlaws. Then there was one notable but unique case of a man who trafficked with the bad men when he was drunk and with the decent men when he was sober. But the majority of men who became Vigilantes after having more or less dealings with the desperadoes were the storekeepers and tavern-keepers and others who had trade relations with every class in each community, and who knew their bread was buttered by sticking to the stronger side. Until the Vigilantes were organized and set in action the thugs ruled the roost, and these politic persons kept in their good graces. As soon as they saw that order and justice were climbing up on top they came over to us. The cases of actual 'State's evidence,' where outlaws joined us, were very few indeed, for the reason that if they had been notorious we were after them to hang them, not to associate with them.

"Our mining communities all go through the same processes between the first stage of 'the stampede' to the new finds and the last stage when the yield of metal and the interests that grew up around the mines become so important that lawlessness and toadyolery cease to be possible, and then the men of will and wealth get together and enforce good order. It will surprise many persons to know that one kind of law—and it is a very strict kind—obtains from the very outset at every new camp that is started. That is the law governing the interests of miners to one another in their pure character as mine holders and mine workers. This law or set of laws originated in California, and has become the basis of justice as regards mining property all over the West. It is the law in California, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, and Colorado, and a separate class of lawyers has been developed in consequence. A lawyer who is famous for his knowledge of mining law soon becomes a rich and important character in these States. Such specialists are the only ones who are retained in suits over mining property, because the ordinary lawyers do not pretend to understand this peculiar system of legislation. It is as different from the common law as is the Code Napoleon. It grew up out of the common-sense every-day rules that every camp established at the beginning when the men first began to stake out their claims. By common agreement they were to make claims of a certain size, announce and protect them in certain ways, and retain possession of them by the performance of certain obligations. As time went on numerous complications arose, and these had to be adjudicated by local arbiters or referees, there being no courts to try the suits. For instance, a load of ore running through several claims would set all the owners of those claims by the ears as to whose rights controlled the situation. There are hundreds and hundreds of possibilities for contention, and new ones arise all the time. As mining claims were all the property that most of the men in a camp possessed, equitable rules had to be established and enforced. This was done, even though the civil law was left hundreds of miles behind and forgotten.

"No one who is given to reflection will wonder at the lawlessness of the mining camps. The stampedes to such scenes were always by motley crews of men, among whom the bad ones formed a greater proportion than they do in civilized and settled places. Men who had failed at everything else, deserters from the army, gamblers, outlaws, tramps, and men who had forever forsworn the letters of organized society, were in the crowds along with the earnest and reputable men whose sole hope was that of bettering their poor or perverse fortunes. The desperadoes in all new camps are free to carry weapons, are equipped with money, and have resorted to such a region solely because of the opportunities it affords them to live and do as they please without let or hinderance by the restrictions which civilization imposes upon mankind. Terrible, indeed, would be the consequences of such conditions if it were not for the character of the men whose reasons for going into such regions are not such as make them sympathize with outlawry. Rough and rude the law abiding men may appear, but their instincts are right, and they are as fearless, to say the least, as the desperadoes. They soon learn that their power and safety lie in acting justly but sternly and quickly whenever, in the absence of other law, they need to take laws of their own making into their hands. Men who go to the mining regions have to draw a fine line as to the character they propose to exhibit there. They must be good or bad, and most declare themselves quickly, there being no loose line or latitude between the two sorts of men. Where every sense is keen, and judgment of character is unerring, the mass of the people quickly place a new-comer where he belongs, if he is slow about making up his own mind.

"Long after a mining camp has purged itself of ruffian rule and has set up the civil law, there still remains a tendency towards prodigious drinking among the people of

(Continued on page 818.)

* A more modern and comprehensive work upon the times and characters of the Vigilantes has been written by Nathaniel P. Langford, of St Paul, Minnesota, and is called *Vigilante Days and Ways*.

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A JAPANESE VENICE—SKETCHES AT TOKIO BY J. TURCAN—[SEE PAGE 819.]

1. Tsukiji Anchorage. 2. Kakigaracho Canal. 3. Taka—Bamboo Bridge. 4. Boatmen on the Sumida. 5. Tsukiji Canal. 6. Perry—Sumida River. 7. High Tide—Tokio Bay. 8. Unloading Charcoal—Ischi Stone Bridge. 9. Yorukucho Canal.

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—POST-OFFICE IN THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

DRAWN BY VICTOR PERARD.—[SEE PAGE 819]

THE CHICAGO JOCKEY CLUB HOUSE, WASHINGTON PARK.

FROM A COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY B. A. AVERATER.

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(Continued from page 810.)

nearly every class. What must have been the amount of drinking when there was neither law nor order you can perhaps imagine. Men without the restraint of law, indifferent to public opinion, and unburdened by families, drink whenever they feel like it, whenever they have the money to pay for it, and whenever there is nothing else to do. Gin-mills of the vilest sort, in great numbers, spring up in such regions, and do a thriving business. Bad manners follow, profanity becomes a matter of course, and with that goes the tendency to let speech become too free and personal. Excitability and nervousness brought on by rum help these tendencies along, and then to correct this state of things the pistol comes into play, and it is understood that if certain words are uttered blood is likely to be shed. To call a man a liar, a thief, or a coward, or to apply a too common expression that reflects upon a man's ancestry, is to court a bullet from his pistol. "Thief" is a particularly criminal word according to the miner's code, because actual thieving is a capital crime. No one is punished for killing like a dog any man who is caught stealing.

"Where there is some pretence of the existence of law it is usually ridiculous in its injustice. Part of what is called 'law' in a wide-open mining camp is the recognized rule that shootings are justified for the causes here mentioned, so that, just as in some so-called civilized communities no jury will find a verdict against men for duelling or for killing the destroyers of their homes, here in the mountains men are discharged from custody if they have murdered those who questioned their veracity. Under such conditions the bully of a camp goes scot-free, no matter what he does, and so does the swaggering, 'flush' gambler, whose friends applaud him because he runs a fair game, befriends the poor, has killed a man for insulting an unprotected fast woman, and who, in various ways, has made himself a local hero able to defy the mockery called law. It is not necessary to add that in such communities another class of men who do as they please are the rich men, who may not be popular, but are able to discover means for escaping punishment when they care to. In a word, all the law there is finds itself enforced only against the poor, the shiftless, and the unpopular. I am speaking of the new camps, before the orderly citizens take control."

"In the settlement of New England," said another of these graduates from ruder conditions, "it is said that the first thought of a new community was towards the establishment of a school house and a church. In the mining regions the first institutions of a public character were a piano and a billiard table. Of course, in the mountains (and especially before the railroads began to run all over them, as they do in Colorado and other States) such bulky things were not hauled in, and a hurdy gurdy or a banjo took the place of the piano, while a roulette wheel or a simple lay out for faro or poque served instead of the billiard table. The billiard table represented the gambling house, and also served, in some places, for a theatrical stage, if a strolling company of actors or minstrels happened along. The musical instrument was the main stay and advertisement of such a house as harbored the first women who came to the camp. With gambling saloons run wide open, and outcast women the only females (or almost the only ones) in the camp, one can perceive how such men as once possessed refinement were almost certain to lose it, while such as were hardened became all the more callous and reckless. The women are, and always used to be, among the first comers after the noise of the starting of a new camp got abroad. It is their habit to leave a place as soon as it begins to grow dull and they jump for the next new camp about which they hear talk among the men. They are by no means tramps. Even in the wildest days of early mining they spent large sums of money to get transportation from place to place, and to have houses built for them as soon as they arrived. Then they would make a great display of feathers, silks, gay colors, and frescoed faces on the streets. So long as they continued free they were treated with rude deference and respect, and the dust (gold) was showered upon them. They kept good accounts at the bankers—sometimes mounting up to the thousands—and had costly jewelry and clothing that the rough miners thought the Queen of France would give one of her fingers to own. It really was costly finery, though I wouldn't vouch for its strict compliance with the Parisian fashion in make up.

"Since all that was softening and gentleizing in the camps proceeded from these women, it is worth while to halt a moment at a public dance hall in an old-fashioned camp. In these days such places are far fewer than they used to be. The variety theatres, where the female performers visit with the audience between their appearances on the stage, have taken the place of the old time resorts where the miners used to dance with the 'hurdy gurdies,' as the girls were called. There might not have been a church or a reputable resort of any kind in one of these camps, and the dance hall was really the most orderly and the least harmful place in the outfit. To be sure, rum, jealousy, old feuds, and any one of a dozen causes might start a row in such a place. And rows were not infrequent. Pistols, dirks, fists, and bottles were used; frightened men hid behind women; the women screamed or hid down on the ballroom floor, and there was much excitement, whether any harm was done or not. But fights took place, as the wind blows, wherever they happened, so that this feature was not the fault of the dance house. There the dancing floor was beyond the bar, and it cost a dollar to go upon it and to pick out a partner from among the women who sat around the sides of the room. In some places they wore *décolleté* dresses, in some their skirts were abbreviated; in some all were dressed alike, and in some they were simply clad as any other women might have been, according to their varying taste. There was a band of music in the corner or at the end of the room, and when each man had selected a partner the floor-manager called out what sort of dance he pleased—a polka, a schottische, a Virginia reel, or a quadrille. The waltz was not danced out here in those days.

"The men would have impressed a tenderfoot as a very queer lot. Some wore buckskin coats and cloth trousers, and others wore cloth coats and leather trousers. Trousers, a flannel shirt, boots, a bowie-knife, revolver, and leather belt satisfied others. As a rule, all were bearded, wore their hair long, and carried both knives and pistols. Gamblers, mine-owners, miners, stockkeepers, clerks—all the sorts of men there were in the camp were in the place. At the close of each dance every man led his fair partner up to the bar for a drink, and she took 'soft stuff,' or hard liquor, or what she pleased—even champagne, at from ten to fifteen dollars a bottle, if she wanted it, and if her partner was 'flush.' Drinks came high, but the prices varied according to how far from a railroad the place was and how well the camp was panning out. It did not cost less than a dollar in most places for two drinks, no matter what they were or how cheap the proprietor bought them. The hired dancers were paid according to the number of times they were invited out upon the floor. The prettiest and most popular ones made the most money, of course, but in those rough places, where the women were so few, I never saw one so ugly or unshapely or ill mannered that there were not plenty of men eager to pay for the right to enjoy her company for the few minutes that a dance lasted. Coming right from the effete East, you might not have thought all the men polite to them, especially if you chanced to hear a low-browed, ruffianly fellow call out, 'Here, gal, let's you and I have a spin,' in a voice like that of a log horn. Nevertheless, every man was as polite as he knew how to be, and the women had little to complain of, all things considered. It was only when they linked their fortunes with some gambler or bully, who then thought he had the right to abuse his tenderness, that they were abused—and not then, in most cases. It was not safe to notoriously abuse anybody weaker than yourself—man or woman—and it ought not to be safe to do so anywhere in the world."

Professor Dimsdale wrote that what he called "the mountains," by which he meant the mining camps, "circumscribe and bound the paradise of amiable and energetic women." He asserted that they were treated with the greatest deference and liberality, and that there was an unwritten law that gave such women a power for good that they could never hope to attain elsewhere. But while I was in Montana I heard of an era earlier than that which he wrote about, when there were practically no such women in the camps, and when the only women who were there were treated as only good women should be treated. The men even took their hats off to them in the streets. A tale is told of a happening in a place called Pioche—I think that was the town. A powder-barrel exploded in a cellar under a store, and a number of men received dreadful injuries. The only women then in the place tore up their linen for lint and bandages, and applied themselves to the care of the wounded. They took the injured into their houses and nursed them. Soon afterwards the house of one of these humane creatures was burned to the ground, and, in remembrance of her good conduct, the men made up a purse, built her a new house, and sent to San Francisco for a piano that cost twelve hundred dollars by the time it got to her.

From a historian who has not yet published his collected notes I got some queer memoranda respecting the dancers above referred to, and to many others who sought the new camps, both men and women. They made their slow and uncomfortable way to Virginia City, in southern Montana, by stage-coach, and the journey cost sometimes as high as fifteen hundred dollars from Omaha. The fare by way of Denver and Salt Lake was $455, and all baggage was carried at $1 50 a pound. Ornaments, dresses, everything, had to be brought; for practically nothing except food, powder, pistols, guns, mining implements, and men's clothing could be bought in the camps. When a woman reached a camp she was obliged to order the building of a log house or cabin. These were very rude buildings, in the walls of which mud was used to fill up the chinks between the logs. It was a woman's work to put these finishing touches to a house, it mattered not what her character or standing. The women made the mud and patted it in place with their hands.

When the house was ready for use, the floor was covered with green cow skins staked to the earth with wooden pegs. They made a fine carpet, except while they were "curing," then it was not pleasant to be in such a house. Cow skins were put on the roof and covered with mud to keep out the cold, the heat, and the rain; but when it rained, the women went out of doors and stood in the rain to save their dresses from the mud that leaked through and fell in the houses. Beds were made by building a frame work of wood, and fitting the ends of one side of the frame into auger holes in the logs of one wall. Ticking was bought and filled with straw, and a buffalo-robe was laid over the mattress. Candles were the only lights at first, but by and by, in Virginia City, oil lamps were introduced.

Professor Dimsdale speaks of the certainty of a shooting scrape in the dance-halls. The women were not unused to such occurrences, and one who has added her recollections to the notes I have read declares that when men began to shoot she made it a rule to throw herself flat on the floor and scream. Women were not shot at, struck, or maltreated, so man dared to misbehave in that way. On the contrary, a man who admired a woman's dancing or beauty or amiability would take out his chamois bag of gold dust and say, "Hold out your hands and tell me when to stop pouring." Overcome by such a tribute, they found it impossible to speak in order to interrupt the flow of dust. So, I fancy, would a prima donna in the merry old days in St. Petersburg have found her voice choked if it were commanded of her that she should cry "Enough!" while the nobles were flinging jewels and rubles at her feet upon the stage.

Gold dust was the money of the era in which "The Man from Another World" figured in the Montana mining camps. "Weigh out," was what the bar-tenders used to say at such times, as men of to-day would say "pay up" or "settle." Wherever business was done, a pair of light jewellers' scales was at hand, and, as every man carried his dust in a bag, the gold was weighed out to close each transaction. The price of admission to the theatres was a pinch of dust. Many men, fearing robbery or the loss of all their dust through drink or gambling, made it a practice to give the treasure to a woman to keep. The women did not steal; not because they were honest, but because it did not pay to do so. The "shacks" or rubies of which I have spoken are still plentiful in Montana. Even in Helena several are yet to be seen. They are very much smaller than the reader would imagine, not very much bigger than the crown of the head of a man of ordinary stature. They contain only one room as a rule; and, if my recollection serves me, are often without windows.

Mr. John Maguire, the famous Western actor and manager, now at Butte, Montana, told me some of his early theatrical experiences. He went from Salt Lake to Pioche in Nevada by stage, under an engagement for a week's performance. Instead of a theatre—this was in the "sixties"—he found a big shack of logs, chinked up the sides and roofed over with canvas. There was a rude stage, and the benches were down in a graded pit with Mother Earth for the floor. He was to have $100, and two women in the company engaged for $60 and $40. The stock company of the place gathered around a big stove in the middle of the theatre, shivering in their overcoats. They had been sleeping under the stage and on the benches. They did not earn enough money to live at the hotel. Lodging at the hotel cost $12 a week, cocktails cost four bits (50 cents), and so did a shave. A week's bill at the hotel averaged about $30. The local actors were wofully incompetent—indeed, one of them told Mr. Maguire that "the only thing he could play was a cornet." The artists of ability, like Mr. Maguire, were treated with respect, the actresses received obvious attentions, but, alas! in this particular town the manager every night gambled away the money taken in at the door.

Sometimes, during and at the close of the war of the rebellion, theatrical folk played upon billiard tables, or in dining rooms where the tables were massed together to make a stage, or in any empty building there happened to be. Ere is travelling company carried curtains, and a few rolled up painted scenes, representing a kitchen, a parlor, and a street or forest. They hung these scenes from copper wires stretched from wall to wall, and fastened with screw eyes. For an actor's dressing room, or a dressing room for the ladies, they strung up blankets before or behind the curtain, in a corner. They got light by massing candles in many parts of such an auditorium.

The good companies made almost as much money as they do now, because the price of admission was high. It was a pinch of gold dust, and that was worth $2 or $2 50. The miners offered their bags at the door, and the ticket taken pinched the dust. A room might hold 150 to 300 persons, and there was sufficient money in the business to tempt the best talent. Mr. Barrett and Mr. Jefferson, Miss Eytinge and Lotta, have all played in such camps. If a performer, particularly a lady, pleased the crowds, they threw slugs and nuggets of gold and coins upon the stage. Singers who could "touch the heart" were in great demand, and a certain Maggie Moore coined money on this account.

The mention of Miss Moore brought to the memory of Mr. Maguire the fact that the music of the orchestras was atrocious.

"The orchestras were usually composed of a fiddler and a pianist," said Mr. Maguire, "and while one played in the key of G the other played in the key of K."

This Maggie Moore was heartily encored on one occasion, but would not respond. An old actress who was dressing behind the blankets that separated the retiring room from the auditorium said, "Go on, Maggie." "Ok, I can't," said the younger actress, bursting into tears. "I can't sing to such horrid music." Every word was heard by the audience, and one man arose and called out, "Go ahead, miss! If he don't play better I'll fill him full of bullets."

In time, when the terrible reign of the outlaws of the Montana camps had begun to prove unendurable, the line drawn between the lawless and the reputable men in the camps became so tight that the tension was frightful. It was felt that neither life nor property was safe, that the "bad" men were not willing to stop at anything, and that, if only from self-interest, the decent folk must band together and make relentless war upon the evil-doers until the latter should see that the country had become too hot to hold them. Nine men, some in Virginia City and some in Bannock, led all the rest in the Vigilante movement. The word "vigilante" is used because the same sort of bodies that were called Vigilance Committees in California were never spoken of in Montana otherwise than as Vigilantes. Just as there had been too many weak and impassive men when the evil-doers were having all things their own way, so there instantly was formed a general and common courage and unity for the reform when it was felt that punishment and protection were about to be extended to all who needed either. Professor Dimsdale says that in the swift stern work of the Vigilantes twenty four wicked lives were sacrificed, but he adds that before the outlaws were thus brought to terms they had caused the loss of at least one hundred lives in that sparsely settled country.

The ways of the outlaws and the methods by which justice was administered to them were both peculiar. The chief of the road agents was Henry Plummer, "a perfect gentleman," after the manner of the heroes in California's records of a similar period in that State. We can imagine him perfectly without asking for any man's recollection of his appearance: a slight, well formed, dapper man, modestly and well attired, careful to be barbered whenever it was possible, and always armed to the teeth. As a matter of recorded fact, he could empty a revolver in an incredibly short time. When he or any of his friends were in need of money, the practice was to intercept a stage or an express load of bullion, or to lurk beside a highway for the purpose of robbing the first person who came along. They very frequently added murder to the lesser crime. One of Plummer's former companions had robbed and murdered a man, and, riding into town with his booty, was killed by Plummer, who had broken friendship with him some time previously. The murderer brought on his own death by too much boasting, and Plummer, after remarking that he was tired of hearing the man's self praise, emptied his revolver into his head and body. The murderer begged for his life, but got no mercy. It was bad enough to have such acts committed in a settlement, where innocent folk ran many chances of being shot, and where others were frightened half out of their wits, but it was worse to think that these ruffians were more apt to find victims among the honest folk than to kill one another.

These men of the Plummer stripe would shoot or maltreat a man whom they had never seen before, simply because they did not like his looks, or his dress, or because he would not drink with them. They sought quarrels where they dared, on any pretext, and literally terrorized all but the men of undaunted courage. They took part in politics, and managed to get public offices that gave them the greater power and opportunity for evil. Plummer, the leader, was actually elected sheriff, and it is easy to imagine what sort of aides he drew around him, and to hint use he made of his office. So long as he was manipulated by any combination of upright men the people whom he terrorized aided him in his ambitions, and suffered from his crimes in silence. He proved a wretched politician when the Vigilantes caught him and put him to death on the gallows. He had been a marked man from the moment the reformers began their work. He was caught with difficulty, and then there seemed nothing that he was not willing to promise rather than die. He said his prayers—an act which to his ruffianly comrades must have seemed both annoying and ignoble—and he confessed all his crimes. Others cried "like women," as the saying goes, when they were confronted with violent death that were more humane than they had meted out to their unoffending victims. Short, sharp work, by no means unattended with danger to the Vigilantes, was made with all who were captured, and the reign of order that has since prevailed in Montana was thus inaugurated.

Such were some of the conditions in that "other world" from which it seemed to the people of Helena that Johnny Healey returned the other day. He mixed with that strange life the still more strange career of a trader with the wild Indians of those days, but, as Mr. Kipling would say, "that is another story."

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SHIBO—WATER CANAL.

A JAPANESE VENICE.

Tokio, though a city covering fifty-eight square miles, is not to be considered as indulging in magnificent distances, for it is closely built over an area of twenty-six miles. Make up the connections with canals and moats innumerable, and its aquatic existence is at once apparent. Situated at the end of a shallow bay, Tokio is fed from the sea. At every full tide a countless fleet of couriers throng the broad waters, waiting their opportunity to approach the city. The craft are small, the largest not more than of 150 tons, but they are most picturesque. Generally the sails are marked with the insignia of women, treated in a decorative manner, and when the sun shines the sails have a pink reflection. As to build, the idea of a junk conveys with it the supposition that the craft is slow, heavy, and wanting in picturesqueness, but this really is not the case. The Japanese coaster is constructed something after the model of the Spanish xebec, with a high stern and rakish prow. The wood is never painted, but is kept scraped and clean, and as the fastenings are of bronze or copper, fine green tints are observable.

Passing in through a buoyed channel, the junks come to anchor and are unloaded into smaller boats, the freight coming to Tokio for distribution by means of the canals. The main canals may have, in their larger parts, a width of 2000 feet, while the smallest are not more than thirty feet in breadth. These are spanned by innumerable bridges, some built of stone, others of wood. Occasionally, in the less frequented parts of the city, where a canal cuts across the street, there are ferries. The method of propulsion is obtained either by the use of poles or by a long oar, and the Japanese canal man "gondolies" (to use Mr. Laurence Hutton's verb) quite as cleverly as does the Venetian. The Tokio boatmen are less noisy than the Venetian, and only occasionally use the cry of "Hai! hai!" as a precautionary signal.

Every advantage is taken by the wholesale or retail shops of these canals, and goods are delivered direct to the purchasers. There are then, according to the width of the canals, boats of many sizes and various draughts.

The pleasure or house boat is only visible in fine weather. It is a roomy barge worked by two oarsmen. A wealthy Japanese will spend a great deal of money on his house boat, furnishing it in an elegant, simple way. It is delightful to see such a house boat glide past, and pleasant to listen

AMETA—CANDY MAKER

to the sounds of the samisen as a woman touches the strings. The houseboats work in and out of the throng of small craft—venders of sweetmeats and those who serve tea or hot saki. The tea is kept boiling on the portable hearth. The cry is monotonous, as "O saké!" or "O cha!" (Honorable saki, Honorable tea). You can indulge in a cup of tea for a coin something less in value than the fifth of a cent.

In an instant, if you so will it, you can leave the bustle of the watery thoroughfares and find the calm quiet of a small side canal. Here are peace and repose, with cool and grateful shade. Your Dutchman never dreamt of such quiet surroundings. Here are private dwellings with neat shrubbery. The unobtrusive houses are sweet and clean, and little children play in the gardens. Occasionally you will see a house with a dignified and aristocratic appearance. There is certain to be an open veranda, and you catch a glimpse of a young woman, with her hair dresser busy at work. There always must be a room having a full view of the canal, and if the day is pleasant the family reunion will be there, and some reverential old man in the centre of the group. As you drift along there always comes the faint sound of music, that fits exactly to the situation the perfect accompaniment to words which are new, strange, but nevertheless touching. You may dream away hours in these canals, and there is nothing of that melancholy which you observe in the Venetian lagoons.

When evening comes the water traffic of Tokio is based. The exception is when there is a festival, and then the canals are bright with the lights and lanterns on the boats. These nocturnal gains are highly poetical, for there is no din of sound, or finally glare of lights—no electric effects. The Japanese takes his pleasure decorously, and finds no joy in being noisy.

As a class these Tokio boatmen are physically superb. It is not always the case that though the torso is finely developed, the legs are deficient in their make-up. Working at an oar or a pole calls upon the whole man, and as at all seasons but little clothing is used, the fine proportions of the boatmen can be seen. In the coldest weather a boatman otherwise nude, save for a cloth around his loins, only wears something like a chest protector besides.

Tokio is a wonderful place to be taken *à l'improviste*, and Mr. Jules Turcas's sketches, taken on the spot, show what infinite variety there is to be found in this great Japanese city. In parts it is as rural as if you were in a distant province or in some retired village, and then again it bristles with active life. One phase of Tokio, that cannot be presented in black and white, seen from the canals, is during the time when the cherry blossoms are in bloom. You may catch, as a colorist, the masses of cream whites and blush pinks, but the fragrance of it all, the combination of so many elements, must ever elude the artist.

THIS BUSY WORLD

A REPORTED Kentucky gentleman who was lately remarking not without a suggestion of apology upon some of the characteristics of his former neighbors, protested that they were very apt to be misjudged by their contemporaries because of the disparity between the Kentucky estimate of the value of human life and that of most of the older American communities. This apologist protested that where a Kentuckian, upon reasonable grounds and due notice given, went out with his gun and slew another Kentuckian, it was reported in the newspapers and commented upon precisely as though it had been an ordinary murder committed in Massachusetts or New York. Whereas, he explained, for a gentleman to go out and shoot another gentleman in Massachusetts is an incident greatly differing in quality and amount from an occurrence apparently similar that takes place in Kentucky. If anything so unusual should happen to a Massachusetts man as that he should get notice from a neighbor that the said neighbor intended to shoot him, not only would he be greatly shocked and disturbed, but his sense of propriety would be outraged. He would send promptly for the police, and have the other gentleman arrested and locked up, or at least bound over under heavy fiscal penalties to keep the peace. Not so the Kentuckian. When he gets word that his neighbor intends to get the drop on him the earliest chance that offers, he smiles pleasantly to himself at the prospect of sport, and gets out his gun, and guns also for his sons Bill and John. All the family show interest and enlivenment immediately. A spirit of enterprise diffuses itself throughout that humble house, and even while the father and his boys are getting their weapons in order the little girls have a sharp eye out around the corners of the dwelling. The whole family make it their business that their father shall draw a bead on old man Donaldson before the said Donaldson has a chance to shoot. If it happens that way, it is a lesson to Donaldson, and if not, so much the worse. The bead of a family has been killed, it is true, but to be killed sometimes is the common lot. Bill and John are left to shoot, or on occasion to be shot, and the family goes on.

If there is something of exaggeration about the reformed Kentuckian's explanation, it is his fault and not mine. No doubt it fits the Kentucky of forty years ago better than that of to-day, and no doubt also it is very nearly as applicable to other States of the South and West as it is to the region of limestone and blue grass and race horses. The self-reliant attitude of a population whose individuals feel competent to protect themselves and administer a certain sort of justice without being beholden to the officers of the law, naturally shocks the law-abiding sensibilities of the North and East. And it ought to, for it betokens a low valuation of human life, and is characteristic of a primitive civilization. But life can be valued too high as well as too low. Life in a high state of civilization may offer so much to the sophisticated intelligence, and its possibilities may seem so immeasurably precious, as to leave enterprise fairly beggared by the mass of opportunity. It is a bad fix to be in when one is afraid to expend one's self on the possibilities that are at hand for fear of raising those that are more remote. It is a predicament that we often see illustrated in the case of rich bachelors who stand shivering on the brink of matrimony afraid to venture it for fear the gain of a wife will not offset the possible loss in personal freedom. It may find another expression in undue reluctance to assume the responsibility of bringing life into the world, as illustrated by the prosperous New-Englander who shakes with dread at the thought of raising more than two children, for fear both that they will limit his own chances, and that they may not attain to everything that he has been used to consider indispensable to a satisfactory existence.

In a legal sense the house of the American is—and may it ever be!—as much his castle as the house of the Briton, but without quarrelling with any individual's liking for privacy, one may hope that the day is far off when the English taste for a walled retirement may gain any considerable vogue in this country. An instance of the evils of such a tendency is recorded by a correspondent of the Providence *Journal*, who reports that since Mr. Vanderbilt has walled in his estate at Newport, and run the Cliff walk through a tunnel in the rear, the only way that strangers can get a sight of his marble cottage is to lie on their stomachs on the sidewalk and peer underneath the bolted iron gates. It is only one of the lesser evils of such exclusiveness that it destroys all expectation that it will ever be possible to correct the propensity of the unfettered to speak of Newport's most favored street as Bellyview Avenue.

How little there is in a name appeared again in the recent notice in a New York paper of the death of William Hurry in the eighty ninth year of his age. There must have been very little of the haste that makes waste of life in Mr. Hurry's methods.

And apropos of the obituary column, that odd little corner in the London *Times* which follows the obituaries, and is headed "In Memoriam," contained the other day a commemorative notice of a six-year old child who died in 1888 "of diphtheria contracted at Margate, Kent." It is excusable, though perhaps not just, to surmise that some of the malignancy of the disease that carried off the child crept into that notice. The child, it would seem, was not only remembered, but its loss was laid up for all time against Margate, Kent. Such memorial notices cannot be just what a watering place would covet.

If there still remain any living relics of the generation of Americans which put piano legs into pantalettes, what a fine corrective their hypercritical society must find in salt-water bathing as she is contemporaneously bathed! Within near view of the window by which this paragraph is a-writing a score or two of assorted people are disporting themselves in the Atlantic brine. They are very well mannered people, well dressed for their present business, and are enjoying themselves very much indeed, as well as making a cheerful spectacle for their few beholders. Most of them are young people, very well acquainted with one another, and animated and joyous in their demonstrations. It is good for the spirits to see them, and especially cheering as one regards you row of demure maids and young gentlemen from college paddling about astride a spar, to reflect upon the enlarged opportunity that is permitted to the modern girl to grow up with natural manners, and the diminished chance that is left her to develop into a prude.

Writing from Amoy, China, to the Department of State, Mr. Consul Bedloe reports the existence of what seems to him a promising field for American commercial enterprise. The districts about Amoy, the consul says, is very abundantly supplied with curios, and he believes that the American who imports some of these to this country will find a profit in it. It seems that these objects of Chinese art are cheap enough for the most modest purse, and very remunerative at their price. All kinds of ancient Chinese weapons can be had in Amoy for from fifty cents a weapon upwards, with abundance of serviceable modern imitations at about half that cost. Tea root figures, soapstone carvings, embroideries, Swatow porcelains, artistic dolls and toys, wood-carvings, basket-work pictures, Foo-Choo filigrees, shell-work, lacquers, and rice-paper pictures are among the wares that Mr. Bedloe recommends as being cheap and of exhaustless variety. The Chinese shell horns he commends as being not only cheap and wonderfully noisy, but durable, and he catalogues many of the more costly things—antiques, bronzes, carved jades and corals, silver ware, and odd jewelry.

About the importation of the more valuable specimens of Chinese art there need be no misgivings. People who are rich enough to collect bits of that sort usually have experience enough as collectors to be safely left to follow out their own conceits. As for the cheaper sort of wares that Mr. Bedloe speaks of, and which are not absolutely unfamiliar to American eyes, they are odd and showy, and give one the impression that he is getting a vast deal for his money when he buys them. But whether the American can ever be induced to become a large consumer of such merchandise seems somewhat doubtful. The American is not so easily amused as the Chinaman, and his eye is not so readily charmed with color and workmanship. He insists somewhat more strenuously than his Oriental cousins that the things he buys shall be of practical use, and he is apt to consider it a serious fault with most of the cheaper Chinese gimcracks that he cannot think of any practical use to which he can put them. Nevertheless Mr. Bedloe's suggestions are interesting, and some new trading may grow out of them.

E. S. MARTIN.

THE WORLD'S FAIR POST-OFFICE.

THE growth of the United States mail service has been very rapid since the earlier days of the exposition, when one carrier from the Chicago Post-office was able to handle the entire business and still have time to spare. At present Jackson Park and the Midway Plaisance are divided into ten free-delivery districts. The "World's Fair Station," as it is designated by the postal authorities, occupies the south-west corner of the Government Building, and forms the working exhibit of that department. In appearance and management it is similar to many other first-class offices throughout the country, every facility for the prompt and systematic handling of mail being provided.

As an exhibit, it is an active one. Thirty clerks and twenty-eight carriers are kept so busy in their efforts to keep abreast with the great volume of business done that it has been necessary to call for more assistance. Two wagons are required for the delivery of second and third class matter alone. A standard railway postal car, equipped with all improvements, stands in a space back of the large working-room, and on this are made up the foreign mails, which are very heavy, also those for points outside of Chicago. The men who work on this car are veterans in the service, selected from various important routes, and are changed to meet the constantly shifting requirements, for instance, the New York mails are at present the heaviest, and for that reason it has been necessary to bring on a number of railway mail clerks familiar with Eastern offices and lines.

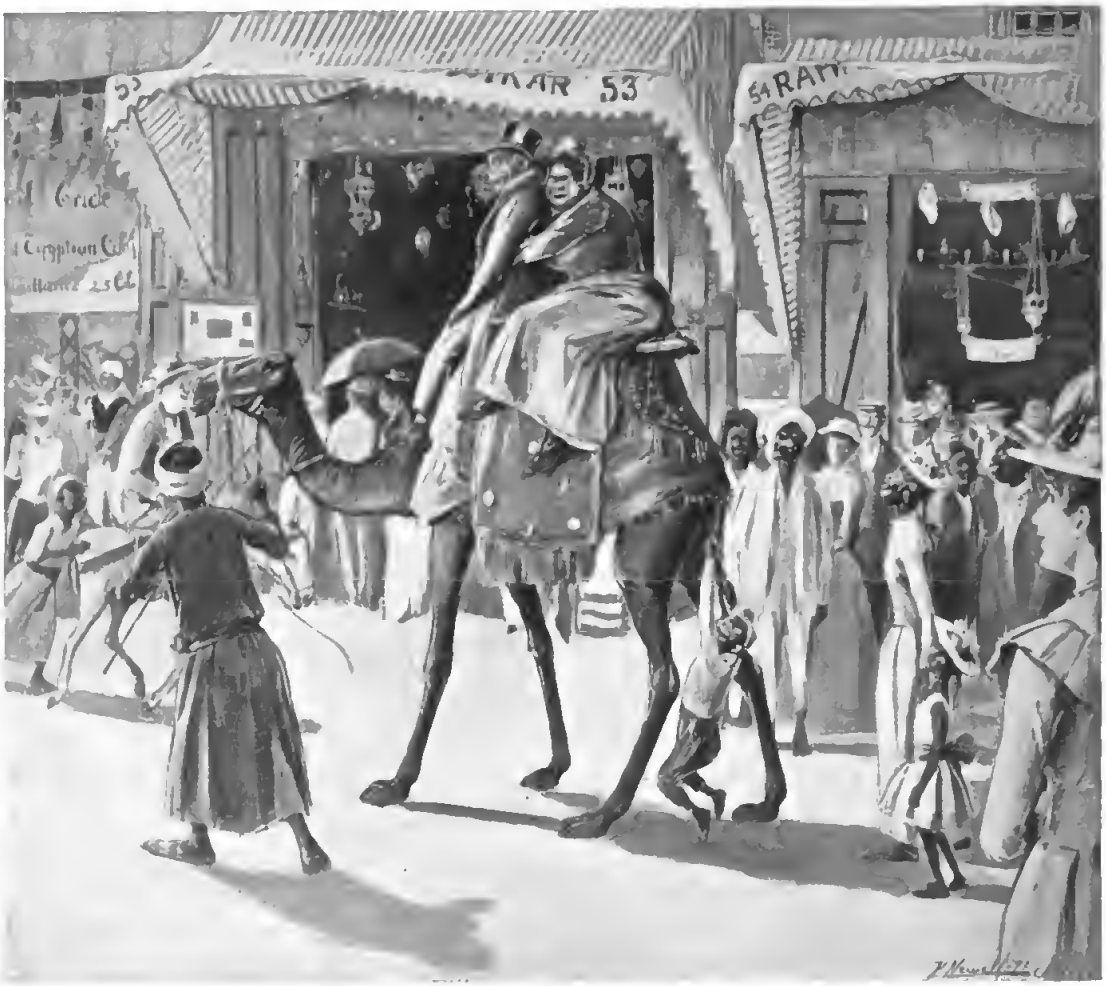
Over one million pieces of first class and seven hundred thousand of second class matter are despatched monthly. The mail received in the same length of time amounts to about nine hundred thousand each of first and second class matter. A money-order business of $50,000 is transacted, and more than $11,000 worth of stamps is sold per month. The work of the office is increasing at a very rapid rate, and its earnings are more than three times as great as its expenses. It is a sub-station of the Chicago post-office, with J. J. Hastings as superintendent.

M. B. P.

William Skeow, Manager. F. D. Tappen, Chairman, Pres. Gallatin National Bank. W. J. Gilpin, Assistant Manager.

W. A. [illegible] Exchange Bank. Henry [illegible], President [illegible] National Bank. J. Edward Simmons, Pres. Fourth National Bank. Geo. G. Williams, Pres. Chemical Nat'l Bank, and Pres. of Clearing-house Association. R. H. Perkins, Jun., Pres. Importers and Traders' Nat'l Bank.

THE NEW YORK CLEARING-HOUSE LOAN COMMITTEE.—[See Page 822.]



THE JOHNSON FAMILY IN CAIRO STREET.

MR. JOHNSON. "Clorrah, whah's Petah?"
MRS. JOHNSON. "Taggin' on behin' some'ers, I s'pose."

LAWRENCE T. NEAL.
Democratic Candidate for Governor of Ohio.—From a Photograph by Landy.—[See Page 821.]

SURGEON-GENERAL WALTER WYMAN.
The National Quarantine Officer.—[See Page 821.]

GOVERNOR WILLIAM McKINLEY, JR.
Republican Candidate for Governor of Ohio.—[See Page 821.]

THE DETAINED IMMIGRANT.

THE hospitality of our land is given freely to all who deserve it, but Uncle Sam has drawn wisdom from experience, and in these latter days has come to demand at least a show of evidence that it will be rightly employed. For the saloon passenger our doors still swing wide open. He may come and go freely, save for the inquisitive custom-house examiner and the boisterous and importunate dock cabman. But the voyager in the steerage finds his course strewn thick with obstacles. For him the New World speedily becomes a mighty interrogation point. Failure to answer properly any one of a score of questions, asked him perhaps half a score of times and by as many different men, failure even to allay suspicion by his manner, though his words are satisfactory, may cost him vexatious delay, or the shame and bitterness of a wrecked ambition.

His trials presumedly begin when he seeks to buy his passage ticket, for in these days the steamship companies are made responsible for the people they bring to us, and may be subjected to a fine of $20 for each unwelcome visitor, along with the necessity of taking him home again. No sooner does the immigrant get on board ship than he is passed in procession before a physician, and if he looks ill he is put ashore. During the voyage he is put through his catechism once more. Nineteen questions are asked him concerning his nationality, age, health, trade, resources, and prospects in the New World, and these answers must be sworn to. Then he is drilled in the proper method of conducting himself before the examining officer in New York, and a tag is given him to be worn conspicuously upon that occasion, the purpose being to indicate clearly upon what particular sheet his answers are recorded.

Now approaches the immigrant's crucial hour. The steamer has safely passed the scrutiny of quarantine, though perhaps it had waited there with its impatient multitude from sundown until after the Health Officer's breakfast next morning. The customs inspectors have ceased their rummaging among the baggage. The immigrants are landed at Ellis Island, and, decorated with their tags, and divided into corresponding groups, they await the summons to the inquisition-room above.

It is a strange, a stirring, and an instructive spectacle which is thus presented almost every day in the year upon the great airy second floor of the Ellis Island building. The place is singularly suggestive of a prison in many of its aspects. Uniformed guards are everywhere—in all the passageways and at every door—to restrain the inquisitive roamer. Here and there in the upper part of the great room are curious little iron cages, tenantless now, but later occupied by busy railroad agents and money changers. On either side are other great cages, one with a motley crowd of immigrants, eating, walking, sleeping, sitting listlessly with folded hands, or soothing their children's fretfulness, these are awaiting remittances or friends to take them on their journey, or else are suspects to be more closely inquired into by-and-by. The smaller company opposite are no more miserable in appearance, though more wretched in their state. They are the rejected, to be sent home again on the next sailing of the steamer which brought them. Guards stand before their close-locked door; no one may approach them. The lock slips back viciously to give egress to two of them closely attended. But presently the door shuts upon them again with a heavy clang as they return with great tubs of greasy, sickening stew for their companions' dinner. Only the presence of counters here and there piled high with bread and bottles for those who care to buy, and a curious set of low iron fences forming narrow lanes lengthwise through the lower half of the room, disturb the prison-like aspect of the place.

Presently there is a stir. A waiting figure stands before the little desk at the end of each lane, every booth is tenanted, interpreters mass themselves, and there is the distant clatter of many feet, as the immigrants crowd open-mouthed and bewildered through the further doorway. For a moment all is confusion, the carefully ticketed groups are broken, as friends find themselves separated, or parents see their little ones stupidly assigned to another batch. At

DETAINED IMMIGRANTS ON ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR.—DRAWN BY M. COLIN.

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length they come down their proper lanes in single file, their queer baggage bumping against the rails and playing havoc with those in the rear. They clearly have small notion of what is to follow. Some look frightened when halted at the desks, some angry, and some stolid, with the indifference of stupidity. Many are nervously defiant; now and again a woman's laugh sounds perilously akin to hysteria.

If their answers agree with those recorded on shipboard they are passed on. If there is any discrepancy or any dubiousness of manner, the suspect is pounced upon by waiting officials, questioned closely, and either sent upon his way, or pushed into the cage to await final investigation by the established board below.

But having passed the desks, the immigrant's worries are not over. The contract-labor inspector is there to halt such as look to him suspicious and just now the bulk of the immigrants returned are of that class. And other agents stop and jostle them at every point to learn their destinations, and with well-meaning if irritating zeal to set them right and save them from the hovering swarm of sharpers on shore.

It is an odd spectacle, and, singularly enough, its pathos is not always to be sought in the cage of the rejected. The tear-swollen face of a young woman vainly fleeing from her shame may now and again be seen there. But for the most part its occupants are sturdy laborers or well-dressed mechanics and their children. There is often much more that is pitiful in the shrinking shyness of maidenhood, the hopeful eagerness of young manhood, the sad-eyed melancholy of old age, or the filth and ignorance which pass beyond these desks to liberty. It is a mighty stream which courses through this narrow channel. Fifty thousand souls walked in single file here last month. The population of a large city, with all its hopes and fears, its loves, its hates, and its sorrows, is halted here each year. The wonder is not that misery is lighted upon, but that it is so little seen, and that the air is so far redolent of health and vitality, of youthful physical beauty and sturdy maturity, of mental alertness and of moral purpose.

THE OHIO CANDIDATES.

THE most interesting political campaign of the year will be that in Ohio. Not only the personality of the opposing candidates will make it so, but the contest must be on the tariff question, by reason of the prominence of the two men on the one side and the other of that issue.

The Republicans have renominated the present Governor of the State, William McKinley, Jun., who came to be known, during his long service in the Federal House of Representatives, as the Napoleon of Protection. Mr. McKinley's public career is well known. There are few men in public life who are better known. He has not only been the protection leader in Congress, the recognized legislative authority on that side of the question, which he has made his special study, the author of the bill which bears his name, and which has made the average rates of duty on imported goods higher than it ever was before in this country or in any other country having a protective system, but he has stumped the country in the interest of his party from Maine to California. In 1890 he was defeated for Congress by J. G. Warwick, a Democrat, whose plurality was 302. In 1891 he was elected Governor against the then Democratic incumbent, Governor Campbell, by a plurality of 21,511. Two years before Mr. Campbell defeated Governor Foraker by a plurality of 10,872. It is clear that Mr. McKinley is not without honor in his own State. His defeat in 1890, however, was on the issue which has been raised by the nominations of this year and on his own bill.

Until 1892, Mr. Lawrence T. Neal, the Democratic candidate for Governor, was not very widely known. He was known, it is true, in his own State, and was popular enough to be a formidable candidate for the Gubernatorial nomination against James E. Campbell, but, with the exception of a few politicians who had met him at national conventions, there was little acquaintance with him outside of Ohio until his bold and successful action in the Presidential convention of 1892 made him famous.

Mr. Neal is an uncompromising opponent of high protective tariff. He is a Democrat of the school of Morrison and Carlisle. He was a member of the Committee on Resolutions in the convention that nominated Mr. Cleveland for President, and his principles were outraged by what appeared to him to be the meaningless and double-faced tariff plank which was reported by the committee. Therefore he offered his radical substitute declaring for a tariff for revenue only, and denouncing any duty laid for the protection of private interests as unconstitutional. To the surprise of the convention, and especially of some of the nearest friends of Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Neal's substitute was carried. The fact that Mr. Cleveland's enemies voted for it, however, robbed the incident of some of its significance. Mr. Neal is an active, energetic, courageous man. He was born nearly forty-nine years ago in Parkersburg, West Virginia, and is a lawyer. He has filled several local offices with credit, and has been an unsuccessful candidate for Congress in Republican districts.

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

X.—INTERESTING ENCOUNTER WITH A PANTHER.

"You are under the impression that you are thinking, eh?" said Jones, in a gentle, soothing tone, as he turned to Jackson Peters and observed that young man with a fatherly air.

Peters maintained his silence for another moment or two, and then answered: "No, I hardly dignified my mental gymnastics with that term. I was simply turning over in what passes for my mind the notion of how little true greatness is appreciated. I told a friend your circus-tiger story, and he pronounced it a monumental, epoch-marking lie."

"My young friend," returned Jones, "you are not associating with the right sort of people. There was nothing improbable about that story. Circus tigers frequently escape, surely your friend could believe this. A tiger's tail is long and supple, and easily tied in a knot; your intelligent friend could not deny this. The hole in the fence was only very slightly larger than the tiger's plain unknotted tail, so of course after the knot was tied it was impossible for him to withdraw it, and his capture was easy. If your friend thinks that a tiger under such circumstances would tear off his tail and go bounding away across the country without it, why, all I've got to say is that he has less intelligence than a friend of so brilliant a young man as you are should have."

"He didn't doubt any of these things," explained Jackson Peters. "Nor did he suppose that a tiger would leave his tail behind. What he wanted explained was how you induced the tiger to back up and put his tail through the knot-hole in the fence."

"Jackson, I am glad your scholarly and penetrating friend raised this question. I will explain. I had on the side of the high board fence opposite to the tiger a large tin pail of sweet cream. The idea of the anguiform animal was to put his tail through the knot-hole, insert it in the cream, withdraw it, and then lick off the adhering cream. I tied the knot in his tail before the far-sighted beast could complete the execution of his well-laid plan. What you want to do, Jackson, is to get the tail off of a stuffed tiger, load it heavily with lead, and then use it to beat some sense into the head of your valued friend. If the able gentleman ever gets to know half as much as that tiger, he may count it the luckiest day of his life.

"While on the subject of tigers and that sort of thing, I want to mention a little experience I had a few years ago with a mountain lion in Montana. You may call it a monotalo-hon, or a jaguar, or a panther, or what you will—it makes no difference, of course—the fact remains that it was some ten or twelve feet long, almost as big as the circus tiger. You may remember my dog Bones—I mentioned him recently in connection with certain wolf operations. Bones, you will recollect, did not make a specialty of wild beasts, he preferred the society of man, and the only wild animal I ever saw him bristle up to and put to flight was the common cotton-tail rabbit. He went at rabbits with a

ferocity which was awe-inspiring, but the mere sight of the picture of a wild-cat in a book of natural history would cause him to howl dismally and creep under my chair.

"I had a large cattle ranch in Winchester Trigger Valley. The country was new then and overrun with Indians and wild beasts. I went out one day on horseback to look after some stray stock. When about twenty miles up the valley my horse stepped in a prairie-dog hole and broke his leg. I shot the poor beast to put him out of his misery, and proceeded on foot. I forgot to say that Bones was with me. I soon found that my rifle was heavy, so I cached it and pressed on. I was going across a little open park, when I was startled by the fierce, almost human, cry of a jaguar. I looked back, and saw the beast bounding toward me, covering thirty feet at each jump. My first thought, of course, was of the unfortunate Bones. Tucking him under my arm, I ran. I reached a small cottonwood tree about three yards ahead of the enraged panther, and climbed it, still holding close to my valuable dog.

"We remained in the tree some two hours, during which time the baffled jaguar screamed and roared below, and as it were, beat the air to a foam with his tail. I remained calm. Poor Bones, however, was in an agony of fear, and clung to a small limb on which I had placed him with desperation. I was becoming sleepy, and was arranging for a nap on my limb, when my attention was attracted to a cloud of dust about a mile away. I soon saw that it was a band of mounted Sioux Indians, and that they were coming directly for me. Gentlemen, it was not a time for esoteric speculation; rather it was an occasion for prompt, decisive, buzz-saw action, and I hope I may venture to say that I am not altogether out of place at such a time as this.

"Reaching in my pocket, I drew out my knife, and hastily cut off the branch to which Bones clung. It was a small branch, and made a pole about ten feet long, with Bones glued to one end of it. The Indians were now less than two hundred yards away. Taking the other end of the pole in one hand, I hurriedly began to descend. The jaguar had spied the Indians, and stood looking at them. Their bloodthirsty yells swept down the narrow valley like a destroying wind. The tiger screamed back at them in a voice which drowned their cries as Niagara might drown the ticking of a lady's watch. When six feet from the ground I made a flying leap and lit astride the back of the tiger. Swinging my pole around, I held Bones about a yard in front of the beast's nose. He leaped for the unhappy dog with all the fierceness of his cruel nature, whetted as it was by hunger. Of course he did not get him, as I retained my hold on the pole and my position on his back. Pointing Bones toward the Indians, I charged them, the tiger thinking to get the dog at every bound. My appearance so terrified the savages that they turned and fled ignominiously. I chased them two miles, scattering them right and left, and by joining my own cries with the yells of the tiger and the howls of poor Bones, I readily scared a number of the Indians to death. When the last one had disappeared, I turned the tiger in a broad curve by swinging Bones slightly to starboard, and rode him to my ranch. The distance was twenty miles, which I covered in one hour and thirty minutes, the optimistic animal thinking that he would grasp Bones at the next jump for the whole way. I was so pleased at the success of my experiment that I kept the jaguar, tamed him, and used him for a saddle-beast during the two years that I staid in Montana. I soon taught him the use of the bit and the spur, however, as the exertion of holding Bones out before him was too great."

"Would you advise me to tell my friend *this* story?" asked Jackson Peters, after Jones had been silent a moment.

"No, sir, I would not," answered Jones, decisively. "Evidently your friend has no appreciation of an artistic tiger story. Tell him that story of your own about the uncle of yours who was ridden on a rail by discriminating fellow townsmen till he got to like it, and indignantly tore off a cushion put on the rail by some kind-hearted ladies. That ought to just about fit your friend's calibre." H. C.

THE CLEARING-HOUSE COMMITTEE.

PROBABLY no single group of men have delved more deeply into the secrets of this season's shaken credit, or have had more to do with the building up of props to avert general disaster, than the New York Clearing-house Loan Committee. These six gentlemen—all of them presidents of Clearing-house banks—have jurisdiction over that all-important question in New York panic financiering, the issue of Clearing-house loan certificates. Under the resolution adopted by all the Clearing-house banks on June 15th, following the precedents of 1890, of 1884, and of 1873, any of the banks depositing securities or bills receivable approved by the committee, may receive therefor certificates to the face value of seventy-five per cent. of the value of the deposited collateral. The certificates bear six per cent. interest, to be paid into the committee's hands by the bank for which they are issued, the committee then to pay over the six per cent. to the bank receiving the certificates in payment of balances. As each bank agrees to receive such certificates on balance from any other bank the same as if they were actual money, the committee thus virtually creates a new currency for use in the Clearing-house membership. The $37,000,000 or more of these certificates already issued in New York represent expanded credits through which the rich banks have sustained their poorer neighbors, and all have united to sustain the legitimate borrowing community.

The members of the Clearing-house Loan Committee are six in number: President F. D. Tappen, of the Gallatin Bank; President H. W. Cannon, of the Chase National Bank; President G. G. Williams, of the Chemical Bank; President J. E. Simmons, of the Fourth National Bank; President E. H. Perkins, Jun., of the Importers' and Traders' Bank; and President W. A. Nash, of the Corn Exchange Bank. These gentlemen previously constituted the regular Clearing-house committee, but Mr. Tappen was made chairman of the body in its capacity of loan committee, although not previously occupying the general chairmanship. This was a tribute to his experience and sagacity in similar emergencies during past years. So long ago as 1873 Mr. Tappen headed the loan committee, and has at all such times in subsequent money panics been the leader in the bank movement. It was due to his personal efforts that the issue of loan certificates in New York was resorted to this year so promptly in advance of the impending crisis as to put all the city banks in shape to withstand the financial storm when at length it broke. His associates on the committee have in almost every case had similar experience, the banks they represent being among the wealthiest institutions, which carry the accounts both of local customers and of country depositories.

In the nature of the case the committee has been the Court of Appeals, not alone on the minor problem of certificate issues, but on the general policy of the New York banks. This policy has never before been surrounded by such grave difficulties and doubtful problems. Every day the question has arisen where to give aid and where to withhold it, for at no time has it been possible to gratify all applicants for money accommodation. The heavy import of European gold and the support of the mercantile community, not alone of New York city, but of the entire country, have been made possible only through the judicious action of the Clearing-house. The manner in which the business community of the whole country has thus far ridden the storm is sufficient testimony to the committee's wisdom. How far-reaching its financial aid has been may be judged by the fact that New York bank funds have been sent to avert collapse in districts as widely separated as Chicago and San Francisco, the cities on the Great Lakes and those at the mouth of the Mississippi.

THE NATIONAL QUARANTINE.

IT will be recalled that a year ago there was almost a panic in the United States for fear that cholera would get lodgement on the land through the port of New York, and spread over the country. There seems to be very little fear this year on account of the cholera, though there is probably almost as much cholera in Europe as the year before, and it appears to be spread over a wider area. There are two reasons why there should not be a panic this season. One of these is due to the apprehension that fills nearly every mind as to the business outlook. The other is that the same spectre is powerless to frighten the same community twice. If it were generally known, however, that under the provisions of a bill passed by Congress last February the Supervising Surgeon-General of the United States Marine Hospital Service is empowered to overlook the work of all local quarantine authorities, and to take charge of such work whenever in his discretion he thinks that the quarantine is inefficient, the people of the United States would have another reason for feeling tolerably secure against the invasion of cholera. Last year such conditions arose in the port of New York as cannot possibly arise under the regulations now enforced. Ship after ship came into port with cholera on board, and the people were filled with apprehension that the disease would get through the quarantine into the crowded tenement-house section of the metropolis. Fortunately these apprehensions were not well founded. But they resulted in the passage of this national quarantine law, which medical men regard as a very wise measure.

Under this law it is not contemplated that the local authorities, when efficient and thorough in their work, shall be either superseded or interfered with. It is made the duty of the Supervising Surgeon-General of the United States Marine Hospital Service to see that the local authorities are efficient and zealous, and to take charge of the work or supplement it in cases where he deems such a course to be necessary.

The law also empowers Dr. Walter Wyman, the Supervising Surgeon-General, to send assistants abroad to all infected ports, who shall examine all immigrants and passengers about to come to this country, and grant each one a bill of health. Without this a passenger cannot pass the quarantine lines into this country. The bill also gives the President the right to prohibit, in whole or in part, the introduction

of persons and property from such countries or places as he shall designate and for such period of time as it is deemed necessary, whenever, by reason of existence of cholera or other infectious or contagious disease in a foreign country, there is serious danger of the introduction of the same into the United States, despite the quarantine defences. Under the law the Secretary of the Treasury promulgated regulations last spring. These regulations require that in ports infected with cholera passengers of the cabin class must produce evidence as to abode during the four days immediately preceding embarkation and, if necessary, they and their baggage may be detained, and the baggage subjected to such disinfection as is necessary. Steerage passengers in a cholera infected port or from a cholera-infected place must be detained five days under medical observation, and their personal effects and baggage must be disinfected by steam. The regulations further forbid the shipment of certain articles of bedding and clothing from an infected port, also certain articles of merchandise, such as old rags, old jute, and old gunny during the prevalence of an epidemic, and for thirty days after it has been officially declared at an end. All rags at all times are to be disinfected before shipment to the United States.

The principal ports of embarkation of immigrants to this country are Southampton, Liverpool, Hamburg, Bremen, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Havre, Marseilles, Genoa, and Naples. A medical officer of the Marine Hospital Service has been detailed to serve in the office of the consul at each of the ports named. These officers have all had experience with ships, and with but two exceptions, Dr. Wyman says, have had actual quarantine experience. They have been at their respective stations for four months past, and their reports show both the necessity of their presence and the good results of their activity. Speaking of this, Dr. Wyman, in an address before the American Medical Association, said, "This is a new departure in quarantine—quarantining in foreign lands—and the ultimate result may be looked for with great interest. Whatever the result may be, certain it is that the presence of these officers in European ports has diminished in a great degree the danger of the introduction of cholera and other diseases from those ports. Their relations in one or two instances with the foreign governments were in danger of being strained, but this danger has been averted both by their tact and good judgment and because of the all powerful United States law, which practically says to foreign officials that should they object to the official acts of these officers, the alternative is the refusal of the bill of health and the cutting off of all commerce between their ports and the United States."

So as to give these consuls and medical officers at the seaports selected for embarkation full information, the United States consuls in the interior have been instructed by the State Department to notify consuls at ports of the prevalence of any contagious diseases in these interior places, and also when merchandise or passengers are about to leave or have left any section within their respective consulates. At the port of embarkation each immigrant is furnished with an instruction card giving his name, last residence, name of ship, port and date of departure, and a reference number relating to the manifest, which is required by the immigration regulations, and in which is contained further information regarding each immigrant. This card must bear the stamp of the consulate, and also be stamped or punched at the quarantine at the port of arrival, and again at the immigration depot, and it is to be held by the immigrant until he reaches his final point of destination. These inspection tickets and labels upon the baggage furnish the health officers of the interior States valuable information in regard to immigrants coming within their borders. This provision also ensures care and accuracy on the part of medical officers, and particularly on the part of United States consuls at ports where immigrants do not usually embark for the United States, but which may be sought by them in the hope of avoiding the enforcement of the stringent rules at ports where medical officers have been stationed.

The very great majority of foreign immigrants come through the port of New York, and as the quarantine is particularly efficient at this port the danger from cholera is very much lessened. But there are now twenty-three ports in the United States with steam-disinfecting chambers. Besides New York, these ports are Portland, Boston, Sandy Hook, Delaware Breakwater, Reed Island in the Delaware River, Cape Charles, Baltimore, Wilmington, North Carolina, Savannah, Black Beard Island, Georgia, Charleston, Dry Tortugas, Key West, Mullet Keys, Pensacola, Mobile, Chandler Island, New Orleans, Galveston, San Diego, San Francisco, and Port Townsend. Ten of these ports are national quarantine stations, and there is a provision in the law that if a State wishes to surrender the use of its quarantine buildings and disinfecting apparatus to the United States, the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to receive them, and pay a reasonable compensation to the State for their use. The precautions in the ports are almost as thorough as it is possible to make them.

There seemed to be a danger, however, by reason of immigration through Canada. The Canadian laws do not provide for the inspection and sanitation of ships and passengers at foreign ports and it was feared on this account there would be a large deflection of immigration to Canada. But this danger has been reduced to a minimum by the regulations of the Canadian government. Forty miles below Quebec, in the St. Lawrence River, is the Grosse Isle quarantine station, with perfect apparatus for scientific disinfection and accommodations for the sick and those suspected of infection. This station is reserved for infected vessels. Further up the river, at Quebec, in the Louise Embankment, where is located a complete disinfecting plant; while at Point Levis, directly opposite, is located another. All immigrants, whether from infected or non-infected countries and though coming on non-infected vessels, are obliged to undergo inspection at one of these points, and all their baggage is disinfected. Further than this, through the courtesy of the Canadian authorities, there are representatives of the United States Marine Hospital Service stationed at Quebec for the purpose of inspecting and disinfecting and labelling the baggage, and giving certificates to immigrants bound for the United States. Thus it would seem that protection against the introduction of cholera through Canada is as complete as it can be made.

The officer charged with the enforcement of the national quarantine keeps a hydrographic map upon which he traces the progress of any contagious disease in any part of the world, taking his facts from the reports of consuls and the telegrams in the public press. In this way, bearing in mind the degree of efficiency in dealing with such diseases in the various countries, he is able to anticipate the course of such a disease in any part of the world. It is interesting to know that last summer, when the presence of cholera in Hamburg was still denied by the authorities at that city, Dr. Jenkins, from the quarantine station in New York, compelled the acknowledgment by the authorities that cholera had reached Hamburg. His map showed the course of cholera directly towards that city, and by insisting upon a report from there, through the State Department, the facts were at last given to the public. Dr. Wyman, from his office in Washington, takes careful cognizance of the health of the people all over the world, and is therefore prepared to act with intelligence whenever there is likelihood that any contagious or infectious disease may be imported into this country. American security depends upon the vigilant application of scientific precautions, and there is every reason to believe that such are now being taken.

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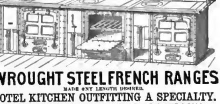

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In general style the cup is Roman, the handles ornamented with clinging sea-urchins. Upon the front of the cup is an etching of Mr. Gerry's steam yacht *Electra*, so long the flag-ship of the New York Yacht Club. The many details of the yacht are brought out wonderfully well, and easily recognizable. The body of the cup is 16½ inches high, the figure 8 inches, and the whole weighs 165 ounces.

THE WELD CUP is another one of Tiffany & Co.'s elaborate specimens of the silversmith's art. It has been offered for a special race for first-class schooners off Marblehead, Massachusetts, August 28th, by Mrs. William F. Weld, whose husband was for many years Commodore of the Eastern Yacht Club, which is New England's crack club.

It is beautifully made from a rich design, the decorations being bacchanalian. The cup is 12 inches high, and weighs 94 ounces.

TENNIS IN THE NORTHWEST.

THERE were sporadic attempts at tennis throughout the Northwest years ago, but the actual concerted movement in the tournament direction and which was the most important stimulant the game has ever had, originated a half decade ago with the formation of the Northwestern Association. Minneapolis and St. Paul have been the focal points in play, Lake Minnetonka the place of the tourneys.

F. K. BELDEN
Winner of Northwestern Championship 1890, 1891, and 1893. Minneapolis Tennis Club.

During these five years tennis has made marked advancement in the Northwest. There are to-day very many more learning players, a greater proportionate number of middle-class players—the average club members, who enjoy the spirited tournaments, but whose enthusiasm is more steadily manifested in the privacy of club or home courts—and there is among the crack players, perhaps, a more marked increase than in any other grade. While the really good players four or five years ago were to be counted in small numbers, there is to-day in the Northwestern Association a large and growing field of fine and improving players.

One of the most satisfying things about the growth and development of tennis in the Northwest is the apparent determination to advance the standard. Many matches show wretchedly raw playing that is nothing indigenous perhaps to this soil, and there is room for improvement in the style and form and methods of the best players in the section. The most may be said, it is not unfair to note in passing, of any portion of the tennis soil terrestrial. On the whole, the outlook for the best tennis which is playable has never been so bright in the Northwest as it is to-day. The rare excellence of the game, its freedom from fraud, its endorsement by the people who represent best citizenship—these points have been pivotal.

The fifth annual tournament of the Northwestern Association, held at Lake Minnetonka July 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22d, was in point of general excellence of playing the best of the series. There were more really excellent players in both doubles and singles than were ever entered before, and the playing was of high grade. There was poor playing in plenty—with a quite large entry of players unused to the novelty and the excitement of participation in a tournament; this is inevitable—but there was much that was brilliant, and occasional events worthy any courts in America.

The principal entries were from Chicago, Minneapolis, and St. Paul. The results of the tournament were quite satisfactory to the home contingent, as Belden of Minneapolis won the Northwestern championship away from Victor Eiting, of Chicago, who took it from Belden last season, and who had held it since '90. Belden won the tournament in singles, and then played Eiting for the customary championship of the Northwest, the score in this last standing 5-7, 6-4, 8-6, and 6-4. In the tournament doubles the Minneapolis men also defeated all their visitors, Jayne and Cook beating their last competitors in the finals, Wrenn and H. Eiting, of Chicago, in a hot fight, the score standing at the close 6-3, 6-2, 11-9. The consolation singles was won by Wrenn over Kuhlkerbocker, both of Chicago, and the consolation doubles by Barney and Matteson over Morris and Chase, all of Minneapolis. The social side of the tournament was not neglected, and there were balls and receptions, a german, and the annual tennis hop, the most interesting of the society of tennis week.

FEEDING THE MULTITUDES.

ENTHUSIASTIC friends of the World's Fair believe that during its latter half there will occasionally be not less than five hundred thousand visitors in a day to Jackson Park. Probably on some days there will be as many as this; but more often than not, no doubt, there will be more than one hundred thousand, and quite frequently more than two hundred thousand. At least four in every five visitors to the Park require a meal during each visit, for very few indeed care to journey so far and stay so short a time that it will not be too long a fast. Unfortunately for the comfort of eaters at such places of entertainment, the desire for food comes upon nearly all at the same time, and therefore the eating places at luncheon and dinner time are apt to be crowded, no matter how great the accommodations may be. The concessions for furnishing food, drink, and tobacco were lumped together, and very naturally most eagerly sought. This combination of concessions is regarded by many as the most valuable that the directory had to offer. The idea of endeavoring to feed such multitudes of people is appalling in the minds of those not accustomed to deal in large figures. But the probable profits were very alluring, and the Wellington Catering Company (of which Albert S. Gage, of the Wellington Hotel, is president), who obtained the concession, is considered very lucky by many more than their competitors.

The concessionaires arranged for a total restaurant space of 400,000 square feet, or about nine acres. Their kitchen, workshop, and storage warehouse in two stories high, and occupies a plot of ground in the southwestern portion of the exposition grounds 150 × 400 feet. To give some idea of the quantities of food that are distributed from this building, I may mention that the meat of 50 cattle is cut up each day. For the employés of the restaurants and kitchens there is a boarding house with a dining room in which 2000 waiters, cooks, carvers etc., may be fed. These extensive arrangements are all necessary so that the multitudes may be properly served.

There are a large number of restaurants of the first class, having a seating capacity of 5000 persons. In addition to these numerous lunch-counters, at which 10,000 persons can be accommodated at one time, have been provided. Other facilities—tables and chairs in loggias, etc.—increase the number 2000, so it is seen that about 17,000 persons may be fed at one time. The first class restaurants Mr. Gage has made of a type as high as his city restaurant, "The Wellington," with which even the most fastidious *gourmet* would find it difficult to quarrel. The prices in these places are such as those which prevail at Delmonico's and other restaurants of a similar character. It is seldom that more than three relays can be handled in these particular restaurants, for men who order delicate food usually eat deliberately. In the other eating places popular prices obtain. It is hard to define what this term "popular prices" means. People of the careful habits of the traditional Scotchman, who complained of the extravagance of London because before he had been there a day "bang went saxpence," do not like these prices, and probably think that they ought not to enjoy any kind of popularity. But then there are not in all probability many of this type of visitors at the fair. Those who go generally do so, I fancy, prepared to pay the shot, and determined to have a good time regardless of expense. The cooking for the restaurants of this class is plain as distinguished from that modified French cookery which in America excites the admiration of even the *bons vivants* from the Old World. Probably six relays can be fed in these popular restaurants. The marvellous celerity with which food is consumed at lunch counters in this country has long excited the wonder of those who have looked in, say, at the Astor House rotunda in New York at about one o'clock in the day.

ALBERT S. GAGE.

With their forces always in good working order, the Wellington Company are able to care for the greatest crowds which have yet visited the fair. JNO. GILMER SPEER.

A SURVIVAL IN VIRGINIA.

IF the theory of the survival of the fittest is really as good a theory as it is cracked up to be, we may expect to see a tendency in the negro population of the South to develop and persist according to a pattern of which a good type is Isaac Jenkins, of Hanover Station, Virginia. Mr. Cartwright of that place has had twelve horses poisoned within a year. Suspicion fell upon Isaac Jenkins. Somebody had poisoned the horses that was clear. But Isaac was somebody, that was also clear. That Isaac poisoned the horses was a logical deduction too obvious to be avoided; the more so as he had once been tried for breaking into a house, but not convicted. So, partly as a penalty, partly as a precautionary measure, twenty-five of the neighbors put handcuffs on Isaac, hanged him to a tree, fired sundry bullets into him, and left him dangling on the tree.

But Isaac Jenkins was not satisfied. Nothing that the crowd had done, say and that the place was lonely, he took his knife out of his trousers pocket and cut himself down, and walked off into the woods. That was on Saturday night, the 15th of July and me. On Monday the 17th he introduced himself to the police at Norfolk, twenty miles distant, and requested that his handcuffs might be taken off. It was done, and attention was paid to two bullet holes in his neck and to divers lacerations of his scalp, and the last news of him was that he was doing very well, and would recover. Of the various sorts of Southern negro the fittest to survive is perhaps the one who can avoid even the suspicion of misdemeanor. But the next fittest or at least the next likeliest, would seem to be of the type of Isaac Jenkins. It seems to take a negro of fair intelligence to keep sufficiently clear, in these days, of entanglement in the logical processes of his Southern neighbors, but if he is hardy and persistent enough to survive a reasonable amount of hanging and shooting, he may live to grow up and perpetuate his species. It may be the invasion of obstinacy of such negroes as Jenkins that prompts the notable thoroughness of disciplinary method of which there have recently been some striking cases in the South. Take, for example, the case of Lee Walker, who was lately dealt with in Memphis. After he had been gashed with knives and hanged, his body was burned, and the remnants of it were dragged about the streets by the populace, so that it finally required no small diligence on the part of the county undertaker to assemble remains enough for appropriate action by the coroner.

It is proper to say that in Walker's case, although the crime of the negro was very gross, and his guilt apparently unquestioned, the local press of Memphis earnestly repudiates the manner of his taking off. It is a mere platitude to add that the local press is right, and that even so bad and dangerous a criminal can hardly in any case do a community as much damage as it incurs by taking him out of the hands of the law and making his execution an orgie of drunkenness and blood.

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AMATEUR SPORT

THE NATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT being held this week at Newport, for the American championship, is likely to prove even more interesting in its third, fourth, and fifth rounds than last year, though that is saying a great deal, for the fourth round of the '92 tournament was better than any Newport had ever seen. Comment is made on these early rounds to record the improvement in the general average of play. In 1891, for instance, the fourth round had E. L. Hall and Clarence Hobart, C. T. Lee and V. G. Hall, F. H. Hovey and A. W. Post, J. S. Clark and M. D. Smith; the Hobart-Hall match was a close one, but the others

THE WELD CUP.

were won with more or less ease, though we all remember how Post surprised Hovey, who was loafing through the game, by taking the first set.

Last year the fourth round was a notable one, bringing together Stevens and Hovey, E. L. Hall and S. T. Chace, W. A. Larned and V. G. Hall, and Wrenn and Fielding; while the following round with Wrenn and Hovey and E. L. Hall and Larned will long be remembered.

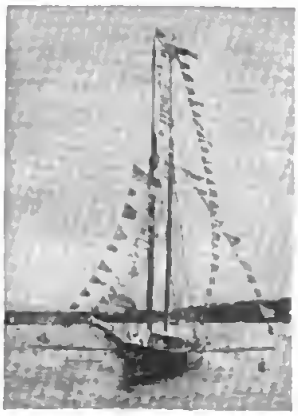
THOUGH LAWN-TENNIS SEEMS to be losing a little of its general popularity, it is a satisfaction to note this improvement in standard at our national tournament. It would be infinitely more gratifying if we saw more new faces among the contestants in the first and second rounds. Players of the West and South should receive encouragement from the Association to come to Newport each year, whether they remain in until the last rounds or not. It looks as if the future success of the national tournament depended to a large extent upon making interest in its results as widespread as possible, the developing work of the Association should be far reaching. There is no doubt that in the sections of the East where the game has centred interest the last two years has been waning rather than waxing, and it simply means that the soil has been worked over and over until it no longer responds to the tiller's care. We weary of even a good thing, and the officers of the Association should take the lesson of this last two years and profit thereby. Nowadays it takes a match between the very best in the land to attract spectators, and that is quite as it should be here where we have so much of it. At Newport, Longwood, Narragansett, Southampton, and Saratoga we want to see the best, and the best only, and the Association need never concern itself about the success of these tournaments, its mission does not lay in this direction, but in that where the second and third class men are striving to reach a higher standard of play. These are the ones who will one day be our best players, and we would not wish their skill to be a retrogression of the national grade of to-day.

EVERYTHING SHOULD BE DONE TO MAKE the Newport tournament national in fact as well as in name, there are players in the West and in the South fitted to enter and make a good showing; they require encouragement. This year it looks as if we should have one or two representative Western players, and the interest in their several matches will be apparent. If we could occasionally have a foreign entry it would do much to fire young players with enthusiasm. Canada is very near us, and in this year of the World's Fair it seems as if some effort to have had over one of the great English players, Pim, Mahoney, Hillyard, or the Renshaws, whose tennis sun, however, is setting, might have been successful. It cannot be denied that there is need for some attention to these facts by the Association, for the falling off in general play, i. e., on private courts, shows that there is a ripple of boredom on the surface which must not be permitted to become a wave. Devoting some attention to sectional tournaments that will bring out and encourage local players is the surest and easiest antidote to tennis ennui yet discovered. To go further and induce the champions of these sections to enter at Newport would be to put such life in the game and interest in the national tournament as it has not seen since the first success of its American début. The Association took at least two steps in the right direction this year in holding the national championship in doubles on Chicago courts, and in drawing the Interscholastic tournament to Newport. It will give the boys an incentive that must result in greatly improved play and an increased entry list. This is the best kind of missionary work, for to these lads we look for our future champions.

WHOEVER WINS THE ALL COMERS this year will probably have a harder struggle than Hovey did last year when he defeated Larned, or Hobart the year before in beating Hovey. About three weeks ago Hobart was playing to the best form he has ever shown, and the All Comers seemed his almost beyond peradventure. But at Chicago he began to show symptoms of unsteadiness, and that was followed by his being defeated the next week at Southampton by Larned, and again the week following by Budlong, a good improving player, but not in the same class with Hobart. The sore finger he had cannot be held entirely accountable for Hobart's loss of form, and I am inclined to believe that he simply went stale, and with a rest will attain his form again this week at Newport. And yet it may be possible he played on edge too long, and that there has been no time for him to rest properly and come back to his form of the early season. Such a matter depends to a large extent on a man's disposition, and that can only be told after a test. If Hobart were to meet O. S. Campbell this week, it would be my judgment that this reversal of form could not be overcome, and that Hobart would surely lose, since the uncertainty of his game against Campbell's would be intensified by recent defeats, while Campbell's disposition is such that he plays his best with defeat staring him in the face. But that is idle speculation, for Hobart will not meet Campbell this week, even if he does win the All Comers, as the present champion will not defend his title.

AT THE TIME HOBART WENT STALE, Hovey, his greatest rival, was playing at his best, and has continued in the most formidable form he has shown this season. With Hobart out of the way there would be no question of choice as to the winner of the tournament, but although his game is the most brilliant of any player on the courts, he invariably falls a prey to Hobart. He never seems able to play his hardest against the New-Yorker, and his game is usually brilliant and ordinary by turns, while Hobart's remains hard and fast throughout. If Hovey could sustain his brilliant strokes no man in America could win from him. But then these "ifs" and "ands" are what go to make up a man's game, whether in tennis or football. The fact remains that Hovey has not shown that he can keep his brilliant pace, and he suffers defeat in consequence. Hobart has beaten him every time they have met this year, and appears not only to have Hovey's game down to a nicety, but also to have impressed that fact upon Hovey himself. If these two meet in the final round and Hobart is in form all precedents will be undone if Hobart does not win the All Comers' Cup. If, however, Hobart falls by the way-side, as he did last year, and as he is likely to do again if he meets Larned, Knapp, or E. L. Hall, if Hovey in this last week gets into form, and Hobart does not, then Hovey appears to be the most probable winner of the tournament. Unless it is Knapp, who would stick to him until Hovey was unnerved, there is no man in the tournament who can defeat him, and it is very doubtful if Knapp's endurance and remarkable returning of apparently safely placed balls would even this year, as Hovey has been playing, serve to undo him.

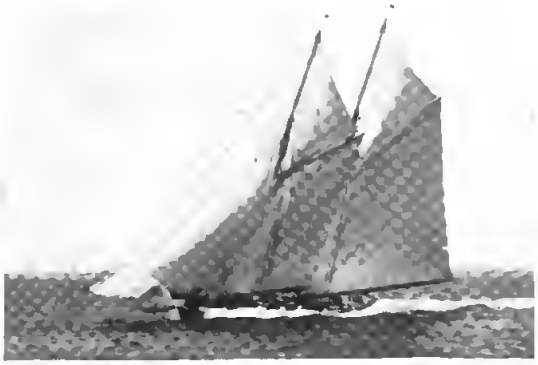
LARNED IS A BRILLIANT PLAYER, like Hovey, and his game is very similar to the Harvard man's, with the difference that he seems to have a reckless dash, which suggests a hit-or-miss style of play, though careful watching convinces the observer that he goes for his stroke every time. He has somewhat the same disposition as Hovey, and is apt in meeting a better man to grow careless after a miss or two, but his play the last couple of weeks points to much improvement in this respect. At the beginning of the season his form was far below that of last year, and he played rather indifferently until the Seabright (New Jersey) tournament, when for the first time he gave evidence of not having forgotten those brilliant cross-court drives that he used with such telling effect in his match with E. L. Hall at Newport in '92. He followed up his Seabright work with continued good play, and at Southampton created a sensation by defeating Hobart, and then E. L. Hall, who was the holder of the cup. He is a clever player, and will make a strong fight for the Newport honors in the last round, no matter who may be his opponent. Should it happen to be Hovey or Hobart, the match



THE OLD "DAUNTLESS" IN SUNDAY DRESS.

would be a struggle from first to last, but it hardly seems likely he could defeat either of these men—Hobart, because of his harder and steadier game, and Hovey, because of his superior brilliancy. A match between Hovey and Larned must always be interesting, because of the similarity of their games. Neither Wrenn, Chace, nor E. L. Hall can win against Larned, though speculation on the result of a tennis match is almost if not quite as uncertain as betting on the red or black of a wheel of fortune. Form changes so frequently, and such a very little deviation from normal makes a great difference in results. If all the men play up to their form, Larned will not get so far in the tournament this year as last, despite the fact that he may play a better game.

IT WILL BE INTERESTING TO FOLLOW the fortunes of Malcolm Chace and R. D. Wrenn through the tournament. Up to a couple of weeks ago neither of them has been playing



THE "CONSTELLATION."

his best game, but two weeks ago, at Wentworth, Chace took a great brace, and defeated Wrenn in a match that showed the most brilliant tennis he has ever played. If he strikes a streak of that kind at Newport, there is no telling where he may finish, but he should not get past Hobart, Hovey, or Larned. Wrenn and he have been at it all the season, and the former has defeated him in every match, I believe, until at Wentworth. Wrenn is another player of the Hovey type; he is brilliant at times and poor at others, and a confirmed net-player. At no time this year has he shown the form he played in against Knapp, whom he defeated after the longest match on record. There is no evidence in his '93 playing that he could repeat that conquest, and his late games make it dubious whether he could win from Chace, although he plays with more head and shows his greater experience. If he does as well as last year, he will have reason for congratulation.

W. P. KNAPP MAY BE THE DISTURBING ELEMENT in this arrangement, and nothing definite can be said of his game or his chances, because really nobody can tell what he may or may not do. He is likely to go through to the final round, and he is quite likely to be defeated by Chace or Wrenn before he even gets a cut at Hobart, Hovey, or Larned. So far as his game is concerned, it is not up to any one of the leaders; it is good hard tennis, made formidable because of his endurance, like Richard Stevens, and his notable cleverness in making returns. Campbell is almost the only man who would not be worried by Knapp, as he could stand coolly at the net and place all around him, but the others have not yet exhibited either that nerve or skill. Knapp has defeated Larned, and he gave Hobart at the time he was at his tip top form, at Saratoga, a rather uneasy quarter of an hour. It is hard to say what he would do with Larned; certainly the latter's game is much more skilful, and it would only be a question of his keeping his head on his shoulders and his eye on the ball. Against Wrenn or Chace it would resolve itself into a toss up as to the winner, so that it simply comes down to the fact that no one can tell just where Knapp will land, or how he may upset calculations. I do not believe, however, he could win again from Hovey, and certainly not from Hobart, so that if he reaches the semifinals he will be doing as much as can be expected.

Richard Stevens is another player, some what after Knapp,

THE "ALCÆA."

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who will make a good showing and get down to the last rounds, but his game could never win against Larned, certainly not if the latter was in any kind of form, and yet Stevens has defeated some of the best men on the courts. However, he adheres too rigidly to the back line game to win against those who combine that style with net-play when the opportunity affords.

No account has been taken in this running over the outlook of E. L. Hall, for the reason that his work at this writing has not warranted even his most ardent admirers assigning him a place over Larned, and the Cornell man surely stands between any other and Hobart and Hovey, while there are Knapp, Chace, and Wrenn to get through even before attaining the distinction of challenging Larned. E. L. Hall is not himself this year; he began in poor form, and kept on playing when indisposition should have prompted his total rest. He is playing at Narragansett while I am writing these paragraphs at Newport, and his form during the week should go largely to show whether he is likely to do himself justice in the national tournament. From his showing in the first matches, however, he has made very slight advance towards his old form, and may consider himself in luck if he is able to get half-way through the rounds this week. This is to be regretted, as Hall was looked upon as one of those most likely to make a strong bid for the All Comers this year. His brother, V. G., has also gone entirely off his form this year. While he has not been regarded among the possibilities of the All Comer winners in the past two years, he has always been a consistent performer, who could be counted on to make any one play his best game to win. He won his way to the semifinals last year and the year before, but it is doubtful if he can do as much this year.

In this connection let us give a few words of praise to those sportsmen like V. G. Hall and W. P. Knapp, who, while in earnest pursuit of the delusive dollar in their respective professions, have yet had enough love for the sport to get a few hours' practice here and there, and to enter the national and other tournaments. It is easy enough for the young man who has not yet settled down to the business of life to spend as many hours as he likes in practice, and the balance of the day in search of pleasure or rest, but he who has taken his place in the treadmill of this work a day world is the one who deserves credit for persisting in his play. To all such I can only say, from personal experience, keep it up, never, so long as you can find even a half hour here and there to steal from pleasure and business, fail to put in some time at least, in physical exercise. It is a panacea that never fails, and to the brain worker it appeals with peculiarly strong significance. This is a digression that may strike many as irrelevant, but it is not, it is the very essence of a happy, useful life, and the writer is emphatic on the subject because he has experienced its benefits. Many are the times he has wearily dragged one leg after the other from his desk into the gym for a half hour's work with the foils or gloves or at wrestling, and, in summer, at swimming, tennis, or rowing, to find his head cleared, his mind relaxed, and himself in a far better condition to pick up the lines of his work. So long as a man is able to stand on his legs and use his arms he will increase his force, whether he be banker, lawyer, doctor, or journalist, by getting a certain amount of exercise daily.

Back to tennis again. We shall very likely this week miss three of the most prominent players of recent years—H. W. Slocum, Jun., R. P. Huntington, and P. S. Sears. All three have been passed in the progress of the game, or, probably, it would be fairer to say that they have stopped and allowed the game to go on without them. Slocum, after his defeat for the championship by Campbell, retired until last year, when he reappeared on the Saratoga courts, and made a good showing. Encouraged by this, no doubt, he entered at Newport, and won from Ryerson, but in the third round met Larned, and was defeated, succeeding in getting only a set. Huntington has done practically nothing for two years—last season at Newport being defeated by M. D. Smith in straight sets. Sears met V. G. Hall in the first round and was defeated. It is too bad these three have not followed the example of V. G. Hall and Knapp, and kept up their playing, for with good practice there is no reason why they should not make a stand even today. With the passing of the old, however, comes the new and it is much to be wished for that the Needs of Chicago will be seen on the Newport courts this week. One of them particularly is a player who will make it interesting for Chace or Wrenn. H. W. Taylor, Jun., the ex-champion of California, and Hubbard (these men, by the way, are not the double champions of California) may play, though they have already shown that their game is not fast enough for the second rate players of the East.

Tennis at Narragansett Pier the past week has shown to a marked degree that uncertain element which may this week cut a large figure in the national championship at Newport. Larned, Chace, E. L. Hall, and Stevens were the notable single entries, while Hobart and Wrenn and Champion Campbell played in the doubles, both Hobart and Wrenn resting for Newport. The second day saw Marion Wright making an unusual stand against Stevens, who finally beat him—7-5, 3-6, 7-5, while Chace beat Budlong in two straight and brilliant sets—7-5, 6-2. E. L. Hall has been playing so poorly lately that when he won from Stevens in the third round, 4-6, 11-9, 6-1, there was some hope of his coming around in his usual form. He played like himself for the first time this season, and really in the third set walked right through Stevens.

It was somewhat expected that Chace would win from E. L. Hall, in a match which showed some brilliant work by the Providence boy and inaccurate playing by Hall. Chace won in two straight sets—6-3, 6-4. Chace has been playing brilliantly the last two weeks, but his game did not warrant the victory over Larned he acquired in the finals at Narragansett. It took five sets—6-4, 3-6, 6-8, 6-1, 6-0, but although Chace did well, Larned's game was below his standard. These victories will encourage Chace, and make him a more dangerous factor this week, but he should not win from Larned. It would not be surprising to see Hall pull into good form.

The finish of the New York Yacht Club cruise very much lacked the *eclat* of the start, the fleet diminishing rapidly after the Goelet Cup drift. On Thursday night there were about two hundred and ten yachts in Newport Harbor. By Sunday two-thirds of them had disappeared, and only forty went into New Bedford from Vineyard Haven. The present straitened condition of business, of course, has a great deal to do with the apparent indifference, but a large factor seems to be the restriction of interest to the performances of the racers. Although the New York Yacht Club fleet was small in the last days of the cruise, it contained the best of the lot, *Dauntless*, *Constellation*, *Vampa*, *Ramona*, *Volunteer*, *Alera*, *Lasca*, *Mayflower*, *Atlantic*, *Ariel*, *Shamrock*, *Katrina*, *Bedouin*, *Huron*, *Hildegarde*, *Queen Mab*, *Wasp*, *Harpoon*, *Jessica*, *Fortuna*, *Marquesa*, *Eclipse*, and *Neera* have all stuck to the course faithfully, and made some good runs in the light airs that prevailed for a greater number of the runs. *Emerald* failed to put in an appearance often enough to redeem herself for the poor performances of the first days, and *Carmita*, after a couple of brushes with *Wasp*, gave it up, for she was not nearly so fast on any point of sailing. *Queen Mab* did not miss a run, and won almost every time the conditions permitted of no fluke. *Constellation* and *Volunteer* both did first-class work, and the *Lasca* and *Alera* raced actually neck and neck on every run, one winning one day and the other the next. The *Alera* is an infinitely improved boat over last year, and Mr. Clark is to be congratulated for sticking to her after her 1892 a discouraging showing. *Lasca* is about the same good craft she was last year. *Ariel* is a successful boat, and her all-round work on the cruise was of the best.

The run from Newport to Vineyard Haven was the beginning of the end, the fleet being considerably smaller than that which had sailed into Newport two days before. The wind, starting off well, flattened out at the Vineyard Sound Light, and then sprang up again, so that the run to the finish was lively. *Vigilant*, *Jubilee*, and *Colonia* had a good race from a pretty start, and while the Paine boat in the stiff breeze at the Brenton Reef was pointing higher, both the others outfooted her, until just before reaching the Vineyard Haven Light, when the wind lightened and *Jubilee* went ahead of the *Colonia*; the *Vigilant* had in the mean time gained quite half a mile on both of them. They held these positions for a time, but as the breeze freshened the *Colonia* began to draw up on the *Jubilee*, and finally passed her. So the order remained until West Chop was reached, when the *Jubilee*, under her spinnaker, again passed *Colonia*, and beat her home a few seconds. The *Vigilant* had steadily increased her lead, and crossed the line over ten minutes before *Jubilee*. The other winners were *Constellation*, *Lasca*, *Shamrock* (beating *Ariel* on time allowance), *Katrina*, *Queen Mab*, and *Harpoon*. The *Harpoon* pleased Boston nice mightily by her fine sailing on this run. She had it out with *Wasp* and beat her fairly, crossing the line full four minutes before last year's queen of the 46-foot class.

From Vineyard Haven to New Bedford there was no interest in the performance of the cup-defenders, for both *Colonia* and *Jubilee* withdrew, and left *Vigilant* to sail alone. *Vigilant* made a fine run in the 21-knot beat to windward, and finished about 35 minutes ahead of the fleet, although she started last. The interest of the day centred

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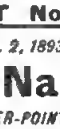

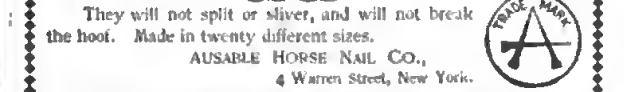

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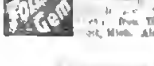

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in what *Ariel* and *Shamrock* and *Wasp* and *Harpoon* would do, and in each case the better boat won. *Ariel* more than evened up matters for the beating *Shamrock* had given her the day before on time allowance, and won by half an hour. *Wasp* had a fight for it, but finally crossed about 5 minutes ahead of her Boston rival. *Alcaia* was not handled to the best advantage, or she might have won in her class. The winners were *Constellation*, *Volunteer* (which did fine work and outsailed both *Alcaia* and *Lasca*), *Ariel*, *Queen Mab*, *Wasp*, and *Norna*.

In the sail from New Bedford back to Newport the cup-defenders were not represented by even the *Vigilant*, and the run was devoid of interest, until at its end, when the remarkable finish of every one of the boats within five minutes and forty-five seconds from first to last made a record that has never been equalled. This happened through first one and then another of the fleet catching and losing the fitful wind, which bunched them. The winners on this run were *Ramona*, *Alcaia*, *Shamrock*, *Huron*, *Queen Mab*, or possibly *Fredonia* on allowance, and *Jessica*.

THE MOST PRONOUNCED FEATURE of the Astor Cup races off Newport was probably the uniform failure to start them on time. The first one, on Thursday, started half an hour late, and the second on Friday an hour late. The latter might not have been the fizzle it was if the start had been made at ten o'clock—or even at the advertised time, eleven—as there was a fair sailing breeze all morning, but at noon it had flattened out. Promptness has not been a notable incident of this year's New York Yacht Club cruise, Commodore Morgan not having followed the excellent example of ex-Commodore Gerry in this respect. All races could be started at 9 or 10 just as easily as at 11 or 12, and outer breezes and better sport would result.

The Goelet Cup races having been a fizzle, these Astor Cup events were regarded as a means of determining the much-vexed question as to the best all-round boat of the four cup-defenders.

IT WAS A FINE START, with the *Jubilee* as usual going over the line first, and the *Pilgrim*, *Colonia*, and *Vigilant* following with only seconds between them, and the last two to the windward. All had set baby jib topsails as they crossed the line except *Jubilee*, which was a little slow in putting hers out. At the start *Pilgrim* walked away from *Jubilee*, and for a few moments it looked as if she was going to turn out the marvel so many Boston men proclaimed her. But her triumph was short-lived, for the *Jubilee* began to draw up on her, and to the astonishment of every one the *Pilgrim* seemed to slip to leeward all the time. It has been thought that if the *Pilgrim* was in any particular superior to the others, it would be in working to [illegible] in both points. She kept falling away, and finally left the others, and on the port tack stood off to the southward, passing astern of the *Vigilant*. In the first half hour of the race the *Jubilee* outfooted both *Colonia* and *Vigilant*, while the latter gained steadily on the *Colonia*, until at twelve she was on even terms, shortly after which they all tacked, the *Vigilant* holding the windward position. Both the New York boats began to draw away from *Jubilee* at this point, and for a time the *Colonia* got such a move on that she seemed likely to walk through *Vigilant's* lee, but steadily the Morgan Iselin boat continued to pull ahead, while the *Jubilee* began in her turn to draw up on the *Colonia*. The race between these two was close throughout, neither being assured of the place until the line was crossed.

WHEN "PILGRIM" TACKED BACK it was seen that she had evidently found a little more breeze than the *Colonia* and *Jubilee*, for she crossed the *Colonia's* bow, and weathered the *Jubilee*, but had lost to the *Vigilant*. For a bit the *Pilgrim* did some good work, pointing very high, apparently too high, as she was eased off, but the others all gained on her, until at the mark she had lost more than she had picked up. *Jubilee* just before reaching the mark did pretty work, and passed *Colonia*, and got within an eighth of a mile of *Vigilant*. Short tacks brought them to the mark. *Vigilant* went around it first, and crossed the *Pilgrim's* bow, but took five minutes to brush out her spinnaker. *Jubilee* must have lost a full minute by going so far to windward, she made a beautiful turn of the mark, five minutes after *Vigilant*, and spun around almost in her length, minding her tiller handsomely. A minute later *Colonia* went around, and three minutes afterwards *Pilgrim* followed. Every one was waiting for the Stewart and Binney boat, expecting to see her spin around like a top, but she created a sensation by making the worst turn of the lot, and a very bad one at that, seeming not to answer her helm.

THE RUN HOME BEFORE THE WIND furnished a mild surprise in the fact that both *Jubilee* and *Colonia* gained a minute on *Vigilant*, due, to some extent, to the poor handling of the Morgan boat near the finish, which stood so far in shore that she was obliged to take in spinnaker and gybe for the line. Probably if she had kept on a true course she would have added a little to her gain over the others, for undoubtedly no one of the boats is so fast down the wind. The *Pilgrim* continued to fall behind, and at half past three broke the gaff of her mainsail and the club of her topsail, and was towed in. The *Jubilee* and *Colonia* finished within a minute of each other, four and five minutes behind the *Vigilant*.

THE RESULT OF THE FIRST ASTOR CUP RACE, therefore, may be taken as a good honest test of the cup-defenders' qualities. The *Colonia* has now been seen in all kinds of weather, and behaved herself handsomely in each. She is a good boat, stiffer than *Vigilant*, but not quite so good in windward work. *Jubilee* has not yet been tested in a heavy breeze. *Vigilant* has shown superiority in windward work, in a good sailing breeze, in running before the wind, in a reach, and in drifting. In her one chance to show what she could do in a heavy blow she was wrecked.

Both *Jubilee* and *Colonia* are so close together, that until thoroughly seasoned it would be hard to say which is the better. Indeed, such may be said of them all. *Vigilant* is a great boat, but the minutes she gains are probably due more to her Tobin bronze bottom than to her better sailing qualities. Some alterations in the other two before the trial races may change the present relations. *Jubilee* seems a good all-round boat, and one with more future than either of the others. They should be well tested in heavy weather before the cup-defender is finally chosen. One cannot help being apprehensive of those towering sticks and clouds of canvas in a strong blow, especially since the accident to *Vigilant* off Glen Cove, and the tender exhibition of *Navahoe* off Cowes. There was no wind for the second Astor Cup race, and it was declared to be sailed over on Saturday, but on that day there was likewise not enough wind to enable a finish inside the time limit of six hours. Another attempt will probably be made this week after the Columbian sweepstakes. *Vigilant* was the leading boat both days. *Jubilee's* sails set badly in the first race, but they were afterward trimmed.

THE "NAVAHOE'S" PERFORMANCES AT COWES are very hard to understand without having seen her in the races. It can scarcely be that she has not been handled to the best advantage, and the logical conclusion seems that the Herreshoffs appear to have just missed ranking a fast boat of her, and they have laid themselves open to criticism by publishing a card in the newspapers, laying the blame of the boat's poor work on her sailing-master. In the mean time Mr. Carroll has changed captains, and in place of Barr has taken on Crocker, who sailed one of the *America's* Cup defenders to victory. He has had all along one of the best English pilots. If it has been in the handling of the boat, she will probably give a good account of herself later in the Cape May and Brenton Reef races. If she has shown her true form, however, she is a failure as a racer, which her early tenderness does not explain away.

Britannia has continued to do fine work, and *Calluna* has improved greatly. She must have been badly handled, for about every race records some accident to her.

Valkyrie is preparing for her trip over, and the *America's* Cup committee of the New York Yacht Club has at length shown consideration for Lord Dunraven, and changed the date of the international race from Oct. 5th to Sept. 28th.

CASWAN W. WHITNEY

SEMENTS.

KIRK'S
JUVENILE
SOILET SOAP
PURITY

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—A HOT DAY AT THE FAIR.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

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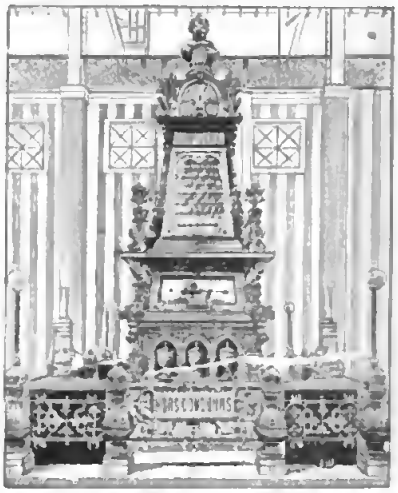

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Vol. XXXVII.—No. 1915.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1893.

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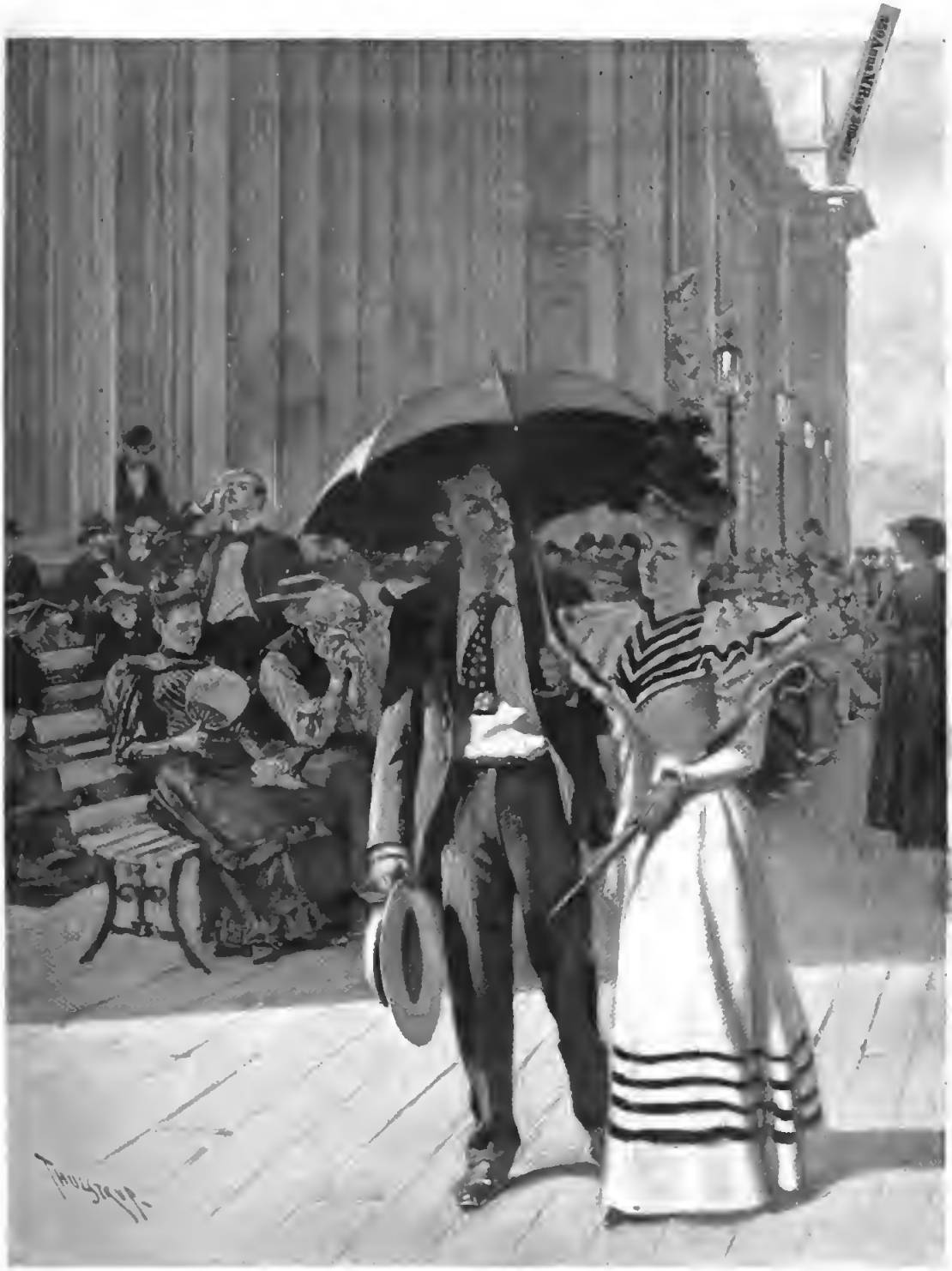

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—A HOT DAY AT THE FAIR.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

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(TWENTY FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1893

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY. $4.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number

WALL STREET.

THE apostles of "free silver" and "cheap money" have long been endeavoring to make people in the West and in the South believe that there is at the bottom of the movement against free coinage and for the repeal of the silver-purchase law a dark, mysterious, crafty, wicked, rapacious, and tyrannical power—a power that seeks to rob and oppress and enslave the people, and to sweep all the wealth of the country into its own insatiable maw. This power they call "Wall Street." Whenever business men or chambers of commerce or boards of trade in the East remonstrate against a monetary policy which seems to them vicious, it is said that they have been subjugated by the ogre, and speak according to its behests; in fact, that they have become part and parcel of "Wall Street." To the Western or Southern "cheap money" quack and his disciples the Eastern business community and "Wall Street" are one and the same thing—a lot of greedy capitalists who want to grind the "debtor class" to powder, and to that end conspire to make money scarce and dear; of railroad kings who ruin the farmers by exorbitant freight rates, and defraud their stockholders of their dues; of unscrupulous speculators of all kinds, ever ready to cheat and rob everybody, but especially bent upon preventing the poor man from getting "plenty of money." The natural conclusion is that when "Wall Street" calls anything good it must be bad, and when "Wall Street" recommends anything to be done it must be sternly resisted, for the chances are a hundred to one that there is a devilish scheme to rob and oppress the people behind it.

Now it will not be denied that in the East in general and in Wall Street in particular there are persons who want to make money, and care little by what means and at whose cost they make it—persons who would indeed not scruple to corner the money market if they could, and to squeeze every dollar out of their neighbors. But it would be just as reasonable to judge the business community of the East, and even the real Wall Street, according to them as it would be to call the people of the West a people of land-swindlers, train robbers, and drunken cowboys, because there are among them some lying real-estate speculators, some highwaymen, and some cowboys who delight in drunken spires; or to call the Southern people a people composed of negroes, bullies, and tippling "colonels," because there are among them a good many colored folk, as well as some men given to flourishing revolvers, and some "colonels" fond of whiskey and big talk. The sober truth is that there are good men and bad men everywhere in this as in other countries, that the Eastern business community does not differ at all from the business community of the West or the South in wishing to be prosperous itself and to see other people prosperous, and that it understands very clearly the prosperity of the rest of the country to be the condition *sine qua non* of its own. If there is any real difference between them, it is that the Eastern business community is older, and has accumulated more capital. But much of that capital is engaged in Western and Southern enterprises, or in mercantile or manufacturing concerns that have the West and the South for their customers. Eastern men are not so brainless as not to know that if the Western and the Southern people are in a prosperous condition they will be good customers, for then they can buy things and pay for them, and get up new developments in which Eastern capital finds profitable employment. They know equally well that when the West and the South are not prosperous they will be bad customers, who cannot buy things or pay for what they have bought, and that the Eastern capital engaged in the West or South will then yield no profit, or be even lost. Eastern business men therefore naturally wish the West and the South to be prosperous; they know that in promoting that prosperity they build up their customs and most effectually serve their own interests.

When speaking of Wall Street to the narrower sense people mean the Stock Exchange, where the securities of railroads and of industrial enterprises and similar things are bought and sold. There are a few speculators operating there who seek to profit by the depreciation of values, and use various, sometimes unscrupulous, means to bring about such depreciations. They, however, usually succeed only when the general condition of business in the country is such as to favor gambling for a fall. They do not produce declining tendencies, they only take advantage of them. But the overwhelming majority of those doing business at the Stock Exchange are always trading upon a hope for a rise in values. They wish to have times flush and flourishing, to have plenty of money in circulation, and to see people inspired with hope for the future. All the efforts they are able to make are made to that end, for they find it in their interest to do so. When the country at large is prosperous and hopeful, they are prosperous and hopeful too; not otherwise. We have a distinct measure of what the members of the Stock Exchange consider good times for themselves. Some time ago when business was thriving all over the country, North and South and East and West, a seat in the Stock Exchange was held to be worth as much as $35,000. In these times of depression a seat there may be bought for $17,000 and even less. It is evident, therefore, that they consider bad business throughout the country to be bad business for themselves, and their natural wish is that all means be employed to bring on an improvement of the condition of affairs everywhere.

In the larger sense "Wall Street" means, in addition to the Stock Exchange, that aggregation of large financial institutions—banks of deposit, trust companies, private banking houses, brokers' firms, etc.—which facilitates the transfer of funds from lender to borrower, from debtor to creditor, from one part of the country to the other, and between this and foreign countries, and which manage the organization of capital in aid of large enterprises. The success of these financial institutions, too, depends in the aggregate entirely upon the general prosperity of the country. They are not doing their business with their own money, but with the money of their depositors or customers. While they are large creditors, they are at the same time large debtors, and in hard times exposed to all the embarrassments and dangers which fall to the debtor's lot. So they are now. No Western farmer with a mortgage to pay can sigh more earnestly for "more money" than do these same Wall Street bankers. At this very moment they are straining every nerve to gather money for the South and West to "move the crops." If they cannot find that money, no mistake would be greater than to lay the fault to "Wall Street." It is not the large financiers, but the smaller class of business men that are hoarding and withholding their money, scared as they are by the financial breakdown owing to the silver trouble. The "Wall Street" financiers would most gladly furnish the funds if they had them, for the stopping of the wheels of business in the West and South means to them disaster, if not absolute shipwreck, for it involves not only the cessation of a large part of their profits, but a possibly ruinous shrinking of the values they hold.

Nobody will pretend that the Wall Street financiers are sentimental philanthropists eager to sacrifice themselves for the benefit of their neighbors. They are shrewd business men keenly alive to their own interests. But that these shrewd business men, knowing as they do that their fortunes are indissolubly bound up with the general prosperity of the country, should at the same time be such consummate idiots as to form a plot for the introduction of a monetary policy which would undermine the prosperity of the larger part of the country, a policy that would ruin their customers, and thus kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, is too superlatively preposterous to find belief among sensible people. The Wall Street financiers are as much interested in having *plenty of money* in circulation as the rest of the country. And the rest of the country is as much interested in having *good money* in circulation as are the Wall Street financiers. This "Wall Street" bugaboo, set up by the free silver coinage agitators, is an especially silly contrivance, fit only to frighten little children and persons whose reasoning powers are at a lamentably low ebb.

PUBLIC OPINION AND SILVER.

ALL important questions are settled by Congress in accordance with what Congressmen believe to be the wishes of their constituents. The silver question is one of these. The movement for free coinage owes its strength and importance to an assumed popular demand for bimetallism as the solution of the money problem. There was a general demand in the remoter regions of the country for "more money." In some quarters this meant easier borrowing terms, and in others an opportunity to borrow on any terms. The discontent, the origin and cause of which need not now be discussed, was seized upon by the owners of silver mines, whose product was growing cheaper and cheaper every day. The agents of the miners and the miners themselves were in Congress, standing on an even footing with Senators and Representatives from populous States. They convinced their colleagues whose constituents were complaining of a dearth of currency that free coinage of silver would soften the hard conditions of the debtor and the needy. This, mixed with a little false patriotism about the "fathers" and a little poor constitutional law, was the food on which the free-coinage movement was nursed. It was assumed that there was a popular demand for national bimetallism, although not until now have the people had an opportunity to express their sentiments; nor have they sought an opportunity, because they have not comprehended the question.

There is no doubt about their opinions to-day, however. From one end of the country to the other they have made themselves heard, and Senators and Representatives are hastening to obey the commands which have been put upon them, without caring that obedience involves an appearance of inconsistency. The people have finally learned something about the silver question, and they have learned it in the hardest of hard schools—experience and adversity. They have learned what follows distrust in a country's currency and in a country's honesty. They know what comes from a suspicion that loans of gold will be repaid in a base metal. The banks in which their money is kept have been closing up. They are obliged to pay a premium for currency with which to meet their obligations. Their business is crippled. Factories are closing because trade is stopped. Money is hoarded and not expended. Working-men are out of employment, and that means hunger and intense suffering to them and to their women and children. Through these lessons the people have learned somewhat of the silver question, and their opinions on it are strong, and are vigorously and sometimes pathetically expressed. Congress is listening to an educated public opinion through the newspapers, public meetings, and private communications; and Congress is showing evidence of its usual responsiveness to public opinion. The free coinage movement is beginning to disintegrate, and the "friends of silver" to fall asunder.

The strongest evidence of the power of public opinion is furnished by the conversion of Senator VOORHEES. There is no doubt that in voting for and reporting a bill repealing the purchasing clause of the SHERMAN act he spoke the voice of Indiana. Other notable conversions have taken place in the House. Among those who have changed front are Mr. McCREARY of Kentucky, a delegate to the Brussels Conference; Judge PATTERSON of Tennessee; and Mr. JASON BROWN, of Indiana. These are not all who have borne witness to the power of an aroused public sentiment. The influence is still at work. The Senate alone seems doubtful; but while every moment of delay brings fresh disaster to the business interests of the country, every moment of debate in and out of Congress makes the chances of repeal stronger. And of one thing more we may be certain, the Congressmen who come to their senses last will hardly save their political careers.

A NEW RATIO.

COMPROMISES on the currency are in the air, and that which the silver men now advance as acceptable to them is a new ratio: free coinage still, but at a new rate. What does this mean, and what would it bring us to if adopted?

The present ratio is 16 to 1; or rather, that is the ratio which the United States adopted in 1837. Under it, in reality, gold and not silver was the standard of value from 1837 to 1860. In 1873, after near half a century in which the silver dollars had been obsolete, as resumed, under the BLAND act, the coinage of a limited number of them at this old ratio. The fact that the coinage was limited prevented the silver money, then already much lower in intrinsic value than it had been before the war, from driving out the gold and becoming the sole standard of value. Under the SHERMAN act of 1890 the compulsory coinage of the dollars was indeed stopped; but the Treasury notes then authorized against the purchases of silver were made redeemable in gold or silver coin at the option of the government, and silver "coin" meant dollars to be coined at the traditional ratio in such amounts as the Secretary of the Treasury might order. We have been fortunate hitherto, notwithstanding these hazardous measures, in maintaining the gold standard, and in keeping the silver, whether issued under the BLAND or SHERMAN act, virtually in the position of a subsidiary currency. The danger has been that it might not be possible to keep it to this comparatively harmless place in the monetary system, and that the exhaustion of the gold reserve might bring us to the silver basis, a danger which has been so important a factor in bringing about the present financial distress.

Meanwhile the price of silver has gone steadily down and down, and the traditional ratio has become more and more hopelessly out of accord with the intrinsic worth of silver. The silver dollar coined at the ratio of 16 to 1 would be at par with gold—its intrinsic value would be equal to that of the gold dollar—if silver bullion were worth $1.29 an ounce in the market. Silver has not been worth that sum, or anything like it, for nearly twenty years. Even before the collapse caused by the closing of the Indian mints, silver went down to $1.00, 90 cents, 85 cents an ounce. Even our purchases, under the SHERMAN act, of all the silver produced by American mines checked this steady fall only for a few months. After a temporary rise, the decline set in again with ominous persistency; and the cessation of free coin-

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age in India probably served merely to hasten the fall, likely to have come before long in any case, to the present price of about 70 cents.

It may not be amiss to point out how this change in the price of silver has affected the commercial correctness of our coinage ratio. If the price of silver were the "par" of $1 29, it would suffice to pay 16 times as much silver into a dollar as there is gold in a gold dollar; 16 to 1 would be a correct ratio. But with silver at 70 cents, it would be necessary to put in 24½ times as much silver to make the silver dollar equal until the price of silver changed again to the gold dollar; the ratio must be 29½ to 1. To state the situation in a nutshell, we may say that if the silver dollar is to be as good as our present standard of value,

A ratio of	16	to 1	must be	accompanied	by a	silver price of	$1 29
"	20	"	"	"	"	"	1 03
"	24	"	"	"	"	"	86
"	26	"	"	"	"	"	80
"	27½	"	"	"	"	"	75
"	29½	"	"	"	"	"	70

The silver men have not even mentioned a ratio to correspond to the present market price—a ratio, say, of 27 or 28 to 1. Nor do they so much as suggest the ratio corresponding to the price which prevailed before the closing of the Indian mints brought the latest collapse in silver. That price was about 85 cents, which would mean a ratio of 24 or 25 to 1. The largest ratio proposed by Mr. BLAND in his bill is 20 to 1; but he clearly wants 16 to 1 if he can get it, and an opportunity to get 17 or 18 or 19. His ultimatum is 20 to 1. Silver must rise to $1 03 an ounce if free coinage at that rate is to give us an honest dollar. At the present price, free coinage at 20 to 1 would still mean a debasement of the standard of value by 25 or 30 per cent.

Of course the silver men allege that free coinage, at whatever ratio, would cause the price of silver to rise, and that the existing price must not be taken as indicating what would be the intrinsic value of the silver dollar after the United States entered on a crusade in favor of the metal to the bitter end. Unquestionably, free coinage would raise the price of silver for a while. The United States government would be in the position of offering all its gold in exchange for silver at a fixed price—a price of $1 03 an ounce if the ratio were 20 to 1. As long as its gold held out, every one would sell his silver to the Treasury at that fancy price. It needs no great prescience to foretell that the Treasury gold would disappear very soon. We do not believe it would hold out for a week. Then the price of silver would be again determined by the normal operation of supply and demand, and the same forces which have brought it down for the last twenty years would again be at work. We should be on a fluctuating silver basis, with a constant tendency to further and further depreciation. The lesson of the SHERMAN act seems to be lost on the silver men. That measure tried to prop the price of silver by buying up and getting out of the market the entire product of the United States, the greatest silver-yielding country of the world. The attempt was a disastrous failure; and free coinage, at any ratio, would be only another failure, even more disastrous.

In fact, what the silver men now offer is a new sort of debasement—a cheap dollar; perhaps not as cheap as the one they formerly urged, but still cheap and debased. That they concede so much is encouraging, for it is a sign that their faith in the support of free silver from public opinion is weakening. No concession in principle should be made to them. With silver produced in the quantities that have come from the mines in the last generation, and with its steady disappearance from the standard money of advanced countries, it can never be the safe basis for the circulating medium of the foremost industrial country in the world. We must rest our money, in the language used by President CLEVELAND, on a basis universally recognized by civilized communities. That must be gold. Let us signify this by repealing—once for all, and without conditions—the SHERMAN act. So much done, we may stop to consider how far we shall use silver for essentially subsidiary purposes, and how far we shall provide for the growth of our currency on a gold basis. But with silver as standard money, or with silver threatening to become standard money—with free coinage and with SHERMAN acts—let us have done.

THE ROOF GARDEN.

THE unfortunates who spent the summer in the country are beginning to return. A person would be heartless indeed who would ask them, How were the mosquitoes? or, Was your landlord kind? or tell them that awful truth of having seen their fresh vegetables being shipped to them by freight from St. John's Park; but we may perhaps enlarge briefly on one of the great joys of the city in the summer without being accused of gibing at or seeking to humiliate unduly these unlucky victims of the old-fashioned idea that the country is the best place wherein to pass the summer.

Of course we refer to the roof garden, that crowning glory of summer city joys. We have already set forth our theory—nay, we refuse to call it a theory—we have heretofore made public the fact that the city is cooler than the country in the summer, and given the scientific reasons therefor, namely, more shade, and increased velocity of the wind in the streets, owing to the lessening of its area of movement, as a river flows more rapidly where its bed is narrow than where it is broad. To call this self evident truth a theory would be an insult to the intelligence of the public, of which we would not be guilty.

We published, we repeat, some time ago, our discovery of this important fact, so we do not need further to speak of it now. But we said nothing of the penetrating delights of the roof garden. We did not deem it fair to the people then happily in town to advertise abroad these felicities, and have the country stayers come rushing back and perhaps crowd the others out—or off. But we do not need longer to remain silent. What, indeed, is so rare as a roof garden? There are no roof gardens in the country. There are surface gardens, to be sure, but there are no cool round tables, nor inviting chairs, nor stages with much agreeable divertisement in those gardens. In the country gardens there are simply vegetables, damp, clammy vegetables, nutritious, perhaps, but not soul satisfying—the deceptive pumpkin, with its roomy and deserted interior; the pale turnip, watery and insipiere, the adolescent cucumber, provocative of Jamaica ginger and the nearest physician. But in the roof garden none of these uncongenial vegetables are grown. The successful roof gardener plants the smooth-topped table rather than the crooked necked squash, and waiters instead of watermelons. Then, too, the stage performance provided by the experienced roof gardener is often mightily entertaining, abounding in divers curious and diverting features, which, together with the whiffs of the cool wind which is eddying in the aerial street rapids below, make the roof garden a place in which it is good to be, albeit even here will still come painful thoughts of the people suffering in the country with the sluggish winds and the active mosquitoes and hotel landlords.

Of course we do not mean to say that the roof garden is all it might be. The ideal roof garden is not yet under cultivation. It will be planted on the roof of a smooth and level topped iceberg towed into the bay by the ingenious promoter of the enterprise. Around it there must swim a time while; for in the whole range of created things there is nothing so cool as a whale. He is cool physically and mentally. The very thought of a whale is cooling, and to associate with one in the flesh—and blubber—must be actually chilling. The whale will be taught to swim about the berg, and occasionally to put his nose up over the edge to allow the patrons to feed him ice-cream with a spoon, thus furnishing a new and attractive sensation. But till we have a berg garden the common roof garden will do very well, and in it most of the horrors of the country in the summer may be escaped.

THE DOMINION INDIAN.

THE other day some Canadian Indian police captured a Frenchman charged with fraud. He had come from the old country, and was accused of swindling some French-Canadians, who pursued him with the assistance of the law; but the Indians caught him, and handed him over to the whites that he might be tried.

The story illustrates the difference between Canadian and our own methods in dealing with the Indians. When this difference began to be marked would be difficult to say. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the French in Canada and the English in our own colonies maintained very much the same attitude to the aborigines. They cajoled him, cheated him, gave him brandy or rum for his valuable skins, stimulated his passions, if he was an ally, and followed his savage example in ambuscade, murder, cruelty, and scalping, if he was an enemy. The Jesuits, however, did more for his education and for his conversion to Christianity than the English Protestants, and an Indian chief was a person of more social consequence at Montreal than at Albany or Boston.

Perhaps the small beginnings of the differentiation were here. The English on this side of the St. Lawrence have always dealt with the Indian problem with a heavy hand. The French employed their arts of diplomacy. Our English ancestors used to call it French cunning, and affected to despise it. Whether they were quite ingenuous in this is doubtful, for Englishmen in Canada have not been loath to learn something from their French compatriots.

At any rate, the Dominion government appears to have come a good deal nearer than we to the solution of the Indian problem. It does not have Indian outbreaks. It is true that some troubles from half breeds have been experienced, but they have generally been due to the differences of opinion between the English and French. There is practically no Indian question in Canada, and proportionately to the numbers of their people there are probably more civilized Indians in Canada than in this country.

We have kept right on in the footsteps of our forefathers, treating the Indians to war, and our neighbors across the border have soothed him with the arts of peace. While we have been fighting him, they have been training him, and they have decidedly the advantage of us, not only in being relieved of the expense of guarding their settlers against depredations and massacre, but in securing from those who might be enemies a body of efficient guardians of life and property.

This country has been experimenting with its Indian problem for many years, but it cannot be that any one responsible for the condition of things on our frontier is proud of our achievements. When our soldiers have not been fighting the Indians who have rebelled against the injustice of Congress or the dishonesty of Indian agents and traders, these same agents and traders have been inviting another outbreak by cheating those whom we are pleased to call the "wards of the nation." We are now beginning to use the Indians as soldiers. Perhaps we have at last hit upon the first step of the proper solution of our problem. Whether we have or not it will be a long time before we find our Indians acting as peace officers, and apprehending white criminals. The Dominion is many years in advance of us in this respect.

PROPOSED CONTROL OF WIDOWS.

INFORMATION comes from London of the formation there of a Society for the Regulation of Widows. Details, we regret to say, are lacking as to who and what this society is composed of, though it scarcely seems possible that it can consist of men in any considerable proportion. Though man is the victim—the natural prey—of widows, he has no desire to be otherwise. The new association must be made up of the widows' sisters.

This view seems the more reasonable when we are told that the movement against the widow is begun on the ground that, "as a matter of abstract justice, it is not right that one woman should marry two or three times, when thousands of equally deserving sisters have no chance to marry even once"; and to uphold this dogma it is proposed to prevent widows from marrying. The new war on the widow is certainly being carried on by other women. There may be a few individually disappointed men, already married to widows, who are giving aid and comfort to the new movement, unknown, of course, to their wives; but women must form the active and visible workers—the controlling spirits—of the society. But we suspect that the English widows are no more alarmed at the movement against them than were the falls of Niagara when Mr. OSCAR WILDE stood on their awful brink and told them, in a calm, firm voice, that they were not what they were cracked up to be.

For we conceive resistance to the widow to be about as profitable an occupation as gigging at the equator, or hinting that there is some sort of a scandal among the parallels of longitude. It was well remarked by some one, we believe by that keen observer and close reasoner the late Professor BOOTYSHELL, of the Montrose University, that for a man to "try to get the advantage of a widow is like attempting to file a buzz-saw while it is in motion." It may be replied that it is not a man who is trying to get the advantage of the widow in this case, but a sister woman. True, but woman in her natural, guileless, unsophisticated, unwedded state, and not, like the widow, made subtle, penetrating irresistible, by her experience in subduing and managing a husband. Not that we mean altogether to disparage the sagacity and craftiness of woman before marriage; these things are relative; unmarried woman could easily, for instance, suppress and destroy that timid, irresolute, and humbled creature the widower; but when she turns to the wily and insidious widow, armed at all points, accustomed to command, ready for the fray, and offering welcome to the tempest, she finds much more than her match.

The widow, with her extraordinary power over man, is one of the most fascinating, albeit dangerous, studies presented to the scientist. For, though even the members of the new society for the suppression of widows may not admit it, the ordinary woman stands no sort of show whatever with the widow in begging a man for matrimonial purposes. The formation of the society is a confession of weakness; they may talk of abstract justice and eternal equity and fundamental right, but if the widow were merely on an equal footing with them the society would never have been. Getting married for the widow is no more than going shopping—simply a matter of selecting and having it sent home. Sometimes she may delay for a season, or even find difficulty in suiting the complexion of her mind, or in matching (or contrasting, as the case may be) the former pattern; but when she finds what she wants she takes it. The widow does not affect bargain counters or shop on side streets. She goes to the best establishments and looks over the latest importations. Her maiden sister gazes in the show window while she is inside placing her orders.

It seems probable that the marvellous power over man possessed by the widow really springs, as we have hinted, from man's own weakness. That is to say, if man were what he pretends to be he would not need that control, guidance, management, restraint, the exercise of which during her wedded life gives a woman that wonderful mastery over man which shows itself publicly when she has become a widow. The widow knows what a hollow, tinkling, sounding mockery is man. She knows all his weaknesses—his flabby excuses about coming home late at night; his transparent explanations of a redolent breath, his sickening remarks about the stringency of the money market; his gibbering accounts of why he discharged a clean type writer and hired a pretty one. The widow's power over man comes chiefly from knowing precisely what a flimsy creature he is, and in being aware that he is to her as clay in the hands of the potter. She sees through him. To her he is an open book, and a book she has read, and of which she has a distinct recollection as to how it "comes out."

It would be highly interesting to know just how the members of the new society propose to carry on their anti-widow movement. We take it that they have already "whereased" and "be it resolved." We cannot believe that they will be so foolish as to put much dependence on moral suasion. Legislation seems to be their only hope, but legislation they can never obtain. No doubt they could get the noble House of Lords to turn its attention from the deceased wife's sister bill and consider a bill for, say, the demoralization of the widow; but it would never pass such a bill with the eye of the widow on it. The difficulty with the deceased wife's sister is that she is usually not a widow; otherwise the bill had been law long ago. With legislation impossible and suasion useless, what remains? That, apparently, which has always remained for man—surrender.

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MR CANNON BECOMES EXCITED

MR RAYNER OF MARYLAND

EX-SPEAKER REED LISTENS TO MR CANNON

MR WILSON OF WEST VIRGINIA

SENATOR VOORHEES

SENATOR SHERMAN IN CONVERSATION WITH EX-SPEAKER REED

MR HOLMAN RISES TO EXPLAIN

THE MOVEMENT IN CONGRESS FOR THE REPEAL OF THE SHERMAN ACT.
SKETCHES IN THE SENATE AND HOUSE BY H. M. WILDER.

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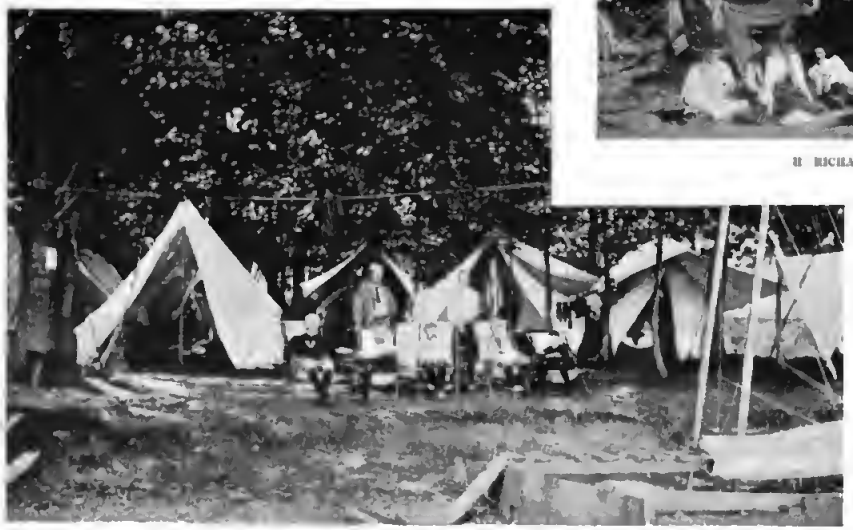
VIEW OF THE CAMP, SHOWING MEN'S QUARTERS.

CLUB RACE, AFTERNOON OF AUGUST TWENTY-SECOND.

H. RICHARDSON'S TENT.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE VESPER CANOE CLUB.

WOMEN'S QUARTERS AT SQUAW POINT.

ANNUAL MEET OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION AT WOLFE ISLAND, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. HENDERSON.—[See Page 849.]

TEN PAGES FROM A DIARY.

BY LOUISE WORTHINGTON.

Sunday, Nov. —, 18—.

Have just been looking over my diary. It contains two hundred and four pages, close written, giving most trifling episode in my business, smallest item of expenses and—that is all. It is my third diary. The others were filled with the same. It has just occurred to me that there was nothing else to write. After fifty-five years my life is summed up thus: estate, bachelor, business, life-insurance, competency, sham home, $18 hall bedroom in New York boarding house, friends, one old widower, one pitying family, amusements, none.

From my window I look out at the ugly backs of a row of houses and down into their court yards. In one of these yards, about the size of a table cloth, there is a huge St. Bernard. He is bored to death. He stands looking at nothing for an hour, then paces to the kitchen window, lifts his nose, and howls in a way that would melt the heart of any one but a cook. He stands at the iron grating and looks for another hour. Perhaps once he walks across the pen, he gnaws his bone. He is bored to death. Poor old fellow!

Sometimes it comes over me that I was made for something better; I feel within me a certain nobility; I long to bound, to leap the wall, even to get into the kitchen where the good things are. Tut, tut! what can be the matter with me to-day? I think I must be a little bilious. I'll go take a walk.

Monday.

I knew by my strange feelings yesterday that something unusual was about to happen. At eight o'clock this morning, as I started down to breakfast, I noticed that the door at the other end of the hall was open (a $20 room and since empty). Going down the stairs, I met a man carrying a trunk up on his shoulder; reaching the hall where I stopped to hang up my coat and hat I almost ran into a young lady, who had just come in through the front door and whom my landlady was receiving with unctious civility. I had no doubt that it was the $20 room. As I drew back and bowed courteously, the young lady looked up at me smiling, and I felt myself blushing, she was so pretty. I am not a conceited man, but I couldn't help noticing that she looked at me with a certain attentiveness. I know that I am not a handsome man. I am growing stout. I am somewhat bald; I have noticed lately with great uneasiness that my mustache is becoming quite grizzled, but I know that there is something about me that stamps me as a gentleman—nay, more, I may say an aristocrat. I bowed with dignity, and passed on. I lingered longer than usual over my egg and coffee, but she did not appear.

This evening I spent a long time at my toilette; I am always punctilious in that regard, but I have been growing a little careless about my neckties lately. With only the Joneses and Miss Greenhorne and the landlady's family (to say nothing of the young doctor's table), it really didn't seem to be worth while; but I know a gentleman should never allow himself to fall below his own standard of excellence. I stopped in at the barber's on the way home, also got a new tie, and when I stepped into the dining room at the dinner hour quietly and without haste, as usual, I was conscious of looking my best. As I took my seat Miss Greenhorne had the poor taste to ask me if I was going out this evening. I suppressed her gently by remarking that I had not yet looked over my engagement card. There was a vacant seat at the other end of the table on the opposite side. I ate slowly and watched the door. Just as the salad was passed to me, she came sweeping in, and hesitating a moment, with a curious glance for the whole room, took the empty chair. Miss Greenhorne flippantly asked me to help her to salad, and I did so with an air that showed the dignified reserve I always preserve towards every one at the table. *She* saw at a glance the difference—the barrier—between them all and myself.

From time to time she sent a scrutinizing glance at each in turn; when it came to me I leaned back easily in my chair, toying with some crumbs of cheese, and staring somewhat haughtily at the sideboard. I met her eyes once or twice—such eyes! clear hazel, frank and fearless as a child's; now wide open, suddenly narrowed as she regards one closely. I couldn't help noticing that when they met mine there was a little change of expression, almost too slight to analyze; a change from the curious glance at a new race of people to one of—shall I call it recognition? I lingered and drank two cups of coffee. I shall be awake half the night to pay for it.

Tuesday.

She has a piano in her room, and, I understand, practised during the day. I heard Miss G. grumbling about it. But after dinner, while I was smoking my cigar as usual in my room she put on the soft pedal and played some sentimental little tunes and I opened my door and listened. I can't help thinking that she knew I would open my door; otherwise, why the soft pedal? And such tender strains! I could imagine her sitting in a half-dream, with a rapt look in her eyes, and her lovely hands wandering over the keys. (I noticed that her hands are white and finely shaped, and sparkling with two or three rings.) Forgot to make note yesterday of new company—"Westside Life Ins. Co."; came without solicitation; capital piece of luck. Model paid me $40 on account.

Wednesday.

Strange! She looks too young to be in a New York boarding house without a chaperon; and yet, why be narrow minded about these things? What better protector could she have than that manner of hers? In spite of her winsome face (she has a deep dimple in one cheek) there is an aloofness—as you may say, an air of looker on at a strange people, not her own people—that makes her unapproachable. Of course, I refer to the others; it would be different with me, and who knows if by and by—

Mrs. Jones tried to cross examine her to-night, and a lawyer couldn't have baffled her more successfully.

Mrs. J. "Hm! Have you been much in New York?"

She (showing dimple). "Not much."

Mrs. J. "Come for long?"

She. "No, not long."

Mrs. J. "Run down for shopping, likely?"

She (dimples). "Oh, no, indeed!"

Mrs. J. "You play considerable on the piano."

She (dimple).

Mrs. J. "I said to Mr Jones that I guessed you took lessons here, or something."

She (rising reflectively). "Yes?"

Mrs. J. subsides.

I am sure she saw the laugh in my eye. I thought I detected an answer in her own. I wish I could squelch Miss Greenhorne as effectually; she pokes questions into me like pins and I am forced to answer. I am afraid this will create a false impression in somebody's mind; it is so difficult to be a perfect gentleman and yet show her that it is my desire to preserve a gulf between myself and these others. Miss G. prodded me into a conversation on art to-night, and at first I was embarrassed, for I have never had the opportunity to cultivate a decided taste that I may say I have for this department. But I saw an expectant look in *her* face. I dilated my shirt front, stuck a thumb in my waistcoat pocket, and rolled out a disquisition that I must say surprised myself. She listened. I saw her smile into her coffee-cup. I was rewarded. My door is open; again she is playing for me, soft pedal, so that the others cannot hear. What the deuce is that tune? I know: "Romance"—by somebody or other. What can she mean? What can she mean?

Thursday.

As I came up the front steps at six o'clock to-night, fumbling for my latch-key, I looked up and saw her standing there, waiting to be let in. Bowing repeatedly, I stepped forward, with "Allow me, madam," and opened the door for her, flinging it wide, and stepping back to let her pass, and bowing again. She swept by, turning her face to me, and the light from the hall fell on the cheek with a dimple in it. Her furs brushed my hand. I felt myself tremble.

There is the faintest breath of perfume as she passes you, with the freshness of out-of-doors and a soft rustle of silks, and you have the impression of beauty and youth and rich raiment, and you quake in your boots. When she sweeps into the dining room a hush falls even on the table of the medical students, and they all turn and stare. I look at them fixedly, to show that no nonsense will be tolerated. And she takes her seat in the dingy old room, so fresh, so pretty, so lustrous in dress and twinkling with rings, and suddenly everybody at the table looks old and shabby. Everybody stares, except myself, but she eats her dinner as unconsciously and composedly as if she were alone in her own house. She avoided my eye to-night, I can't think why. Perhaps she *felt* me tremble on the step. Perhaps she herself— She has not played all the evening. What can it mean? She cannot be angry with me. Can it be that she is afraid she has gone too far? I am completely at a loss.

Forgot last night to make note of receipt of $130 50 from Grimm. Paid for month's board, paid wash-woman.

Friday.

She was not at dinner. No piano. She cannot be in, as there is no light under the crack of her door. A thousand conjectures rush upon me! I can't read my paper for pondering them. How desolate the house seems! The dining room was gloomy and smelt stuffy. Miss G. was maddening. The dinner was poor, and I didn't wait for coffee. I have tried two cigars, and they are equally bad, and yet I paid a quarter for each. Went to tailor to be measured for new suit clothes.

Saturday.

Yes, she certainly avoids my eye. Or if she happens to meet it, there is a—what shall I call it?—almost conscious look in her own. I thought she blushed when I passed the celery. After dinner, as I dawdled at the top of the stairs, she came running up singing. She pretended not to see me, and flashed by and into her room, leaving a little ripple of song behind her. She must be very happy to-night; she is playing some slapdash tunes that will make Miss Greenhorne's false front stand on end. As for me, it makes my heart dance. I feel twenty-five to-night.

Sunday.

I have been looking forward to to-day all the week. I have always dreaded Sundays like a cold in the head. Usually it is a tedious play of three acts: Act I.—Eat. Act II.—Eat. Act III.—Eat. Blanks between acts. But to-day I breakfasted with her, dined with her, teaed with her. She has been cold in her manner, a little distant, as if she feared that I might misconstrue her gayety last night, but at least I have had the joy of watching her. She started out with a little prayer-book this morning, and I followed, a block behind, and sat in the same church with her, prayed the same prayers, sang the same hymns, and looked at the back of her hat during the sermon. Miracles have not ceased. The text was, "This heart that was desolate is become like the Garden of Eden"—at least I think it was *heart*. In the afternoon she went out. I went out. I met her walking on Fifth Avenue with a middle-aged lady. As we passed each other she looked me full in the eyes, unreservedly, unabashed, as though the presence of her chaperon gave her courage. The playing family had invited me to tea but I sent round a note saying that a friend from out-of-town prevented me from fulfilling my engagement, etc., etc. Well! Isn't she a friend? A telegram was handed her at the tea table; she looked thoughtful afterwards. We rose at the same instant, and I was a few steps behind her as we went up stairs. At the top of the second flight she turned suddenly, as if with an overmastering impulse, and making a gesture with the telegram, started to speak; then looked at me with narrowed eyes, checked herself, and turning, rustled hastily into her room. She looked perplexed—she is in trouble—she turned instinctively to me for help, and I, dolt that I am, was so slow to respond that she had time to crush back her impulse and snatch from me the greatest chance of my life! I shall never forgive myself! Dolt! Blockhead! I have thought of a thousand pretty speeches I could have made. I shall not sleep a wink to-night.

Monday.

Is it possible that it was just a week ago? A week? No, a year! a lifetime! I may say that my whole life, my only life, my real life, was compressed into that week. I have just passed through a crisis. My hand is trembling so I can hardly form a letter.

When I came home, at five o'clock this afternoon, a wagon was backed up to the curb stone. The front door was open. Entering I saw a man coming down the stairs with a trunk on his shoulder. I pushed past and rushed up. Her door was open. The landlady was putting brown holland covers on the chairs. I rushed down. The expressman was just shoving the trunk into the wagon. "What train is that trunk for?" I gasped. "Central, 5.10," he answered shortly. I sprang away, hailed a passing cab, leaped in, shouted, "Grand Central Station! *Ten dollars* if you get there!" and flew. All the way I was stabbed again and again by the thought of last night. (In fact, it had tortured me all day.) She was in trouble. She had turned to me, now she was gone, perhaps pained at my coldness, and would never know— But yes, she would! she should! I vowed a vow that before another day of estrangement had dawned *she would know*. By chance, just as I burst panting into the station, she stepped to the ticket-office with the middle-aged lady. Grown reckless, I darted after her, and stood at her elbow while she asked for "one ticket to X——." Finding it necessary I echoed the words. The train was called, the doors opened, the crowd surged through, bearing us with it. She went into a parlor car. I followed, and took the second seat behind her. The middle-aged lady kissed her good-by and left. Now was my chance. But no! Fate had made different plans. The door at the end of the car opened, a tall boyish fellow in a light topcoat came in, saw her, sauntered up with lifted hat, and took the seat by her.

"Going home too?" I heard her say. "Oh, Mr Grey, how very nice! I was just beginning to feel a little timid alone. Going back sooner than I expected to? Well, yes. You see, Aunt Grace was to meet me in New York and stay with me while I took my music lessons, and take me to the opera and concerts and all that sort of thing and at the last moment her mother-in-law was taken sick, and she kept me there a week by telegraphing that she would come the next day and the next. Finally she telegraphed that she would have to give it up, and I decided to go home and surprise my family. It was such a joke! There I was all alone in a boarding-house—the snuffiest old place and such ridiculous people—with a rented piano on my hands, too. And I didn't know any one in town but Mrs. Griffin. She was very decent to me, I must say—asked me to dinner, drove me down and saw me off. But wasn't it a joke?" Then the train started up, and I didn't catch another word from there to X——. But I watched them. Not a single pretty motion of hers did I lose—nor of his; not that I mean that they were pretty. His manner seemed to me offensively familiar. If he had not been such a callow fledgling I might have found it in my heart to be jealous, but weighed in the scales with a man of the world like myself, mature, thoughtful, with a certain dignity of character, I may say, I could not believe it possible— But on to the end! It was pitch dark when we reached X——. They took a carriage; I took another. "Follow that," I said to my driver, pointing, "and stop where they stop." We drove through the main street of the town, all twinkling with lights, turned a corner, and stopped before a great looming bulk of a house set with bright windows. I saw the youth hold the gate, and her figure flit up the path, and the front door open and swallow her up in a great burst of light. The youth got into his carriage and drove off. I got out of mine, dismissed it, and stood alone in the dark. At this point I began for the first time to feel the chill of my fifty years. I stood and looked at the strange house and wondered why I had come. It isn't the first dash of enthusiasm that deserves applause, but the pluck that can push on when the fire seems suddenly to die in the heart. I spent the next hour wandering about the villagelike streets of the place, reasoning with myself. When I returned to the great house, and opening the gate walked firmly up the long path to the door I felt that it was the sublimest moment of my life. When a servant answered my ring I asked for her with such naturalness and dignity that I was ushered at once into the parlor without a question. I had scarcely time to note the elegance and comfort of my surroundings, when my ear caught a familiar rustle and she came into the room.

"Did I understand that you wish to see me, sir?" she asked, with that cold manner I knew so well.

I bowed. "I am not unknown to you," I began, with a speaking glance.

"Pardon me; I never saw you before," she said, still more coldly.

"Ah, pray let us put aside all evasions!" I exclaimed. "Let us throw off conventionality and speak from the heart. I repeat that I am known—well known—to you."

She narrowed her eyes and looked at me attentively.

"Ah!" she cried. "It is the old gentleman who sat opposite me at the boarding house—is it not?"

I think my face must have been anguish-stricken.

"Pardon me," she said kindly. "I am so near-sighted that I am practically blind. I may say that I have never really seen you before."

I sat down suddenly on one of the richly upholstered chairs and looked at the floor. She sat down at a little distance and waited politely.

"This will seem to you insane," I managed to whisper hoarsely, at last; "you will think me a madman. I cannot explain. It has all been a misunderstanding, a mistake. I only ask," I added, rising and coming toward her, "that you will believe that I am—a gentleman."

She rose, held out a gracious hand, and looked at me kindly, the dimple flashing out in her cheek. I bowed over her hand—the rest is a blur in my memory.

I am sitting in my hall bedroom. Everything is just as it was ten days ago, as it will be ten days—ten years—hence. But I feel old to-night—very old.

There! Will tear out these ten pages and begin again to-morrow in old way; have quite lost run of business and accounts. Must go see Grimm to-morrow about mortgage. Drew $50 from bank to-day.

Yes, I feel old.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

BY WARDON ALLAN CURTIS

"Did you know Ed Hammon and Clarence Farquharson down there at the university? Well, I want to know. Why, they are the best boys in Verony, and for a little place Verony will show up more fine fellers than any town I know of.

"Fine lookin' fellers, ain't they? Don't know which is the best lookin'. Some fellers think Ed is, and some think Clarence is. I presume Ed's folks think he is the best lookin', and Clarence's folks think he is.

"Both of 'em are fine speakers. Don't know which is the best. Mebbe Ed is the best, and mebbe Clarence is. I presume Ed could speak 'Marco Bozzaris' better than Clarence, and that Clarence could lay out Ed givin' 'Spartacus to the Carthaginians.'

"Both of 'em are good hunters. Don't know which is the best. Ed is good, so is Clarence. I presume that on his father's farm out in Minnesoty Clarence would kill more rabbits than Ed could, but up 'round Verony Ed would git more pa'tridges than Clarence would. On a bear, one of the common black kind we have up 'round Verony, I presume Clarence would be the best, though mebbe he wouldn't, but if one of them big cinnamon-bears took after 'em, Ed would be the boy to fix him, I think though mebbe he wouldn't.

"Great fellers to smoke. Don't know which smokes the most. Mebbe Ed does, mebbe Clarence does. I presume that up to Farquharson's on Sunday afternoons Clarence would smoke more with his meerschaum, but out campin',

with lots of skeeters 'round, you can bet Ed would use up tobacco with his old bias.

"Great fellers for athletics. Great wrastlers. Don't know which is the best. Mebbe Ed is, mebbe Clarence is. I presume if Ed got Clarence foul with an under holt, and Clarence was kinder unprepared he would put him on his back, but if Clarence should jump on Ed when he wasn't lookin', git his arms round him before he knew it and sort of twist him over like probably Ed would go down.

"Both of 'em are dressy fellers. Every night at seven o'clock they put on their Prince Albert coats and go up town. But it ain't to see the girls. They swore off on that, and I will tell you why.

"It is several years ago now that I went to work for old man Dyspringer in his general store. Dyspringer & Bookins is the firm since I went into partnership, but Dyspringer run it all alone then, and I was only a clerk. I lived at his house with him. He kept a pet bull-dog at the store nights, and had me at the house. He said there warn't nothin' a desperate character would try to git down to the store, the most valuable things bein' six-dollar pants, while up to the house was all his cash and silver-plated ware, and he wouldn't risk the bull-dog's life guardin' them valuables against the kind of villianous and determined men that would come after 'em. He had a daughter, old Dyspringer had, a good-lookin' sensible girl, and Clarence and Ed were both after her. I had always known Clarence and Ed, so I wished 'em good luck, because whichever one got her would git a good wife and fall heir to a large and varied stock of clothing, hardware, soap, hair ile, and everything else the inhabitants of a town like Verony would be likely to buy.

"I watched the courtin', and sometimes I thought Ed was ahead, and sometimes I thought Clarence was. One day Mary—that was her name—asked me which one I considered was the most suitable for matrimony. I told her I couldn't tell, as two more evenly matched fellers in the virtues and vices I never see. The only way I could think of decidin' would be to have some sort of trial, she to be the prize. She asked me to name the kind of trial, but I was so unsettled in my mind about it that I couldn't name one. I couldn't think of any kind of trial in which either of 'em was best, and one of 'em had to best, you know.

"'Have 'em shoot at a mark,' said Mary.

"'That might do,' said I. 'Ed is a fine shot with a rifle, and Clarence ain't; but Clarence is such a blamed lucky feller that he generally beats Ed.'

"'Have a shootin' match,' said she.

"Course we had to do it, and I put up a dry-goods box with a black bull's-eye on it out in Sanders's cow pasture. Ed hauled off and shot, and there was his bullet hole right in the bull's-eye. Clarence aimed, his gun wobbled every which way, but what did he do but send his bullet right through the same place Ed shot. Never see the beat of that feller's luck. Ed started out to claim that Clarence never hit the box at all, but I knew he did. His gun used a smaller bullet than Ed's, and it went right through the hole without touchin' the sides. Gosh! but Clarence was lucky!

"Well, everybody in town heard about the trial, and old man Dyspringer did too. He said he warn't goin' to have his daughter made ridiculous, and he ordered Clarence and Ed to keep away, and tried to marry Mary off to the Presbyterian minister. Mary told me she wanted another trial.

"'I love them boys, and I don't know which one I love the most,' said she. 'Clarence is such a good, true feller, and Ed can tell such interestin' lies. I kinder think Clarence likes me best.'

"'Jest because he sent you a twenty-five-cent valentine. I know how much it cost, because he got it out of the store. Who kept sendin' you candy hearts with "I love you," "Dear, sweet as this candy," "Fair charmer," and such things on 'em in red letters?'

"'Well, Clarence takes me out drivin', and asks me if I don't want to drive, and Ed only goes horseback ridin'.'

"'Well, Ed ain't got any suitable carriage to ride in—nothin' but that old buggy lopped 'way down on the left side, where his old grandfather Biggers, the fat man, used to ride home from town with a couple of kegs of beer on the seat beside him gradually transferrin' the contents of the kegs and disturbin' the balance of the buggy springs.'

"'I've got it all fixed. Pa don't allow them boys to come here now. I want you to git old Judge Beasly to come here at ten o'clock to-morrow night, prepared to marry me to Clarence or Ed. At quarter of ten I want you to tell Clarence and Ed to come here and that I'll marry him. The first feller that gits here gits me. I don't want either of 'em to know the other has been asked, and I'll know that the one who comes first likes me best. Pa goes to bed at nine. I'll stand in the winder lookin' out of the hallway upstairs. You can put a ladder up to the winder for Clarence or Ed to climb up on. You can put another ladder up to the piazzy roof. Beasly can git pretty near the winder on the piazzy roof and perform the ceremonies from there. I want you to come right back here after notifyin' the boys, to assist me in calmin' pa if he wakes up.'

"Early next day I notified the judge to be on hand ready to marry somebody. He was willing to do it, business bein' slack, and got me to advance him a dollar on the marriage fee, and I knew that by ten that night he would have drunk all the liquor a dollar would buy. At a quarter of ten I found Clarence and Ed playin' dominoes at Jackson's store, and I took each one aside and told him to come on out and get married.

"'I must go home and put on my Prince Albert and shave first,' whispered Clarence, and he skipped for home.

"'I must go home and put on my Prince Albert and shine my shoes,' whispered Ed, and off he scooted.

"I went back to Dyspringer's and told Mary I had obeyed her orders. Beasly was there, asleep on the piazzy roof, and I was afraid he would fall off and spoil things. Mary was mad about the fellers not runnin' right out to her house. She said they cared more for Prince Alberts and show than they did for her. After a while I see one of 'em come into the yard and stand at the foot of the ladder, but I couldn't tell which it was.

"'Who is it?' asked Mary of me. 'I want to know who I'm marryin'.'

"'Mebbe it's Clarence and mebbe it's Ed. Looks kinder like Clarence and kinder like Ed.'

"'Can't you tell from the clothes?'

"'Clarence wears a Prince Albert; so does Ed. That straw hat with a black ribbon looks like Clarence's, but the ribbon on Ed's hat is dark blue, and that would look black at night.'

"'Who is it?' whispered Mary to the feller.

"'Me,' he whispered back.

"'Can't you tell from the voice?' asked Mary of me. 'I don't want to ask if it's Clarence or Ed, because I want whoever it is to think I never thought of marryin' anybody but him.'

"'I ain't heard either of 'em whisper since we went to school. It kinder sounds like the tones in which Clarence used to whisper "Now's your chance," when we used to throw petifiers at Jim Osgood, sittin' in the front row, when teacher warn't lookin', but it also reminds me of Ed's hushed voice when we used to rob your pa's melon patch.'

"'Oh dear, what am I goin' to do?' groaned Mary, aloud. That woke old Beasly up, and he said, sharp like, 'Join hands,' and Mary was so startled she slipped her hand in mine.

"'I pronounce you two man and wife,' said Beasly, 'in virtue of the authority vested in me,' and he lighted a match. 'Why, it's you, Bookins. You are the feller. Well, I'll make out the papers, and they'll be at the office.'

"Well, I was married, and I didn't care. Mary didn't care either. She said she was tired of foolin' 'round tryin' to decide between two fellers. Old Dyspringer didn't care either. He said he was glad Mary married a sensible feller like me, instid of a couple of blamed dudes like Clarence and Ed. I never knew which of them boys was the maddest. Sometimes I think Clarence was; sometimes I think Ed was."

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

The summer mists creep up thy fir-crowned heights;
  The winter blast thy hoary head receives,
  Far down, the rain upon the maple leaves
Makes solemn music through the days and nights.
Or autumn sunbeams dart their gay delights
  In beechen solitudes, where 'neath their eaves
  The forest pool a veil of glory weaves,
And bending branches sway in broken lights.
O splendid silences! O scorn sublime!
  Thou Sphinx of Nature, towering o'er the march
  Of nations 'neath the heaven's unheeding arch,
Above the cycling dawns and darks of time,
  A calm Eternal Hope in granite cast,
  Waiting for some great Dawn to come at last.

L. Ormiston Chant.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The visit of M. Paul Bourget to the United States and its fair is the more notable from the dearth of eminent men of letters from foreign parts who have thought the fair worth the considerable trouble of a visit. Mr. Besant is one of the very few English writers of international reputation who have yet been to Chicago. Perhaps, after all, the fair is a spectacle that has more attractions for journalists than for writers of books. Thomas Hardy or George Meredith would be flabbergasted rather than edified by it. William Black is fond of writing about Americans, but he prefers them modified by an environment of Scotch heather and London clothes, and might not be edified by the untamed creature in his lair. If Mr. Ruskin were younger and in ruder health it would be a delight to read his impressions of our great show. It is possible that the White City might have got his approval, but it is hard to imagine a more realistic conception of a Ruskinian hell than Chicago would afford him. Sir Edwin Arnold is newspaper man enough to have found endless material at Chicago; but the man of all others whom one would have wished to have sum up the whole Columbian endeavor was Matthew Arnold. Mr. James Bryce will hardly leave us unvisited this year except for good reasons, such as Parliament may afford. Andrew Lang, I take it, would rather read about any show than see it, so he is not to be expected. But there is Rudyard Kipling! He will hardly venture to skip the fair, and if he visits it, some printed matter must ensue. He visited Chicago at least once before, and the results got into print; and whatever else may be said of them, it cannot be denied that they made exhilarating reading.

Lady Tryon's refusal of the pension of £600 a year, to which she was entitled as an admiral's widow, is interpreted to attest her grief at the knowledge that the *Victoria* disaster was due to her husband's error. However hard the obvious fact may have borne upon her, there has been nothing in the English treatment of Admiral Tryon's memory which could add an additional pang to her woe. The Admiral's blunder seems to have been accepted as an inexplicable calamity, of a quality entirely beyond the reach of blame. The London *Times*, in commenting on the findings of the court martial, seemed to express a general sentiment when it said that Tryon would "be judged rather as the victim of an accident, none the less an accident because it happened in the delicate tissues of a human brain, than as one who fell into any common mistake of incapacity." Bluntness rather than delicacy is the common characteristic of public opinion, but the treatment of Admiral Tryon's memory by his surviving contemporaries is a notable example of justice tempered with charity and esteem.

The Rev. George A. Beecher writes from Kearney, Nebraska, to Secretary Welsh, of the Indian Rights Association at Philadelphia, deploring the reported intention of the War Department to disband the Indian companies in certain regiments of the army stationed in the West. Mr. Beecher says that in the course of his work he has been used to hold services at Fort Sidney, Nebraska, and has there had a chance to observe the Indians enlisted from the Brulé and Yankton agencies of South Dakota who form Company I of the Twenty-first Infantry. These Indians, he says, he has known for a year, and he is strongly impressed, as a result of close personal observation, with the value of army discipline and soldierly habits as a means of civilizing them. The Indian soldiers, he avers, are far better off as soldiers than they have ever been before. Those that he has seen are in excellent hands, are neat, orderly, proud of their uniforms and equipments, and seem to be making steady progress towards the white man's standard of living. Mr. Beecher believes that to send these Indians back to a reservation would be to throw away the work that has been already done for their improvement, and begs the Indian Rights Association to use its good offices to try to secure the retention of the Indian companies, and if not all, at least of this company, the improvement of which has so impressed him. What the Indian Rights Association will be able to do in the matter depends largely, no doubt, upon whether the disbanding of the Indian companies is proposed for the good of the Indians or of the service. If the good of the Indians is to be a consideration, Mr. Beecher's evidence should carry some weight.

What does any one suppose that Mr. Eugene Field of Chicago really means when he talks about "the intellectual hermaphrodites and dawdling perverts and petticoated clay-eaters who, on little tinsel thrones along the Eastern coast, presume to set themselves up as dictators in the great realm of American literature"? Is he after the magazine editors again? Is it they who are hermaphrodites and clay-eaters and all those calamitous epithets, or is there some new bugaboo in the East, whose discrimination threatens to be distasteful to Chicago? It is a fine burst of language that Mr. Field has allowed himself, anyhow. It is quite a good trade to be an eloquent scold, and though Mr. Field is too genial and sociable a person to follow it, he shows talent in that direction that it is almost a pity not to develop.

It strikes a landsman as an odd omission that the average cat-boat or small sail-boat of any sort should feel no obligation to carry life-preservers. When the cat-boat capsizes she sinks, and the occupants have only the choice between sinking and swimming ashore, neither of which is usually convenient. When a larger vessel comes to grief there are some small boats to get into, but the sinking cat-boat leaves its skipper on his muscle, with nothing but that and water between him and the bottom of the sea. Of course, whatever happens to a small boat happens without warning, and gives no time for preparation. Consequently, if the cat-boat's life-preserver is to be of use it must revert automatically to the surface when the proper time comes. The appliance that will do that, if anything will, is the cork cushion. When the boat gets out from under the young cat-boater it gets out at the same instant from under the cork cushion, and the two are admirable company for one another when both are adrift. Careful parents whose offspring are addicted to cat-boats should take notice of the cork cushion. It may not save the boy's life, for, happily, the chance to do that does not often offer. But at least it may save the parent some sentiment, and even that is worth while.

Word has been received that the Vienna Fashions Club has notified the Austrian tailors to produce colored dress-coats. The news is not important in this country. The American male finds a black swallow-tail coat the least troublesome garment of the sort that can be produced. That he is sometimes mistaken for the waiter does not trouble him in the least. As the most democratic garment in use the black evening coat appeals to him as the one best suited to his social necessities. If he finds amusement in occasional flights in color, he joins a hunt club, and dines in scarlet. About once in four years he wears a court dress to a fancy ball, and the immense bother of it leaves him more infatuated with plain black than ever.

A decision that affects the mooted question of property rights in a deceased person's biography was sent down by Judge Colt, of the United States Circuit Court, the other day, in the Boston case of Corliss *et al.* against the Walker Company. The plaintiffs were the widow and children of George H. Corliss, the inventor, and asked for an injunction restraining the defendants from publishing and selling a biography of Mr. Corliss, and from printing and selling his picture in connection with it. The plaintiffs said that their feelings would be hurt by such publication and sale. The judge ruled that Mr. Corliss was not a private person, as the plaintiffs alleged, but an inventor of world-wide reputation, and a public man in the same sense as authors or artists are public men. He held, nevertheless, that the distinction between public and private character was in this case not important, since "under our laws one can speak and publish what he desires, provided he commits no offence against public morals or private reputation." He therefore refused the injunction as to the biography, but ruled out the portraits on the ground that they were obtained on conditions which the defendants had not complied with. In the Schuyler monument case it was held that Mrs. Schuyler was a private person and that her effigy could not be exhibited without the consent of her family. Judge Colt's opinion would seem to be somewhat in conflict with that decision. The status of the law of privacy is still somewhat vague in this country, and decisions affecting it are sharply watched, especially by people who are persuaded that privacy can stand vastly more protection than it gets at present without any serious abbreviation of the public's rights.

The whole amount of the pensions issued in England this year in consideration of services to literature, science, and music is twelve hundred pounds. The list includes fifty pounds to the widow of T. A. Trollope, because of her husband's literary merits and her narrow means; the same sum to the widow of Thorold Rogers, the political economist; seventy-five pounds to Mrs. Minto, on account of the literary work of her husband, the late Professor Minto; a like sum to the widow of Professor William Dittmar, the chemist; and fifty pounds to Mrs. Cashel Hoey, in consideration of her own literary work and straitened circumstances.

Chicago is convinced that it needs a new four-million-dollar Federal building. New York unquestionably needs a new post-office. Here are two admirable opportunities for Uncle Sam to show how well he has learned the architectural lesson of the White City, and how much better he can build now than he could before he went to the fair.

One hundred and twelve performances of Tennyson's *Becket* were given in London before the run of the play was cut short by the departure of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry from London. Next April Mr. Irving expects to bring out at his theatre a play by Mr. Comyns Carr, founded, as he says, "upon the greatest of our national legends—the immortal story of King Arthur, of Launcelot and Guinevere." In spite of the alleged decadence of the drama, it would seem that the English public, if judiciously approached, does not absolutely refuse to witness new plays that have actual dramatic merit in them.

E. S. Martin.

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THE NATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT NEWPORT. DRAWN BY CHARLES HOWARD [illegible] [Dec. AMATEUR SPORT.]

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—AN EVENING ON THE LAGOON.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

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THE NAT[illegible] LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT [illegible] NEWPORT [illegible]

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—AN EVENING ON THE LAGOON.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

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ALASKA FISH AND GAME.

BY ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE.

WHEN Alaska becomes a State and possesses a coat of arms, fish, either natant, torqued, or salient, will surely figure in the device. The whale and the seal will long have become extinct by the time such Statehood is attained, and it is also possible that by that time salmon may be rare catches in the region where they are now so plentiful. Nature plainly marked the northwest coast as the home of a superior and intellectual people, as the commonest stock must become the fine flower of a race with such a prodigal feast of fishes provided them. At every season, with each turn of the tide, or hour of the day, some different form of marine creature may be hooked, netted, thrown ashore, gigged, or raked out of Alaskan waters. Again, when the tide is out the table is spread, and every beach and rock has its bivalves or univalves, starfish and devil-fish, and other creatures palatable to the native, who seldom eats other than the second course, yet enjoys a varied menu. One may always go a-fishing there, and catch from whales to minnows, and Alaska fish promise to become as great factors in the world's food supply as American pork or corn.

Among all the finny tribes the salmon is king, and each year silent armies attack the coast, moving in concert as if by some mysterious signal. Millions besiege the mouths of fresh water streams, storm the water ramparts of cascades, and gain the citadels of snow fed lakes, only a fraction of them being captured. The statistics of the Alaska salmon trade deal in large numbers. From a half-million to seven hundred thousand cases, each case containing four dozen one pound cans of salmon, are shipped below each autumn, and their value exceeds three million dollars. The thirty-seven salmon packing establishments represent an investment of more than four million dollars, and between five and six thousand people and one hundred steam vessels are engaged in the work during the three months of the busy season. The pack is sent to the Eastern States—where the salmon has been extinct for so many years—to Australia, Europe, South America, and to all Catholic countries. "While the Pope stays by us the business cannot fail," said one impious packer.

There were three great salmon seasons in succession—1888, 1889 and 1890—and when the season of 1891 opened the pack of the preceding year was unsold, and in the autumn 780,000 cases were added to the waiting supply so far in excess of the market demand. By an agreement among the salmon packers, whose headquarters are at San Francisco, twenty-nine canneries were closed for the year, and the pack was reduced more than one-half. Two-thirds of this salmon pack comes from the Karluk River, on the little island of Kadiak, eight hundred miles west of Sitka. It is the greatest salmon stream in the world, and the most extravagant fish stories told by imaginative people cannot equal the Karluk facts. The river, only sixteen miles in length, from one hundred to six hundred feet in width, and from one to six feet in depth, used to be a solid mass of salmon of the same dimensions in the summers before the canneries were established. Ten canneries are supplied by seining at the mouth of this river and along the beach, and one is the largest canning establishment in the world. Seventeen thousand salmon have been beached at a single haul of the seine, and in one day 150,000 salmon were taken at the Karluk's mouth. Naturally the procession ascending the river to the lake has been much reduced, yet the stream is so crowded that each receding tide still leaves thousands of fish to die uncovered along the banks. Four million red salmon were caught in the Karluk in one summer, and three times that many fish wasted. Until this season it has not been possible for an ordinary traveller to visit the Kadiak region, and the steam tug that inaugurated the government's mail service between Sitka and Unalaska in 1891 had no passenger accommodations, and refused to take passengers until September, when the salmon run was over and all interest and attraction gone.

The cannery men of that region enjoy an absolute isolation and monopoly. Each season they bring their employés, stores, and all supplies from San Francisco on their own steamers, and return the employés and the pack by the same vessels. None bring their families, intending to make homes and establish permanent settlements on these shores, to pack other fish in their seasons and cultivate little farms—to make another Cape Ann, a Normandy, a Brittany, or a Norway of this country, which offers them a more equable climate, better soil, better harbors, nearer and larger fishing-banks, than any Atlantic fishermen enjoy. The thousands of Chinese, Greek, Italian, Portuguese, and Aleut fishermen gathered at some of these westward stations are said to constitute the toughest, most lawless, and degraded communities anywhere under our flag, and no official restraint of any kind is put upon them. For three months they seine and pack salmon, and then disappear until the next season. Scarcely a dollar of the millions realized remains in the territory, and no fraction of the wages paid results in any local improvements or benefits to the natives. No taxes are levied upon these nearly alien contract laborers, on any cannery plant or property, and the great industry means nothing for Alaska. A more flagrant instance of the evils of absentee landlordism could not exist, nor a greater contrast be offered to the methods and results in North Atlantic fishing grounds and fishing-communities.

While the Kadiak region remains so isolated, one may see salmon enough in southeastern Alaska, and nearly all of its seventeen salmon packing establishments are ports of call on the direct route of the mail and excursion steamers. There are no secrets in the business, and the tourist is welcomed hospitably at the canneries and permitted to see and smell to satiety. When the salmon of the Columbia River began to fail, in proportion as the number of canneries increased, Astoria packers turned their attention to Alaska. The first cannery was established at Sitka in 1878, but along in 1882–3 many "salmon prospectors" came to select sites in southeastern Alaska, and soon every stream up which salmon were known to run had its cannery or saltery. None of them was on a large scale. Many of them have since closed because there were not enough fish of desirable species frequenting the chosen waters, or have been bought up by larger canneries. The Loring Cannery, on Revillagigedo Island, now packs the catch of six different streams, each of which had formerly its separate establishment. Steam launches tow the scows to and from the seining-grounds, and improved and business-like methods have taken away much of the picturesqueness and interest that formerly attached to the Alaska excursion trip, as the mail-steamers do not now visit so many isolated and remote nooks to land and receive freight.

As with every other industry and enterprise in Alaska, the salmon-canning has been very much of a go as you please affair, the government paying no heed, neither helping nor hindering the growing industry. The fish-commission steamer *Albatross* has been occupied in sounding and marking the cod banks far to westward, and the one envoy sent out by the commission to study the salmon reached the Kadiak region after the season was over, and did not visit the fishing-stations in southeastern Alaska at all. There is a law prohibiting the placing of fish traps, weirs, or obstacles in rivers or streams, but, as with other ordinances referring to Alaska, the government has provided no means for enforcing it. The collector of customs at Sitka is supposed to enforce this law, but without any facilities or allowances for visiting fishing stations it is practically a dead letter. If cannery men wish, they can barricade the streams, removing the traps when a steamer is sighted and replacing them when a steamer leaves. A Congressional committee has spent a winter considering some means of protecting Alaska salmon from extinction. It has been proposed to make the whole of Afognak Island a salmon preserve, and forbid any packing or seining on its shore. This late in the day it has dawned upon the authorities controlling Alaska's destinies that the fisheries are so valuable that the government might well reserve all salmon streams and lease the privilege of taking a certain number of fish from them each season. It is also proposed to declare a weekly close season, from Saturday to Monday, and give chance for a fraction of the schools to reach their spawning grounds, or to prevent all seining and packing in the months of September and October, leaving the fall runs of fish untouched.

The cannery men could not get titles to the ground on which their buildings stood until this year, but now, after eight and ten years' occupancy, they must buy at the rate of one dollar and a quarter an acre the one hundred and sixty acre tracts allowed them. The statutes have imposed greater absurdities in southeastern Alaska, and lumber for buildings, the slabs for packing cases, the stoves, and hoops have usually been brought up from Puget Sound to avoid complication and prosecution for depredations in this densely forested wilderness.

Skilled Chinese do most of the in-door work at the fisheries. They are brought up at the beginning of the season in June, and returned in September. The natives strongly resented the first importation of such coolies for the initial cannery, and were only pacified by being assured that the Chinese had come as teachers. Since, there have not been any demonstrations against them. The Alaskans fraternize with them, and when seen in groups there is no question as to the near relationship of these races. Just after the passage of the Exclusion Act there was difficulty in landing the coolies returning from the northern canneries. While Alaska was certainly United States territory, these Chinese had passed through Columbia waters after leaving it, and the Collectors at San Francisco and on Puget Sound would not allow them to land at first. The business could not be carried on at the present scale, nor with such profit, if this contract labor were not available. While willing and industrious to a degree, the native Alaskan is not to be relied upon, is notional, independent, and unreliable, and could not feed tin to a machine from morning to night and turn out thousands of perfect cans with an automaton's [illegible] a season, nor do the sleight-of-hand tinning any more than he could fly. If it does not suit him to work he does not starve, as fish and berries, sea weed, clams and [illegible] are free to all blessed with industrious squaws. In fishing and out-of-doors work natives do well, but will often strike or leave in the midst of the run. Three canneries at the head of Lynn Canal ran in sharp rivalry one season, paying as high as fifteen cents for a single salmon, and the Indians became rich. The next year the canneries having come to their senses, formed a trust and offered the old price for salmon. The Indians refused to accept the price—once fifteen cents always fifteen cents—and white fishermen were brought up. The Chilkats, claiming that they [illegible] no rights in their old fishing grounds, made much trouble. Twice the men-of-war had to visit the place and threaten the natives with severe punishment if they ever harmed the cannery men, and peace was barely maintained, while the Chilkat River was seined clean of every fish, and few could be caught at the upper villages where they had packed the river from bank to bank.

In this modern day of government schools, missions, clothing, and two dollars-a-day wages, almost the only picturesqueness left to native life is during the salmon season. Families and tribes betake themselves to their hereditary fishing grounds to catch and dry their salmon for winter use, and isolated summer camps break the forest shore line with fine effect. A row of black canoes on the beach, a cluster of bark or matted tents, with frames of salmon overhanging the camp-fires, are set between a clear still green water foreground and an abrupt wall of greenest menzie or merton spruces. The racks of drying fish give touches of high color to the scene, as the further north they are caught the redder the Pacific salmon are, and at Lynn Canal some of these camps look as if decorated with bunting. All is salmon that comes to the Tlingit net; he makes no distinction between king, red, silver, humpback or dog salmon, rather preferring, on the whole, the rank flesh of the last, which no white man wants. He rages at the cannery's waste and the destruction of his chief food supply. Since the corrupting touch of trade has even reached their salmon streams the natives make permanent summer villages beside the canneries, the men work for the company, and the women and the old men do a little independent fishing, but more regularly follow the cannery scows and fill their canoes with rejected salmon. The canners use only about a third of all fish seined. In midsummer, Alaska villages are as empty of residents and families as any Eastern city, and the tourists are shown the houses and not a third of the regular inhabitants. The missions work zealously, but vainly, in attempting to reach the natives when they are scattered in remote nooks of the archipelago, half of them paddling their canoes

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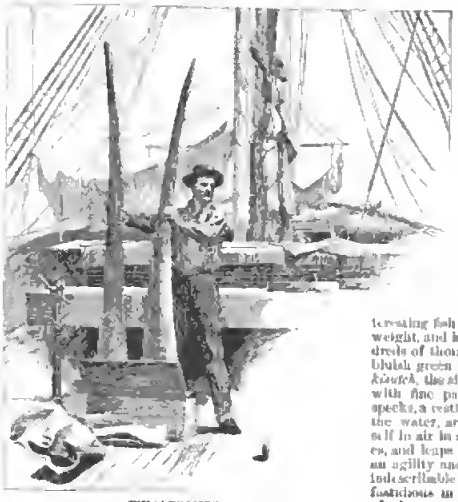

WHALEBONES.

one place to another, and as likely to be counted twice as not at all during the summer.

The white man's fisheries are more prosaic, less fragrant, and never picturesque in themselves. One finds the canneries in the farthest nooks and niches of the archipelago, each with a finer landscape setting than the last. There is always a mountain background and a clear brawling stream coming from the dense forest. A long wharf, rectangular buildings with tall smoke-stacks and stove-pipes, a log house or two, and an Indian camp straggling down the beach constitute the oft-repeated picture. In the watery foreground are the boats, the canoes, and the huge reels or frames on which the nets are kept. Scow-loads of fish are arriving, and men toss them upon the latted floors at high tide, or load them on trucks that are hoisted and rolled in on railway tracks at low tide. The salmon are handled with gaff hooks, and his fishship goes through the processes so rapidly and automatically that in an hour after being tossed from the boat he may be sealed in tins, boxed, and waiting on the end of the same wharf for shipment below, but no backward turn of the machine can replace him in the water. A Chinaman seizes a fish, and in two seconds trims and cleans it, and in the same automatic, sleight-of-hand way other Chinamen wash and cut it into sections, fill the cans, solder, boil, test, vent, resolder, lacquer, label, and pack in boxes. The tin is taken up in sheets, and the cans are made on the spot, and ingenious machines punch out, roll fit, and stamp with more intelligence and sentient skill than the apathetic automatons who feed them. An endless procession of tin cans rolls down an inclined plane, their edges touching a little gutter of melted solder that closes them air tight. A great tray full of cans is sunk in a vat of boiling water or a steam-chest for a half hour, and then with a tap of the finger the Chinaman can tell if the contents are sound and air-tight, or if it is necessary to pierce them again to vent the steam.

Alaska cannery men and professional fishermen spend little time over fine differences and distinctions of species. Is it a good canning fish that is red fleshed? and is there enough of it? are their only questions. Fashions in salmon change, and regardless of flavor; far away consumers and middle men will have none of the pack if the contents of the tins are not the deepest red, the most intense salmon-color. The king, the humpback, and the silver salmon are all of better flavor than the cannery men's favorite red salmon—a salmon so firm and tough that it can lie for a day in the cannery without deteriorating. In view of this senseless whim, who doubts but that some shrewd one will find a way of coloring and hardening the flesh of the other varieties, and the consumer may eat dyed salmon with dyed butter sauce if he will?

Cannery men do not use the Russian names of the species accepted by scientists for *Oncorhynchus*, the Pacific salmon—*O gorbuscha* (humpback), *O. keta* (dog), *O. kisutch* (silver), *O. nerka* (red), *O. chawicha* (king), nor do they talk of parr, smolts, samlets grilse, or kelt to distinguish the age or condition of a salmon. A salmon is always a salmon to them, save in its youth, when it is so often taken for a trout, but from the writhing heaps of thousands of fish drawn in a single haul of the seine, these fishermen can quickly detect the undesirable species, and the individual ones that have begun "to dog," or deteriorate, in fresh water.

All these hook jawed Pacific salmon are prodigally blest with names, the king or *chawicha* being the quinnat in the Columbia River, the Chinook and the taku further north, yet called the *ligo* wherever Chinook is spoken. Averaging forty and fifty pounds in Oregon, he increases to one hundred pounds and more in the Yukon, and Petroff tells of king salmon five and six feet in length swimming more than a thousand miles up that river. The king salmon is too pale for present fashion, and swimming in pairs and not in great schools in the small rivers of southeastern Alaska, is not the sole jack of any cannery. In the future, when science has taught the cannery men how to put more red corpuscles in the tyee's body, and the Yukon is the last great salmon stream left, the king will have his reign again.

O. nerka, so deservedly called the red salmon, is the blue back in Oregon, the sockeye in British Columbia, and has a different name with different tribes of Indians. Compared with the others he is an uninteresting fish. He only averages six to ten pounds in weight, and is a poor jumper, but he swarms by hundreds of thousands up chosen inlets, and his velvety bluish green back is his one mark of beauty. *O. kisutch*, the silver salmon, is the charmer, shimmering with fine pale scales, dotted with minute rainbow specks, a restless, graceful creature, who springs from the water, arches himself in air in still reaches, and leaps falls with an agility and abandon indescribable. He is fastidious in his choice of clearest waters, and swimming up the Unakiliver from Bucha Canal side by side with king salmon, he of the silver livery turns to the first clear stream, while the tyee swallows glacial débris and proceeds through muddy waters far inland. But the delicious silver salmon is pale in flesh and unfit for the canners' use within a few hours after death. *O. gorbuscha*, his humpback brother, is paler still, cooks soft in cans, and is scorned at canneries, although of the finest flavor. But *gorbuscha* can outjump everything else in scales, and although he is small, from five to ten pounds weight, he is most abundant of all species. It is *gorbuscha* who chiefly packs the streams until no one can wade through or pull a boat over the serried backs, and when he can be soaked in some solution to intensify his color and harden his substance, as a photographer does his negatives, there will be millions for the cannery men, but a short shift for the high-shouldered, gayly leaping *gorbuscha*.

When this young salmon leaves his fresh water birthplace he does nothing strange or unusual. He goes down to the sea with the high waters in spring, descending falls and rapids tail first, that he may steer the way, and seeing the fresh water world with little exertion of his own. In a couple of years he comes back with an excursion party of thousands. That these country bred fish should so determinedly return to the glades and dells the wildwood streams and mountain girt lakes of their infancy, millions making for fresh water in one grand rush, is as curious as any of the freaks and habits of human beings. At the end of April, or in May, when the herring have ceased to silver the water by day, and light it with myriad flames at night, the first king salmon ascend to the spawning-grounds. In June the red salmon swarm. The silver salmon appear at the end of that month, and both are seined until the end of August. During the latter month the humpbacks do their ground and lofty tumbling, and in September the tyee makes another run from the sea. The sterilized salmon (Gaelcher's trout) comes in July and August, and although it cooks a little soft in cans, is packed at many canneries under the name of speckled salmon. From the middle of June to early September is the busy season for the packers. The fresh water episode in the life of these salt-water denizens continues no longer for their profit, and in that first month with an "R" in it the canneries close; fishermen and fishes go their separate ways.

While the Atlantic salmon (*S. salar*) is so specifically entitled "the leaper," the Pacific salmon can equal any of his saltatory feats. Alaskans are ready to match their silver and humpback high jumpers against Dr Landmark's Norwegian salmon that jumped sixteen feet to the tip of a fall in the Drams River. That the salmon jumps at all is an amazing fact no more wonder could be excited by his springing sixteen or sixty feet than his leaping six feet in air up the perpendicular front of a fall. Whether he takes his tail in his mouth and rolls up like a cart wheel, or by letting go from that position springs like an unstrung bow, as the ancients believed, the feat seems impossible, improbable, and altogether out of keeping for anything possessing gills and fins instead of legs and claws. Only seeing can convince one of the amazingness of the feat. Whether the salmon leaps in the inlets to see the way, to admire the scenery, to get his bearings to the stream leading to his birthplace, or merely for practice for his great fresh water feats none can say. Often one may watch the leap, splash, leap, splash of a salmon and a pursuing dog-fish down some narrow channel, each one rising far out of water, and darting six to ten feet through the air with each jump, until the two leap nearer and nearer together, the salmon falling more heavily each time, and an eddy and a few bubbles tell that the contest is over.

The Alaska salmon is not frightened away by man; in fact, there is seldom room for him to turn away

LOOKING UP THE BAY TO THE REDOUBT.

SILVER BAY, FROM MOUNT VERSTOVIA.

DISTANT GLIMPSE OF SITKA—MOUNT VERSTOVIA ON THE RIGHT.

CANNERY SCOW WITH FREIGHT AT CHILKAT CANNERY

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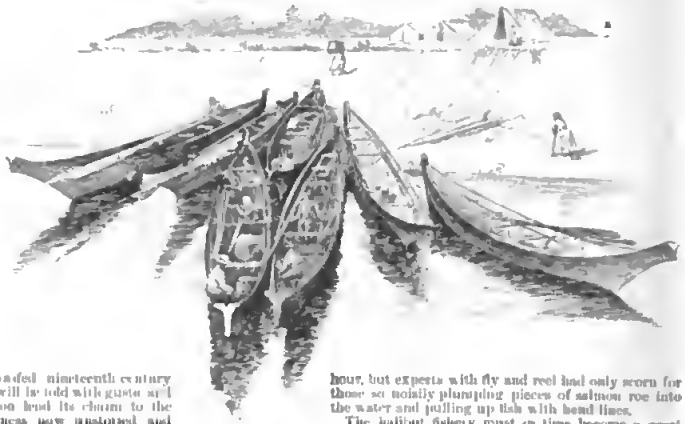
from the edge of pools where man may stand to watch him. The cheers and hand-clapping that may follow one successful leap will not deter other fish from jumping, and a foaming fall shot with dark motions of fish is the most exciting neighborhood I know. The amateur photographer vainly essays to snap the leaper; but to have steamer day, a salmon stream, the salmon run, sunlight, and a favoring tide combine is too much to expect. Some one condition is always wanting, and only Ensign Niblack, U. S. N., while on coast survey duty in southeastern Alaska, is known to have succeeded in catching the salmon in the act of leaping, and added this negative to his other extraordinary snap-shots of the spouting whale and the flying eagle.

One can sit by the hour in the cool breath of some deafening fall and watch one dark object after another shoot up the column of foam, a swiftly moving object with a blur of fins. But for the noise of the water I am convinced that the whiz of the rapidly fanning fins could be heard, and the salmon flies as a bird with its own water wings, and springs like a cat or a kangaroo with every muscle of the body. A fish often strikes the column of water sidewise and is hurled back into the pool, or it dashes blindly against the rocks and falls back. If it strikes the fall nose on, it can ascend it with a last bound or switch of its tail, and swim away through that smooth dark green curl of water at the lip of a fall, where no pebbler can hold a canoe, nor any athlete thrust an oar with all his strength. One could even expect to see an Alaska salmon stem the current in a hydraulic mining pipe and swim to the end of a flume. I have seen the humpback salmon at Kishkan leap from the crowded pool and start up a little side stream trickling between and barely covering the rocks, the fish literally climbing over the dry sharp ledges in the open air for distances of six to ten feet. Wedged in corners of the rocks, exhausted in the long struggle in air, many die, but others gain the pool and float away triumphant but wounded and exhausted by such unusual and efforts. A compassionate young man who once undertook to rescue such insane salmon, to fling them by their tails into the higher pool, found himself the centre of a flying fountain and grappling with slippery leviathans with muscle equal to his own.

One can hardly believe in the abundance of the Pacific salmon without seeing them, and whether estimated by their numbers or their cubic feet, statements fail to picture the scenes that are so common. The living salmon can change the very landscape, and I have seen the placid reaches of Naha Bay and Tongass Narrows all asplash with thousands of leaping fish, the water glittering with flying drops like the silver spray of the Yosemite magnified and repeated many times. The deep, intensely green pool at the end of Naha Bay is often lead color where the gray backs of the fish are packed together so closely that a boat cannot be rowed across, and the echo cast there has brought ten thousand salmon ashore at once. Salmon often can be shoveled ashore with a canoe paddle, and I have seen them lifted ashore with boat-hooks, and once in Tongass Narrows lifted with the hand, the captor carefully hooking his finger in the gills instead of the jaws furnished with such formidable teeth.

At such places the tourist who has brought his salmon rod and flies keeps as still about it as the tourist who has brought a bicycle or a riding habit to Alaska, for where is the sport of playing with one fish when there are thousands of them, or acres, or hundreds of solid cubic feet of salmon in sight? When one may see jumping salmon all around him, and hear the splash of schools miles in length, the records of Restigouche and Godbout anglers are not of moment. In the next century, when the Alaska salmon becomes nearly extinct, he may be listed as a game fish. The sites of abandoned canneries may be eagerly sought for club houses, and the privilege of fishing such streams leased at high rates. Then the tales of crowded nineteenth century pools will be told with gusto and tradition lend its charm to the wilderness now unstorted and unsung.

END OF NAHA BAY.
From a Photograph by Partridge, Boston.



CANOES.

It is a matter of fixed belief with most Eastern anglers that *Oncorhynchus* will not take the fly at all, but he does. Those wise Columbia River salmon who refused the British admiral's fly a century ago were intelligent and cunning enough to secure us the Oregon territory by that politic course but since then Columbia River salmon have often snapped at an angler's fly. In the Clackamas pools in Oregon the salmon do regularly leap for a coachman, and even took Rudyard Kipling's fly and gave him royal battle. Alaska salmon may be lured in the same way, and sweepers have had twenty-pound salmon make off with the light line cast for a trout. *Oncorhynchus* will take the spoon as well, and on a certain canoe trip in Sitka Harbor a fair fishwife threw out her spoon and had only given the line a few tugs when a salmon was hooked. A Restigouche angler would have wept to see the string pulled in, and the large silvery fish jerked out of water and slapped fairly on the shoulder of the troller in front of her. *Oncorhynchus* has gobbled bait also, and been drawn up by a hand line as ignominiously as any tomcod or flounder. He is speared with a graceful trident by Indians, who lie on an overhanging log or rock, and is gigged, snagged, or gaffed out by the merest Indian boy, and by no means leads a charmed life.

SEA-BASS.

HUNTER BRINGING A MOUNTAIN-GOAT INTO CAMP.

The cannery men pay no heed to anything but salmon, and the manager of one of the largest packing establishments wrote in answer to official questions concerning other fish in his neighborhood that he did not know about any other than salmon, "but thought there were many other kinds, such as halibut, codfish, and herrings." At another cannery the manager was quite sure that there were no trout in the lake back of him, and was astonished when the persistent one returned in an hour with sixty pounds of trout lured by his poorest fly. Trout abound in all these mountain streams and lakes, and the *sockeye*, the Dolly Verden, or salmon-trout, are everywhere. They follow the salmon in from the sea to devour their eggs, and anything with a bit of salmon roe on the end of it will hook a fine fish. The rudest and simplest of tackle will do for salmon trout—even a closed umbrella has served as a fishing-rod—and nothing can frighten these olive-backed, rainbow, and speckled beauties of two-and-fifty pounds weight away from a dangling bait. I once assisted at a fishing party on Prince of Wales Island where four lines brought up 110 salmon-trout in an hour, but experts with fly and reel had only scorn for those so noisily plumping pieces of salmon roe into the water and pulling up fish with hand lines.

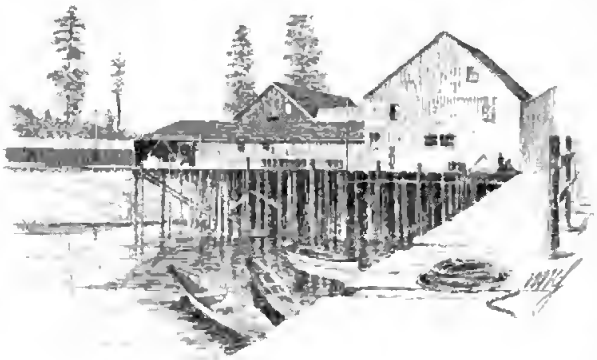
The halibut fishery must in time become a great Alaskan industry. Halibut banks occur throughout the archipelago, and the Indians have many camps placed purposely for their nearness to the halibut grounds. The pursuit of this monster drews most upon native arts and industries, and the hooks, lines, and clubs are most ingeniously contrived and elaborately decorated. Halibut lines are made of lengths of the giant kelp (*nereocystis*), which often grows to a length of 300 feet in tide-swept channels. Soaked and bleached in fresh water, it is stretched, dried, and smoked until it is as firm as leather but pliable as silk. The large halibut hooks are cut from the heart of spruce or cedar roots, for the halibut is said to detect the taste of resin, and the hook as well as the heavy club is carved with the owner's totem and other signifiant devices. With such tackle the angler manages to land 100 and even 200 pounders, and exceptional halibut of 500 pounds have been recorded. At a few canneries and salteries all the halibut are packed that the Indians chance to bring in, but at no place is the halibut made the important article of export that it deserves to be, as all such places are closed in the winter and spring, when halibut are most plentiful.

At Kellisnoo factory on Chatham Strait a little halibut is packed each year, but the chief business is the manufacture of herring oil and fish guano. It was first established at a shore station for whale fishing. Codfish were packed for a while, but in later years attention has been given entirely to oil and fertilizer. The little island of Kenasnow has been cleared of timber in these ten years, and tall spikes of fireweed crimson the clearings with acres of solid color. There is a chapel of the Greek Church and a government school house on the bluff above the oil works and the Indian village, and under the discipline of

the old chief, Saginaw Jake, the 300 warlike Kootznahoos are the most docile and industrious of people. The neatness and order of a military post prevail at the factory, and it is the model industrial establishment in the archipelago. Even the coal piles are evenly laid, symmetrically truncated pyramids, and the agent's garden contains an orderly regiment of strawberry plants that could take prizes at a New Jersey fair. Divided between loyalty to the Territory and faith in the superior qualities of his fertilizer, the manager will not decide whether it is mostly the Alaska climate or the Killisnoo guano which produces such berries. One hundred and fifty thousand gallons of herring oil are manufactured each year, and the dried and ground refuse furnishes 1000 tons of guano. The same methods and machinery are used as in the menhaden fisheries on the Atlantic coast, and workmen from a menhaden factory trained the force at Killisnoo. The herring are school in the fall and winter, when schools of them silver Chatham Strait for miles, and darting porpoises circling gulls, and eagles give warning of their presence. From 300 to 600 barrels of herring are usually netted at single hauls, but often 1000 barrels have been seined at once, and in Sitka Harbor 1500 barrels of fish tested the single net. The catch is gathered in scows, and steam-launches tow them to the factory. The company has 100 employés, and incidentally packs several hundred barrels of salted salmon, salted herring, cod, and halibut each year.

Codfish are abundant in Chatham Strait and all along the archipelago's shores. For a time 8000 to 10,000 cod were brought to this factory daily by Indian fishermen, who were paid two and three cents apiece for each fish. Dried cod and a small quantity of cod liver oil were then a part of the Killisnoo exports, but unless undertaken on a larger scale, with white or Chinese fishermen, this small station could not well compete with the Shumagin Island codfish trade maintained by two large fish houses of San Francisco. The codfish banks of the North Pacific are only partly surveyed or known, but within the few seasons

SALMON FRAMES.



KILLISNOO OIL WORKS.

devoted to the work by the fish commission steamer *Albatross*, over 10,000 square miles of such fishing-banks lying east and south of the Aleutian chain have been surveyed and mapped. The cod banks of the western ocean exceed in area those of the Atlantic. All that upper end of the North Pacific between the Sitkan Archipelago and the Aleutian chain is bordered with cod banks, and in Bering Sea they also follow the general trend of the coast. A few Gloucester fishermen rounded Cape Horn and came to these banks a few years ago, and during last year the pack of Shumagin cod amounted to more than a half million dollars in value. This industry is in its beginning now, but promises to exceed that of the Atlantic when more fishermen and better methods are employed, and mail facilities and regular communication induce and permit fishermen to make permanent settlements on the islands. Reciprocity secures the Alaska cod a wider and better market in South America, and there is no need for American fishing fleets to seek the Newfoundland banks.

The valuable whales have about all disappeared from the North Pacific. Bering and Okhotsk seas no longer contain them, and the Arctic Ocean is the only recognized whaling ground left. There are but fifty whalers now afloat in the western ocean, while a half-century ago there were six hundred of such ships. There are ten steam vessels in this fleet, and the rest are relics—ancient barks and brigs that date from the long ago, are seldom insured, and with difficulty secure crews.

The captain and crew go on shares, or are paid a percentage of the season's catch, and six or eight whales will credit the former with four or five thousand dollars, and the sailors with a couple of hundred dollars each. For three seasons one of the whalers has not secured a single whale, while one crew captured twenty-one whales in the summer of 1894.

In 1894 Sitka was surprised by the visit of a whaler, the first in the many years since the Fairweather Grounds off Mount St. Elias were abandoned. This ship had sailed in March for that old ground, but off Prince William Sound nine right whales were taken in eight days, and a tenth had been wounded when the bark grounded in a fog, unshipped and broke the rudder. It then worked its way to Sitka, and for a fortnight gave a new interest to the life of that quiet capital. There had been time to clean and slightly deodorize the ship during its sail into port, and it fell disappointingly short of the traditional whaler. But it was interesting to visit it, and have the cheerful mate show pieces of whalebone six and seven feet in length stacked up like cord-wood; to see the boats, harpoons, knives, and tackle, and the huge vats in the brick furnace on deck where the mountains of blubber are tried out. But the blubber and oil are little regarded in this day, as whalebone at six dollars a pound is the most valuable part of the monster. Catching their whales so fast, this crew had not time to cut up one whale before another was sighted, and the hold was filled with the blubber of the first whale while they were busy harpooning and cutting the bone from the later catches. They had only 430 barrels of oil, and the tongue of one whale yielded thirteen of those barrels. From nine whales there came 40,000 pounds of bone. When one whale was harpooned the line became entangled, the whale boat was drawn down under the water, dragged for a long distance, and one sailor drowned. The mate wore his reindeer-skin jacket on those piping July days at Sitka, and with the thermometer at 86° he visibly melted in his greasy coat. The fat carpenter, who hammered at the huge rudder post as it lay on deck, a still huger and greasier negro sailor, and certain wild-looking Kanakas of the crew were interesting subjects for sketches; but when we climbed down the short rope-ladder to the boat, and pushed off from the black worm-eaten ship, with moss-grown lines along the planks to mark where oakum had once been, it was a wonder that the $60,000 cargo was intrusted to it.

Whales of inferior species may be seen sporting all along the inside channels of the northwest coast.

SIR RICHARD MUSGRAVE WITH SKULL OF GRIZZLY.

Prince Frederick Sound is a breeding-ground of whales, and in Chatham Strait, Sitka Sound, and other reaches where the herring swarm, the whales are always spouting. Ten years ago the Killisnoo station succeeded well with the whale-fishery until the explosion of a bomb harpoon in a boat killed the great medicine-man of the Kootznahoos. An Indian war

(Continued on page 846.)

FROM THE BLACK BEACH, SITKA HARBOR.

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THE NEW HOME OF THE NEW YORK "HERALD."—[See Page 844.]
Drawings by Victor Perard.

"THE MERMAID'S SONG."

THE light comes up and the light goes down,
While the moonbeams hide behind the frown
Of the murky clouds that swiftly glide
Above the spot where the boats are tied—
The boats that rock on the billows long,
In time with the mermaid's cheerful song.
"'Tis a weirdish tune and vengeful rhyme
To which the fishery boats keep time,
Now rising high in an angry wail,
Then sinking low through the hissing gale,
The maddened foam of the sea nymph rim
O'er coral reefs where the white-cap dies.
"They have stormed my realm and borne away
The fairest pearl from my store this day.
Girl of the land, thy hair hath made
A jewel rare for thy shining braid,
But he who robbed my rocky deep
Shall down in the plundered casket sleep.
For my seaweed strong shall twine around
The limbs that no more will lightly bound
Over breakers wide, or nimbly spring
To rocks where my rare possessions cling."
Now the strains grow loud and wild and fierce,
And her cries the cloudy heavens pierce,
As afar they reach o'er foam and spray
In quivering shrieks, then die away.
With her tresses black she bears the wave,
Then plunges down to the mighty grave
Where ghastly skull and whitening bone
Lie still 'neath the water's monotone.
Reclining now on a couch of moss,
She smiles as the ripples o'er her toss,
And viewing the gleaming bones and skulls,
Mutters: "I wait till the fury lulls.
Let the waves go mad above my head,
I'll rest me here till they bring more dead,
Perhaps rare gems that were borne away
Will come again to the crystal spray,
With their shells torn off, and bound in gold,
To gleam in halls of the sea's stronghold.
I had not thought that a string as bright
As one that clasped on a wedding night
A throat as fair and daintily set
As ever the eye of landsman met,
Would come again from the farther shore
To gladden my eyes and heart once more.
Yet there they hang on that coral bough,
While the bride—her bones are lying now
In that corner dark among the shells,
Where many a grim sea monster dwells.
And near them are ingots brought to me
From the brown maid's lands beyond the sea,
Fine Indian wares and works of art
Are lying here in the ocean's heart,
And buried deep in the sands below
The place where our fiercest tempests blow
Are mighty works from the men of old—
And those, all these, do my caverns hold.
Then toss, ye waves, the struggling ship;
Bid ploughing hull through your yawning slip;
With gleaming treasures from far-off lands,
Or daintiest throat or fair white hands,
Send lower and maid below to sleep
In coral cells of my ocean keep.

E. ESTELLE A. MCNAUGHTON

THE NEW YORK "HERALD" AND ITS NEW HOME.

BY JAMES CREELMAN.

NOTHING in the career of James Gordon Bennett so accurately expresses his leadership of uncommercial journalism as the beautiful Italian palace at the junction of Broadway and Sixth Avenue, which was occupied by the New York *Herald* on August 20th. This is his reply to the newspaper proprietors who have erected giant office buildings, in which the editorial forces occupy garrets and the pressmen are crowded into dark cellars. Architecturally, the new home of the *Herald* is a rebuke to the utilitarianism of the American metropolis, an appeal for something better than sky scraping ugliness.

If there is one thing more than another on which the proprietor of the *Herald* is determined, it is that his paper shall never get into a rut, and for several years he has looked upon downtown as the greatest of all journalistic ruts. Printing house Square is too far away from the centre of life. The *Herald* must follow the people. It is an original and daring step, for the organization and business of a great newspaper are so closely adjusted to its neighborhood that when Mr Bennett first announced his intention of moving the *Herald* more than three miles away from its present site, nobody believed him to be in earnest. The *Herald* now declares itself to be independent of neighborhoods and fearless of the result. And the influence which a vast newspaper establishment exerts upon its immediate surroundings may be judged by the fact that as soon as the new *Herald* site was made public, the price of real estate in that part of New York advanced thirty per cent.

The new *Herald* building covers a trapezoidal plot of ground formerly occupied by the armory of the Seventy-first Regiment. Its extreme dimensions are about two hundred feet long and a hundred and forty feet wide. The structure consists of two stories and an attic. It is a little more than 50 feet high.

This splendid example of pure Italian Renaissance has been so skilfully adapted by the architects that it meets all the practical requirements of a newspaper office without losing a single line of beauty. Externally, it is an exquisite palace. Internally, it is an almost perfect workshop. Art and science are blended and exhausted in this wonderful combination. The *Herald* is now without a rival in the convenience and close relationship of the varied departments necessary to produce a metropolitan newspaper, and in the completeness of its apparatus for interior communication and variety of mechanical resources.

There is a note of refinement and elegance in the architecture that breathes through the whole design. It is, perhaps, too conservative, but that is a fault rarely discovered in American art and may be welcomed. The low façades, with their delicate, pure ornamentation, horizontal accents and sheltering arcades, arched by dainty columns and arch, the unbroken roof of red tiles and the simple doorways, devoid of garish symbolism all speak eloquently of the spirit that prompted this innovation. But the advantage which the building has in its isolated position is somewhat marred by the pressure of the grimy elevated railway, which has a tendency to dwarf its proportions. The hand and ridiculous Dodge statue, which stands about sixty feet in front of the main entrance, is another inharmonious element.

On the Broadway and Sixth Avenue sides are arcades extending along three quarters of the building's length, behind rows of polished columns that support graceful arches whose function is purely ornamental, as the load of the outer line is borne by iron floor girders resting upon the inner main wall. These arcades are separated from the interior of the structure by a series of arched plate glass windows, through which hundreds of spectators can watch the interesting operations in the immense press room and the stereotyping department. The fascinating rush and whir of men and machinery late at night, when the place is ablaze with electric light, and the entire mechanical force is straining to get the paper printed in time for the early trains will be one of the notable sights of New York, while around the edge of the roof a row of twenty gilded owls will wink electric eyes at regular intervals by a mechanical device connected with the clock set in a rose window, the twin window being occupied by a wind-dial. Above the roof cornice over the main entrance, and in a line with the sentinel owls, will be two great bronze statues standing with uplifted hammers on either side of a ponderous bell. The mechanism of the clock will automatically cause the giants to strike the hours with resounding blows upon the bell, after the fashion of the famous clock machinery of St. Mark's Square. This bronze group is the work of distinguished French sculptors, but it will not be ready for its place for months. The presence of the owls is explained by the fact that the owl is a jolly fetich of Mr Bennett's, and is to be seen in every part of his private establishment—stuffed owls, bronze owls, painted owls, iron owls—on his yachts, his carriages, his note-paper, his coaches in various parts of France, and in his many residences. The bird that is awake and alert when all else is asleep is not a bad emblem for the *Herald*.

The exterior of the building is principally of pale terra-cotta, and the flat spaces are filled in with pirolith, which closely resembles marble, but is to be preferred because of its adaptability to withstand heat and cold. The general effect is that produced by the Renaissance stucco-work of mediæval Italy. The color scheme is, in this respect, absolutely perfect, no tone being too pronounced.

Three arches constituted the main entrance, but as one of the supporting shafts stood in the way of the actual door of the counting room, the obstructing pillar had to be removed, and two of the arches blended into a single flat arch. The counting-room is superb. Twelve splendid columns of Pavonezza marble support the ceiling, with its delicate traceries of white and gold, from which depends a fine chandelier. The moulded cases of the columns are of white Vermont marble. The floor is of mosaic, and the wainscoting of the spacious room is of Pavonezza marble. In order to preserve the unity of tone, all the furniture and fittings of the counting-room are worked out to white mahogany.

From this resplendent hall which is occupied by the business department, with a corner allotted to the Commercial Cable Company, a flight of stairs bordered with white statuary marble leads to the second story. Here is the main hall. Around it are grouped Mr Bennett's office, his private room and bath room, the reception room for visitors, the office of Mr Howland general manager; the auditor's room and editorial council room, a circular apartment decorated in white and gold. The appointments of the executive headquarters are of the costliest but simplest character. Each of these rooms opens into the other, and all are connected by doors with the main hall.

Two corridors penetrate the second floor from the main hall to the Thirty sixth Street side or rear of the building. Along these corridors are arranged the spacious and convenient rooms of the editors, reporters, and out-of-town correspondents whose journals enjoy the privileges of the *Herald* establishment. The editorial and city departments of the *Evening Telegram* are also on this floor. A central court is arranged so that every room is full of light. The corridor on the Broadway side ends in a vast room intended for the army of reporters, while the corridor on the Sixth Avenue side leads to the well-equipped library. Between is the office of the night editor, who is in charge of the *Herald* at the moment it goes to press, and the telegraph room, into which messages will come direct on special wires from all parts of the country.

Here is the index department—a unique feature, for a copy of which many thousands of dollars were refused—containing two and a half millions of entries describing news in the *Herald*, with date, page, and column indicated. It took two expert men working night and day for about thirty years to build up the index system, which covers virtually everything printed in the *Herald* since its foundation. There are more than four thousand entries relating to General Grant alone, and the references to Mr Cleveland outnumber all others. The index is alphabetical, geographical, and topical. There are now three index editors. In connection with this department are the bound newspaper files, more than a thousand volumes ranged in locked cases. There is a skeleton of the index in the editorial rooms of the Paris edition of the *Herald*. In addition to the news index there is an index of ten thousand illustrations, and pigeon holes containing thousands of obituaries, ready for use when the subjects die. The library numbers eleven thousand books, but the least useful volumes have been weeded out within the last few weeks.

There are three hundred iron frames for the compositors in the enormous room on the third floor under the sharply slanting roof and this is lit entirely by the central court. Five Mergenthaler linotype machines, driven by electric motors, are on the Broadway side. But in addition to the composing-room—a remarkable sight in its way—there are twelve other apartments on this floor, among them the art department, electric light photograph-room, restaurant, kitchen and matrix room.

But the glory of the new *Herald* building is in its press room and power plant, which stand in full view of the public. This wonderful system of machinery is interchangeably operated by steam or electricity. Two huge black marble switch boards, glittering with brass levers, control the electric force. When steam power is undesirable, the huge dynamos are brought into play, and when everything else fails, a turn of the wrist connects the operating mechanism with the electric lighting mains in the street. In this way there can be no failure in the press work or lighting apparatus. No matter what breakdown occurs, the *Herald* will be printed on time. There are ten electric motors. The capacity of this department is illustrated by the fact that there are more than eighteen hundred sixteen candle power lights in the establishment, not to speak of the various electric elevators and ventilating fans.

Of the eight massive presses two are intended to print in four colors, after the manner of the Paris *Figaro Illustré*. Each press prints two colors simultaneously. The *Herald's* immense press, which turns out more than sixty thousand copies an hour, will be on the Thirty sixth Street side. It is the most improved and productive printing machine in the world. The press-room has an aggregate capacity of a little above two hundred and eighty thousand sheets an hour. Ink is pumped from a tank in the vaults under the sidewalk to the fountains of the presses. The whole course of the white paper is in full view from the street, as it spins from the dancp rolls in continuous webs, flashes between the whirling cylinders, turns, reverses, enters the marvellous folding apparatus, and finally appears pasted, folded, counted, and ready for delivery. The machinery is so exquisitely adjusted on its rock foundation that there is scarcely a vibration to be noticed when the whole mechanical department is in full swing. No other press room approaches this one in the perfection of its equipment and the swift interchangeability of its various parts. The lightness and airiness of the space, and the orderly, logical arrangement of the engines, motors, and presses, all combine to make this part of the *Herald* establishment a model for the world. The lower floor is so broken that while the press room consists largely of the basement and ground story thrown into a single lofty hall, the delivery-room and stereotyping departments are on a level with the street, one on the Thirty-sixth Street side and the other on the Sixth Avenue side. The stereotype metal is melted in sight of the public in two huge pots, over which hangs a metal hood to carry off the hot air, by means of an electric fan, in the exhaust duct. Five casting boxes are arranged in a semicircle in front of the melting pot, so that the whole process of casting the shining plates from which the paper actually takes its impressions can be seen in all its detail by outsiders.

A remarkable part of the new *Herald* system is the apparatus for communication within the building. Seven lines of pneumatic tubes carry advertisements, news, and editorial copy and proofs to and from all parts of the establishment. Conversation can be carried on between persons on different floors and in different rooms on the same floor through speaking tubes and by means of a really notable independent telephone system of seventeen stations, any one of which can connect with any other without the aid of an operator. There are twenty-seven lines of speaking tubes so conveniently placed that the head of any department can communicate directly with any other department.

There is a large coop filled with fine carrier pigeons over the well-hole in the central court. It is proposed to reserve these aerial messengers for extraordinary occasions.

Notwithstanding the network of electric wires that connects the *Herald* with the rest of the civilized world, it is likely that some great news announcement may be brought in the office under the wing of a pigeon.

The cost of this peerless newspaper building is more than half a million dollars, and it is the result of recent study in the principal newspaper establishments of Europe and America. The originality and courage required to carry out the new undertaking can scarcely be exaggerated. But the proprietor of the *Herald* feels certain that the office ought not to be at one end of New York, but right in the heart of the theatre, hotel, and shopping district, close to the centre of population. In London, Paris, and other great cities the newspaper offices are grouped within easy distance of the financial centres. But the *Herald* is carrying out its principle of self-reliance and accompanying the northward movement of the population. Its splendid mailing department, that has excited the admiration and won the applause of so many postmasters, will be put to a supreme test now, for some of the railway depots are far away.

So the old days and the old home of the *Herald* have passed away. It is a mighty organization, with more than two thousand five hundred correspondents, and a system of business that carries it into the uttermost ends of the earth. The elder Bennett started the paper with a nominal capital of five hundred dollars in 1835, and he lived to be a maker of Presidents. The present proprietor of the *Herald*, who is also its real editor in every vital detail, would not sell the paper for any price, although it was recently valued at twenty million dollars. In 1869 a group of capitalists offered two millions and a half for the *Herald* to the elder Bennett, but he laughed at the proposal. He declared that he would neither know what to do with the money nor with himself if he sold the paper. Four years ago a New York syndicate cabled a message to Mr Bennett asking him what was the lowest price of the *Herald*. His only reply was, "The price of the *Herald* is three cents daily, five cents on Sunday." A prominent politician offered Mr Bennett a check for fifty thousand dollars for the support of the *Herald*. Mr Bennett looked him in the eye, and said, "This check can be traced to me." "Then I'll get you the money," said the politician, deceived by the calm bearing and impenetrable countenance of the journalist. "Good!" said Mr Bennett. In a few minutes the politician returned with a big roll of greenbacks. Mr Bennett could no longer suppress his rage. He tore the check up, threw it in his visitor's face, and drove him out of the room in a burst of fury. Names cannot be mentioned just now.

The *Herald* is rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Its scorn of money considerations is indicated by the payment of nearly four thousand dollars in cable tolls for a despatch of less than two columns, and its proprietor is planning to make it more and more the representative of uncommercial and impersonal journalism, a public institution that cannot fall into the hands of factions even after his death, but go on as a sort of journalistic republic. Of the *Herald* more than any other newspaper in the world Thackeray's words may be repeated:

"There she is, she never sleeps. She has her ambassadors in every quarter of the world—her couriers upon every road. Her officers march along with armies, and her envoys walk into statesmen's cabinets. They are ubiquitous. Yonder journal has an agent at this moment giving bribs in at Madrid, and another inspecting the price of pointoes at Covent Garden."

Thomas Jefferson said that he would rather live in a country with newspapers and without a government, than in a country with a government but without newspapers. And if this be the expression of a sound judgment, the future of a great newspaper like the *Herald*, whose agents have opened a continent to civilization, explored the arctic seas and lands, talked with crowned monarchs and overthrown governments and political policies, must be a matter of grave interest.

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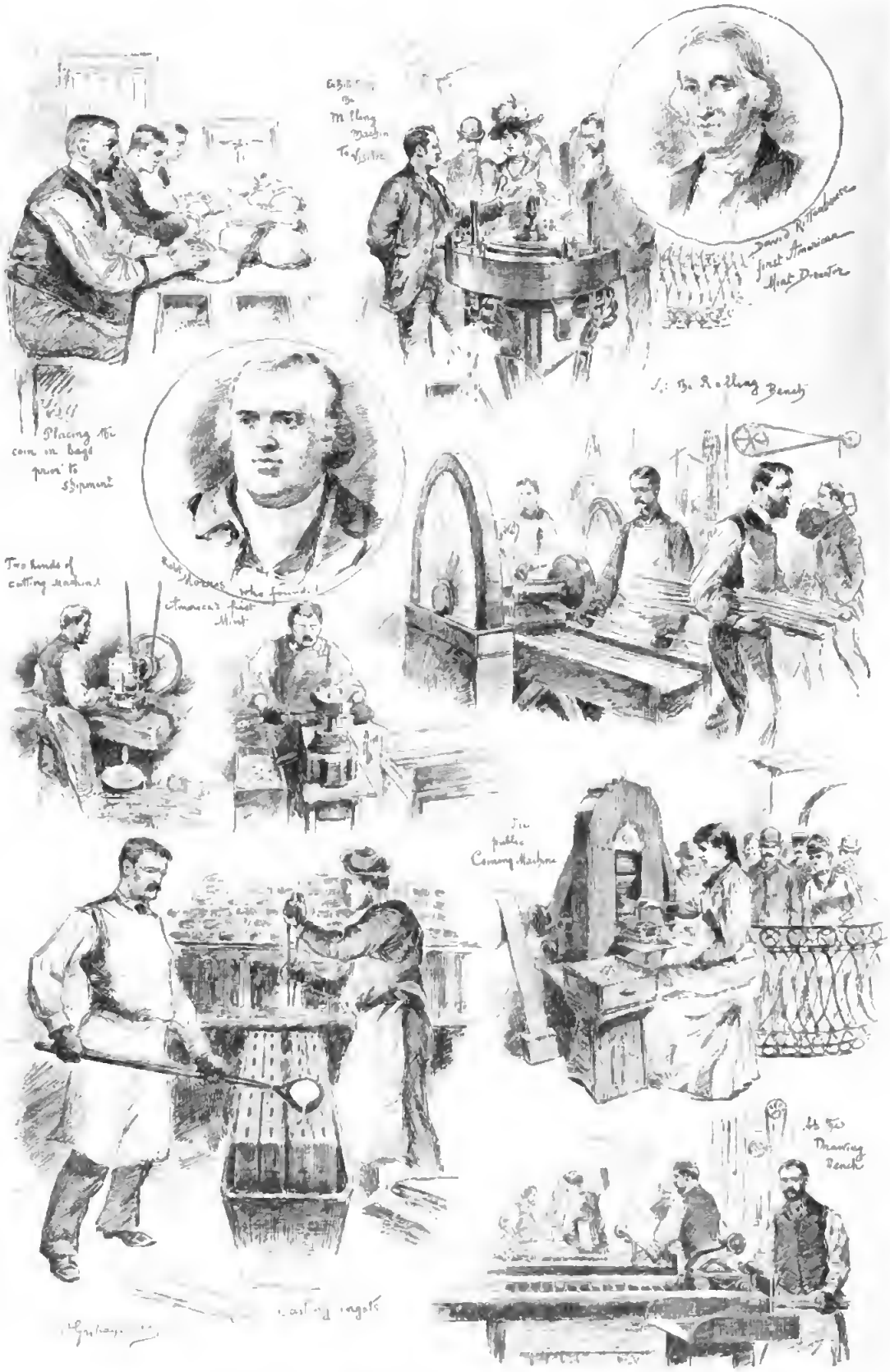

THE COINING OF UNITED STATES MONEY AT THE MINT.—DRAWN BY V. GRIMATKOFF.—[SEE PAGE 847.]

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OUT OF WORK.—Drawn by J. Macdonald.

THE UNEMPLOYED.

BY RICHARD T. ELY.

No accurate statement in regard to the number of unemployed in the country is ever possible. It is, however, probably safe to estimate the number at one million in ordinarily dull times, and if we should let two millions represent involuntary idleness at the present moment, that number would be a safe underestimate. These enormous figures mean little to one who reads them carelessly, but a vast deal to one who reflects upon the suffering which can be seen often enough to attest the lack of employment on the part of a single wage-earner—suffering so admirably suggested in the accompanying illustration. When the concrete sorrow and wretchedness which can be observed are multiplied by a number almost surpassing comprehension, the total sum of misery becomes overwhelming.

The term "the unemployed" has become one of ominous import in all older civilizations, but its full meaning has been spared this country up to the present. The search for work is now universally observable, and in parts of the country where, to use the well known phrase, until recently two employers were seeking one man, men and women are begging piteously for an opportunity to toil for bread. There are many evidences of distress for those who have eyes to see. In Chicago, where it is usually so difficult to get domestic servants at any price, the employment bureaus show excessive supply at prices which not long since would have seemed incredibly low. The explanation is that on the one hand household expenses are being curtailed, and on the other daughters in formerly well-to-do families are seeking employment.

There is, perhaps, nothing which is more calculated to produce a bitter feeling than long continued and fruitless search for work. Even when the searcher has no one dependent upon him, if himself in dire need, the impression is one which can never be entirely effaced. When wife and children are suffering also, the result is often despair and suicide, as the columns of the daily paper so frequently report of late. Fortunately, the worst periods of distress in this country have always been of short duration. The trite saying that "it is darkest just before dawn" is true enough in our industrial world, and he who seeks work expecting a change indulges a hope which is well grounded. The change is the rule and not the exception.

The greatest danger which threatens a section of the community, and in consequence we may say, the community as a whole, is that a considerable proportion of the unemployed may suffer social shipwreck, and so become part of the "submerged tenth." Recent researches in pauperism and crime make nothing plainer than that there is a section of the wage-earning classes comparatively weak, which in times like these tends to yield to the temptation to become beggars and criminals and a prey upon society.

The most strenuous exertion of all right thinking persons should be put forward to prevent this misfortune. Private and public organizations ought to use every effort to help the weaker portion of the community to tide over the present crisis of distress. When the writer was recently in Colorado, where the suffering may be as great as anywhere, it was proposed to call a meeting of the State Board of Charities to prepare systematic arrangements to meet the calls for help through the coming winter. This is an example which deserves commendation. While relief will, we may hope, come in the near future, yet recovery must at the very best occupy several months, and only harm can result from shutting our eyes to the fact that we have a hard winter before us, the sufferings of which can, however, be mitigated by timely forethought.

Whatever theoretical views may have been held in regard to the functions of government, it has, as a matter of fact, in all countries in times of great distress, been found necessary to afford some relief by extension of public employment, and surely it is better to give men work and a support than a support without work. As a rule, in time of industrial stagnation needed public work can be pushed forward with advantage, because labor is cheap and capital abundant. The present difficulty in raising money, which has seemed to be shared equally by public bodies, may be expected soon to pass away. Whatever public work really needs to be done in the near future should in the interest of the public safety be planned and executed as soon as practicable. Naturally certain difficulties present themselves, and the amount of relief which can be expected from an extension of public work is only limited. But we a better civil service far more could be done, for the difficulties that present themselves are closely connected with our inferior civil administration, and we dare not do so much as a country like Germany, or even England, can safely do. Perhaps the present crisis might be improved by civil service reformers to point out to wage earners the importance to them of a sound civil service entirely divorced from partisan politics.

Another suggestion is that peace must be preserved, cost what it may, for a disturbance of the public peace will only retard recovery and delay opportunity for employment. Destruction of property, of which we have fortunately heard of only a few instances, simply makes a bad matter worse. Friends of wage earners also cannot too strongly emphasize the fact that now is no time to strike. Those who recognize the necessity of strikes occasionally, and who go as far as any one can in acknowledging that they have accomplished something at times, must deprecate most strongly the folly of strikes at the present juncture. We may at least say that every unsuccessful strike is a foolish one, and statistics show that strikes to prevent a reduction of wages almost always fail, and it is because they take place in times of depression. Those who point out to wage earners the uselessness of strikes under circumstances like these will be likely to accomplish more than those who simply denounce strikes in general. It was refreshing to read in a working man's paper last week a sensible editorial article headed, "Don't Strike Now." Another editorial in the same paper gives good advice under the head "Don't Tramp." It is well for newspaper editors and all who have influence to urge working men to stay at home, unless they know that they can get work elsewhere. Wandering from home generally makes a bad matter worse.

A word to employers will not be amiss, and that is to couple gentleness with firmness. There is a need of cooperation of all social factors to mitigate the evils under which we are suffering, and the natural irritability of men who see wages reduced or who seek work in vain should not be judged too harshly. Those who are so fortunate as not to be obliged to reduce wages now—and there are some such—ought by no means to increase discontent by a selfish exploitation of the hard times.

When we observe the widespread suffering in the community, from which no industrial class is exempt, we would perhaps be inclined to think at first that there must be some natural cause for all this suffering, did we not know that such was not the case. If we can imagine a visitor from another planet, unfamiliar with our conditions, we should expect him to ask questions like these: "Has pestilence swept over the land? Has there been great destruction of capital and labor in war? Has the soil become barren?" We should be obliged to answer that although the supply of land had not been diminished, although capital and labor still existed in their former abundance, we suffered want as great as that which attends the destruction of property and life in war. As there are no natural causes, the causes must be social. The causes reside in man, and not outside of him, and as they are social, they are socially controllable. To hold otherwise is to indulge in superstition like that of the ancients who thought it impious to bridge vast streams, and thus unite lands which nature had separated, or like that of the ignorant even in our own century, who have thought it almost wicked for surgeons and physicians to remove deformities in the physical body, and thus to make limbs straight when "God has made them crooked." As evils in the physical body have been attacked, we can those in the social body, when we have a sufficient amount of scientific skill. This scientific skill can be acquired, but not easily. It requires long and patient study. The natural impulse is to use direct means, with the expectation that immediate results will be produced, but this natural impulse fails to give satisfactory guidance. Scientific remedies, and the only really effective ones, follow roundabout methods. When we have schools of social science as well equipped as the best medical schools are now, we shall be on the road to prevent crises, such as have produced so much suffering during the present century.

A MEMORIAL TO THEODORE CHILD.

The public has learned to expect a certain measure of heroism from missionaries of Christian churches. Even if the occasion for an act of fatal daring does not often arise, yet the self-sacrifice that enters into the daily lives of persons who promulgate their religion in foreign lands approaches very near to the heroic. When Theodore Child and Edwin Lord Weeks arrived in Tabreez last summer on their journey to India in the interests of Harper's Magazine, they found a cholera epidemic raging in the city. To use Mr. Child's words: "The bank was closed—telegraph closed—all the doctors fled—no Europeans left. We found ourselves literally in the street without shelter. Finally we discovered an American mission house and a heroic lady doctor. This lady took pity on us; gave us rooms in the mission-house"; and afterwards nursed Mr. Weeks through an attack of cholerine, and Mr. Child through a serious illness from cholera. This lady, who remained in Tabreez when other physicians fled from the city, and whose courageous devotion to duty prolonged Mr. Child's life, is Miss Mary E. Bradford, of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church. Recently some friends of Mr. Child who desired to show their appreciation of Miss Bradford's kindness to him, united in sending to her a sum of money, with the request that she use it in the way she deemed most fitting to perpetuate Mr. Child's memory. In a letter recently received in this city, Miss Bradford writes that it is her intention to apply the money to the maintenance of a room in a hospital which the missionaries in Tabreez hope soon to build. This room will be called after Mr. Child's name, and will be at the service of travellers and foreign residents of Persia.

Mr. Child, after leaving Tabreez, pushed on with Mr. Weeks to Ispahan, where, it is believed, he contracted the typhoid fever from which he died on November 2d of last year without the possibility of medical attendance. This journey overland through Persia was undertaken against the advice of friends, and although Mr. Child did not live to complete it, Mr. Weeks reached the Persian Gulf in safety, after an eventful journey, which he will describe in early numbers of Harper's Magazine. Mr. Child was an inveterate traveller, and it is gratifying to know that the memorial which Madame and William T. Dannat, S. P. Avery, G. A. Lucas, C. W. McIlvaine, Philippe Sichel, and others have asked Miss Bradford to provide for him will benefit travellers in a corner of the world where medical attendance is likely to be most grateful because most rare.

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ALASKA FISH AND GAME.

(Continued from page 841.)

resulted from that accident of the torpedo and the whale, as the tribe claimed a large indemnity of blankets for their loss, and threatened to murder the whites when payment was refused. Before peace was secured an Indian village was shelled by a revenue-cutter, and since then right, black, and humpbacks are allowed to sport in peace. The Indians hold the whale in great respect, and consider it chief of totemic beasts after the raven and bear. For this reason it has been said that they would not kill it nor eat its flesh or blubber; but doubtless they reverence it for the same reason they do the cinnamon-bear and any other creature that may attack and kill them without provocation. The natives have many gruesome tales to tell of whales and their vengeful dispositions, and in their fathers' time—that wholly indeterminate period which may have been fifty or two hundred years ago—whales did many more eccentric things than now. In their play, whales often rise near enough to ships for one to hear them snort and spout, and when I sought to snap a photograph of the spouting whale from the little fantail deck of a steam launch, a black mass rose beside us, snorted, and disappeared in an instant. But for its frightened dive and our own speed, the impetus of the creature might have landed it in my lap, and the tiny deck, not two feet above the water, lost all attractions for touch-the-button artists.

The commercial fisheries and mineral developments in Alaska have not spoiled the region for the angler and the sportsman. Brook trout and salmon trout swim unnoticed, and bait or spoon will lure sea bass, sea trout, rock cod, and flounders anywhere along shore. There are more bear and fur bearing animals in the southern section than the present number of hunters can ever thin out. The black tailed and a small red deer fairly crowd some of the forested islands, and a deer is sold in Sitka streets for two dollars and less. Mountain goats are found all along the mainland heights, and in the neighborhood of Sum Dum or Holkham Bay the mountain sheep come out to the coast range and silhouette their tremendous horns, their sleek and graceful bodies, against glacier reaches and sky-lines. On Revilla-Gigedo Island, the Naha country, or "land of the distant lakes," and all the continental shores of Boehm Canal, half encircling it, are a sportsman's paradise, where beasts, birds, and fish abound. Last summer several young sportsmen from the Sandwich Islands spent their vacation from a California college in Revilla Gigedo swamps. They made the Loring cannery at the mouth of Naha Bay their point of departure and base of supplies, and penetrating to the heart of the island by the chain of lakes, had sport galore during that summer of phenomenally fine weather. Both black and cinnamon bear are found on the island, the former a finely furred and palatable creature in spring, who will run from the sight of man and seldom shows fight. The cinnamon-bear, so worthily respected by the natives, will give battle, and is an unpleasant one to meet in those dense forests where retreat is impossible, and the hunter must stand and fight it out whenever one of those dingy brown creatures appears. When the hot spring sun opens the buds of the skunk-cabbage whose gigantic tropical looking leaves later amaze one, Bruin descends from his hiding and gives the marksman a chance. His coat is then soft and silky, and his flesh tender and delicate. After a little scratching in the underbrush and bleaching in the sunlight his fur is ruined. When the blueberries tinge swamps and hill-sides with a purplish bloom and the salmonberries hang their gorgeous clusters aloft—red and yellow globes of tasteless dew—the bear feasts royally. The salmonberries foretell the great run of fish, when Bruin haunts lakes and creeks, pawing salmon ashore and gorging himself until his flesh is so rank that the dogs will hardly touch it. In salmon and salmonberry time the hunter needs always to be loaded for bear, and as many as four bears have been seen at once pawing salmon from a Naha lake.

"What would you do if we should meet a bear?" we asked an Indian woman while picking salmonberries at the redoubt near Sitka.

"I should ask him to let me go by very politely. I should tell him how good and wise he was, and talk to him, and he would not harm me. The bear knows very much, and will not harm a woman if she is polite to him."

All the Thlingits believe in this same method of pacifying the cinnamon bear, and it is as good as any if the Indian is unarmed, or has only the old muzzle loading rifle, which the government so carefully prescribes for him. With only one shot available, the hunter fires, and runs at a right angle from the line of his ball, as Bruin always makes a lunge toward the place the smoke came from. Visiting bear hunters have a great time keeping their Indian aids up with them. They are willing to report the sight of a bear, or point to the thicket or gully where one is hiding, but they have too wholesome a respect to intrude.

Over twenty-five thousand skins of the small red deer of the region were shipped from Loring alone last year. Beaver, land otter, mink, marten, wolverene, marmots, and weasels abound, and wolves have often come down and driven the Indian dogs into the water. Eagles are always circling overhead, or sweeping off toward the lofty peaks of the interior, where in the heart of the Naha country are lakes and marshes on which mallard, teal, red-head, and a so-called canvas-back duck and flocks of wild geese come to rest.

With many, Boehm Canal ranks as the finest landscape reach on the coast, and Yess Bay, Freshwater Bay, and Burroughs Bay are sufficient promise of all the fine wilderness beyond. The Yess Bay cannery is still prosperous, but the abandoned buildings in the other bays can only afford shelter to sportsmen and give them undisturbed domain. The tent is not enjoyable in this country of heavy and continuous rains and the prospector's tiny sheet iron stove is more reliable if less picturesque than the open camp-fire. Further up the coast, where the prospector has been searching so long, there are countless abandoned cabins in the most unexpected places. Any one is welcome to their shelter if he follows the law of the frontier to close and leave everything as he found it, and does not violate the more sacred law of cache, which protects anything left by its owner for any time. Food, bedding, and implements may be left beside a trail for days or months, and no Indian or real frontiersman will touch them. In this country, where everything must be packed on a man's back after leaving a canoe, the disturber of a cache is less esteemed than the horse-thief of the plains. Often the sportsman finds surprises in these old log cabins. One who sought refuge from a storm could only open a securely nailed door by chopping it off the hinges, and the sight of the interior filled with powder kegs sent him hurrying back to his canoe. Another forced a door open and saw a bear slowly climbing through the open end of the cabin.

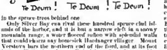
Fort Wrangell is another centre of game and scenery, and besides the fishing in Wrangell Narrows and hunting on the duck flats at the mouth of the Stikine River, there is a fine bear country up that remarkable river, with its unequalled cañons, its relics and romances of old mining days. Sir Richard Musgrave, who hunted in the Stikine country last summer, accompanied by two Indians and a couple of dogs, emerged tattered and barefoot after six weeks in the wilds, but with the skulls and skins of grizzly, black, and cinnamon bears, the horns of mountain sheep and mountain goat, as his trophies and proofs of prowess. Another season this sportsman will go north and hunt the St. Elias grizzly, or silver tipped bear, and the big brown bear of Cook's Inlet, and then, sailing to St. Matthew's Island in Bering Sea, get a shot at the polar bear, which come down through the straits on the ice-floes.

In the Juneau region all sport is lost sight of in prospecting. A miner at Shuck's growled at the enforced leisure of Sunday. "There ain't no sense in stopping the work. The boys just go off on some fool hunt, and come back so tired they can't work." Yet it is near Shuck's that the noble big-horn comes out to the coast range, leaping nimbly over peaks and glaciers, shying at the lightest scent or sound, springing to heights where no two-footed creature can follow, and offering the most tempting sport and trophies to a hunter.

The Chilkat country at the end of Lynn Canal, and all the Hoonah country to westward, including Glacier Bay, are great bear regions, and the mountain goat leaps on all those snowy ranges. Because of the bear, there are few deer on this mainland. To the low swampy stretches at the foot of the ranges ducks and geese fly; there are salmon to be had almost anywhere save at the very front of the glaciers, and the grouse whistle among all the heathery, flower gemmed meadows above timber-line. The sportsman can find something in the most unpromising spots, and even on the apparently barren mountains immediately surrounding Muir Glacier there are high pastures where the mountain goat browses on the finest grasses and feasts on forty varieties of flowers, the ptarmigan find their favorite berries, and the marmot whistles his long strange *wheep! wheep!* and grows plump and juicy on his chosen menu. During several weeks' camping at Muir Glacier we had full opportunity for enjoying the delicate and finely flavored flesh of the young mountain-goat, and roast, steak, chop, and filet were each better than the other.

For sixteen to twenty miles on either side of Sitka there are nooks and niches which sportsmen cannot exhaust in many seasons. Northward are Katlinsky and Qvassinsky, whence winter camping sportsmen bring canoe loads of game, and tell of deer and duck and grouse and geese they had to leave behind. Katlinsky is a narrow inlet opening from the Sound just beyond the bay of Starri Gavan, that first settlement, or old Sitka, which was destroyed by Katlian and his tribe in 1802. A huge green beehive island marks the entrance to the bay, and at the end of the valley towers a sharply cut, pyramid-pointed peak, near whose summit a snowy anchor is forever outlined. To the flats at Katlinsky and at Qvassinsky (the place where *quass* is made) the Russian company used to send the Aleut apprentice-boys to cut hay and raise vegetables. *Quass* was dealt freely in haying-time, and its name clings, although hay fields and gardens have gone back to the wilderness, and in place of the cheering *quass*, openly brewed and drunk, the Indian's forbidden *hoochinoo* and the smuggler's most poisonous whiskey do their worst.

In Sitka Harbor, in view of the castle windows and a stone's-throw from the wharf, are banks where bass, cod, trout, and flounders lurk, and the maze of waterways between the Baranoff shore and the open ocean are all fishing-grounds. Taking in the line now and then for the beds of ghost kelp and algæ, submarine conservatories and forests over which one floats and marvels, one may troll and strike for hours and miles with steady success. One hardly lets out the line's full length before there is a tug, and a sea-bass comes whirling and spinning along the surface like a screw-propeller, a splendid shining fellow whose pale grayish scales, with an undertone of lilac, shade to the tint of the blackest pearl, or a sea-trout whirls like a carmine wheel, a gyrating tongue of fire, a radiant rainbow creature with blue and orange spots on the vest of his rosy livery, or a rock cod snaps at the glittering spoon, and his black body, splotched with red and orange, is most lovely of all, or a salmon takes the steel, and almost unseats the inattentive troller, and a twenty-pounder is drawn in without the aid of a gaff or obsequious guide with his landing net. The day's prize is won when such a one lies in the bottom of the canoe, his silvery sides shading into the velvety olive and blue of his back not too darkly to show the black spots that declare him a tyee. Then it is best to land on one of the innumerable islands to gather the inch-long bluebells that grow in every cleft and hollow of the rocks, to hunt abalone shells on the high ground and on tree branches where the ravens have left them, to lie on the black sand beach among the inky rocks of Saseduk Island, beyond Japonski, sifting warm black streams through one's fingers and watching the snow stripes on Mount Edgecumbe's red volcanic cone across the water, while the surf hisses lazily on sands and reefs, and the thrushes sing their



in the spruce-trees behind one.

Only Silver Bay can rival these hundred spruce-clad islands of the harbor, and it is but a narrow cleft in a snowy mountain range, a water-floored cañon with splendid walls that could charm any homesick Hardanger villager. Mount Verstova bars the northern end of the fiord, and at its foot is Sawmill Creek and some little lakes where the trout bite quickly. The Russians dammed the creek and built a large saw mill, which was transferred to the United States as government property, only to be disused and neglected until the Indians learned it to get the copper rivets and bolts with which it was put together. After satisfying himself with salmon trout below the dam, the angler may climb up the slippery ways to the higher reaches where the smaller and rarer fish with the iridescent speckles abide.

Round Mountain's beehive or domelike mass is the corner tower in the mountain wall where the fiord turns sharply to southward, and on its eastern side there is a fern hung cave in which the longest canoe may be sheltered. Facing the cave is Kalampy's landslide. Kalampy is a mighty hunter who, while chasing a deer across the precipitous front of Kutneaula hill, startled a bear that immediately showed fight and threatened to end Kalampy's career. But just then the mountain trembled, and a great piece of its thin earthy crust began to slip, and slide, and shoot, with a roar, straight two thousand feet down into the bay. The deer was caught on the branches of the next to the last tree at the water's edge, and Kalampy, hooked on to the last limb of all, saw the bear drowned and buried under the mountain of débris and took the venison home. The scar on the mountain-side is there now to prove this most modern version of the protean tale, and Kalampy lives. A break in the range holds Bear Bay, its creek and further cañon so vaunted by landscape enthusiasts, by anglers and sportsmen. A trinity of peaks range themselves in echelon above Bear Bay, with a massive broad-armed cross outlined in eternal snows on one summit, a symbol that may be seen to the further end of Sitka Sound. A bark hut, a tent, some frames of drying salmon, and a draped canoe tell of Salmon Creek, where the Russians used to trap and cure their fish, but the place is now deserted, save when some hopeful mine owner goes to do assessment work on his claims further up the cañon. Combining hunting and fishing with the mineral development, the owners always carry back such strings of fish and stories of greater strings as make all Sitka envious. From the shaking wharf at the abandoned Stewart mine one may always catch Dolly Vardens, those ravenous salmon-trout that gulp down any bait, but best love salmon eggs, which a wise fisherman despises to use, the sticky yellow roe leaving an enduring odor, and never to be scraped or washed from any garment which it touches. And just beyond, where a broad foaming fall shoots in long rapids down a three-hundred foot incline, salmon gayly leap.

The great need of this country, in a landscape way, is a waterfall, a great river shooting out into the air and dropping a few thousand feet with a roar heard miles away. To be in harmony and proportion with the rest of natural objects it must be on a great scale, and then Alaska will be catalogued only in superlatives. The highest mountain, the longest river, the greatest glaciers, the densest forests, the largest fish, the highest tides, the deepest channels, and the greatest rainfall are already on the list. There is needed a Niagara, a Yosemite, a Skjeggedalfoss, or something to match the great falls of Labrador at the very least. Every condition necessary is present and every promise is given for such a fall, but it is not. The mountains rise as straight as masonry for thousands of feet, there is a heavy precipitation throughout the year, and eternal snows are forever in sight. All the northwest coast is musical with falling waters, but these descending streams cling to and slide over sloping walls, and nowhere gather and make one mighty plunge. There is no Naerodal, no Geiranger, no real Yosemite. I have asked Indians, traders, fishermen, miners, and hunters, but all my prospecting for a great waterfall was in vain.

Eight miles below Sitka there opens the Ozerskoi, or Lake Bay, at whose far end are the relics of an old Russian settlement and a new but abandoned cannery. This redoubt was an important place in Russian days, and the fort, church, and buildings lasted until well after American occupancy, but neglect and Indian vandalism have left only two or three of the massive log structures standing. Less than two hundred feet from the bay, and nine feet above it, is Glubokoe, or the Deep Sea, a sheet of water eight miles in length with less than half a mile's width. From one end of the lake a trail ascends to the mines below Silver Bay, and from the other end a trail crosses the divide to the Hot Springs, both so disused and overgrown in these days of abandonment and decay that there is risk in attempting them.

All the wilderness is full of game and the black-tailed deer are had too easily for hunters who seek only sport and pastime. The Indian or Russian hunters either ambush them or call them by whistling on a piece of split grass. The long low wail is not unmusical, and a leisure-loving fish-scented native, who once packed for us on a mountain trip, became a graceful woodland creature, a lissome faun as he lay full length on a mossy log and lazily called the deer.

The Russians cured great supplies of salmon at the redoubt, and during the first years of gold discoveries had a large trade with California. The first salmon cannery in Alaska, established at old Sitka in 1878, was afterward moved to the redoubt. For two seasons the cannery buildings have been closed, the bay shores lack their Indian camps, the salmon splash unheeded, and the company concentrates its forces at Redfish Bay, further south, from which point many salmon streams are accessible to the scows and launches.

In all canoe trips the Thlingit skipper will only spread his sail when the wind is astern. He paddles patiently close to shore, giving one views of all the wildwood, travelling many picturesque and unnecessary miles to keep sheltered and within reach of land. There is a chain of hidden passages between Ozerskoi and Hot Springs Bay that even a canoe can only take at the highest tide, and one summer day our stolid steersman, after studying the tide marks, gave the word to his young men, all paddled like mad for a half mile, and the canoe rounding a rock, shot through the smallest needle's-eye of a lead between the ledges. "*Kloshtum tum*," said the old man, with a glowing countenance. His aids chuckled the same words, and we too had "happy hearts" when their next strokes hid the opening and the canoe floated in a mirror pool sunk between overhanging trees. Through one after another of such surprises the old Charon ferried us. Many were so charming that we made him linger while we watched the huge kelp fronds floating below us, medusæ opening and shutting their flowerlike cups of pinkish-yellow, red, and white, and schools of fish swimming across marble or sandy bottoms almost in reach. Every rock above high-water line bore some green decoration, many a tiny islet supporting a lone little Christmas tree, and coils of floating algæ ringing it round with magic circles. Out nearer the open ocean, in the pure golden sunlight of the afternoon, only broad lazy ripples represented the Pacific swell. Mount Edgecumbe floated dreamlike on the water, whales spouted idly beyond the rocks, and past islet and point we gained our way to the Hot Springs.

In the good old Russian days the Hot Springs were made use of. A hospital and a chapel were built, two doctors and a pharmacist had houses, and there was daily communication with Sitka unless stress of weather prevented. A large clearing surrounded the substantial buildings and extensive gardens were maintained where a wild tangle of undergrowth now hides every feature. The underground heat forces the richest vegetation, and such berries, wild flowers, ferns, and mosses grow as to surprise one after

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NO OCCASION FOR ALARM.

MRS. SUBURBS. "Oh, John, there is a cow breaking into our garden!"
MR. SUBURBS (whose amateur efforts at gardening have not been all that he had dreamed of). "Well, if she can find anything there fit to eat, she will do more than I can."

weeks of delights in Alaskan forests. The White Sulphur Spring bubbles from a gem-like pool and crevices in rocks, and has a temperature of 155°. The other sulphur spring has a lower temperature and is strongly impregnated with magnesia. Some yards further away is a clear cold spring tonic with iron. In cases of rheumatism and skin diseases the waters have afforded the greatest relief. Although transferred as government property, the United States has never assumed any care or guardianship of the place nor declared it a reservation. The neglected buildings went to ruin, were burned and destroyed by the Indians, and a few years since a Sitka merchant built four cabins and a simple bath house. These afford one a shelter from the elements, but each house only contains a cook stove, a few bunks, and an abundance of fragrant hay cutted on the spot each year. The views from the open hill side—the long summer sunsets, the glowing roseate skies, and the burning sea holding azure mountains and inky islets—all discourage a painter. Mount Edgecumbe from that point of view is more the matchless peak than ever, seaward and landward the ways are all enchanting, and one deplores the short summer season which prevents one from exploring a hundred other Alaskan nooks of scenic charm.

AT THE PHILADELPHIA MINT.

THE Philadelphia Mint is patriotically doing its best to relieve the financial stringency, and Uncle Sam's employés are working double time to turn out sufficient of the subsidiary coins to fill the very evident public want. The output averages nearly $200,000 daily, and the sum to be coined will amount to $5,000,000. The pieces minted are eagles and half-eagles.

It is just two weeks ago when a message flashed into the Superintendent's office from Washington to rush the coinage of the small gold pieces, even if it were necessary to keep the force after the usual hours. The people wanted gold, and they must have it. Consequently the fifty men in the rolling-room of the coinage department, and the seventy women who are known as adjusters, were put on double time, and now the smoke-begrimed and time stained terrible building is ablaze with light until nearly midnight, the novel sight attracting great attention from Chestnut Street strollers in the evening. The Mint has not been so busy for six or more years, when night and day forces were necessary to turn out the now troublesome silver dollars. Prior to that the only rush at the Mint since the war was in October, 1872, when $11,000,000 in double eagles was coined to satisfy the great demand.

Perhaps figures will best indicate the present rush of coinage. When Superintendent Bosbyshell received the report as to the week's coinage August 19, the record showed that during the first nineteen days of August $427,000 in eagles had been coined. The report at the close of business August 23d indicated that in the first three days of the week $200,000 in ten-dollar gold pieces had been minted and were ready to be turned into the channels of commerce. At the same time other coins were being minted, there having been made about $300,000 in half-dollars, $150,000 in quarters, and $30,000 in dimes. Work on the half-eagles has not yet been started, but $2,500,000 in five-dollar gold pieces will be coined just as soon as the rollers and adjusters complete an equal amount of eagles. The Superintendent expects to have the full $5,000,000 in gold ready by September 15. No less than six operations are necessary to make a coin—the metal must be first melted, then cut into coin pieces balanced by the adjusters; the piece is milled, and then cleaned, the final stamp of the coin die being given last of all.

Mint employés speak familiarly of vast sums. They say now, "There's a half-million of half-eagles coming through." They carelessly point to a closet and nonchalantly remark, "There's $30,000,000 in gold bullion in there," and the closet straightway becomes to the bewildered visitor wondrously small to contain so large a sum. Indicating an insignificant-looking block of white metal, they will tell one, "There's $50,000 worth of silver in that, and," with a mild sweep of the arm, "there's $100,000,000 more of it over there." Packed away somewhere in the basement there are $50,000,000 in silver dollars. Silver certificates, the attendant tells you, have been issued against these coins, and are now in circulation. The visitor looks with awe at his guide, who had perhaps seemed commonplace, and thinks that here, at last, is a man who understands the silver question. The chances are he knows no more of that, however, than the corner butcher of the corner in beef, or the peripatetic flour man of the operations of the Chicago wheat pit. He regards the bullion as so much merchandise. Observation shows, however, that notwithstanding this familiarity with fortune, the Mint employé is singularly free from the vice of small clerks—a recklessness in the handling of his salary.

IF YOU HAD A FRIEND

Tormented with dyspepsia, you could not give him better advice than to adopt and stick to a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, finest and safest of tonics and regulators. This is no barren assertion. Experience has proved, physicians and the public certify to it. No less emphatic is their endorsement of it as a remedy for malarial disease, constipation, rheumatism, kidney disease, gout, and neuralgia. Use it with persistence.—[*Adv.*]

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A CULTIVATED TASTE

would naturally lead a person possessing it to prefer the best things obtainable and guard against imperfections. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is unequalled in quality, as a trial will prove. Grocers and Druggists.—[*Adv.*]

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A ministering angel thou"—BROMO-SELTZER.—[*Adv.*]

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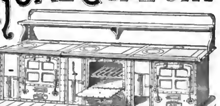
HOME COMFORT



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THE FIRST MINNESOTA INFANTRY MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG.
From a Photograph by Tipton.

IN MEMORY OF BRAVE MINNESOTA BOYS.

THE State of Minnesota, through a board of commissioners authorized by the Legislature, has erected a monument on the battle-field of Gettysburg to commemorate the deeds of the First Infantry, to be dedicated in the early part of October.

There have been wonderful charges in the great battles of the world, charges that still thrill the soldiers of the nations, charges that through succeeding generations have won, and still shall win, the admiring recognition of the tactician, the noblest lines of the historian, the rich and splendid imagery of the poet

Yet from the loins of this young commonwealth sprang a regiment of men who made a charge more wonderful in its daring, more terrible in its result, more rich in its legacy of loyalty, than any that preceded it—the most heroic charge of history.

The hot July sun was zenith-high upon the field of Gettysburg that direful day in the midst of the fiercest battle of the centuries. Gallant General Hancock, reaching the spot where the Union line was being forced backward, halting his furiously ridden horse, called out:

"What regiment is that?"
"The First Minnesota."
"Charge those lines!"

A charge into eternity that order meant. At double quick, without discharging a gun, with the concentrated fire of the Confederate army pouring a leaden rain of death upon them—at double quick, then at full speed, they charged into the enemy's advancing ranks. General Hancock saw that a five minutes' respite meant the arrival of re-enforcements and a turning of the tide of battle. He sacrificed this noble regiment in those fearful five minutes, and the position was held The charge saved the day, but eighty-two per cent of the men who made the charge were left on the field. Nearly every officer was dead or mortally wounded; of the two hundred and sixty two men who made the charge, two hundred and fifteen were shot down by the bullets of the enemy, forty-seven were still in line. Judge Lochren of Minneapolis, now Commissioner of Pensions, in his description of the charge, of which he was one of the very few survivors, says,

"The annals of war contain no parallel to this charge. In its desperate valor, complete execution, successful result, and its sacrifice of men in proportion to the number engaged, authentic history has no record with which it can be compared"

In *Regimental Losses in the American Civil War*, Colonel Fox says;

"The fighting was deadly in the extreme, the percentage of loss in the First Minnesota, Gibbon's Division, being without an equal in the records of modern warfare."

General Hancock, who ordered the terrible charge, is thus quoted:

"There is no more gallant deed recorded in history. I ordered those men in there because I saw I must gain five minutes' time. Re-enforcements were coming on the run, but I knew that before they could reach the threatened point the Confederates, unless checked, would seize the position. I would have ordered that regiment in if I had known that every man would have been killed. It had to be done, and I was glad to find such a gallant body of men at hand willing to make the terrible sacrifice that the occasion demanded."

It is to commemorate this most terrible charge of history that this monument has been erected

The completed monument cost $16,000.

W. S. HARWOOD.

A RAILROAD PROBLEM.

EMPLOYERS demand more of men in responsible positions than they did a score of years ago, and the employed not only demand but receive better and more considerate treatment than was formerly their portion. This has been brought about through competition—competition of various sorts—skill against skill, labor against labor, capital against capital. The result is a benefit to employers and employed, and to the general public as well. This change is most marked in the railway service in this country, as was pointed out in a semi-serious editorial in HARPER'S WEEKLY a little while ago, dealing with the difference between the brakemen of to-day and those of the olden time, and called "An Instance of Degeneration." Nowadays railroads require their men to be cleanly in person, neat in dress, polite in manner, and zealous in the discharge of their duties. Men of intemperate habits cannot meet these requirements for any length of time, and therefore very soon drop out of the service. On the other hand, men of the standard class require shorter hours of work, fair remuneration, and just and considerate treatment from superior officers. In the olden times the trainmen swore at the passengers, at the engine, at the track, at the brakes, at everything and at nothing, and they in turn were sworn at by superintendents, train-despatchers, and all others in authority These oaths may not have meant a great deal, but to a considerable extent they fixed the moral and social status of railroad men, who were, as a rule, as rough of speech as those who fought with the army in Flanders.

In the regeneration of manners and habits the railroad companies and the men employed have worked in harmony. The existing conditions required that there should be a change, and therefore the change effected itself to a great extent, but it has been made much easier by the assistance of a number of clubs in various railroad centres, managed to some degree by the Railroad Department of the Young Men's Christian Association. To these clubs the railroad companies contribute liberally both in erecting suitable buildings and in paying current expenses. The expenses for ninety-eight associations in 1891 were $147,399, and of this the railroad companies paid about one quarter. The companies do not go to this expense out of mere sentiment, of course for sentiment is something of which a soulless corporation is incapable, both in law and in fact. The corporations go to this expense because it pays them to do it. They are repaid by receiving better and prompter service from their men The men are repaid, because for a small outlay they can not only gratify the American fondness for gregariousness, but they get the use also of reading rooms, libraries, bath rooms, and gymnasiums. That they appreciate these privileges is shown by the fact that the Railroad Men's Building in Madison Avenue, New York, is visited daily by six hundred members. There is not a single social club in this same city with anything like so large an average attendance So much for the attendance at the largest and best-equipped of these clubs Now suppose we look at that in a small place. Hinton, in West Virginia, is a small division point on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, and the headquarters for about four hundred railroad men. During the year that ended with last November, the average daily attendance was 185 Any one who has had aught to do with the management of a club in a small city will appreciate how popular this railroad house in Hinton must be. Having the attendance of the largest club and one of the smallest stated, the reader will be readily able to form some idea of the attendance at the hundred clubs in existence. The average married man with his home easily accessible, and if that home be comfortable and cheery, does not feel the need of any other place of resort. But many railroad men are not married, and many of the married have not as bright homes as they would wish Twenty years ago the natural place to which such men would go was the neighboring saloon, for there there was more warmth, more light, more comfortable chairs in addition to the alluring drinks that dull the sense of pain. The well balanced man, hard of head and hard of heart, is impatient with those who, having no better place to go to, go to the saloons Such men will not sympathize particularly with the movement to give to railroad men the better place in lieu of the worse. But fortunately such men are nowadays not in any influential majority, so that these railroad clubs are likely within the next ten years to be so multiplied in numbers that the privileges will be open to all of the million or more men who will then be engaged in railroad work in America.

Any man in any of the branches of the railroad service is eligible for membership and no restriction whatever is made on account of religious belief. The idea of the managers of the railroad department and of local secretaries and assistants is to secure the attendance of men at the club where moral influences will be thrown around them, and where they will see for themselves the advantage of cleanly, sober, and upright living There is regular religious instruction at all of these clubs, to be sure, but it is not obligatory upon the members to attend The libraries, the reading-rooms, the gymnasiums, and the bath rooms—and the smoking rooms too—are just as open as and even more common than the chapels. The Jew, the Roman Catholic, or the Unitarian can make himself just as much at home as the Presbyterian, the Episcopalian, or the Methodist Indeed in a modified and limited form this is a practical test of Dr Rainsford's idea of church clubs for the people—clubs that will take the place of the saloons and groggeries as places of neighborhood resort In these railroad clubs, to be sure, neither beer nor liquor is sold, but there are lunch-rooms where good food is sold cheaply, there are smoking rooms and rooms for games, and indeed everything a reasonable man could want, except the wine the beer and the liquor

Now the railroad clubs have passed beyond the experimental stage They have proved themselves successful in two regards—they are popular with the men, they are useful to the companies If this be so why should not the same principle be applied by all large employers of labor, by the missionaries in the crowded parts of the great cities and by those zealous gentlemen who are seeking for the cause and cure of poverty. The shrewd managers of Tammany Hall in New York city calculate deliberately on the gregariousness of mankind, and they have made nearly every saloon in New York a branch club-house of Tammany Hall and in each neighborhood there is a Central Tammany Club as well. And so Tammany waxes stronger. It is well to learn lessons even from the Evil One. We have seen the good work done in the railroad club-houses we have seen the bad work done in Tammany liquor-saloon clubs. The lesson is obvious We should strengthen the good clubs and establish others on similar lines. Then the liquor saloons will have found serious opposition.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT AT LONG BRANCH
CHARLEY SHORT'S NEW STRAW HAT DECAPITATES A NATIVE.
[N.B.—The hat was not injured.]

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—MR. JOHNSON HIRES A ROLLER-CHAIR.

MRS. JOHNSON. "DO IT GO EASY, BRADY!"
MR. JOHNSON. "HIY'S DE MOSTEST LAB PLO'OHIN' COHN AN' HEIN' YOU' OWN MYLE OB ANYTIME I KNOWS OB."

ANNUAL MEET OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY

When you have become discouraged over the prospect of amateur sport maintaining the hale vigor of other days, with the pernicious influence of mere bicycling on one side, and the danger of degenerating into a mere tail to fashion's kite on the other—when, indeed, you have been taking yourself rather seriously, and reached the conclusion that your doll is all sawdust—pack up your grip instantly, and make a bee-line for the camp of the American Canoe Association. If you happen to have this attack at a time of the year when there is no Meet, hunt up the nearest canoeist of your acquaintance and "talk it over" with him.

If there is any surer and more thoroughly delightful manner of driving dull care away than idling a few days at the canoe camp, it needs a discoverer. Here the sportsman revels in the races, and rejoices that at least for a couple of days he has escaped the element of greed, becoming, alas! too apparent in so many branches of our sport; the layman saunters about the camp, attracted hither and thither by the picturesque flag decorations and the trim, graceful canoes, wondering perhaps, at the uniform good-nature that prevails everywhere.

A visit to the camp is a wholesome tonic of which our draughts cannot be too deep. It is one big family of from two to three hundred men and women on the very best of terms with one another. No one seems to have a thought for the morrow, except that it may bring forth successful races in the day, and a jolly camp fire at night. If these enviable canoeists have cares—and where is the happy mortal free of them?—at least they are not *en évidence*; they are put aside until after camp breaks up.

And these are pure sportsmen, these canoeists; none of your mug-hunting, tale-evading variety we all know too well. No occasion here for elaborate definitions of what constitutes an amateur. Every man is a sportsman, and a sportsman requires no legislation to prompt him on such questions, any more than does an honest man need an officer of the law at his heels to keep him from stealing. As a matter of fact, the honest man is the same whether posting accounts in a banking house, peddling a canoe, riding a bicycle, or playing football; the athlete who is dishonest in his sport only lacks the opportunity, or fears the consequences, to be likewise in his business. The bicyclist who evades the amateur law, makes false affidavits that he may continue to hoodwink the League of American Wheelmen officials, and cheat the public, would tamper with his employer's accounts with equal complacency were the occasion offering.

The only legislation touching an amateur in the American Canoe Association official book is where it provides that "any member who is guilty of ungentlemanly conduct, or of racing for money, shall be liable and may be expelled from the A. C. A.," and it is enough.

I had come near saying that canoeing is the only competitive sport absolutely pure, but while I will not go so far, I will certainly assert that it is the farthest removed from any unwholesome tendencies. Every man pays his own expenses, and the trophies are flags presented by different members of the Association, sometimes provided for by subscription among the more enthusiastic, and not infrequently the wives and sisters of the canoeists make and present them to the A.C.A. There is only one cup, and that was presented to the Association in 1886 by certain members to be a perpetual sailing trophy. It is practically the sailing championship of America, though canoeists do not call it so; but it is the most coveted prize, because it brings out the best racers, and the winner is usually the smartest sailor of the lot. Robert W. Gibson won it first in '86, and again in '87. Morton V. Brohaw got it by default in '88, and in '89, '90, '91, Ford Jones, the Canadian, secured it. Last year Paul Butler, who is a learned canoeist and a very clever sailor, thought by many the cleverest, won the trophy, and again this year, in fast time and heavy weather.

But these yarns are not attracted to the annual meet by the prizes; it is the sport and the good fellowship that bring them together, and give them two weeks adrift from the hurly burly of the daily struggle for existence in the city.

The American Canoe Association is not very aged, indeed, canoeing itself in this country, *v. s.*, the modern decked affair, is not over twenty-five years old. Of course the open Indian canoe is identical with the history of the red men, according to Mr. W. H. Stephens, who is the Homer and customian of the A. C. A., and one of the earliest canoeists as well as a skillful designer. The first stir came in '68 when several canoes were built here and a few imported. In '71 the New York Canoe Club organized with a membership of 20 and they were the first to institute annual cruises, but the fever spread, though clubs did not multiply, while the number of individual enthusiasts did. In 1880, August 3d, almost entirely through the efforts of Mr. N. H. Bishop, an adherent of small craft, the Association was organized with but 13 canoeists present. The bad luck which is popularly attached to this number has never been the A. C. A.'s, for it has steadily grown from that day to this. It was not long before divisions became necessary, until now there are four, located with reference to the leading water-courses rather than to political boundaries. The Association has now nearly 1300 members, divided among 115 clubs. Atlantic division, 30 clubs and 320 members; Central, 30 clubs and 308 members; Eastern, 31 clubs and 309 members; Northern (this division includes all Canada), 24 clubs and 167 members, and 81 associate members, these being largely women. The first three Meets, in '80, '81 and '82 were held on Lake George, at Crosbyside Park and Lorna Island, in '83 at Stony Lake, Ontario; '84, '85, and '86, Grindstone Island, of the Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River; '87, Bow-arrow Point, Lake Champlain; '88, Long Island, Lake George; '89, Stave Island of Thousand Islands; '90, Jessup's Neck, Peconic Bay, Long Island; '91 and '92, Willsborough Point, Lake Champlain; and in '93 at Brophy's Point, Wolf Island, of Thousand Islands.

These annual Meets are held usually the second and third weeks in August, and on especial occasions they are extended to three weeks, when the sport is particularly good, as it was in the '91 Meet at Willsborough Point, Lake Champlain.

The first week of the Meet is generally pretty well occupied in getting settled. Canoe-men and women arrive every day, some with no end of decorations of one kind and another for their tents, some with entire camping outfit, including all the cooking paraphernalia, but all with blankets and abundant good humor.

As an old camper, both with and without a tent (chiefly without), it afforded me much pleasure, and here and there a bit of amusement, to stroll through Brophy's Point last week and note the individual camps. There is no place where necessity so nearly becomes the mother of invention as in camp, and had I the gift of my friend Frederic Remington, some very interesting sketches might be produced here from the experience that is apt to leave us wiser though not necessarily sadder, as the old saw goes. I never found anything very sad in such experience, to be sure, there was a great deal of country out of doors, and on occasions it was a long time from one meal to another, when the elements or bolsters or "rustlers," together or singly, kept you too busy to attend to the mere incidentals of eating, but at least your food was unadulterated, the roof over your head limited only by the horizon, and all your enemies undisguised.

There were enough different ways of living at Brophy's Point this year to suit all kinds of campers. There was a general mess, which those who did not care to handle the skillet over their own camp fire might join at the reasonable figure of one dollar per day; there were several club messes, where half a dozen or so members joined in hiring a caterer; and there were half a dozen groups that "batched" together, which means, if my readers do not understand that relic of Western camping slang that two or three pooled their purses in purchasing eatables, and took their turns at being chief cook and bottle washer. There was even a wooden house on the island, where those of the gentle sex who did not care for tent life could find shelter, but I am pleased to record that although the percentage of women in camp was larger than usual, the wooden house found no tenants.

The old-time camper is becoming the exception each year more and more, the days of only a year or two back when no inconsiderable portion of the two weeks sport was furnished by the novice and the frying pan are waning so rapidly that probably in another year or two he will have become an extinct species. And more's the pity of it, for he is, as much as in the canoeing itself, was to be found a relaxation that toned us up wonderfully, and gave the spice of novelty to the usual daily routine to which we returned after it was all over. Moreover, it is to be hoped man will never cease to be a useful animal about camp, which distinction it looks now as if he was in a fair way of attaining if this his novitiate in the best of schools is deprived him. I know of no place so well calculated to test a man's handiness—and his disposition—as in a camp; really it is an excellent drill of his ability to cope with the smaller, but none the less annoying emergencies of life. It would be too bad for the old camper to become only a memory at the annual meet of the Association, and yet the pace at which we live is fast making him so. We cannot take our ease, even in our few stolen outings, as formerly—even only ten years ago. Business, that insatiable fiend, makes new demands on our time with each year added to our existence, we rush from our desk to the train with barely time to gather a few changes of linen, to say nothing of taking a camping outfit.

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Thus the daily and yearly press of business narrows our limits of recreation, we hurry from the office, and at the end of the few days hurry back again, to find an accumulation of work which makes us regret having gone at all. And is the game worth the candle? Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die—slightly misquoted but wise is the man in his own generation who has the disposition to follow the spirit if not the letter of the original.

And yet it seemed to me well worth while last week to stretch out on the grassy bank of Brophy's Point for a few hours watching those clever canoe sailor-men handle their speeding craft while other clever canoeists surrounding me tried their skill with another kind of craft on shore, which, if not so cranky, is said to be more dangerous. Some hardy mariners, indeed, for whose temerity I trembled, put their watermanship and gallantry to the severer test of a "quiet paddle" along the river banks. Now a "quiet paddle" be it understood by landsmen is the canoe vernacular for a nice little chat with her whose conversation interests you most, and I have yet in my travels to discover a more effectual preclusion to possible interruption. You are literally on the top wave, and if the suit be not successful, it certainly is not for want of auspicious surroundings, under no conditions is Cupid more artful than in a dancing canoe, silently guided by the wooer's cunning paddle. Neither is the fair passenger *hors de combat*; in fact she is no passenger at all, she is one of the crew of two, and from her vantage in the stern of the canoe goes where she will.

The mingling of the sexes is one of the happiest features of the Meet, and the fair sex are so important an element, that I doubt if the present success would attend the annual camp were they to withdraw their presence. "Squaw Point," as the women's quarters are called, is always located at the extreme end of the grounds from the men's quarters, and invariably the more attractively decorated. Nor is the gentle influence of the women confined to "Squaw Point"—it is noticeable from end to end of the encampment; they constitute the one bit of color that lightens the otherwise dull masculine landscape, and refines wherever it touches.

Probably the evenings are the most enjoyable of the Meet, for then it is that the camp is "at home" to the Association members. Perhaps an invitation has been posted on the official bulletin board, which is, by the way, the camp's open slate, extending the hospitality of some club's quarters, or those of some canoeist and his wife, to the members of the A. C. A., and thither they all go to spend the evening in song, music, or recitation; or perhaps there is to be a camp fire on the common meeting ground in front of the Commodore's quarters; every man and woman brings a stick, and the whole unite in a roaring blaze of good cheer that crackles in rivalry to the jollity of the laughing, chatting circle of canoeists round about it. Perhaps, again, there is no common entertainment, and the members make social pilgrimages here and there until weary muscles send them to early dreams and a well-rested to-morrow. Thus the days come and go all too fast, until the bugler sounds colors for the last time for a year.

The sensation of the racing week was the repeated winnings of Charles E. Archibald, of Montreal, Canada; he won several events, the most important being the unlimited sailing race. He is a very clever sailor. Of the cracks, there were in camp Paul Butler, D. S. Goddard, Howard Gray, F. C. Moore, W. W. Howard, George P. Douglass, and Charles E. Archibald, but the observed of all observers were the famous canoes *Wasp*, *Bee*, *V*, *Cricket*, *Mab*—which are to canoeing what *Genesta*, *Wasp*, *Vigilant*, *Constellation* are to yachting.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE SECOND RACE FOR THE ASTOR CUPS may be said to have finally disposed of at least one of the 85-footers built this year to defend the *America's* Cup against British invasion. The only two of the four to start were *Vigilant* and *Pilgrim*; *Jubilee* and *Colonia* had both left the Newport harbor, the former for Boston, the latter for Bristol, to be hauled out and have her new hollow boom slung. Much interest attached to what the *Pilgrim* would do in this race, since in each of the others accident prevented her finishing. There has been due unquestionably to the friendly feeling for her designers, a general disposition among yachtsmen, which this department has heartily seconded, to give the *Pilgrim* the benefit of every reasonable doubt on her first unsatisfactory performances. But after her showing against *Vigilant* on Tuesday of last week, in this second Astor race there seems not even the smallest peg on which to hang a hope of her yet proving a worthy rival of the other three. Notwithstanding the weather was to her liking, she began to fall behind from almost the very start. At no time in the race of thirty miles did she, so far as appreciable to the eye, hold her own, while her inferior windward work, as compared with that of *Vigilant*, created nearly as much astonishment as her bad turn around the Vineyard Sound light ship in the first Astor race.

WINDWARD WORK AND QUICKNESS in going about were supposed to be, before she shattered the illusion, *Pilgrim's* strong points, and that she should disappoint in both furnishes an excellent text for argument among designers. The layman sees what he sees, and cannot just fully comprehend why this boat, built quite on the lines of some of the most successful 21-footers of last year, should turn out so differently from the model. *Pilgrim's* lines are beautiful; much the most attractive of all the 85-footers, but handsome is, so the saying goes, as handsome does, and the Stewart & Binney boat loses her beauty gauged from that practical point of view. However, it would make an interesting debate were the designers to ventilate their views on the subject. Had *Pilgrim* made even a good second there would be nothing to create special wonderment, but since she is in theory the embodiment of speed, and in practice has turned out the reverse, we must continue to wonder until some farther experimenting enlightens us at what point theory and practice part company in reaching the desired result. Is her fin too deep and her sail spread too small? *Jubilee* has a fin somewhat after that of *Pilgrim*, though not so deep by nearly half, and a larger sail spread, and she is a success. There is time between now and the trial races for Stewart & Binney to join General Paine in his proclaimed thinking too but it is doubtful if they will be able to effect the radical changes which the *Pilgrim* seems to require before she can make a race with *Vigilant*, *Jubilee*, or *Colonia*.

THE SECOND ASTOR CUP RACE, and these cups by-the-way are for sloops only, resolved itself into a procession before half the ten miles of the first leg had been sailed. The two boats crossed the line on opposite tacks, and were at no time near together, *Pilgrim* holding inshore while *Vigilant* stood off. It was not a difficult matter, however, to note that the Morgan-Iselin boat was not only out-footing but out-pointing her rival. The first leg of the thirty miles was to windward, and the *Vigilant* continued steadily gaining until she rounded the mark two miles ahead of *Pilgrim*. The Stewart & Binney boat was sailed to better advantage on the second leg, she steered a straight course and her sails filled well, but it was all to no purpose, for the *Vigilant* kept on gaining and had increased her lead a little over four minutes and a half when she turned the second mark. On the run home the wind freshened a bit, and the *Vigilant* picked up and ran away entirely from the *Pilgrim*, finally crossing the line a winner by twenty-four minutes and a half, thus giving her the two handsome cups for which so much unsatisfactory sailing had been done.

The bad luck which attended the New York Yacht Club cruise and the cup races extended even to the Corinthian Club, of New York, Sweepstakes, which usually has all that can be desired in the way of a breeze and entries. After a couple of attempts, the storm that prevailed the first of last week finally necessitated the postponement of the race indefinitely; it will probably not be sailed now until after the trial races for the cup defenders, which begin September 5th, or it may be brought off in conjunction with them.

The *Valkyrie* is on her way to the United States and we shall soon have an opportunity of looking on the best and latest production of British yacht designing. *Navahoe* has not improved on her performances, and Americans are anxiously awaiting Captain Crocker's appearance at her wheel before deciding whether her best form has not been revealed, or whether she is the inferior boat her sailing has stamped her.

THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION'S Meet, held this year at Brophy's Point, Wolf Island, one of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence, showed a marked falling off in the number of entries in the races. The Northern division, which this year had the Meet in charge, did everything to make it a success, and succeeded in reaching a standard in point of camp accommodations that will be difficult to maintain unless the camp is continued at Brophy's Point, and there seems to be no good reason why it should not be. Heretofore it has been the policy of the Association to change its camp site at the pleasure of the division in charge each year, but it is a question if such a course is the wisest. The repeated change of location has worked no particular benefit to any one, and it has left the Association without an anchor to windward. Having now, therefore, in its dozen years of existence, tried all the available camping sites, and found none more accessible and certainly none half so attractive as Brophy's Point, it seems it would be a wise move to settle on that as the permanent meeting ground, at least for the time being. It is but a single night's journey on a line which maintains through fast train service, and it has furthermore the additional advantage of being close to canoeing headquarters in Canada, from which we draw many enthusiastic campers, if not racers.

IT IS RATHER CURIOUS THAT CANADA, where the canoe has been in use for hunting, racing, and pleasure long enough to become almost a national institution, should furnish so few racers at the annual Meet of the Association. It has turned out, comparatively speaking, very few racing men who could hold their own with any one of a half-dozen of our smartest sailors. Occasionally an exceptionally good one comes to the front, such as Ford Jones, who for three years was very successful, the Mackendricks, H. F. and W. G., whose names are among the record winners in the '80's and in '90; and this year in Charles E. Archibald, who made the best showing of any one man at the present Meet. He won the unlimited sailing event, the paddling race, was second in the tandem, and in the cruising race sailed in a full leg ahead of the next man, but was not awarded the race on account of some technicality.

IT IS TO BE HOPED HIS SUCCESS may tempt him to challenge for the International Cup, which will have no foreign competitor this year unless he comes to New York to try for it. Ford Jones made several attempts, but each year he had to sail against canoes that were the highest development of their day, and much faster than the comparative old-timer used by the Canadian. Mr. Archibald's *Mab* seems up to date. Paul Butler won the sailing Trophy race in the roughest waters it was ever won on, and proved again that he is probably the smartest all-round canoe sailor in this country, which is equal to saying in the world, as the English are much below us. Howard Gray was only fifteen seconds behind, and the rest all capsized. W. W. Howard had rather an unfortunate week of it, what with capsizing, damaging his canoe and finally injuring his foot. D. S. Goddard and F. C. Moore were little better off in the capsizing.

The absence of the war canoes and their paddling races were a loss to the meet that was universally regretted.

THE NATIONAL LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT, which began last week at Newport, and is being finished while we are on the press, emphasizes by the slight but appreciable improvement of general play in the preliminary and first rounds the desirability of encouraging sectional tournaments and provincial players. The fact that there were only a half-dozen more entries this year than last is neither here nor there, since it is a matter of slight importance. Just at this stage of the game's progress we have all the quantity we want; it is quality we wish now. The game is not yet half developed in this country, despite the length of time we have been playing it, and we must look sharp, or it may get into a condition similar to polo, where the few star players receive all the attention, and the second-rate men have little or no encouragement. Associations appear to ignore the fact that the stars are not fixed ones, and sooner or later drop out, to be replaced by one of the neglected second-raters, whose inferior form lowers the standard by just that much. It stands to reason that all the tennis players in the country of even fairly good form cannot come to Newport; but there is no reason why they should not all be encouraged to play at home and send on to Newport each year the best of the lot. There is no reason why a man who has won the United States championship for three consecutive years should be easily defeated by Englishmen not at the very top of the lawn-tennis ladder. And yet Mr. Campbell's experience abroad last year was just that, and he is a cool, heady player.

THERE IS MUCH AT FAULT with the present order of things, shown very clearly by the fact that there are about a dozen leading players, and that the rest in this great country are literally nowhere. This discrepancy is too great and it is one of several reasons why our standard of play is lower than the English. We cannot bring about any decided change in this respect in a season or two, but we can begin work in the proper direction, and the sooner the better for the prosperity of the game. Associations have a way all their own of pre-empting national jurisdiction without assuming, or at least without appreciating, the responsibilities of the title. If an organization sets itself up as the national sponsor of any sport, it must likewise work for the best national development of that sport, else it becomes a mere pretender. It is easy enough to pose as a dictator, it is quite another matter to be a wise ruler. In the case of the National Lawn Tennis Association the course seems a plain one. Let it be said, first of all, that the Association has already done much for the game, but there remains a great deal for it yet to do if it would fulfil the responsibility it has assumed.

It is not enough to hold its two championships annually and simply throw open the entry lists to the country. It must encourage and assist in the maintenance of sectional championships, not mere State affairs, where the provincial players may have an opportunity of meeting in a tournament that is a recognized fixture of the N. L. T. A., and where some provision is made to send the winner to the national tournament at Newport. There are dozens of tennis clubs throughout the country that would gladly send a representative to Newport were they encouraged to do so by the Association. In this connection the Rochester Club deserves recognition for sending the winner of its tournament, F. K. Ward, to the national. He will return an improved player, and next year either he or a still better representative will be the result. If every section in the country were likewise represented the progress of the next five years would much surpass that of the past five.

THE TWO MATCHES OF THE FIRST ROUNDS that were noteworthy were Hovey-Shaw and E. L. Hall-Sands contests, and they were chiefly so because of the good showing of the veteran Shaw against his much more skilful opponent, and the glimpses of Hall's play that gave hope of his attaining something of his old form before the tournament ends. Shaw is not in the same class with Hovey, as the first set showed, but in the second and third Hovey grew careless, and Shaw played some very good tennis, until once or twice it looked as if it would take four sets to settle the match, but Hovey finally won—6-0, 7-5, 7-5. After defeating the veteran J. S. Clark, 6-4, 6-3, 4-6, 6-3, Sands, who used to be among the leaders, was thought to have a chance with E. L. Hall out of form. Hall, however, braced at critical moments, and though missing some easy shots, finally won after a hard struggle—10-8, 3-6, 6-0, 4-6, 6-3. Of the other minor matches Richard Stevens beat the Chicago player, McCormick, after a harder match than it was thought the latter could put up—6-4, 3-6, 6-4, 7-5—and Budlong easily won from Bryan—7-5, 6-2, 6-0—who, it will be remembered, beat E. L. Hall at Bar Harbor. Such is the uncertainty of tennis!

THE MATCH OF THE FIRST ROUND to attract spectators, however, was that between Larned and Chace. At the Narragansett tournament Chace beat Larned, and his chances were considered good at Newport if Larned was a bit off in form, as he is apt to be. Chace began the first set, playing strongly, and lost no time in winning—6-2—completely outpointing Larned, but after one rally in the second set he weakened perceptibly, and was never afterwards in the game, Larned playing all around him and passing him at the net whenever he wished, or sending him to the back line by good lobbing. Chace was a very tired boy before the second set was over. Probably he will profit by his experience of this week, and next year not play hard practice games between his matches. Most players get all the practice they need in working their way through the tournament, and Chace particularly is of the disposition to need rest rather than work. He was clearly not at his best in his match against Larned, but even had he been, the chances are he could not have won.

Knapp's hard luck is proverbial, not in any year would he have stood so good a chance of reaching the final rounds as this one. The drawings could not have been better for him had they been to order. He would have had one or the other of the Halls, neither of them up to his form, and if a winner, as he very likely would have been, he would have gone to the semi-final round to meet the winner of the Hobart-Hovey match. He is detained at home by sickness in his family, and defaulted in the preliminary.

THE BEST MATCH OF THIS ROUND was between R. D. Wrenn and Marion Wright, and it proved an exciting one, from the fact that Wrenn was not at his best, while Wright fairly bloomed again. The first set was rather slow, Wrenn playing around his opponent and winning easily, but in the second Wright began passing Wrenn at the net and placing his strokes in a way that came near winning him the set. He kept at it for the next two sets, and won both, Wrenn the while making desperate attempts to gain the lead, and in his anxiety knocking balls into the net and out of court, while the steadier and more old-fashioned game of Wright kept winning him points. In the fifth set Wrenn probably realized his last chance to stay in the tournament had arrived, and he braced up and did much better work, easily winning though he had a struggle for it—6-2, 11-9, 4-6, 3-6, 6-4.

Stevens had an easy time with Charles Tete, Jun., winning without an effort in straight sets, 6-2, 6-0, 6-4, while S. T. Chase won with little more difficulty from Deane Miller, 6-3, 6-4, 6-3. They made rather an interesting match to watch for a few moments, both playing more the old-time game. Chase keeps up his form with astonishing facility, and is an example that the other veterans ought to follow. It is too bad our players drop out of the game so soon. Sitting about the courts at Newport this week are Sears, Slocum, and there are Beekman, Taylor, Huntington, and Campbell, all young men, and yet out of the game. In English tournaments one sees much older men playing, but it is a fact, however, that business does not absorb so much of their time as is the case with us.

A TAME MATCH BETWEEN HOVEY AND E. L. HALL showed that whatever hope the latter gave in his game against Sands, for a return to form, had fled in the night. Two or three times during the match he made a brilliant return, and an occasional rally seemed to have awakened something of the old fire, but it quickly burned out, and Hovey had a very easy time of it, winning in straight sets.

"PRACTICAL LAWN-TENNIS."—BY JAMES DWIGHT, M.D.—ILLUSTRATED.—16MO, CLOTH, PRICE $1 25.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

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6–3, 6–2, 6–1. Hall began the first set auspiciously, taking three games to Hovey's one, and he managed to make the play fairly even at the beginning of each set, but after that he was useless and Hovey passed him at the net repeatedly, and placed balls on the side lines wherever he wished.

While there was never any doubt as to the outcome, the Hobart-Budlong match furnished some interesting play, chiefly in the well-used strokes of Budlong. Hobart played listlessly, and put more balls into the net and out of the court than one would care to see in a player of his rank. Budlong, in a year or two's experience, is going to be a player who must be taken into consideration in the Newport outlook. He has very good strokes, and uses them to the best advantage. He is inexperienced now, as his play against Hobart showed, but there is a future for him. Hobart won in straight sets, 6–8, 6–1, 6–2.

Larned met an entirely new man to the Newport courts in F. K. Ward, and though he defeated him handily, 6–2, 6–2, 6–3, Ward showed some excellent strokes, and proved that the provincial players are learning the game fast, and are in need of encouragement more than anything else. He is a member of the Rochester Club, and won their recent tournament; they sent him down as their representative, and in so doing showed the first fruits of even the slight encouragement the National Lawn-Tennis Association has accorded country clubs.

V. G. Hall had an indifferent opponent in F. Whitall, whom he readily defeated, 6–2, 6–3, 6–2, and showed some pretty tennis in doing so. V. G. Hall, when in any kind of form, is a consistent player.

THE FOURTH ROUND ON SATURDAY brought together Wrenn and Stevens, Chase and Candler, Hovey and V. G. Hall, Hobart and Larned, and of these the latter furnished the most interesting match. Hobart started off in the first set at a pace Larned could not solve, and had it won before the latter appeared to get warmed up to his work. The first and second games of the second set Larned won on his opponent's returns out of court, but Hobart got earnestly at work, and earned four straight games, bringing the score up to 4–2 in his favor. Larned's swift returns and pretty placing down the lines gave him the next two games, but here he remained, although making a good fight, Hobart taking the next two games and the set. Larned went into the third set at a great rate, while Hobart was not at his best, and with his favorite cross-court drive played all around his opponent, when he allowed but three games.

THE MOST EXCITING SET of this tournament was the fourth of this match, and it was close from the first to the last stroke. Larned kept up his pace of the previous set, but Hobart was playing stronger, and made the result doubtful up to the very winning point. The first game went to Larned, the next two Hobart got by heady play, and then Larned had one of his brilliant streaks, and made the score 3–2 in his favor. Hobart was in great form in the next game, which he won, but simply gave the following one to Larned on bad returns, though he redeemed himself in winning two straight by great work, and bringing the score 5–4 in his favor. With the score 5–4 against him, Larned began a series of brilliant strokes that have not been surpassed at Newport this year, and though Hobart was playing strongly, making some beautiful returns of very hot service, Larned won three straight games and the set. At the pace Larned was playing, the deciding set and match looked more his way than Hobart's at this time, but the latter put on a spurt that won him point after point, while Larned gave a practical illustration of the erratic side of his tennis form, returning into the net and out of court persistently, and finally giving Hobart the winning point on an out. Hobart showed better form than in any of his previous matches lately, fairly earning his victory on superior all-round work, and proving that in form he should never be defeated by Larned in a five-set match. Score—6–3, 6–4, 3–6, 5–7, 6–2.

THE WRENN-STEVENS MATCH furnished a mild surprise in the ease with which the former won—6–1, 6–2, 3–6, 6–2. It may be said to be, in fact up to this writing (Saturday,) the only surprise of the tournament, and it will probably retain that distinction, for there are likely to be no surprises in the remaining matches. Wrenn simply walked through Stevens in the first two sets, and gave the first glimpse of his true form we have had at Newport this year. He held his opponent even on the latter's strongest game, back-line play, and when he went to the net he placed all around Stevens, and had him completely at his mercy. Stevens created a sensation once by actually running to the net and, what's more, successfully placing the ball. He has very likely come to the conclusion that he must forsake his present tactics of clinging exclusively to back-court play, and next season we shall not be surprised to see him using the modern combination. Wrenn let up in the third set, and Stevens outpointed him two to one, but he struck his gait again in the fourth, and carried all before him.

HOVEY EASILY WON THE FIRST SET of his match with V. G. Hall; and while he became careless in the second, putting innumerable balls into the net, Hall picked up and played rattling good tennis. In fact he did some very pretty work in both the second and third sets, and played a consistent game throughout. He was not in his last year's form, or, more correctly speaking, condition. Had he been, Hovey would been called on to play five instead of four sets to win. Hall handled Hovey's swift returns very cleverly, and held his own on the rallies, though in the end showing his lack of form by lobbing out of court so frequently: score 6–2, 5–7, 8–6, 6–2.

Candler was no match for Chase, who won more or less easily, 6–2, 6–3, 6–4. Both these men were favored by the drawings, neither having had a formidable opponent.

It was expected Budlong (Harvard) would win the Interscholastic Championship after his showing the last few weeks. Thompson (Princeton) was hardly up to Budlong's strong strokes, and lost in straight sets.

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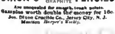

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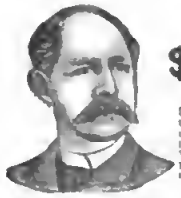

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVII.—No. 1916.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1893.

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A LESSON IN POLITICS.

HE was a wise Congressman who, having preached free silver coinage for many years, and then, finding himself face to face with an overwhelming current of public opinion demanding the unconditional repeal of the silver purchase law, resolved to vote for repeal without making a speech, saying that it would be "a heap more difficult to explain a speech to his constituents than to explain a vote." Indeed, some of those who, less wise than he, thought it necessary to prove their consistency in being prudently inconsistent have succeeded only in exhibiting themselves before the public as awful warning examples. This is especially true of Senator VOORHEES, from Indiana, and our own Senator DAVID B. HILL. That a man like Mr. VOORHEES should have become the chairman of the Committee on Finance in the Senate of the United States, and thereby the leader of that august body as to all things financial, seems a strange whim of fate. No man having mastered the merest rudiments of financial science can read the speech delivered by Mr. VOORHEES in favor of the repeal of the silver-purchase clause without a sort of melancholy amusement. It proves one thing conclusively, and this is not only that Mr. VOORHEES has not the slightest conception of the first principles of financial science and of the teachings of financial history, but also that a mind so constituted as his is will probably never be able to grasp them. His plan of national finance is so childlike in its ideas of banking and currency, as well as in its flaming rhetoric, that we may wonder how the man capable of putting it forth could arrive at so sound a conclusion as to the necessity of repealing the silver-purchase clause without by the same act substituting for it some other adventurous scheme. For his sound conclusion Mr VOORHEES is pardoned much; but he certainly would have served his own reputation better had he confined himself to a simple statement that the business community, giving voice to the public interest, imperatively demanded the repeal of the silver purchase clause, and that in obedience to that demand all contradictory financial theories had to get out of the way.

The case of Senator HILL is different. As a financier he is, indeed, not superior to Mr. VOORHEES. It is even doubtful whether the financial wisdom which from time to time he pours forth in floods of darkness belongs to himself or to somebody else. But he has a controlling motive in his political life, which is to take revenge upon the American people in general, and the present administration in particular, for the wrong done him by making not DAVID B HILL but GROVER CLEVELAND President of the United States. His ruling impulse is, therefore, to make himself as disagreeable as possible to the administration, and to oppose every measure it wishes to carry through, no matter how the public welfare may be affected. This feeling prompted him to strike an alliance with Senator PEFFER, the Populist, in their recent attempt to show that the administration was not doing its duty with regard to the national banks, and to break down the national banks incidentally. The universal cry of indignation called forth by this attempt may have convinced Senator HILL that he had been on the point of drawing general execration upon himself, and that he could not afford to oppose the policy of the administration concerning the unconditional repeal of the silver purchase clause. But he yielded to the imperative demand of public opinion with such demonstrative ill grace as to turn his very support of the policy of the administration into an almost undisguised attack. He exhibited himself as the very embodiment of impotent malignity. Senator HILL, too, would have done infinitely better for himself had he voted for the repeal bill without a word of explanation, for the favor his speech may have gained him among the "cheap-money" men is certainly overbalanced by the aversion it excited among his own constituents.

But there are a good many men of a more decent stamp in Congress whose embarrassment under present circumstances is owing only to their own weakness and want of courage. It is a matter of experience that the rapid spread of financial heresies among the people is always in great part caused by the facility with which those who should be the leaders of opinion among their neighbors, and who might as such exercise a very powerful and healthy influence, permit themselves to be swept along by any movement appealing to selfish interests. By amiable yielding to what they may consider at the time harmless popular notions the politician thinks he can make friends and avoid unpleasant controversy. The consequences sometimes come home to him in a most troublesome fashion. The cry for the payment of the national bonds in depreciated greenbacks shortly after the close of the civil war, the paper-money inflation craze a few years later, and the silver craze in our days would never have grown so formidable had not politicians who knew better, and even statesmen of high standing, instead of presenting a resolute front against such heresies, feebly acquiesced in them or sought popularity by openly countenancing them, contrary to their own convictions. There was in his time no public man more influential with the people of his State than Senator MORTON, from Indiana, a man of remarkable ability. When the cry for more irredeemable paper money arose, he yielded to it. Carried on by the current, he became a pronounced advocate of inflation. He thought he made a very strong point in the debate of the Senate on this question when he said: "Senators say that the plain people do not understand this thing. But they think they do, and they want more paper money." The truth is that there would have been but very few of his people to think so had Senator MORTON at the beginning of the movement used his great power in stemming the current instead of swelling and accelerating it. He lived to see the day when, to his great mortification, his people had to be told that they did not "understand this thing," and that for the good of the country and their own they had to accept a policy directly opposite to that which their great leader had been advocating.

But one of the most striking if not pathetic examples of the dangers apt to be brought on by an easily yielding disposition is furnished by Senator SHERMAN. There is no man in active political life surpassing him as an authority on financial questions. That he is a devoted patriot, and has the honor of the country too sincerely at heart to favor anything like a repudiation of the nation's debts, no fair-minded man will doubt. He has rendered the country excellent service as a Secretary of the Treasury and as the leading member of the Senate Committee on Finance. Yet his disinclination to resist apparent currents of popular opinion betrayed him many years ago into countenancing the movement for paying off the national bonds in greenbacks, and the same infirmity caused him in 1890 to compromise with the free silver-coinage men in Congress upon that famous silver-purchase law which has recently done the country so much mischief. And, as if to visit upon him a punishment of exquisite cruelty, fate fastened his name to the ill-starred law which no man has been more anxious to repeal than he; and so it will stand as the child of his statesmanship in the history of our times.

The most important teaching of our recent struggles is that all those who yielded their better impulses to a heresy which appeared to be supported by a popular movement will never cease to deplore their weakness, while those who apparently risked their political lives in firmly resisting it throughout came out of the contest with the pride of true manhood and the laurel of victory. Had the weaker brethren acted like them, the country might have been spared its bitter trials. We have learned once more that the people are neither fools nor knaves, that they will act wisely and justly if the light is properly held up before them, and that he is not only the best patriot, but also the shrewdest politician, who always appeals to the good sense of the popular mind and to the honest impulses of the popular heart.

THE DUTY OF THE ANTI-SNAPPERS.

THE Democratic bosses have determined the date and place for their State Convention. The men who have fixed upon these preliminaries are Senators HILL and MURPHY, Mr. CROKER, and Lieutenant-Governor SHEEHAN. These men, who have brought just odium upon the Democratic party, are still at the head of its councils. The men who, under the lead of ex-Secretary FAIRCHILD, vanquished the machine in the Syracuse movement, have apparently determined to make no contest within the party against the bosses.

No good citizen wishes to see either of the great political parties under the command and subject to the power of corruptionists. Whether we are Democrats or Republicans, we are interested in seeing both our own and our opponents' parties under pure leadership. Therefore the continuance of this quartet of bad men at the head of the Democratic organization is a general scandal, and all good citizens of both parties ought to do their utmost to purge the Empire State of its disgraceful bondage to a gang of political bandits.

There is no doubt as to what the people will do. The present Democratic bosses have lost the State. So long as they remain at the head of the organization, whose voters they doubtless misrepresent, they will simply assist the Republicans to return to power. The State has had enough and more than enough of them. The voters of New York are against Tammany, against State stealing, against debauched Legislatures, against tainted judges, against HILL and MURPHY and CROKER and SHEEHAN. Judge MAYNARD cannot be elected unless the Republican boss nominates a worse man as his opponent.

There is, however, a duty due to the State that ought to be performed before the people are called upon to decide the issue at the ballot-box. The nominations of MAYNARD, DANFORTH, RICE, and of all Democrats who are connected with the crime of stealing the State, or who are closely allied with the present disreputable leaders of the party, should be prevented if possible. The warfare against these people should begin in their own convention.

This is a duty which is owing to the State by Mr. FAIRCHILD and the men who followed him to Syracuse. As good citizens they ought to exert their power as Democrats for the preservation of the State from such candidates as the bosses will nominate. They proved their power in their party in 1892 by securing the protest of 250,000 Democratic voters against the snap convention that presented HILL to the country as New York's choice for the Democratic nomination. Having done that much, they cannot rest in self-satisfaction. They owe it to themselves and to their State to put an end to the base leadership of the party which last year carried New York for the Democratic candidates for President and Governor. They ought themselves to assume a leadership that is clearly theirs if the wishes of the Democratic voters of the State are to be consulted. If the trickery and corruption of the bosses shut them out of the primaries, and thus out of the conventions, it is their duty to organize new committees and to carry their opposition into the open field of the election.

Either at the primary and the convention, or at the polls, the Democrats who represent the better purposes of their party, who struggled for and secured the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND, notwithstanding the solid machine delegation that stood behind Mr HILL, should prevent the consummation of the mutinous of the machine, prevent it for this year and for all time to come. The people can beat the machine's candidates; but the anti-snappers can smash the machine itself, and leave its managers without a place in politics.

So long as the HILL-MURPHY CROKER SHEEHAN machine lasts, New York will afford splendid opportunities for independent politics, in which the anti-snappers will have a great part to play within the Democratic lines. They undoubtedly represent a majority of their party. It is for the interest of the State that they and not the present bosses should lead. Their problem is to make the desires and purposes of the majority behind them effective. Will they undertake the labors and the sacrifice?

MR. CURTIS AND ASHFIELD.

THAT was a noble and significant tribute that was paid to the memory of Mr. CURTIS on August 24th in the little hill town of Ashfield, Massachusetts, where for so many years he had made his summer home. It was the day on which it has been customary to have a dinner and addresses in the interest of the Sanderson Academy, and this year the occasion fell within a week of the anniversary of Mr CURTIS's death. The dinner was presided over by Professor CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, and among the speakers were Mr. FLOWER and the Rev. C. B. F PEASE of Ashfield, President HALL of Worcester, and the Hon. WAYNE MACVEAGH.

Mr NORTON spoke from the fullness of personal love and knowledge, the fruit of a friendship of forty years—a friendship which, in its depth, steadfastness, and purity, was of the rarest value, and we may be permitted to add, in the light of the testimony to Mr. CURTIS's character that has been given since his death, of great honor, in both "He had," said Mr. NORTON, "a social nature, a public spirit He had no selfish end. The good of the community was the good for which he cared. The public interest was for him his own interest, and he sought it with an uprightness of purpose, a clearness of vision, a devotion of great gifts, and a assiduous of labor which knew neither weariness nor impatience nor intermission."

This is a very strong statement. We believe that it is literally true. There remains in the public mind, and even in the minds of those who knew him, so vivid an impression of Mr CURTIS's grace, his gentleness, his wit, and charm, that the other, the sterner qualities of his nature are to some extent obscured But to those who knew him intimately he was known to be as steadfast, laborious, and patient, as firm in the pursuit of his object, as unmoved and immovable by either difficulty or distraction or lassitude, as the severest and least companionable of men And these two differing phases of his nature were wholly reconciled by the simple sincerity of both.

Mr MACVEAGH spoke of Mr CURTIS, as was just, in a tone of triumphant recognition of the great and lasting success of his life. Referring to Mr. CURTIS's splendid labors in the cause of civil service reform, he said, "In these years such devotion to the noble standard of civic duty could not fail to win him the admiration and affection of great numbers of his fellow-countrymen and fellow-country women If that is not success, I do not know what is If his has not been a successful and triumphant life under the conditions of America to-day, what could be successful and triumphant?" The question answers itself.

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WEST POINT DISCIPLINE.

The other day at Chicago three of the West Point cadets disobeyed orders. One of them was the captain of the first class, and he would have remained captain until the end of his course if he had not offended. He and his two comrades left the camp without permission. Their punishment was very severe. They were put under arrest and were confined in the guard-tent. As to the captain, the commandant of cadets reduced him to the ranks. He will graduate as a private instead of an officer, and he is lucky in being able to graduate at all.

The lesson is severe, but it is wholesome, and the intelligent people of the country will applaud the stern maintenance of discipline. These young men are to be the future officers of our army, and if they do not understand and practise obedience themselves, how can they exact it from the soldiers under their command? The young men who were guilty of this breach of discipline will doubtless find plenty of apologists, their youth and their unaccustomed surroundings being the principal ones, but no boy is so young as not to know the difference between what is honorable and what is dishonorable, and the boy who has the right kind of stuff in him will always make the right choice when the moral alternative is presented to him.

The discipline that is maintained at West Point is thorough. It may seem to soft-hearted people to be hard on the youngsters, but those who think this are the injudicious spoilers of children, and the country does not want at the head of its armies the self-indulgent men who were spoiled in their childhood. The youth of those who are destined for a military career must not be filled with pleasure-seeking. It must be self-restrained and sincere. The training may be open to the objection that it is narrowing, but so is the military career narrowing as compared with other careers. Fighting men are not often the flower of our civilization, although they may be. Any occupation like that of an American army officer, in which work is not essential to promotion, is narrowing to the average man. It requires great ambition to induce an officer to surmount his comfortable obstacles. But there are compensating advantages, and the young men who are educated at West Point under the rigid discipline of which we have had an example at Chicago are likely to be gentlemen—truth-loving, frank, open-minded, and dutiful.

The military and naval academies at West Point and Annapolis are among the few public institutions where the government work is carried on intelligently and conscientiously. Evidently the standard of discipline at least is maintained at West Point. The three young men who suffered for their outing were dealt with wisely, and not only they but their fellows and successors will be the better soldiers for their punishment.

REFORM MOVEMENTS OUT WEST.

The report of the Health Department of Denver for 1892 announced the death rate for that year to be 18.70. It was 22.6 in 1890. Typhoid fever, once the terror of that community, is credited with only 64 deaths, as against 99 in 1891 and 263 in 1890. There is a moral behind this excellent showing, and to point it out we am carried far away from sanitary statistics into a study of municipal experiments out West.

The Western cities have nearly all experimented more or less with reforms in governmental methods, and in the main the results have been good. A favorite resource in those cities has been to correct mismanagement by removing the heads of important bureaus beyond local political influence through appointments by the Governor or the courts. In Chicago the people point with most pride to the work of the park boards, which are practically branches of the State government rather than of that of the city, since some of the commissioners are appointed by the Governor, and others by the judges of the Circuit Court. There are three sets of these commissioners, but all are regarded alike, and each has its own separate territory to look after. With millions to spend, extensive and elaborate parks and boulevards to develop and maintain, and with a small army of employés under them, the business men on these commissions have an performed their work that the people are very proud of it. Politics have not governed the making of appointments by them, or been considered an excuse for turning out faithful men or for creating unnecessary places. Not a hint of a rong doing has marred the performance of their duties by these commissioners.

In our Western cities the parks are always especially favored by public interest and pride, and in Omaha also the political spoilsmen have lost the Park Board and its "patronage." There the commissioners are the appointees of the District Court. Omaha is constructing three new parks, with a system of parkways to connect all her pleasure grounds. This great work is projected upon a plan commensurate with the size and importance of the city. The character of the men who compose the Park Board is what we find it in similar bodies elsewhere. Politicians have given way to professional and business men of good and sometimes high repute in all the boards thus appointed in the leading cities.

In Denver, as was recently pointed out in these columns, the fire and police forces have been put under the control of one commission, whose members the Governor appoints, and the department of public works of Denver is also headed by men appointed in the same way. This was brought about by a community which changed its politics when it was aroused against the miscule of a political ring. Because of the same evils in a lesser degree, Omaha reformed her government in 1889. The fire and police departments were put under one board, which also holds the licensing power over the liquor traffic. In both cities the fire and police commissioners are empowered to appoint all their subordinates, from the fire chief to the brakers, and from the superintendent of police to the station-house doormen.

This plan of forming municipal bureaus by appointments that am to a great extent removed from the control of the people is contrary to the theory that those who are governed should be solely responsible for their government. It sets at naught the principle of home-rule for cities. It is resorted to in order to thwart the aims and bargains of local political cliques which demand of their beneficiaries allegiance to the "machine" first and to the people last. The plan worked well in Denver so long as a good Governor was in office; but since the Populists elected Governor WAITE he has succeeded in demoralizing thoroughly the departments which had hitherto been efficient. The great defects of the plan are, first, that it is only good when you can be sure of a good Governor, and second, that under it the Mayor of the city is not the real executive head, and is not responsible for the good government of the municipality of which he is the titular chief. Those who hold that the people should be aroused and educated to make self-government successful will point to the wonderful improvement in the vital statistics of Denver to prove that their plan is practicable. In that city, where, as we have seen, the voters have thrown part of their responsibility upon the Governor of Colorado, the most remarkable reform has not been due to this course, but has been brought about by themselves through their Health Department. Under an earnest Mayor, whom the people elected, this department first interested the leading physicians. Many of them constituted themselves an advisory committee, and one gifted and forceful man—a retired practitioner—served until his death, without pay, as the Health Commissioner. With the aid of several earnest and talented lieutenants, he worked for the health of Denver that revolution to which the statistics bear witness. Perhaps no gain to any Western city that has attempted reforms is as important as this improvement of the health of a great community, and it is as great a gain to the cause of enlightened self-government.

THE CAKES AND ALE PROBLEM.

"Toil, young men, toil!" cries M. ZOLA. "Work is the one great law of the world which leads organized matter slowly but steadily to its unknown a goal."

Not the only law, gifted contemporary. Putrefaction may lead organic matter to a sort of goal, but not a nice one, to be sure. It is worth while always to make sure that our work is work, and not some lively putrefying process that merely looks like it.

But if work is the sun great law, with the alternative of some form of rot, where do the cakes and ale come in? There must be cakes and ale. Even a ZOLA will admit that. They form a useful element, supplementary to the more essential processes, the important question in regard to them being whether they are to supplement work or the process of rot. The student of the problem of life has to determine not merely whether with him it is to be all work or all cakes and ale, but the more complicated question whether it is to be work for the sake of the cakes and ale, or cakes and ale for the sake of the work. To choose pleasure outright as the end of existence is clearly enough to prefer the putrefactive process to that of laborious development. To choose work for the sake of the cakes and ale is certainly better, as to toil in a tread-mill is better than to stand still. One does not rot in a tread-mill, even if one's progress is unsatisfactory. But the people who get on seem to be those whose heart's first choice is work, to be supplemented incidentally by such tributary fun as happens along.

The man who thought that life would be endurable if it were not for its pleasures, must have arrived at that sentiment after long and painful efforts to hit upon a kind of work that would least interfere with a large experience of unrelated amusements. That is a sort of effort that has been constantly going on ever since the mass of mankind recognized its obligation to earn its bread by the sweat of its brow. It is not too much to say that what the average man regards as the most delectable arrangement is the one that combines the maximum of beer and skittles with the minimum of grind. It is a pity that the average man should be so persistent in this sort of prediliection. It is as though when he sat down to his dinner and read the bill of fare he should aim to order the least possible amount of beef that would make a decent prelude to a grotesque indulgence in pie. Pie in its place is a good thing. It tastes pleasant enough in his mouth, and may help to fatten him a little; but it doesn't make him strong as beef would. The man who is willing to eat a little beef if it is on the dinner card, but who has got to have pie at any rate, is just about on a par with the man who does not refuse to work if it is inevitable, but who cannot endure with any sort of complacency even a moderate amount of labor unless there is a raft of diversion thrown in. If the pie eater really enjoyed his dinner more than the boarder whose mainstay is beef and potatoes there would be something to say for his choice. But he doesn't. The man who eats beef likes pie; but the man whose mainstay is pie finds beef an oppressive diet, troublesome to take and more troublesome to digest, so that finally he foregoes beef altogether, sticks exclusively to pie, and winds up as a dyspeptic invalid, who is lucky if he is not too enfeebled to earn any dinner at all.

Young man, stick to beef. If pie comes your way, well and good; but don't get out of breath running after it. Even in these hard times it is a simple matter to find honest work for you if you can find substantial happiness in that; but if it must be arranged that any work that you may do must be abundantly offset by elaborate pleasures, it becomes a troublesome problem whereabouts in the work-a-day world you are to find your place. How vast an advantage over his fellow has the man who does not require to be expensively amused! It is not requisite that he should cling perpetually at his task. It is easy, and a common experience, for too persistent application to defeat its own end. All work and no play has its traditional disadvantage and is not to be desired. What is desirable is the sentiment of satisfaction in due labor opportunely performed—the sentiment that to toil progressively, according to one's strength and ability, is felicity in itself, and not a mere purgatorial condition precedent to life pleasures.

UNIFORMS AND HEARTS.

The peculiar influence of the masculine uniform upon the feminine heart is best studied at this season of the year. Not that this influence seems to be any greater in summer than in winter, but that individual instances of the occurrence of the phenomenon are rather more numerous, and are also usually more public, and therefore more easily observed by the student. It is now generally held by those who have studied the subject the closest that the devastation wrought by the military and naval uniform on the female heart reaches its maximum some time in the latter part of August.

It is curious the amount of ignorance which prevails upon this subject in many quarters. We do not mean ignorance as to the causes of the phenomenon, for they lie deep and are but imperfectly understood even by men who have devoted close attention to the question, but ignorance in regard to its effects, and of the facts in connection with its appearance. Indeed, we presume that it is only the man trained to close scientific observation, and the one who has met and been vanquished by the uniform, who duly realize the enormous influence which the uniform has on the heart of the sex. Statistics show that, given two men in a struggle for the heart and hand of a marriageable woman, one of them wearing the uniform of an officer of the army or navy and the other the ordinary clothes seen in good society, the plain citizen has but one chance in ten of winning. (See Reports of the Massachusetts Anthropological Soc., vix., 327. 1891.)

Nor do we find the havoc wrought by the uniform confined to any one class of society. It is estimated, from what appears to be trustworthy data, that in a struggle of a truck-driver and a policeman for the favor of a nurse maid, let us say, the driver has but one chance in seven to win. If a street-car conductor is substituted for the truck-driver we find his chances raised to one in four, but the car-conductor usually wears a sort of a quasi-uniform, which no doubt accounts for the increase in his chances. Nor is it confined to any particular region, for, to change the locality and the examples as well, we find that the cowboy stands but one chance in three when brought into contest with the private soldier for the affections of a ranchman's daughter. (Prof. Snifter, in Paper read before the Denver Soc. for Scientific Research. 1893.)

Naturally the observation of so striking a scientific fact as this has called out many attempts at its solution. The most common of these is that it is not the uniform, *per se*, which affects the female heart as powerfully, but the occupation which it stands for, it being maintained by those holding this view that the said occupation is always one of danger, and that danger appeals to the softer sex. At first sight there seems to be much in this explanation, but its weak points are so many that it finally falls to the ground. In the first place, the danger suffered by, let us say, the navy in time of peace is slight. Tense, the discharge of champagne corks is often formidable, but the damage resulting to the service from them amounts to but little. The profession of the civil engineer, for example, may often entail more danger than the holding of a commission in the army. The dash and *éclat* supposed to go with a uniform are also pointed out as augmenting the heart enthralling powers of the wearer. But the chief stock in trade of the cowboy is *éclat*, while the private soldier hath no *éclat* at all. The truck driver has more dash than the street-car conductor, still his chances, as we have seen, are smaller. The true solution must be sought elsewhere.

We are of opinion, and we desire to place our views squarely before the scientific world, that the real reason for the difference lies in the uniform itself, and not in the occupation of the wearer. A uniform, we believe, strikes a responsive chord in the female heart, and for a natural reason, and one capable of demonstration. It is a fact known to everybody that it is in the human species alone that the male is found wearing the soberer dress. Everywhere in the animal kingdom we find the male to be the one which is gorgeously arrayed, if either be so. We may instance the brilliant peacock as contrasted with the subdued peahen, the superb lion with the plain lioness; the flashing fire fly with the feeble glowworm. It is only in the human species that we find matters reversed, and the male going about in a sober and even unnoticeable and unattractive, if not actually repulsive, dress. This is a wholly artificial state of things. Man, the civilian, has foolishly reversed the wise order of nature, and deliberately does all he can to render himself unattractive. What wonder, then, that when a normal man—a gaudy naval officer, for instance—appears, that the ordinary business or professional man stands no sort of show? It is like a peacock which has lost his tail and slept in the ash barrel trying to compete with a full-fledged rival for the good graces of the demure but retiring hen. What chance would a bald lion have? or a dark fire-fly?

We cannot see where civilian man can turn for sympathy. He has brought this thing upon himself. He has no one to blame but himself. He ought to have known how it would be, and if he did not he certainly ought to have seen long ago. Instead of listening to absurd explanations from lumbering scientists, he ought to have risen up and put on a uniform like a fish market. There is no reason why the lawyer or doctor or business man cannot be as gorgeous as an admiral of the fleet. Even a clergyman might dress like a lieutenant general if he chose, though the innovation would be considerable. But, innovation or not, this is the only way that the civilian has to put himself on an equal footing in matters touching the affairs of the heart with the magnificent and resplendent members of the army and navy.

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A NOTE ON STAINED GLASS.

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

STAINED glass shares to some extent the power of mural decoration, a form of art to which it is, indeed, closely related. It lifts an artist into a sphere of larger outlines and more imposing effects than he can produce, as a rule, on the level of easel painting. This fact is, I think, the most important to be observed in connection with the art of the worker in glass. The test to be applied to a polychromatic window would seem to be primarily a test of color; yet the faculty which will make a window a work of art where the absence of it would leave the production a mere article of manufacture is the faculty of design. That faculty, moreover, must be trained along certain special lines. It is not sufficient, though it is peculiarly essential, that the artist have a pictorial instinct. It is necessary that his decorative and especially his architectural faculties be also highly developed. Mr. Lafarge illustrated this proposition very pointedly not long ago in the extraordinarily beautiful windows he designed for the Church of the Ascension in New York. He made them compositions which satisfied every canon of the picture painter's art, and at the same time he exercised such tact in the massing of his backgrounds and the disposition of his figures that there is no violence experienced in the transition from window to wall.

An artistic window is not an independent unit framed harmoniously, or otherwise, in masonry or wood-work like an enlarged picture on canvas. It is an integral part of the wall which it pierces. Not always is this apprehended. I have seen among recent window designs to which allegorical titles had been given, but which were nothing more nor less than portraits of fair women daintily surrounded by floral decorations. This is pretty, but it is not art. In view of the tendency toward the employment of motives of this sort, the appearance of a window which fulfils the requirements of a sound work of art is always, in its way, an event to be recorded. Such a window—the "Thompson Memorial," reproduced on this page of the WEEKLY—is now being placed in St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church in Troy, New York. It is the adaptation in glass of a painting of the Annunciation, by a German artist named Deger. Of its color the briefest description gives a rather attractive translation. A dark bluish green, picked out with gold, predominates in the base and canopies. The Virgin wears a robe of rich blue with facings of rose, and the thick hair falling on her shoulders adds an auburn note to the effect. The angel is in pale green and white, and both figures are visible against a background suffused with luminous golden light. Add to this that the glass used is opalescent material, touched with pigments only where flesh appears, that it is accordingly transparent, and you have an inkling of what the window is like, regarded as a mass of tone.

The color means much. But what I would especially point out is the architecturally decorative character of the design. In the original painting the figures are placed before a curtain. In the window the artist has ingeniously substituted for the drapery one of those graceful arcades which you will find in representations of the Annunciation by Fra Angelico and other Italian painters. This expedient, by permitting the introduction of landscape, increases the depth of the perspective. The arches also serve as another link binding together the window and the wall. From the stand-point of the rigid stylist, an objection might be offered to the combination of the round Renaissance arches with the Gothic canopies above them. This objection, however, is really unimportant. In the general effect the grouping of the architectural contours leaves an agreeable impression. And the figures, I think, are admirably placed. They are treated pictorially, and with feeling for their relation in an architectural scheme. In the preparation of the window that scheme has been kept constantly in view. The interior decoration of St. Paul's is Gothic in character, and this stately window, measuring twenty-five feet from base to apex, screens an aperture with an effect intended to be not alone decorative, but logical. In seeking for an effect of this kind the designers were emulating the great window painters of the fifteenth century. The latter have to-day none too many followers. It is good to know that of the few there are some who are Americans.

There is a kind of stained glass window which makes less demand upon an artist's resources than does a window like that in Troy, and yet in a way presents a more difficult problem. Deprived of the human figure as a theme, he is relieved of the very delicate task of accommodating that figure to an arbitrary enclosure. Thrown back upon purely conventional elements of design, his invention is taxed to the utmost to make his window interesting.

It is of this secondary kind of window that two specimens are given on this page with the Troy couplet. That consisting of three openings is to be placed, as a memorial to some members of the Norris family, in the Church of the Mediator, in Philadelphia. The single light with the cross in the centre is in memory of the Rev. Z. M. Humphrey, D.D., and goes to the First Presbyterian Church in Chicago. Though neither of these two windows has the impressiveness of the design accompanying them, they are no less successful as decorations. In them conventional ornamentation has been utilized gracefully, with spaciousness in proportions, and, above all, with good taste. I would not state originality as one of their strong points, but they are not feeble in design, and the large Humphrey window especially is distinctly removed from the commonplace. Both have the merit of filling given spaces formally, and yet with the charm of line which makes a purely formal design animated, something more than a mechanical diagram.

All these windows are extremely brilliant in color. The Humphrey window, formed of something like ten thousand pieces of glass, glows like a jewelled shield. As has already been remarked, no paint is used except when the presence of flesh-tints renders it necessary. Even the light and shade in a design is obtained by the use of fragments which in shape and thickness adapt themselves to the purpose of the artist. You get, therefore, in work of this description, the elemental radiance of the glass as it comes from the fire. It comes with a wealth of emerald, ruby, amethyst, turquoise, beryl, and tawny amber hues, and it gives a result which it is no exaggeration to call splendid.

The windows referred to in the course of these remarks were made by the Tiffany Glass and Decorating Company in New York city.

BARON VON SAURMA-JELTSCH.
The first German Ambassador to the United States.

THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR.

LAST June Baron Anton Saurma-Jeltsch was appointed by Germany to be Ambassador to the United States at Washington, in place of Mr. Theodore von Holleben, who held the rank of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. This change was due to a corresponding increase of rank, or, more properly speaking, of designation, in certain diplomatic representatives of the United States. There is a great difference between the two ranks in foreign courts, and to enable American diplomats to assume certain privileges and take precedence over representatives of smaller states the change was made. The new Ambassador arrived in New York on August 23d, accompanied by his daughter, and after staying a few days in the city, proceeded to Washington.

Baron Saurma-Jeltsch has been connected with the diplomatic service for a number of years, and his reputation in diplomatic circles is very high. He was born March 27, 1856, and is a man of much stature and dignity. In June, 1872, he married the Duchess Margaret von Hatzfeldt. For eight years he was German Consul General at Alexandria, and during his time there the well known rebellion of Arabi Pasha against the Khedive took place. He earned high praise for the excellent manner in which he handled questions of German interest which were aroused at the time, and later was promoted to be Ambassador at the court of King Charles of Roumania. He afterwards went to The Hague, and at the time of his transfer to the United States was Ambassador to the court of Würtemberg, at Stuttgart.

The German legation at Washington has been for years one of the most respected of the foreign legations. Until within a year or two the minister has occupied a big square brick house on Fifteenth Street opposite Welcher's restaurant. And whether the minister was Alvensleben or Eisendecher or some one else, the hospitality of the house, which is owned by the German imperial government, while it was quiet and not so abundant as that of the English legation house, was very much enjoyed, for it was hearty, after the manner of the people whom the minister represents, and usually the head of the mission had a wholesome preference for clever people. The house has been sold, and the new house is on Massachusetts Avenue, where fashion now abounds.

It is to be presumed that official life at an embassy will be more luxurious and florid than that of a legation, and it may be that in this way ambassadors will help the other rich new-comers to spoil the city of Washington for men of slender incomes. Additional splendor cannot be bestowed upon the capital without cost to those who dwell there.

THOMPSON MEMORIAL WINDOW.
St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, Troy.

NORRIS MEMORIAL WINDOW.
Church of the Mediator, Philadelphia.

HUMPHREY MEMORIAL WINDOW.
First Presbyterian Church, Chicago.

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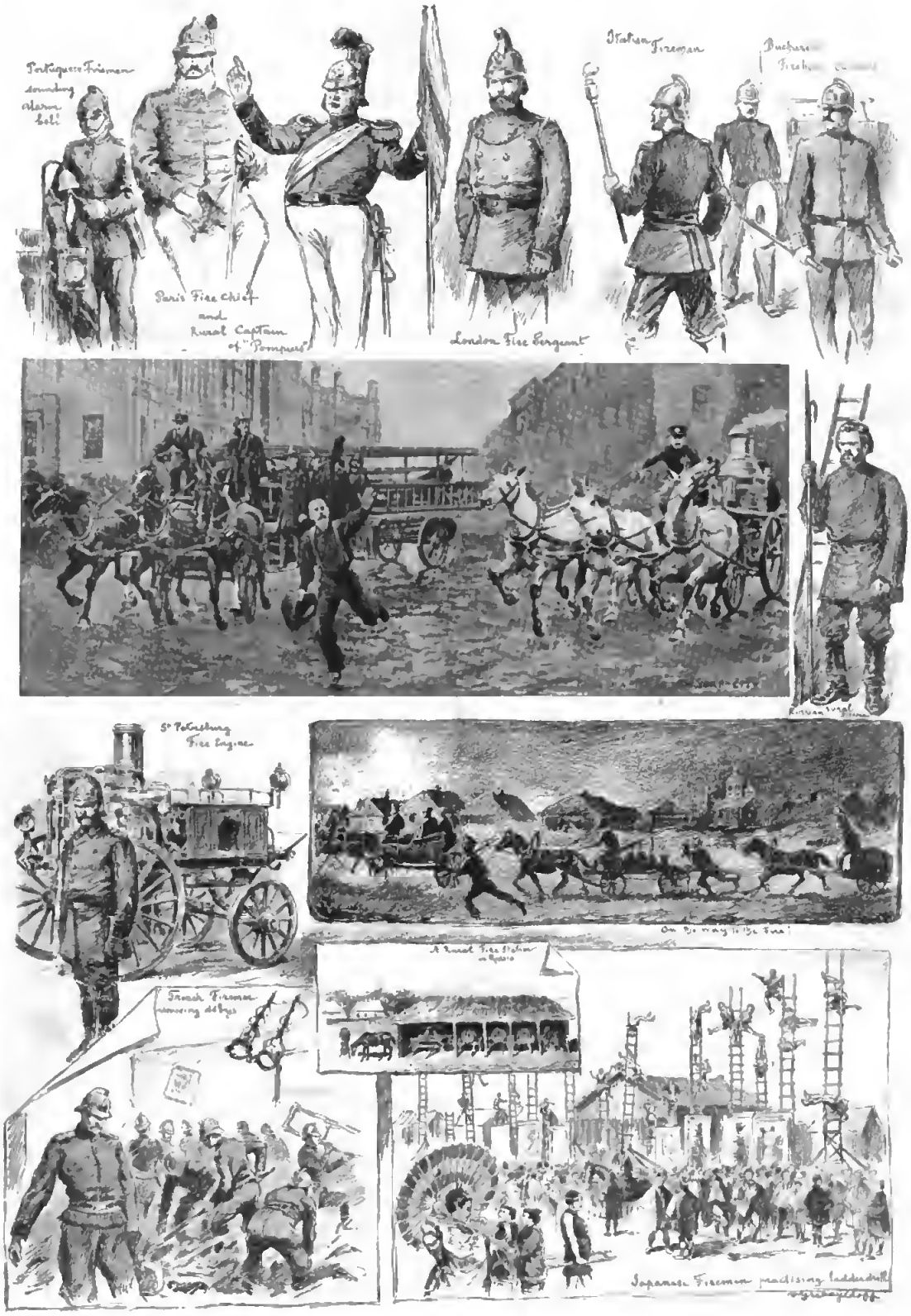

FIREMEN OF DIFFERENT NATIONALITIES.—[See Page 872.]

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A PERSONAL PARAGRAPH.

BY CHARLES MINER THOMPSON.

When you accuse women of scheming, they are always indignant. Yet if you look along the path by which they have arrived at their triumphs, you perceive that an engineer could not have made a straighter. You then rashly declare that their indignation is hypocritical. You are wrong. Before "going 'cross lots" man, indeed, pauses to demonstrate that any side of a triangle is less than the sum of the other two. This proposition woman wots not of. She goes 'cross lots by instinct and reaches her destination the sooner for not stopping to reason. In a like manner her strategy is the result of unconscious perception, not of conscious logic. When, therefore, she is accused of laying traps for the unwary, she is justly offended, since consciously she has not laid them. She sincerely believes that the desired results have been caused by convenient chances. Now these generalities are suggested by the story of Amy, the ignored.

The one upon whom Amy exercised her unconscious strategy was Mr. Frank Dexter. He was a straight-nosed, eager fellow, whose eyes were gray and alert. He was a person of changing avocations. Whenever he grew enthusiastic over any subject it occupied for the moment his whole horizon. Generally his sudden passions for this or that—for a hero in history, for the customs of a past century, for an obscure poet or a dead one—were mortal passions, had their day and died. But when finally a passing interest in the art of the short story was fortified by the discovery that some success rewarded his endeavor to practise what the masters taught, his enthusiasm seemed to put on immortality. He talked short stories, he thought short stories, he read short stories, he wrote short stories. More, except eat and sleep, he did not do. In short, he had found his vocation.

Frank's desire, however, to live and move and have his being entirely within the narrow world of the short story was not shared by his friends. He found them, in fact, disappointingly unsympathetic. When, with large gesture, he bade them observe the pleasant places of the world, they scoffed politely. When in desperation, he reached out rude hands and tried to hale them into it, they wrenched themselves free and fled. Not one remained to pray. To this disheartening rule, however, Miss Amy Prescott, had she been given a chance, would have proved herself a notable exception. She, indeed, would have lived with him gladly in any, no matter how restricted, world. But with the aplomb of a leader in society who leaves in the ranks of the unheeded willing all persons judged unfit, Frank completely ignored her.

To work in most mysterious ways is in the nature of women. And the curious thing is that the ways are hidden even to the women themselves. They have, as it were, a dual personality—the one part innocent and conscious, the other unconscious and designing. This shadow of a second is omnipresent in the sex, and is termed the *ewig weibliche*. This it was which utilized for Amy Mrs. Prescott's liking for Frank. She liked him because he wrote. As her husband had been a novelist, the house seemed pleasanter to her if there was a man writing in the library. Now this library—which in point of books was uncommonly well chosen, and in point of comfort uncommonly cheery—powerfully attracted Frank. With the encouragement of Mrs. Prescott, he returned to it so often that in the end he came almost to regard it as his private workshop. As he was writing there one day Amy entered, and, with blushes and apologies, asked if he would be so good as to criticise her first story. Now if any one had hinted that the tale had been fashioned to unlock rather the door of the library than the portals of the temple of fame Amy would have felt surprised and hurt. Nevertheless like a certain strategist of excellent reputation, she had carried the war into Africa.

In Frank's eyes, as Miss Prescott would have denied she had noticed, the writing of a short story was a creditable action. The person who wrote or had even the ambition of writing one was to his mind a person marked from the crowd. Regarding her for the first time with critical attention, he saw she had a bright face. Then with a sudden recollection that her talk as well as her face was bright, there swiftly came the thought that her story might perhaps be bright also. So the writing of the story had for guerdon his consent to hear the reading thereof.

Miss Prescott's face, as it happened, was beautiful as well as intelligent. Sitting in the high arm-chair, with one snugly slippered foot pendent below the edge of her gown, with her fair head bent over her manuscript as she spoke its words, and upon her cheek a blush that winningly showed she was not wholly free from trepidation, she was of the sights peculiarly appealing to susceptible man. That she attracted Frank's attention only to what she read, and not at all to herself, is convincing evidence to the singleness of his devotion to the art of the short story.

Frank was much pleased with the tale. It was bright; it was based on a good idea; the conduct of its plot was ingenious, it ended in a striking and unforeseen climax; and its dialogue, which was abundant, was vivacious and apt. As she finished reading and looked up at him with a timid, deprecating smile he exclaimed, "Capital! capital!" For a moment he pondered the plot and the dialogue. "Do you know," he cried, "that it would take very few changes to make that story into a rattling good curtain-raiser? Why don't you make it over? By George! I'd like to see that acted. Prescott would be great in it. And there's a splendid part there for Miss Balazier. It would fit her like a glove. You must make that over."

Miss Prescott grew prettier under his enthusiastic praise, like a bud in a shower. At no time had he held himself so little aloof, and mingling with the inevitable pleasure of the writer who finds his work approved was subtly present the delight, left carefully unadmitted, of the woman who feels herself admired by the man whom she will not admit she loves. The one drop of bitter in her cup was a vague feeling that she was attractive to him as a mind, not as a woman. Now, women do not like to be prized for intellect alone. Already Miss Prescott's intuition, troubled to find that she was so prized, was seeking means to create a diversion in favor of her more peculiarly feminine charms. As will appear, it cleverly utilized for its own purposes her modest recoil from publicity.

"Oh," she said, "I couldn't write for the stage!"

"Why not?" demanded the imperative Frank.

As if it were something she had just found Amy examined a ring on her finger in different lights. "Oh, because," she said—"I don't know. I couldn't go about visiting managers. Aren't they very common—most of them? And you have to visit them, don't you? I couldn't do it—really, I couldn't. I haven't the bold businesslike face that is necessary—have I, do you think?" And—here was the means—she lifted her eyes to his, suddenly, and smiled.

But Frank, who never saw more than one thing at a time, was too intent upon his idea to notice this coquetry.

"Visiting the managers," he said, with an eagerness which struck Amy as disproportionate, "needn't trouble you at all. If you'll dramatize that story, I'll do my best to get it on the stage. I know people. I think I could do it."

"But," objected Amy, "I couldn't manage the exits and things. I shouldn't know in the least what to do."

For a young woman who quite without assistance had been able to write an admirable story, she seemed grown unaccountably helpless. But all this time, as she was perhaps subconsciously aware, Frank had been the victim of a desire which he hardly dared express. He thought he knew exactly how to give the tale the right dramatic form, and, filled with one of his sudden enthusiasms, he felt his fingers fairly tingling to place pen to paper in the task. He hesitated much, however, to suggest that he dramatize it, lest he should seem desirous of getting cheaply too large a share in the credit for the work. Finally, however, he proposed, in a hesitating way, that he help her a little.

"That we collaborate, do you mean?" asked Amy, ingenuously.

"Exactly," said Frank, catching at the word.

And so they collaborated. But their constant companionship in the pleasant library had no other result than a clever one-act piece which was a credit to its authors. The fault was Frank's. Thoroughly in earnest about the work they had in hand, he seemed to remain blind to all but the literary graces of his fellow dramatist, consequently the opportunities for sentiment were improved not at all. But, without his taking note thereof, much may happen to the heart of a man whose mind is possessed by one idea—a fact which possibly Amy overlooked when in the mild profanity of womankind she characterized Frank's conduct as "provoking."

Unlucky in love, lucky at play-writing: Miss Prescott's dramatized story was a success. Entitled *Love Rewarded*, it was given on the bills as "dramatized by Mr. Frank Dexter." Amy refused to figure as its author, Frank would not take all the credit, so they compromised by leaving the authorship unstated. This little mystery judiciously "worked" by the press agents had the effect of piquing the public interest. The piece aided by this and by its own merit, made an immediate hit. Consequently the young people began gayly to write a three-act comedy. But this affair of the brain, like the first, stubbornly refused to run a parallel course with the affair of the heart.

One afternoon during the run of the piece Frank, sitting at work in his own apartments, was interrupted by a knock at his door. His impatient "Come" brought into the room on silent deprecatory feet a long, inoffensive-looking man. His shabby clothing was very queer, and it seemed to have a curious attachment to his thin figure. As a shipwrecked sailor clings to a rock, so clung the visitor's clothing to him,—desperately, that is to say, as if in fear of the inevitable. And its note of forlornness was repeated in the man's face. His forehead was so high, his mustache so drooping, his goatee so long, that his countenance, indeed, could hardly fail to be most lugubrious. And it was ruled so despotically by its funereal expression that Frank inferred rather than saw, the apologetic smile it wore. So odd a figure of dejection was this ancient fellow that Frank wanted to laugh. "The melancholy man has come," he said to himself, "the saddest of the year."

Under his curious eyes, his visitor closed the door with the slow care of a man who fits a stone into a mosaic. Then taking a card from his pocket, he held it toward his waiting host. An ownerless dog who sticks out an acquaintance-seeking nose, and at the same time holds shrinking flanks aloof from the expected kick, could not have been more hesitating, have seemed less formidable, than he. Yet in the centre of the card was printed, boldly enough, "Frederick Jenkins, Esquire," and in a corner, still more boldly, *The Social Mirror*. Frank inferred with a quick trepidation, from which, however, a glance at his visitor promptly reassured him, that Mr. Jenkins was a reporter for a certain society paper which was as redoubtable as it was annoying.

Now Frank had a theory on the proper management of the reporter. As a precautionary measure, he began at once to put it into practice. "Have a cigar," he said. That if you give a cigar to "a gentleman of the press" he will insert or refrain from inserting anything you like in the paper he represents is a popular fallacy that has led many a shrewder man than Frank into ill-advised generosity. Jenkins, like a good journalist, was acquainted with this as with every other phase of popular opinion. Without showing the least surprise, or altering at all his expression of harmless gloom, he took the proffered Havana, properly returned thanks and put it in one of the upper pockets of his waistcoat. As Frank did not notice, three others of various lengths already reposed there. The reporter's whole bearing, however, indicated in some mild, indefinable way that to him cigars were as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Frank felt vaguely baffled.

"Well, Mr. Jenkins," continued he, assuming with an effort the geniality the not yet discredited theory demanded, "what can I do for you? Give you a chair, at least, that's certain. A very enterprising paper, the *Mirror*."

"Yes," said Jenkins, in a voice as small and still as that of conscience, yet with an odd note of triumph in it too, "we manage to get about all there is going."

He seated himself as he spoke, stretched out his slim legs comfortably, eyed the tips of his unblacked boots a moment, as if to assure himself that his feet were within easy reach should he wish to depart, and then fixed a gently speculative gaze upon his host. Whatever he wanted, he was obviously in no hurry about it.

Frank, still pursuing the theory, thought jocularity politic. "The *Mirror*," he said—"that warped mirror to a gaping age"—hasn't caught any reflection of a scandal about me, has it?"

"Oh no," answered the reporter with the air of a man who with patient politeness smiles at a jest outworn. "The editor has heard an interesting little rumor about your play, *Love Rewarded*, which I am sent to verify, that's all. I congratulate you on the hit, Mr. Dexter."

"Ah! it's about the play, is it?" said Frank. He was so relieved to learn that the subject of Mr. Jenkins's visit was dramatic, not social gossip, that he felt inclined to be communicative. "All right. Fire away!" he exclaimed. "What's your rumor?"

"Well," answered the journalist, in a tone that implied that the matter was of no particular consequence either to himself or to his listener—"well, I hear it hinted about that the joint author with you is Miss Prescott, daughter of the novelist."

"Eh!" ejaculated Frank, startled. He knew Amy's anonymity was precious to her.

"Oh, it's a mere rumor," said Mr. Jenkins. He seemed to regard the statement as at once explanatory and reassuring.

"Well," said Frank, smiling the smile of a man who thinks he occupies a strong position, "suppose I refuse to verify your rumor?"

"Why, then," answered Jenkins, indifferently, "I suppose the editor will do the usual thing—print the rumor, and say you refuse to talk."

"Oh, he would, would he?" retorted the smiling Frank. "Well, then, suppose I deny it altogether?"

"We'll publish your denial along with it, then."

Dexter was irritated. "But if it isn't so," he asked, sharply, "what's the use of printing it at all?"

"Oh," said Jenkins, "the public likes to know what town talk is."

"But I distinctly require that the *Mirror* say nothing at all about the matter," declared Frank, with dignity. He regarded the statement as an ultimatum.

"Yes, Mr. Dexter, of course," replied Jenkins, with the provoking calm of the man you have failed to impress; "I'll tell them so at the office, if you like. But it's town talk. Other papers will print it anyway, if we don't, and I thought you'd rather have the story straight. You see, they hint that Miss Prescott is dissatisfied at not getting her share of the credit."

"Any more?" asked Frank, with a sarcasm that he had no intention of tempering to the shorn lamb.

"Well," said Jenkins, listlessly, and as if stating a superfluous detail, "they say you've quarrelled about it."

"And you're going to print all that rubbish?"

"I'm afraid so," admitted the mild-mannered journalist. "You see, the *Mirror* can't afford to get left. But of course," he added, as if making a great concession, "they won't give it for fact. They'll merely state it as an *on dit*."

"Now, see here," said Frank, vigorously, "if this thing's got to be printed anyway, it may as well be printed right."

"That's what I thought you'd prefer," interposed Mr. Jenkins with a satisfaction which, so to speak, he carefully forbore to print in italics.

"Miss Prescott wrote a short story, which is the basis of the play. Together we dramatized it. But Miss Prescott wished to avoid all publicity, and solely by her wish her name was kept off the bills. There's been no quarrel whatever."

"Thank you," said the reporter. "Then, if that's so, perhaps there's some truth in the other story."

"What?"

"Yes, there's another, but this"—and there was an elusive faint twinkle in the mild blue eye of Mr. Jenkins, "is not unpleasant."

"Well," said Frank, settling himself in his chair resignedly, "let's have it."

"You see, it's this way," began the reporter, hesitating a little, "those who pretend to know say that instead of having quarrelled, you have become engaged."

Frank bounded to his feet, hot and angry. "What?" he shouted. "Now see here," he continued, standing threateningly over the defenceless journalist, half recumbent in the big easy-chair; "if you put any such d——d nonsense as that in your sheet I'll sue you."

"For libel?" asked Jenkins, looking up at him pleasantly.

"Well, no," said Frank, weakening suddenly, and in spite of his anger half inclined to laugh at this impudence; "but she will."

He began pacing the floor nervously, not knowing what to do. He would have liked to kick the reporter out of doors. But Jenkins, sitting there, looked as soiled and old and mournful as a last year's newspaper, and he could not. And the pen, he knew, was mightier than the boot, and would more promptly than the whirligig of time and quite as surely bring about its revenges. Finally he stopped, an earnest and monitory figure, before the patiently waiting Jenkins.

"There's not a word of truth in the report," said he, "not a word. And I emphatically forbid its publication. Now I mean every word—you understand? Good day."

Jenkins pulled in his feet and arose. But before disappearing through the doorway he paused deliberately to say "Good-afternoon," and make a ceremonious bow.

Frank was worried. He foresaw that if published the rumor would have most embarrassing consequences. How, for instance, was he to collaborate in a three-act comedy with a young woman to whom a reckless journal had said he was engaged? In the circumstances, he felt, collaboration would proceed with a certain restraint. If the rumor were true, now—and the idea was so little unpleasant that he lingered to contemplate it a moment—the affair would be delightfully simple. In the complexity it actually had, however, Frank felt sure the comedy would remain a scenario merely. But the play was not the whole of the matter. The writer in him, giving way to the man, reflected that Amy's feelings should be considered as of some importance. Amy was a thoroughly nice girl, and a very clever writer. The publication of the rumor would place her in a false and most trying position. She would with justice be highly vexed at the unwarrantable liberty taken with her name.

"But what could he do?" he asked himself, fuming. It was not libel exactly to say that you are reported engaged to a charming young lady. To horsewhip the editor—that was an idea, of course, but how could he do so before the report appeared? And to do so after it was printed would simply be to furnish new occasion for gossip in the newspapers. And Frank knew the editor of the *Social Mirror* too well to think that verbal remonstrance would do any good. He was, in fact, absolutely without resource and helpless before this unscrupulous editor of a vulgar society journal. There was nothing he could do except curse the license of the press and the absence of any remedy at law for such an unjustifiable violation of privacy. This fact chafed his energetic spirit sorely. To suffer in silence was not his specialty. Feeling a desperate need to do something he did finally visit the editor. He was received with smooth words, lost his temper, and had the satisfaction of knowing he had made a bad matter worse. In view of all the facts he felt himself justified in remarking grimly, that the *Social Mirror* was altogether quite too social.

He fumed and fretted through the week as best he could till Saturday. Then he bought the first copy of the *Mirror* he could lay hands on, glanced hastily through its columns, found what he feared to find, read and stood transfixed. This is what the harmless Mr. Jenkins, with Frank's pure Havana in his mouth and a lurking smile in his inoffensive face, had written:

"By the way," so ran the chatty paragraph, "quite a little romance is connected with *Love Rewarded*, the witty

lever de rideau now being played in connection with that truly American comedy *A Corner in Wheat*, at the Holiday Theatre. It may not be human to readers of the *Mirror* that a very large share in its authorship was taken by Miss Amy Prescott, of No. 17 Mount Washington Place, the accomplished daughter of the late distinguished novelist. Miss Prescott who is a blonde, petite, and very pretty, evidently inherits the talent of her celebrated father. She is an heiress, however, for Mrs. Prescott is credited with being much more than comfortably well off. This fact lends interest to a current rumor that Mr Frank Dexter, whose mentioned on the bills as author of *Love Revealed*, will soon desert his cozy bachelor apartments at the Bellington, to take up a pedium as son-in-law in the family of his charming collaborator. Mr Dexter emphatically denies the truth of the rumor, but this is believed to be because the young people are not yet ready for the announcement to be publicly made. In any case the report cannot fail to have its influence on the box receipts of the Holiday. Every one will wish to see a piece with so romantic a history, to say nothing of its dramatic excellence."

"There!" said Mr. Jenkins to himself as he finished this latest paragraph; "I've giving him the very best kind of a free ad if he only has the sense to see it."

Frank did not have the sense to see it. Having read the article, he fell limp, and sat down. "What is written is written," he said to himself, like a fatalist. He wished that editors of society papers realized the fact and its import. And it occurred to him whimsically that a worthy deed would be done by him who should paste over the desk of each writer of social items this quatrain by Omar Khayyám:

> "The Moving Finger writes, and having writ,
> Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
> Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
> Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it."

Not that the editors in question had either piety or wit, or were apt to shed tears, but that by daily stint of the verses through a sufficient period of time they might arrive at the perception that other less desirable results than the filling of newspaper bills were sometimes accomplished by their careless irrevocable lines. For himself, sweet tears were useless, nothing remained except sacrificing. That, indeed, the natural man suggested; the sensible man, however, mildly advised against it, as not likely to help matters, and for once in the history of the world the natural man took the sensible man's advice. So Frank maintained for a minute what a woman who unquestionably knows men has described as a "blasphemous silence." Then he arose, and paced the floor like some distracted idiotic hero in a modern farce.

What would Miss Prescott think of the paragraph? he wondered. He saw the blush sweep over her face; he saw the passionate thrust with a bitch she would cast the hateful sheet from her, he saw her put her head down and weep. He wished he were engaged to her—then, at least, this mortification would be spared her. Suddenly he stopped short in his walk. The horrible thought had occurred to him that Amy might think he had given the information for the paragraph. Of whom else, pray, could the *Mirror* have obtained its facts? That she might judge him capable of such indiscretion was agony to him. He lit a cigar to help him think, sat down rigidly, and stared into space. After a moment he realized that he was gazing intently into the face of a cast of the "Laughing Satyr" which stood on a table in one corner of the room, grinning as it seemed to him, intelligently. He put a restraint upon his temper and did not break the image. Instead, he flung his very good cigar into the grate, and although he smiled grimly at his foolishness, he felt better. Such is the property of folly.

Then he began to debate what he should do. He supposed he'd have to call and express his regret. But how the deuce was he to condole with the girl? If he assumed too chagrined an air at being reported engaged to her, she might not regard his conduct as flattering. If, on the other hand, he should merrily make light of the report, would that please her? There was probably a golden mean, but Frank was sure it would prove uncommonly elusive. Upon his energetic nature, however, the need to act in some way, even a bad one, was imperative. So with no very clear idea of what he should say when he arrived, he wrenched on his overcoat, jammed on his hat, and started for Mrs. Prescott's. "If I were only engaged to the girl, now," he reflected, as he walked doggedly on.

Meanwhile the coquettish paragraph was courting attention in other places. The city editor of the *Morning Dawn*, seeking in the *Mirror* what he might devour, found the paragraph and marked it for his own. But knowing that the *Mirror* was prone to distort the image of truth he cared not to print the rumor unverified. As it happened, there was in the reporters' room at the time no one but an inexperienced young fellow, fresh from college, who still thought of journalism as "a profession." A green thought in a green shade sale he side with his verdancy would have looked withered. But the city editor, having no choice, handed this youngster the clipping from the *Mirror* and bade him go ascertain at Mrs. Prescott's if the report were correct. The young reporter, a gentleman by instinct, departed with much inward distaste for his mission. Both mother and daughter, he felt, would regard the question he must put to one of them as not falling properly within the domain of his business. He hated to seem ungentlemanly in their eyes. He dreaded the freezing manner with which he foresaw they would politely punish his impudence. As he trudged along he worked himself into a fine condition of nervousness.

Precisely at the time when the all-seeing eye of the city editor of the *Morning Dawn* fell upon the paragraph in the *Mirror*, Frank was admitted into Mrs. Prescott's reception-room. "For Miss Prescott," he said, giving the maid his card. And as he waited, he wondered dismally what face she would bring him. The moment Amy entered the room he knew he was going to pass a bad quarter of an hour. She was pale. Her eyes were hard. She had an ill-omened rigidity about the mouth. The quick contrasting vision of how she would have appeared had the report been true made him wish again that it were. But it was not; and though she seemed like a marble goddess, vindictive and inevitable, advancing toward him to crush him, he had to face her. Had he not held himself well in hand he would instinctively have dodged.

"Miss Prescott, I—" he began. But she interrupted him.

"I am glad you called Mr Dexter—very glad," she said. "Ever since I saw that paragraph in the *Mirror* I have wished to say how sorry I am for the great annoyance it must cause you."

"But—" exclaimed Frank bewildered.

"Oh, no polite protests, I beg of you," interposed she, as if to rescue him from an embarrassment she perfectly understood. "One who holds himself so above—above everything of the sort must be vexed by such an absurd report. I hope you will believe that I had nothing to do with starting it in circulation."

"Miss Prescott," cried the utterly disconcerted Dexter, "such a thought never entered my head, and as for being annoyed, I assure you I was not annoyed—"

"Then why did you contradict it?"

"Contradict it?" helplessly repeated Frank, who was not used to hearing unreasonable questions put with such an air of reason. "Why—"

"Yes, the paper says you contradicted it. 'Emphatically,' the paper says. I suppose that means you swore."

"I contradicted it," said Frank, desperately, "because I thought you would not like to be reported engaged to me."

"Indeed!" commented Miss Prescott, in a tone which implied she did not believe him.

"Yes, I did. Why should you be so incredulous? How should it be unpleasant to a man to be thought engaged to such a girl as you?" And then the thought which since the visit of the reporter had been constantly at his mind took instant advantage of his confusion and slipped the barrier of his lips. "I wish to goodness," he said, "that you were!"

In a second he realized what he had done. In the keenest apprehension, he looked at Miss Prescott. How would she take it? As he looked he saw with surprise her paleness suddenly vanish. In its place a deep red flush suffused her face and mounted to the roots of her hair. She stood saying a moment as if strength had left her limbs, and then sank helplessly into a chair. All at once her secret was revealed to him and, to his amazement, caused him intense joy. His indifference, which but a moment before had seemed strong and brave, like a castle with battlements, had, as a matter of fact, been slowly weakened by constant companionship with her, and now at the touch of this revealing moment fell like the undermined stronghold that it was, an instantaneous ruin. He started eagerly toward her.

"Oh, go away, go away!" cried Amy, brokenly, and burst into tears. "You said that because—"

"You think I said it because I was vexed at getting him a mess. Well, I didn't," said Frank, with decision. "I—"

But at this moment the maid entered the room, bearing a card on a silver tray. Frank, wishing to screen Amy's tears from the servant, stepped between her and her mistress and took the card. "Another reporter!" he exclaimed. "Don't let him in." But the young representative of the *Dawn*, scared but determined, already stood in the doorway. Though surprised at the scene before him, and much embarrassed he yet managed, as Frank confronted him, to stammer out the question,

"Which is Miss Prescott?"

"I am," said Frank, promptly.

"Well," said the reporter, getting very red, and not seeming to notice the incongruity of this reply, "I want to know—that is—the *Morning Dawn* sent me to ascertain—if you are engaged to Mr Frank Dexter—or—that is—you can't be engaged to him, of course, but if she is—"

"Yes, I am," said Frank, cutting him short.

"Frank Dexter," cried Amy, stung into action by this audacity, "how dare you say—"

"But I do," retorted Frank. "And, young man, you have my full permission to print it in the *Morning Dawn* if you like. That isn't any too gorgeous a place for it. Good night."

As the reporter, only too glad to escape, departed, Frank turned and faced Miss Prescott. She still had tears in her eyes, but in her expression was an odd blending of confusion, reproach, and joy, which told him he was forgiven.

"Oh, Frank!" she said.

Once outside the house that night, Frank paused a moment to assure himself of his identity. "By George!" he muttered, "that was sudden! But I'm glad of it."

And then he lit a cigar and strode joyfully homeward.

HIS OFFSPRING.

> "My pigmy counterpart," the poet wrote
> Of his dear child, the darling of his heart;
> Then longed to clutch the stupid printer's throat
> That set it up—" My pig my counterpart."
>
> ANTONY CHEKYL.

THIS BUSY WORLD

In the present state of land values in New York the fashion of putting up two-story buildings for business purposes is hardly likely to have much of a run. One could wish, though, that the contagion of it might spread, since there is not a twenty-five-story building anywhere, not even in Chicago, that gladdens the eye and upsets the palms of the observer as does Mr. Bennett's new architectural exploit in what the *Herald* calls "Herald Square." What absolute originality there has been in this enterprise—the transfer of a morning paper to the evening end of the town, and the notion of going the fifteen-story buildings twelve and a half stories better simply by leaving that number of stories unbuilt! The notion of improving a man by taking off his head is extremely venerable and is still in use in some parts of the world in spite of dispute as to its value. But it never was as good an idea as this new one of improving a New York business block by leaving the dozen upper stories unbuilt.

And by the-way, every one who goes to see the *Herald's* new home must be struck by the change in the demeanor of the statue of William Earl Dodge since Mr Bennett's paper moved into the block behind it. Mr Dodge always looked hopeful and determined, but since he has got a great morning journal behind him he has gained an expression of confidence that amounts to complete assurance. The change is obvious to any close observer, and is a remarkable commentary on the times. That a philanthropist should feel stronger with a newspaper at his back than with a militia regiment's armory is not a thing to wonder at, but that a bronze philanthropist should be able to get so much of his satisfaction into his features is truly remarkable. The fact is that Mr Dodge's effigy has appropriated the *Herald* building and all that therein is. The armory was obviously public property, and he never pretended that it was his, but he looks all over the owner of the *Herald* and the author and finisher of its destinies and its block. The title-deeds to it are evidently recorded in those large books his arm rests on, and if you meditate a giant "ad" and want to hire the whole of the *Herald's* front page it might pay you to consult with the bronze Mr Dodge about it at midnight, just at the instant when the electric owls are exchanging winks. It will be a considerable shock to Mr Bennett when he comes home and finds what a grip the bronze Mr Dodge has got upon his property, and I am not sure but that if Mr. Dodge could come back there would be some consternation mixed in with his surprise at finding what sort of business his recital effigy had fallen into.

Interest attaches to the announcement that Mr. W. T. Stead has made a book, to be published this fall, about Thomas Lake Harris, the eminent prophet, of whom so much was said and so little disclosed in connection with the life and strange adventures of the late Laurence Oliphant. As the publisher of a quarterly review of spook literature, Mr. Stead has got his hand well in in dealing with matters occult, and should be able to deal with Mr Harris in such a way as to make interesting reading. No doubt a chief purpose of his book will be to "do Harris justice," by refuting the impression left by Mrs Oliphant, in her memoir of her interesting kinsman, that the prophet was a swindler who imposed upon Laurence Oliphant's credulity and abused his trust. If that is Mr Stead's purpose, no doubt he will put the prophet's powers more in evidence than has heretofore been done, and we shall have some edifying tales of telepathy, spiritism, and things not generally known.

Whatever fault may be found with the Broadway cable-cars when they don't run, when they do run they have merits that are specially discernible in hot weather. It would perhaps be too much to call them good summer resorts, but the air goes through them cheerfully on hot days, and the passengers gain an alleviation of temperature that is not offset by the sight of suffering horses. They have a great advantage over most of the trolley cars in being near the ground. One can step into a Broadway car, but to get into the average trolley car in olives a climb.

Commenting upon Senator Hill's recent exploits in the Senate, the Baltimore *Sun* speaks with unusual caution when it observes that "*it is probable* that Hill has unintentionally committed land fraud." If there is any statesman now in public life who is entitled to a private burying ground for his personal use it is the senior Senator from New York. He has not made a motion for the last two years that has not given occasion for many worthy newspapers to announce that he is dead and buried past all resurrection. Perhaps he is, but he is a pretty lively political corpse. The truth is that the United States Senate is a very unreliable place of interment, and politicians who have been buried there are liable to keep on showing signs of vitality for years after their political lives have been pronounced extinct. Reiterated assertion of the deadness of a corpse is not the best means of inspiring public confidence in the permanency of its decease.

What an extraordinary number of yacht-races there must be in English waters during July and August! An inattentive newspaper reader might readily get the impression that the *Vanadis* had been in alien three times a week for the last two months. It is not so bad as that, but it is probably bad enough to make Mr Farrell yearn to go over again another season with a faster boat.

The British Parliamentary fracas in July was attributed to the extreme irritability of the members consequent upon the unusual length and strain of the session. The assault of Mr MacNeill upon Harry Furniss indicates that the Parliamentary temper has not improved. If it should become the fashion for men whom Mr Furniss has caricatured to assault him, *Punch's* genial artist would need an animated bib. Happily politicians of real rank quickly get used to caricature and regard it no more than the distorted reflection of their features in a concave mirror. Mr Furniss's pencil has its own way of being just. He makes the worst of every victim's most prominent feature, and if Mr MacNeill had more sense he would no more have resented the exaggeration of his front teeth than Mr Gladstone does the amplification of his shirt collar. A man who can't stand caricature in these days has demonstrated his unfitness for conspicuous political success.

The announcement is made that the impending thirty-eighth edition of *Lorna Doone* will contain the only portrait ever published of Mr Blackmore. Is it possible that we have worried along all this time without knowing how Mr. Blackmore looks? It seems unlikely, and yet say recollection cannot call up any visage that it can recognize as his. It was a hazardous experiment for him to withhold his likeness so long. However he may look, if we had known his features for the last twenty years we would have come to like them, but as all of us who are his old friends have preconceived notions of the sort of appearance that the author of *Lorna Doone* ought to present and his true physiognomy must run the risk of not coming up to our ideals of it. To be sure, the Waverley Novels were old favorites before any edition of them was graced by Scott's portrait; but when the portrait did come, what a picture it was!

It would be interesting and might be useful if some competent authority would discuss the comparative advantages of early and late drinking, with a view to determine which is less deleterious. It is not uncommon for men to pride themselves on abstaining from alcohol until after five o'clock in the afternoon, and to regard themselves as exemplary drinkers so long as they hold off until that hour, no matter how deep their potations may be between then and midnight. It is true that a man whose authority do not begin to fly home and until the usual roosting hour for swallows avoids the risk of being overcome by daylight. But that should be a remote risk in any case. The real question is whether the beverages which the progressing toper continues do him less damage if he drinks them late and sleeps them off than if he drinks them early and works them off. Of course it is too large and important a question to be discussed in a paragraph and depends upon too many conditions—such as the sort of work, if any, that the consumer attempts to do, and especially whether it is active out door work or sedentary. It will be proclaimed at the outset of the discussion that potations in business hours are indefensible, but really it seems a fair matter for argument whether a man with his morning cocktail actually in him is not at least as useful for business purposes as a rigid maintainer abstinence whose liver creaks as a result of the libations of the previous evening.

E. S. MARTIN.

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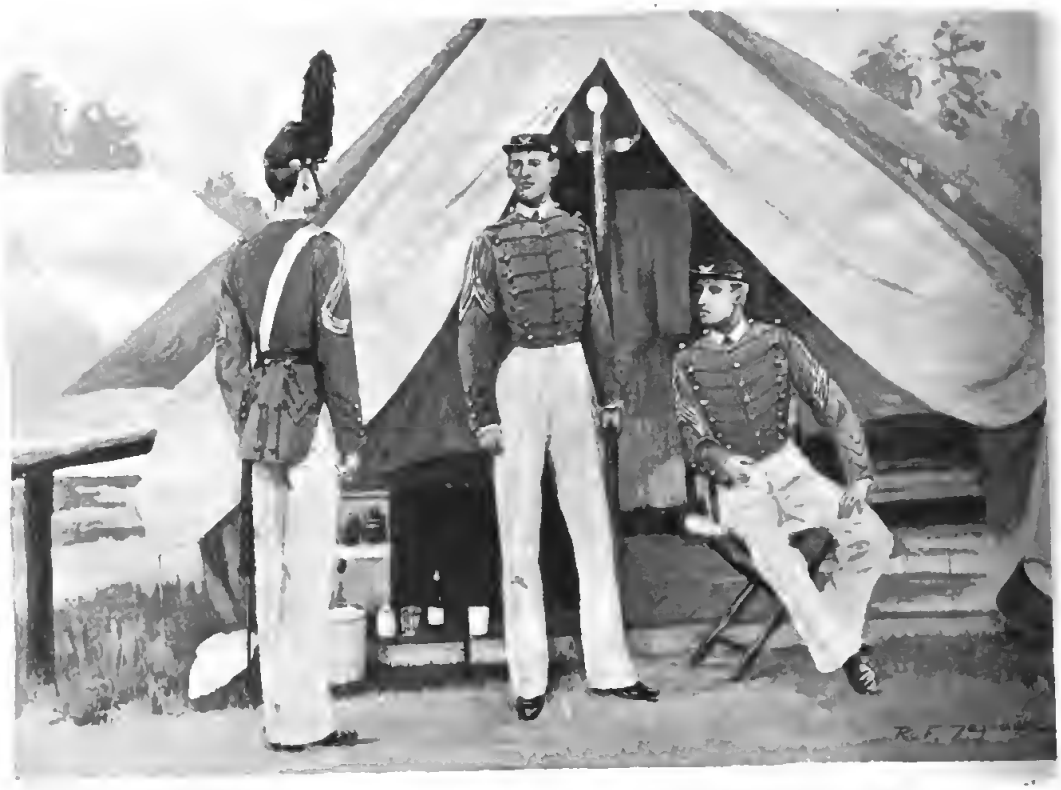

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—CADETS CAMPING ON THE FAIR GROUNDS.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.

[SEE EDITORIAL "WEST POINT DISCIPLINE," PAGE 855.]

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION BUILDING—BRITISH EMPIRE DAY AT THE FAIR—TROOPING THE COLORS.

Seen from the Victoria House, Canada's Building in the Background.—Drawn by Hubert E. Butler.

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—VISITORS IN THE FISHERIES BUILDING.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

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CALCUTTA.

BY JAMES DARMESTETER.

IN the year of grace 1686, when the Honorable East India Company had already been established for some twenty-five years as humble traders in the town of Surat, then the chief western part of India, the daughter of the Great Mogul was taken ill, and the native doctors, after trying in vain to cure her, had ended by saying, "Allah alone can restore her to health." The father of the princess—that Shah Jehan who raised the Taj Mahal to the memory of his beloved queen, Mumtaz Mahal—adored his daughter also, and bethought him of the Feringees whose doctors had remedies for all ills. So he sent an express messenger to Surat and this messenger returned with a doctor from one of the English vessels, a Mr. Boughton, who saved the life of the princess. The Emperor told Boughton to name his own reward, and the doctor, with the commercial patriotism of his nation, asked for the company the right to trade, without paying customs, in the rich district of Bengal. This was how the East India Company came to found a factory at Hooghly on the river of the same name, which is one of the branches of the Ganges, forming its delta.

There the English merchants made large profits, becoming so wealthy that they assumed the airs of conquerors, and claimed to treat on equal terms with the Great Mogul himself. Unfortunately for them, the Great Mogul at this time was the mighty Aurungzebe, or "Ornament of the Throne," the Louis XIV. of India, who was no more tolerant of encroachments on his dignity than his contemporary of France, and he drove off the insolent traders, confiscated their goods and only allowed them to remain after they had humbly begged pardon for the crimes they had committed against him. But they did not go back to Hooghly. When the situation was becoming strained, the agent of the company, Job Charnock, had evacuated the first settlement and gone down the river to seek some other asylum. Passing the small village of Chutanatty, a little above the river, he noticed a wide-spreading fig-tree overshadowing the houses. The scene pleased him. He ordered a halt, and made his people build their tents in the shade of the colossal growth, and from this encampment, originally intended for one night's shelter only, rose the capital of the Eastern Empire.

Charnock died six years later, convinced that he had been the Romulus of a new Rome. It is said that he died a convert to the religion of the Bengalese, after having rescued from the funeral pyre and married a young widow who was about to be burnt by her parents in honor of her deceased husband. The Church evidently disbelieved this story, for it has given to the founder of Calcutta several feet of ground in the old cathedral, and on the marble tomb above his remains is recorded, in Latin, how Job Charnock, Esq., the worthy agent of England in the kingdom of Bengal, after long wanderings in a foreign land, returned to his eternal home on the 10th January, 1692; or to quote the actual inscription, "*Qui, postquam in solo non suo peregrinatus esset diu, reversus est domum suae aeternitatis decimo die januarii, 1692.*" This is the oldest engraved stone in Calcutta.

The name of Chutanutty is still retained in the northern quarter of Calcutta, and the original settlement gradually spread to the neighboring villages of Govindpur, where is now the Esplanade, and Kali Kutta or the village of the goddess Kali, which has given its name to the whole capital. This latter village itself derived its name from a celebrated temple to Kali, three or four miles away, known as Kali Ghat, which was corrupted by the English into Calcutta. Kali, or the Black, is one of the names of the formidable spouse of Siva Mahadevi, the great goddess of a thousand names and a thousand forms, who is adored—now as the embodiment of creative thought, now as the destroyer—and who is the object of mystic rites, some obscene, some sanguinary. The following myth is the explanation given by the natives of the establishment of the worship of Kali at Bengal.

Daksha had given his daughter Parvati in marriage to Siva, but being soon after raised by Brahma to the rank of chief of the Prajapatis, this same Daksha grew proud, and made preparations for a great sacrifice, to which he neglected to invite Siva. In fact, he set but little store on the son-in-law who, like some madman, attended by spectres and spirits, spent his time prowling about in graveyards, with dishevelled hair, garments sprinkled with the ashes of the dead and wearing a necklace of skulls.

Parvati saw all the gods passing by in their chariots, decked out as if for a fête, and asked her husband where they were going. Siva replied that they were the guests of her father, but that he (Siva) had not been asked to take part in the sacrifices about to be offered. Wounded at the affront offered to her spouse, Parvati went to seek her father, whom she abjured, and in order to get rid of the body of which he was the author, she gave up the ghost. Siva, inconsolable for her loss, seized her corpse, and flinging it upon his shoulders, he ran to and fro upon the earth, which trembled beneath the weight of his sorrow. Men in terror, appealed to Vishnu for help, and Vishnu, rushing to their assistance, flung forth his wonder-working disk, which cut the body of Parvati into fifty-two pieces. The spots where these fifty-two pieces fell became the goals of pilgrimages, and the objects of the veneration of the faithful, who erected temples upon them. That of Kali Ghat was built where fell the second toe of the left foot of Parvati.

This temple rises from the banks of a little stream called the Tolli, after a brave English colonel who once had a villa there. This humble little dried-up *nullah* is, according to popular tradition, the old bed of the Ganges, the original Ganges, or Adi-Ganga, and hence its sacred character. The wide Hooghly, say the natives, was dug out by human and irreverent hands. The only traces now remaining of the original stream are a few depressions of the soil and one or two stagnant pools. Archæologists recognize its original course by the ruins of the sanctuaries and remains of the *ghats*, or steps leading down to the water, in which the faithful made their ablutions, and beside which they burnt their dead before sending them to paradise by way of the sacred stream. Of all these ghats, that of the Temple of Kali is still the most celebrated and the most frequented. People flock to it from every part of Bengal, and a royal road once led to it from Moorshedabad, which was the capital a hundred years ago, across the jungles and marshes then occupying the site of Calcutta. The grand Chowringhee, the Oxford Street or Rue de Rivoli of Calcutta, follows the route taken by the pilgrims; the course is exactly the same, the borders alone have changed, the Corinthian porticos of the Græco-Saxon palaces replacing the palm trees and peepuls[*] of the past, whilst ayahs and their charges and strings of carriages, occupy the roadway down which once hastened half-naked men and women from the Himalayas and other remote districts of India, leaning on their staffs as they pressed forward to the sacred goal.

What all these poor wretches came to see was the image of Kali, which is still in its place. As her name implies, she is black, but she is so covered with offerings and her shrine is so dark that nothing is really visible but her tongue, which is of gold, and hangs down to her breasts—rather surprising at first in a lady and a goddess, but which is explained when we trace the rest of the history of Parvati. She had generously undertaken the task of delivering the earth from the demons and monsters with which it was infested. This work accomplished, she danced upon the corpses in her joy so heavily that the earth shook and fell to pieces. Seeing this, her husband flung himself, in self-abandonment, amongst the dead bodies, and Parvati, suddenly perceiving her lord and master at her feet, was seized with shame, and put out her tongue, that being, amongst the Hindoos, the most expressive sign of confusion. It is in this edifying attitude that art and religion have immortalized the goddess.

Pilgrims still flock to Calcutta every day, but especially on the fête days sacred to Siva, such as that called Charak Puja, when fanatics cut and slash themselves about as they whirl madly round in wild dances in honor of the goddess. The grandest festival of all is that known as the Kali Pudja, or Kali worship, which lasts one whole night, and that the darkest night of the waning moon of the month called Kartika.[†] On that night the temple is inundated with the blood of goats, sheep and buffaloes, and is the scene of a heart-rending and sickening butchery. The worshipper leads his victim in, the priest pastes a little blood on its head in sign of consecration, and the butcher seizes the animal, places its head in a vice, and cuts it off. The priest dips his finger in the warm blood, smears the idol with it, pockets his fees—he gets a few cents for each sacrifice—and the pilgrim goes off with the decapitated corpse, happy at having held intercourse with his goddess, and confident that his petition, whatever it may be, will be granted.

At one time it was with human blood that Kali was smeared. Even at the beginning of the present century, when the English power was fully established, some devotee of Kali would replace the goat by a child, and Kali sent no angel to turn aside the knife of the sacrificer. A whole caste, that of the famous assassins known as Thugs, dedicated themselves to Kali.

The present temple was built about three centuries ago by a member of a wealthy family of Bengal, called Sâbarna, who devoted to its maintenance the income from some two hundred acres. A Brahmin named Chandibar was the first priest, and his descendants, who rejoice in the title of Haldar, are the present owners. The revenues of the temple are immense. The right of exacting sixty centimes per victim would alone be enough to support it, for on certain days hundreds, perhaps even thousands, are butchered. The Haldar family is now divided into several branches, each of which receives the offerings in rotation for eight days, but at great festivals and on other special occasions every branch is represented, and the profits are divided. There are few sanctuaries in the world where keeping the accounts is so simple a matter.

When Job Charnock set up his factories at Chutanutty, Govindpur, and Kali Kutta, the Kali Ghat was as much frequented as it is to-day, but pilgrims did not go to it in crowds. The three villages, now welded into one huge metropolis, were buried in a forest, a far-stretching forest, haunted by wild beasts and banditti, with nothing to break its monotony but pestilential marshes. The English town rose up in a spasmodic manner without any particular plan or attention to the laws of hygiene. Some parts indeed were below the level of the river. Jungle and rice fields, with here and there a clearing and a few native tents, came close up to the European houses, which were thus in the very grip of malaria. The mortality was terrible and to face the horrors of the situation the courage was required of the heroic merchant who took as his motto "a hundred per cent or death." It is said that in one year a quarter of the Europeans were swept away, and the sailors, playing upon words, said that Calcutta stood for Golgotha, or the place of skulls.

Meanwhile, however, the Mogul Empire was falling to pieces. From the other side of the peninsula, from the shores of the Indian Ocean, a new people, the Mahrattas, who owed their consolidation to the genius of the freebooter Sivaji, were overrunning the country and advancing upon Delhi and the Ganges. In 1742 their scouts were indeed within sight of the Hooghly. The Mahratta incursion, however, passed along the horizon without bearing down upon Calcutta, and the English merchants once more concentrated their attention on their business and continued their quarrels with their French, Danish and Dutch rivals of Chandernagore, Serampore, and Chinsura.

It was not until fourteen years later, in 1756, that the storm broke, and when it did it was in quite an unexpected quarter. The young Nabob of Bengal, Surajah Dowlah, offended by a letter from the Governor, a Mr. Drake, who refused to demolish the fortifications erected during the war with the French, advanced upon Calcutta at the head of an army. The Governor fled with his staff and his [illegible], the military commandant followed his example [illegible] deserted Fort William. The abandoned garrison chose a chief, Holwell by name, and under him held out for [illegible] eight hours, but half of the defenders were killed [illegible] many took refuge in the cellars, and there drank themselves to death. Holwell saw that all was lost and attempted a parley with the enemy. Whilst the negotiations were going on the enemy entered the fort. Night was approaching and what was to be done with the one hundred and [illegible] English prisoners? A safe place to confine them in was for some time sought in vain, when the Nabob bethought him of a room twenty feet square, with but one window behind the arched veranda in which the English [illegible] waiting since the capture of the fort. It was a June night and the heat was terrible, but the unfortunate English were driven at the point of the sword into the confined space which has ever since been known as the Black Hole. [illegible] tragedy ensued, unrivalled even by anything described in Dante's "Inferno."

All through the night were heard the cries of the doomed men, growing fainter and fainter hour by hour, and in the morning, when the natives opened the door of the dungeon, but twenty-three spectres issued forth, leaving one hundred and twenty-three dead, some prostrate on the floor, others still standing, though the sun of India had already begun the work of putrefaction. The twenty-three survivors had escaped by climbing on the bodies of the dying and dead, so as to clutch the window frame and get a little air. The Mussulmans remained for seven months in Calcutta, which they named Alinagar, or the town of Ali, triumphing over the Hindoos and English alike. But [illegible] the Black Hole was to spring the British Empire in India. The seven months were scarcely over when Clive was [illegible] the ruins of Calcutta, and on the 23d June 1757, a year and two days after the tragedy of the Black Hole, he defeated the army of the Nabob in the battle of Plassey.

When the great blow fell there were seventy houses in Calcutta all inhabited by English people. Modern Calcutta may be said to date from 1757. The old factory was given up to the custom-house and other offices, and a new fort, the present Fort William, begun a little lower down than its predecessor on the banks of the river. And gradually the forest surrounding Calcutta was attacked, and replaced by the modern town. Where the cathedral now rises Warren Hastings hunted the tiger a century ago, and [illegible] engaged in the neighboring houses were in the habit of taking off all their clothes when they went home from work in the evening, that there might be nothing on them to tempt robbers.

Since 1757 the history of Calcutta has been that of the rapid increase in prosperity of the English, as that [illegible] has been of the progress of British domination. At the beginning of the eighteenth century Calcutta was still a dependency of Madras; in 1707 it had become independent, and the three presidencies of Madras, Bombay and Calcutta were on an equal footing, that is to say, on a [illegible] ing of anarchy. After the departure of Clive [illegible] brain foresaw that the wealthy but weak Bengal [illegible] awaited the hand of the conqueror, Calcutta was the headquarters of British power. In 1773 it became the [illegible] capital. In 1834 the Governor-General of Bengal became the Governor of India. In 1858 India was annexed to the British crown and a little later the Governor took the title of Viceroy.[*] The splendor of the town was worthy of its lofty political destiny. One man especially set his mark upon the capital and gave to it its imperial character. This man was the Marquis of Wellesley, the brother of the Duke of Wellington, less illustrious perhaps, but greater [illegible] those proconsuls of genius which it has been reserved to Rome in the past and England in the present to produce. He struck the key-note in 1800, when he built the Government House. "India," he said, "should be governed from a palace, not from an office, with the ideas of a prince, not those of a retail seller of muslin or indigo." He it was who really founded the City of Palaces.

I.

Calcutta is a regular English town, though it is surrounded by a vast Indian village of some six hundred thousand inhabitants. It is not, like Delhi, Benares, or Lahore, an old Indian city, as ancient as the earliest records of the country, with its own art, its own native life, its own characteristic appearance, on to which European conquest has tacked, generally at a little distance off, a wealthy [illegible] suburb of villas, gardens, and avenues. In this case the Indian village is in itself the outcome of the English city and has sprung up to supply the needs of its inhabitants. Hence Calcutta, the largest though it be of Indian communities, is yet the most uninteresting from an art point of view. You go to Agra to see the Taj Mahal; to Delhi, to see the Jumma Musjid, or Pearl Mosque, begun by the great Aurungzebe, or the Cyclopean ruins of the ancient city; to Benares to look at the tiers of temples rising up above the river; but you only go to Calcutta out of respect for the fact that it is the capital, and everybody ought to go and see the capital.

Calcutta, then, is not a town of any individual character, it is just a capital. Now very little is needed to make a capital—nothing more, in fact, than good will and a few bricklayers; but to make a town, a living entity [illegible] with life and motion, the stones must be piled up [illegible] genius of a whole people. There must be connected with its growth traditions and memories, hopes and fears, [illegible] and aspirations after something higher, better nobler than anything yet achieved, a something which stirs the [illegible] to ambition, and, before all this, a certain fitness in [illegible] chosen, a response to a silent appeal from nature. [illegible] is where it is just because one Job Charnock happened to make a halt on its site.

The English of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries do not know much about art, they do not care much [illegible] at home, and still less do they trouble their heads on [illegible] subject in a country where their stay is only temporary, where they remain but long enough to make their [illegible]. So they did not draw much on their imaginations in the [illegible]

[*] The peepul is the *Ficus religiosa*, or sacred fig-tree of the Hindoos, [illegible] Trans.

[†] [illegible] in the Hindoo Mars, the offspring of Siva and [illegible] Trans.

[*] In 1877 the Queen was proclaimed Empress.—Trans.

NOTE.—The previous papers of this series, entitled "Capitals of the World," were published in HARPER'S WEEKLY as follows:

PARIS.—No. 1837. By FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.	MEXICO.—No. 1872. By [illegible]
ST. PETERSBURG.—No. 1841. By E. MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ.	CHRISTIANIA.—No. 1873. By HANNAH HANSEN.
CONSTANTINOPLE.—No. 1846. By PIERRE LOTI.	ALGIERS.—No. 1876. By [illegible]
ROME.—No. 1850. By [illegible] BONGHI.	WASHINGTON.—No. 1878. By HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.
GENEVA.—No. 1858. By [illegible]	BRUSSELS.—No. 1883. By [illegible] LEMONNIER.
ATHENS.—No. 1862. By [illegible]	BUCHAREST.—No. 1888. By CARMEN SYLVA.
PEKIN.—No. 1867. By [illegible]	COPENHAGEN.—No. 1893. By ASTRID MOLLER.
CAIRO.—No. 1864. By [illegible]	MADRID.—No. 1894. By [illegible]
BERLIN.—No. [illegible] By [illegible]	RIO DE JANEIRO.—No. 1873. By [illegible] ANNA NERY.
LONDON.—No. [illegible] By [illegible] W. BESANT.	STOCKHOLM.—No. 1900. By [illegible]
VIENNA.—No. [illegible] By [illegible] ADAM.	LISBON.—No. 1907. By ARNAUD DE [illegible]

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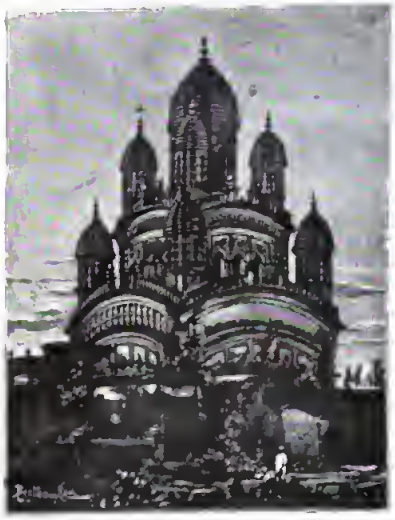
AN INDIAN CART.

SERPENT-CHARMERS.

A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN CALCUTTA.

PART OF THE BLACK TOWN.



TEMPLE OF RAMNATH, OR THE KALI GHAT.

THE CAPITALS OF THE WORLD—CALCUTTA.—[See Page 862.]

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WOODCOCK-SE

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BY A. B. FROST.

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MARKET AT CALCUTTA.

AN INDIAN WOMAN.

THE SUPREME COURT OF JUSTICE.

THE PORT OF CALCUTTA.

THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

A BAYADERE.

THE CAPITALS OF THE WORLD—CALCUTTA.—[See Page 862.]

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gns for their public buildings—Pseudo-Greek for secular uildings, Pseudo Gothic for ecclesiastical ones. Anglo-reek and Indo-Gothic styles have a quaint effect beneath tropical sky; but the architect has at least any amount of ace at his command, and though vastness of proportion not necessarily an element of beauty, there is something riking about it. On the Chowringhee Road, opposite the ide Maidan Esplanade, sixty palaces alone occupy a front-ge a mile long. Commonplace, cold-looking, and monoto-ous, these great buildings have nothing attractive about em but their size; they are the one tropical emanation of r art which may be characterized as doubly spurious, in at it was alien to the soil from which it was borrowed. ravellers who have seen St. Petersburg are reminded of it Calcutta, which is also not unlike the new Vienna which e sprung up in the last ten years, or perhaps Buda Pesth, ut without its glorious background of mountains. No-here is the passionless strength of the British genius bet-r illustrated than at Calcutta. "Let there be palaces," d the Wellesleys, and there were palaces. They forgot add, "Let there be artists": and had they said it, the pow-e even of a Governor-General are limited in all that ra-tes to the spirit.

Nevertheless, these palaces, which are all exactly alike, e not altogether without interest, for nearly every one of em has some historical memory connected with its cel-ars or hidden beneath its foundations. In them, after l, is centred all the interest of Calcutta, all that makes it orth while to visit the city; for the merchants of the East dia Company, least poetic of men though they were, lived, did Napoleon I., through one of the most wonderful ro-ances of the century, and, more fortunate than the Em-eror of the French, their romance has outlived them. We ll, then, with our reader's permission, trace this romance we go up the course of the river.

I will take it for granted that we have without accident, ssed the mouth of the Hooghly, threading our way mongst the reefs and changing shallows encumbering it, d which would puzzle any but a Calcutta pilot. There e some forty of these Calcutta pilots, men of marvellously en vision, who by the color of the water or by the corru-tion of passing wave detect a hidden danger which has rung up but the night before, and who follow day by y the ever-changing caprices of the estuary. We skirt ong the island of Sagara,* that classic ground of the Ben-l tiger, which island disappears for three-quarters of the r beneath the waves of the gulf flung over it by the evalent southwest winds. In spite of this long submer-ace Sagara is the most frequented resort in India of pil-ims from every quarter. For here it is that the bride of e terrible Siva, to whom, under the name of Kali, so many ctims have been offered, the fair Ganga,† finds rest at last the bosom of the ocean after her furious rush across the ole world from her mountain home in the Himalayas, ere under the name of Parvati, or the mountaineer, she d passed her girlhood, and whence she was summoned the prayers of Bhagiruthu. As she swept across the ond her touch restored to life the sixty thousand sons Sagara, who had been burnt to ashes by Vishnu. The ters of the Ganges, sacred everywhere, are doubly holy d powerful here, and he who bathes in them is cleansed m all his sins, as were the sons of Sagara, and, like them, is born anew to everlasting life. In January of every r some hundred thousand pilgrims flock to the island, nging with them fevers and cholera, and setting up their my cities tents. Many of these pilgrims are quite old n, invalids at the last gasp; but it is supreme felicity to bathing in the sacred stream, for it is to die purified from sin, free from all dread of penalty for evil doing, and sh temptations await ready to pounce upon you if you ure to life after your submersion in the holy river.

After laboring for some fifteen hours on the sea of mud ich has formed the delta of the Ganges, and after having ssed Teroiuk, which was the chief entrance part of the er two thousand years ago, you at last approach Calcutta, e towers, spires, and masts of the shipping of which, aks to the windings of the river, you see long before you ach them. On your left stretch what were still a few onths back the gardens of the King of Oude. In 1865 e then Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, on pretext of e young king's misconduct and inexperience, declared his minions annexed to the British crown, and sent him to e at Calcutta, with a pension of fifteen lacs of rupees a ar, "a seventh part of the revenues of the country." The opis of Lucknow rose in arms in defence of their prince, d his mother, the venerable Begum, went to England to , in vain, to rouse the sympathy of Parliament and people the cause of her son. Disappointed she retired to Paris, ere she died from cold on a bitter January day. Mean-ile the young monarch, finding it impossible to govern y longer with the help of his buffoons, musicians, and ecers,‡ consoled himself for his lost crown by making a lendid collection of wild animals, which was long the eatest delight of the children of Calcutta.

On the other side of the river the Botanical Garden forms e worthy *vis-à-vis* to the menagerie of the late king. Found-d in 1786 by General Kyd, and enlarged by a series of nbla tanists, from Roxburg to Hooker, whose names are well own to science, this garden has become the nursery from hich nearly every horticultural society of Europe has re-ived its best examples of tropical vegetation, whether used l or ornamental. Jacquemont, on the eve of his botanical lgrimage across Hindostan, was able in six weeks to make qualtance in the Calcutta Botanical Garden with every getable growth of India. And not only in the flora of indostan represented here but of the rest of the tropics; st of Africa, of Oceania, and of America flourish in the en air as in their native soil.

Near the palace of the King of Oude the vessel skirts the -called Garden Reach, a series of gardens and villas stretch-g away to Calcutta, and really forming its one beauty. ile Garden Reach is the Pasy or Richmond of British In-a, and here too begins the maritime city, the floating town, ith its sails and masts draped with flags, gleaming and livering in the brilliant sunshine on every side. Here it is at the French merchant vessels anchor, and a little higher are the fleets of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, e richest and most powerful maritime association in the orld.

* This island is named after a mythical king of Ayodhya, or Oude, who ures in the Ramayana.—Trans.

† Ganga signifies the female element of nature, and many are the poetic ths connected with the life story of the mother of all things. Of these ths, the most beautiful is given in the grand epic poem of the Ramaya.—Trans.

‡ The author of this account, after saying that Lord Dalhousie an-xed Oude on pretext of the young king's misconduct and incapacity, ould endorse the indictment against the dethroned monarch by this ed the following sentences.—Trans.

The port of Calcutta extends for ten miles along the Hooghly, with moorings for 150 vessels. The river is nearly a mile in width, but the channel itself is not 300 yards across—scant measure for the 2000 vessels of different kinds and 250 ocean steamers which come and go in the course of the year and for the 4000 river craft plying constantly to and fro. We pass the docks, leaving on our right the mouth of the Tolli, which leads to the temple of Kali, and we land at the Prinseps Ghat, the steps of which go down to the river close to Fort William. Prinseps was an employé of the East India Company, who, with no particular education and no scientific training, deciphered the old alphabets of India in his leisure hours, and was in fact, the pioneer of discovery in Sanscrit literature. He belonged to a period already becoming remote, when the agents of the company were free to study the history and moral life of India, and were not forbidden to use their scientific acumen. That acumen was, indeed, more than once turned to very good account, but an official who should take such a liberty nowadays would be sharply reprimanded by her Majesty's government.

Fort William abuts on the river on one side, whilst the other thins overlook the wide open space known as the Maidan, or plain, which is bounded on the west by the Hooghly, on the east by the lofty aristocratic looking houses of the Chowringhee Road and on the north by the Esplanade, on which are the palatial Government House and the best residential mansions of Calcutta. The fort, which is the most important stronghold of India, occupied sixteen years in building, it cost £2,000,000 and 10,000 men would be required to man its defences. So far, however, not a shot has been fired from any of its 600 cannon, and it was not needed even in the great mutiny. For years 2000 men and one battery of artillery have formed its whole complement of defenders. At the entrance commanding the river rises the Gwalior Monument, erected by Lord Ellenborough when Governor-General, in memory of the officers and soldiers who fell in the campaign of 1843, when Sinde was conquered and annexed. It is a monument of very ill omen for the officers of Fort William, for the victory of Maharajpur was one of those in which the generals had more cause to be proud of their soldiers than of themselves. Lord Ellenborough and his court, officers, ladies, and all, had come in grand state, mounted on elephants, to assist at the defeat of the enemy. The first charge of the Mahrattas altered the character of the *fête*. The English officers lost their heads, but their sepoys, without troubling themselves about their leaders, rushed upon the enemy. The Mahrattas as badly led as the invaders, but quite as energetic, went on firing as long as there was a gunner left. At the end of the day it was found that the sepoys were victorious, and Lord Ellenborough, to quote Marshman's *History of India*, vol. iii., p. 265, "won his spurs on the field, and was seen moving about with the greatest intrepidity amidst a shower of bullets, distributing money and oranges amongst the wounded."

On the east and south of the Esplanade is the Race course. Take care you are not surprised on it either by the mad day sun or the cyclone, which now and then devastates Calcutta. The traffic of the Maidan is concentrated at the entrance to the Chowringhee Road and between the fort and Esplanade Row. Here are situated the various monuments, which dot the vast open space, set up in memory of one or another of the high functionaries who have from time to time administered the government of India, and who have been converted into great men by the very simple artifice of the erection of statues in their honor, a device worn as threadbare here as in Paris. Some inscriptions in the Macaulay style, though, alas! they were not written by Macaulay, complete the transformation. India is a country where it is not at all necessary to do great things in order to become a great man, for circumstances are there so malleable that good-will is all that is needed to turn them to account. You need not stop to look at the statues of Lord Auckland, Lord Hardinge, the Earl of Mayo, and Sir William Peel, who were highly born gentlemen but nothing more. Gutram, the Bayard of the East, is more interesting, for he was a man of the highest honor. The men who made British India, from Clive to Lord Dalhousie, were rarely troubled with any delicate scruples, and even those of the most Christian, nay, even of the most Puritan, sentiments—perhaps, indeed, these more then any—followed the simple rule, the rule of a Napoleon or a Bismarck: "Might makes right." But Outram was an exception, he refused to help in the spoliation of the Ameers of Scindia, the treatment of whom is one of the worst blots in the British administration in India; and, rare instance in the military annals of the country, he would not touch his share of the booty. Foley, the artist of the statue of Outram, inspired by his recognition of a true hero, has produced a lifelike work of art, contrasting forcibly with the same productions amongst which it is seen. Outram is represented on horseback, dashing forward, sword in hand, but looking back towards his men, whom he is cheering on to the assault. A little distance off in the solitary column, crowned by a tower—dwarfed in appearance by the desert surrounding it, but from which a fine view is to be obtained—tardily erected in grateful memory of Sir David Ochterlony. This hero, the pacificator of the Goorkhas, who were such indomitable adversaries of the British, died of grief, after fifty years of faithful service, which began almost with the first years of British power in India, in disgrace with the government of Calcutta because he cherished a loftier idea of what the honor of his nation required than did the officials of his time.

Along the quay, between the fort and the Esplanade Avenue, are the Eden Gardens, named not for Paradise, but after the sisters of Lord Auckland, whose family name was Eden, and who was Governor-General half a century ago. A band plays here every evening, and not far off is the inevitable cricket-ground, for the English must play cricket wherever they are. In the evening light the Esplanade resembles the Champs Élysées, or perhaps rather Hyde Park, with this picturesque addition of the brilliant coloring in the costumes of the native servants, and the palanquins, the turbaned *sirdars*, the *babus* in their white robes, their napkins on their arms, or humble *bahestes*, who fling the contents of their leathern bottles upon the many-hued flower beds, and lastly the bald headed *argholis*, or vultures, perched with solemn mien upon the tops of the buildings. There they remain with the grave air of heroes or of marabouts absorbed in meditation on the follies of the world, till all of a sudden they swoop down in furious flight upon some offal they have detected with their keen little red eyes, and which they gobble down into the bags hanging beneath their chins, that are capable of indefinite expansion. The argholis are the unpaid scavengers of Calcutta, and enjoy a monopoly of their horrid trade, they are, moreover, an example of the high teachings of practical morality, showing that the most profound philosophy is compatible with a decident appetite—a lesson confirmed by the example of their brother arghalos of the Anglican Church or, to mention others of inferior degree, the Munchis, the Baboos, or the Kulins, who are priests, and the Kayaths, who are scribes.

The arghalis are particularly fond of perching in numbers on the walls of Government House, the palace of the man who for five years was the incarnation of the terrible and irresistible power which the natives designate as the *Sarkar*. The Sarkar is, in fact, the government, with the addition in the native mind of the indefinable something so mysterious and so fatal, which the word calls up in the minds of French peasants, intensified in India by the native belief in the *avatar*, or incarnation of the deity in some material form. The Sarkar, in providing for itself a habitation, did not erect a classic building, although Government House is as built by Lord Wellesley, a man of powerful intellect and a taste for the magnificent. His architect, a Captain Wyatt, merely followed the plan of Kedleston Hall, in Derbyshire, a beautiful country house built for Lord Scarsdale by Robert Adam, who, with his brother James, achieved a distinguished reputation at the beginning of the present century and who were the architects of the Adelphi Terrace, the screen of the Admiralty, London, and the Register House, Edinburgh, in which they endeavored, not very successfully, to revive Greek forms. Government House has four wings, and the central building, to which a grand double staircase leads up, is crowned by a fine dome. Here live the Viceroy and his court, here sits the legislative body; hence are issued the decrees which annex kingdoms, set up and dethrone princes, ruin or enrich provinces, alter the administration of districts occupied by millions of human beings, but, above all, it is here that balls are held, here that evening dress is worn, champagne is drunk, and all those scenes of the social comedy are enacted which have such an irresistible fascination for the multitude all the world over, and are perhaps more keenly interesting here than anywhere else beneath the sun. The Viceroy's palace contains more tame and lifeless statues than there are even on the Esplanade, and all the Governor-Generals are there, from Lord Wellesley to Mr. John Adam, from the Marquis of Hastings to Lord Teignmouth. It is rather startling to find amongst the statues of the Viceroys portraits of Louis XV. and Maria Leczinska, with the busts of some dozen Roman emperors, but perhaps these were trophies of war brought over by some French vessel a century ago.

West of Government House, and nearer the river, are the Law Courts, housed in a Gothic building erected between 1870 and 1872, on the model, it is said, of the town-hall at Ypres.

Round about the viceregal palace are grouped all the important government offices, the Doric Town-hall, the Bengal Bank and the Mint, all rising from the side of the river. In Dalhousie Square, on the site of the original Fort William, is the huge Post-office, in front of which is a slab marking the scene of the Black Hole tragedy. Opposite to the post is the telegraph office. There is nothing to tempt us to go through all these imposing buildings, which are all exactly alike; nor are the Anglo Gothic cathedral and the lofty churches much more attractive. Their value is purely historical, and the monuments and epitaphs in them will become important some day when the student is anxious to get at the truth about the origin of British India. A drive along the Chowringhee Road and the neighboring streets will be enough to give you a good idea of the City of Palaces. The private houses, in spite of their being all so much alike, are not without charm, the charm always attaching to an Anglo-Indian bungalow, with its wide airy verandas, its long low wings, and, above all, the masses of verdure in which it is buried. When you remember that but a century ago all these wealthy quarters were virgin forests, the home of the wood nymph Aranyani, wearing a mantle of fever, and followed by her court of tigers, you will be compelled to do homage to the wonderful energy of the Anglo-Saxon race. In spite of its inevitable harshness and egotism, a strength of will so triumphant and so pregnant of results almost amounts to genius, and is near akin to virtue.

II.

Great indeed is the contrast between the White Town and the Black Town. Calcutta has been defined as a foreground of palaces with a background of pigsties. The Black Town stretches away to the north and east of the White, and is an accumulation of *bustis*, or villages of mud huts. If the White Town of Calcutta is wanting in character, still more is this the case with the Black, for the latter is but the outcome of the former, and it has therefore no scope for originality. This is the same with all the huge agglomerations which spring up about the European settlements in India, and is as true of Madras and Bombay as of Calcutta. No doubt many *mandars* and many *masjids** are needed to meet the religious requirements of four hundred thousand Hindoos and two hundred thousand Mussulmans, but not one can be called a work of art, except perhaps the mosque in Dharmtola Street, built by Prince Ghulam Mohamed, son of Sultan Tippoo Saib, as an inscription records, in gratitude to God, and in memory of the Honorable Court of Directors who gave him the arrears of his pension in 1810. What would the Tiger of Mysore think of this mosque and its inscription if he could look down upon it from the paradise where brave men go after death?

Fever and cholera were at one time chronic at Calcutta, but the municipality has done wonders for the sanitation of the Black Town, opening out wide avenues and excavating a perfect net-work of sewers, extending over a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, which with the help of pumps, and even of railways, convey all the refuse of the metropolis to the Salt Lake. The gradient on which Calcutta is built is altogether bad, and the town was originally exposed to all the malaria and foul emanations from the river. The police will not now permit the flinging into the sacred stream of the bodies of the dying or the dead, and entrance to paradise is made some difficult to their souls, whilst travellers going up the Ganges lose all the picturesque horrors which were once to be seen on its banks. Corpses are now only burnt at certain of the ghats. Hindoos are no longer free to die where they like, and to poison the air for the living, and they perhaps regret the loss of this privilege more than that of any other.

The Calcutta Bazar has none of the beauty or magnificence of that of Stambul or of Benares. The capital has no art of its own and is but a mart for foreign produce. Its one manufactory is of thoroughly European character, and the industry it represents has increased so rapidly that

* *Mandar* signifies temple, and *masjid* mosque.—Trans.

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a suburb, known as Howrah, containing two hundred thousand inhabitants, has already sprung up on the other side of the river. The hideous chimneys of this factory are already making a kind of Manchester on the banks of the Ganges. It is here that the jute fibre is prepared for making sacks for the export of cereals, and the machinery is kept at high pressure to supply the ten million hundredweight required for the foreign market. At Kowpur, above Calcutta, is a cannon foundry.

It is in its intellectual and political activity that the interest of the Black Town is concentrated. The Hindoo of Calcutta does not represent an ancient tradition, for he is but a thing of yesterday, called into being by the foreigner, and he represents an altogether novel phase of thought, which is gradually making itself felt, and is the chief characteristic of what has been dubbed Young India. Young India is the more or less Europeanized Hindoo. The supple mind of the Bengalese could not long remain impervious to the influence of daily contact with the European cast of thought, and all Hindoos are more or less affected by that contact. A European education, the study of the classics and of contemporaneous literature, of ancient and modern history, and of the natural sciences, could not fail to have results on every stratum of society, and culture has filtered down from the university to every class, awaking aspirations and ambitions previously unknown. A new society has sprung up, of what may be termed Anglicized Indians, which society, alas! is not always recruited from the *élite* of the native population; the higher castes, who cling to their traditions and retain their pride of race, are generally faithful to the culture of the past. The masses who make up Young India are not attached to European civilization by any sense of its superiority or by intellectual curiosity, but in search of remunerative appointments. To get one of the inferior situations under government which are open to native babus it is necessary to be able to speak and write English, and every one anxious to secure thirty rupees a month in some office rushes to the universities and public schools. Three hundred candidates for a place worth some two pounds ten a month! And what becomes of the two hundred and ninety-nine who fail and can no longer live the simple natural life of their forefathers? They must die of hunger or swell the ranks of politicians, and they choose the latter alternative. Proud of the superficial knowledge they have acquired, and primed with European catchwords, the meaning of which has long since faded away, they form a huge unclassed mass uncommonly like the lower middle class of Europe—as noisy, as unreasonable, as narrow minded, and, in some rare instances, as disinterested as those with which we are all familiar, with the difference that the formulas they are so proud of are borrowed from the traditions of an exotic civilization, and that for them there is a wider gulf than ever between the letter and the spirit. What they aim at is, in truth, neither national independence nor local autonomy under the English protectorate; it is simply access to the higher administrative functions and political domination over other castes, with the English army at their backs.

But a generation should be judged not by the average, but by the *élite*. The average is always egotistical and mediocre; the *élite* alone shows us of what a race is capable, and many glorious examples prove that the result of the fusion of the European and Indian spirit is not always necessarily an inferior product, reproducing the faults of both races, but is now and then a creation of noble originality. Although thus far the fusion has produced almost exclusively politicians, journalists, and advocates, who are mere parodies of their third-class European congeners, it has in some few instances aroused the purest, noblest, most disinterested ambition in some noble soul, and resulted in the going forth of apostles of a new religion, whose aim is to purify Hindooism of its cruel practices and superstitions, and to unite in one common faith Hindoos, Mussulmans, and Europeans. These apostles belong to the noble body known as the Brahmo-Somaj, or assemblage of Brahmists; and the founder of the new, or, to be more strictly accurate, the reformer of the old, Brahmaism, was the Brahmin Ram Mohun Roy (Râma Mohana Râi), who, looking upon Brahminism as a corruption of the primitive monotheism revealed in the Vedas, and forgotten or ignored by the faithless interpreters of those sacred books, endeavored to found, or, as he himself thought, to re-establish theism in India.* His disciple and successor, Devendra-Nath, in obedience to the master, sought in the Vedas for the confirmation of the Theist doctrine, and, to his horror and dismay, failed to find it there! He had to choose between reason and the Vedas; he elected for reason, and flung the Vedas overboard, founding the so-called Brahma Dharma, a purely natural religion, and opening the doors of the church to every one without distinction of caste.

An apostle was now urgently called for, and one appeared in the person of Keshub Chunder Sen, of fascinating eloquence, thoroughly imbued with European culture, and with all the fervid imagination of an Oriental, who converted into a religious body what had been before but a philosophical sect. He broke with Devendra-Nath, who was too timid, and though he repudiated the doctrines of Brahminism, was yet conservative of many of its practices, and struck a blow at the two most crying evils of Hindoo society—the marriage of children, and the perpetual widowhood of girls who had lost their husbands in early youth. For the first time in India a religious movement was marked, not by lifeless mysticism or by debauchery, but by a reform of manners and by a new reverence for humanity. Missionaries went forth to spread the good news throughout India, and in 1876 there were already one hundred and twenty-eight communities which had adopted the new creed.

Unfortunately, Keshub Chunder Sen was unfaithful to his mission. His success turned his head. From enthusiasm he launched into the troubled waters of ecstasy, thought himself inspired, and, as is the fatal tendency in India, from an apostle he became a god. Abandoned by the more sober-minded of his followers, he founded the new dispensation, the so-called Navavidhana, the believers in which reconciled the claims of Vishnu and of Christ, not, as did the Brahmists, by showing that the moral teaching of both was the same, but by a mystic union in one incarnation. The founder of the Navavidhana died in 1880, at the age of forty, just as he was entering on this new phase of his career. Its powerful leader gone, Brahmaism relapsed into a purely negative condition, and now, even in Calcutta, its cradle and headquarters, it counts no more than five hundred adherents. But the strength of a religion is shown less in the number of its actual professors than in its influence on the masses, and on movements not apparently within the actual sphere of its influence. The reform of the marriage customs, and through it the reform of family life and the whole of Indian society which originated with Brahmaism, have extended beyond the ranks of the members of that sect. It was a Parsee, one Malabari, who was the true successor of Keshub Chunder Sen, and his enthusiastic and obstinate crusade has brought about a very unexpected result, for not only has the religious question been brought before the general public in England, it has also been forced upon the consideration of English statesmen, who are always unwilling to interfere in any way with matters of conscience and belief.

Before leaving Calcutta, and with a view to taking away with us a fresh and favorable impression, we must make a pilgrimage to the suburb of Maniktola, on the Bhagmari road, where died, at the early age of twenty-two, the poor little Toru Dutt, the only poetess India has produced in the present century. She belonged, to some extent, to France, for she lived in that country for some years when quite a young girl, translated the French poets, wrote a romance in French, and loved France with all her heart. Perhaps at Bhagmari you will be able to identify her favorite casuarina, or cassowary-tree, as it is popularly called, to the wind in the branches of which she loved to listen.

But it is time to quit Calcutta, and it is not one of those towns from which one tears one's self with regret, as the Viceroys of India know well, for they stop in it as little as possible, only remaining for the four months of the rainy season, when the weather is cool and dancing is going on. For six months of the year the government is in retreat at Simla, on the heights of the Himalayas, some two hundred miles from the capital. The tradesmen of Calcutta protest in vain against this exodus, which is their ruin. There is nothing about the stifling heat and fevers of Lower Bengal to attract the Viceroy or his suite, and if the agitation on the subject should succeed in destroying the prosperity of Simla, it will not benefit Calcutta, but some other younger and better situated town, such as Bombay, which is on the coast opposite to Europe, or fresh and breezy Poonah, the town on the seven hills. Calcutta has been the capital for more than a century, which is a long time on an alluvial soil such as that of Bengal, where everything changes at the humor of the waters. The English were unable to set up a monument on the field of Plassey, where Clive founded the British Empire in India, for the Ganges has swept into the sea the scene of the victory, and it now aids in obstructing the estuary of the capital. Trade struggles in vain to open out new fields of enterprise here, and before one hundred years have gone by the huge capital will, perhaps, have swelled the ranks of the dead cities, and be numbered with Goa, Pandua, and Moorshedabad. The exodus to Simla does but predate the justice to be dealt out by the river. I know a traveller who, after passing three days at Calcutta, had nothing to put in his note-book but: "CALCUTTA, former capital of British India. In accordance with an ancient custom, the Viceroy returns to it every winter for the dancing."*

* To quote Collet's *Brahmo Year Book*, p. 5, "The Brahmo-Somaj, or theistic church of India, is an experiment hitherto unique in religious history."—TRANS.

* Lamerre: *Lettres sur l'Inde.* 1888.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE JOHNSON FAMILY IN THE ESQUIMAU VILLAGE.

MRS. JOHNSON (*catching sight of the dog-whip*). "MY LAN'. EF DIT'S ER SNAKE GOT LOOSE! CALL DE COLUMBUS GUA'D!"

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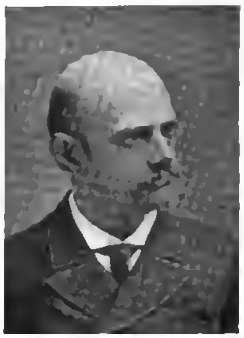
THE HON. W. BOURKE COCKRAN,
From New York

THE HON. JOHN DE WITT WARNER,
From New York.



THE HON. JOSEPH C. HENDRIX,
From New York.

EX-SPEAKER THOMAS B. REED,
From Maine.

THE HON. ISIDOR RAYNER,
From Maryland.

THE HON. WILLIAM D. BYNUM,
From Indiana.

THE HON. THOMAS C. CATCHINGS,
From Mississippi.

THE HON. J. C. BURROWS,
From Michigan.

THE HON. MICHAEL D. HARTER,
From Ohio.

THE HON. WILLIAM EVERETT,
From Massachusetts.

THE HON. CHARLES M. COOPER,
From Florida.

THE HON. CHARLES TRACEY,
From New York.

FRIENDS OF THE PUBLIC WELFARE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

From Photographs by Bell and Others.

THE BATTERY.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

When Hendrick Hudson came sailing into the mouth of the river that thenceforward was to be known by his name, on that September day in the year 1609, almost the whole of what now is called "the Battery" was under water at high tide. And it is a fact—notwithstanding the blundering of guns which has gone on thereabouts, and the blustering name that the locality has worn for more than two centuries—that not a single one of New York's enemies ever would have been a whit the worse had the tides continued until this very moment to cover the Battery twice a day! Actually, the entire record of this theoretically offensive institution—whereof the essential and menacing purpose, of course, was that somebody or something should be battered by it—has been an aggregation of gentle civilities which would have done credit to a rather exceptionally mild mannered lamb.

Most appropriately, this affable offspring of Bellona came into existence as the friendly prop to a still more weak-kneed fort. For reasons best known to themselves, the Dutch clapped down what they intended should be the main defence of this island upon a spot where a fort—save as a place of refuge against the assaults of savages—was no more than a bit of military bric-à-brac. Against the savages it did, on at least one occasion, serve its purpose; yet had even these attacked it resolutely they must surely have carried it, since each of the Dutch governors has left upon record bitter complainings of the way in which it was invaded constantly by cows and goats who triumphantly marched up its earthen ramparts in nibbling enjoyment of its growth of grass. When the stress of real war came—with the landing of the English forces in the year 1664—the taking of this absurd fort was a mere bit of bellicose etiquette: a polite changing of garrisons, of fealty, and of flags.

Later, when Governor Stuyvesant very properly was hauled over the coals for the light-handed way in which he had relinquished a valuable possession, his explanation did not put the matter in much better shape. "The Fort," he wrote, "is situated in an untenable place where it was located, on the first discovery of New Netherlands, for the purpose of resisting an attack of the barbarians rather than an assault of European arms; having, within pistol shot on the north and southeast sides, higher ground than that on which it stands, so that, notwithstanding the walls and works are raised highest on that side, people standing and walking on that high ground can see the soles of the feet of those on the esplanades and bastions of the Fort."

Having themselves so easily captured it, the English perceived the need of doing something to the Fort that would enable them to hold it against the Dutch in the probable event of these last trying to win it back again. The radical course of abandoning it to the cows and goats and building a new fort upon higher ground—on, for instance, the high bluff above the river side where Trinity Church now stands—would have been the wisest action that could have been taken in the premises, but the very human tendency to try to improve an existing bad thing, rather than to create a new good thing, restrained them from following out this one possible line of effectual reform. Raising the walls of the Fort was talked about for a while; until Colonel Cartwright, the engineer, put a stopper upon this suggestion by declaring, in effect, that taking the walls up to the height of those of Jericho would not make the place tenable. And then, after more talk, the decision was reached that to build a battery under the walls of the Fort would be to create defences "of greater advantage and more considerable than the Fort itself": whereupon this work was taken in hand by General Leverett and carried briskly to completion—and from that time onward the Battery has been part and parcel of New York.

The amount of land that then constituted the Battery was trifling; as is shown by the statement in Governor Dongan's report to the Board of Trade (1687), "the ground that the Fort stands upon and that belongs to it contains in quantity about two acres or thereabouts." The high water mark of that period would be indicated roughly by a line drawn with a slight curve to the westward from the foot of the present Greenwich Street to the intersection of the present Whitehall and Water streets. All outside of this line is made land which has been won from the river, the greater part of it within the past forty years, by filling in over the rocks which fringed this southwestern shore.

This primitive Battery was but a small affair, loosely constructed and lightly armed. As to its armament, the report of the survey ordered in the year 1688 contains the item: "Out the Fort, under the flag mount, near the water side, 5 demi-culverins;" and its inherent structural weakness is shown by the fact that only five years after its erection—that is to say, in 1689, when Leisler's righteous revolt made the need for strong defences urgent—its condition was so ruinous as to be beyond repair, wherefore it was replaced by "a half-moon mounting seven great guns."

As the event proved, this half moonful of guns would have satisfied for almost another century all that might have been (but was not) required of artillery in this neighborhood. But the times were troublous across seas, and the Leisler matter had proved that questions of European abstract faith and concrete loyalty might exercise a very tumultuous and disorderly influence upon American lives. And so the prudent New Yorkers, about the year 1693, decided to bring their water-side defences to a condition of high efficiency by building "a great battery of fifty guns on the outmost point of rocks under the Fort, so situated as to command both rivers," and, incidentally, to defy the world.

In the mere planning of this nobly defiant undertaking there seems to have been gained so comforting a sense of security that its realization was not arrived at for nearly half a century—as appears from Governor Clarke's statement (1738). "There is a battery which commands the mouth of the harbor, whereon may be mounted 50 cannon. This is new, having been built but three years, but it wants finishing." In the course of the ensuing thirty years—possibly even sooner—the finishing touches seem to have been supplied, at least, the Battery is shown as completed on Ratzen's map of 1767; and it is certain that these defences were in effective condition while New York was held by the English during the Revolutionary war. Indeed, during the Revolutionary period the Battery really was a battery of

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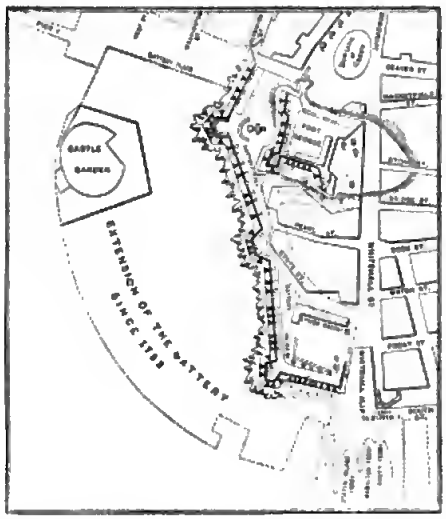

some importance as may be seen by the accompanying plan, showing a line of works extending from the foot of Greenwich Street along all the water front to Whitehall Slip. But what made the Battery harmless at that, potentially, most belligerent period of its history was precisely what has made it harmless throughout the whole of its kindly career: the absolute absence of an enemy at whom to discharge its guns.

When the Revolutionary war was ended the monumental Fort at last was demolished—which was good riddance to amazingly bad rubbish—and with it the Battery went too. Why this last was rezed is not at all clear. Unlike the Fort, it was not in anybody's way, and it was not a military laughing-stock. On the contrary, it occupied an otherwise unused corner of the island, and so well commanded the entrance of the East and North rivers that it was saved from being deadly dangerous only by the persistent absence of a foe. Indeed—in theory, at least—it was so reasonable a bit of fortification that when we went to fighting with England again, in the year 1812, it immediately was built up anew. During that period of warfare, of course, nothing more murderous than blank cartridges was fired from its eager guns; but there it was—waiting with its usual energy for the chance to hurt somebody which (also as usual) never came.

Meanwhile there had been set up in this region another military engine of destruction which, adapting itself to the gentler traditions of its environment, never came to blows with anybody, but led always a life of peaceful usefulness that is not yet at an end. This was the Southwest Battery; that later was to be known honorably as Castle Clinton; that still later was to become notable, and then notorious, as Castle Garden, and that at the present time is about to take a fresh start in respectability as the Aquarium.

It is not easy to realize, nowadays—as we see this chunky little fort standing on dry ground, with a long sweep of tree-grown park in its rear—that when it was built, between the years 1807 and 1811, it was a good hundred yards out from the shore. Its site, ceded by the city to the Federal Government, was a part of the outlying reef known as "the Capsks," and when the fort was finished the approach to it was by way of a long bridge in which there was a draw. The armament of this structure was twenty-eight 32-pounders, and when these went banging off their blank cartridges in salutes, and clouds of powder smoke went rolling down to leeward, there was not a more pugnacious-looking little fame of a fort to be found in all Christendom.

The Battery Park, or Battery Walk, as it indifferently was called, of that period was a crescent-shaped piece of ground of about ten acres—being less than half the size of the Battery Park of the present day—which ended at the water-side in a little bluff, capped by a wooden fence, with a shingly beach beyond. Along the edge of the bluff the earth-works of the year 1812 were erected, and were neither more nor less useful than the wooden frame which they replaced. However, what with the grim array of guns lowering over the earthen parapet, and the defiant look of the obese little fort, the New York of that epoch must have worn to persons approaching it from the seaward—being for the most part oystermen and the crews of Jersey market boats—a most alarmingly swaggering and dare-devil sort of an air.

Yet was there a cheerful silver lining to these dismally black clouds of war. In his admirable monograph upon "New York City during the War of 1812–15," Mr Guernsey writes: "In the summer of 1812 there was occasionally music after supper, at about 6 30 P M, at the Battery flagstaff," which "stood at the southeast end of the Battery parade, and was surrounded by an octagon enclosure of boards, with seats inside and a roof to shelter from the weather. Refreshments and drinks were served from this building and a large flag was displayed from the pole at appropriate times." Never, sureli, was there a more cheering exhibition of combined gentleness and strength than then was made when the brave men of New York, night after night gallantly invited the beautiful women their fellow citizens to partake of "refreshments and drinks" close beside the stern row of deadly cannon, and beneath the flag to defend which, as the women themselves, they were sworn! In all history there is no parallel to it unless, perhaps, it might be likened to the ball and the battle of Waterloo—with the battle left out.

Even the New Yorkers of that period—whose infusion of Dutch blood still was too strong to permit them easily to assimilate ideas—could not but perceive that as a place of recreation, where refreshments and drinks could be had to a musical accompaniment, the real use of their pseudo-Battery at last had been found. Out of this rational view of the situation came the project—formulated soon after Castle Clinton was re ceded to the city, in the year 1822, upon the translation of the Federal military headquarters to Governor's Island—to make over the fort into a place of amusement, which project was realized and Castle Garden came into existence, in the year 1824. From that time onward, through all the phases of its variegated career—as concert hall, place of civic assembly, theatre, immigrant depot, armory—the building at least has been able to account for itself on grounds whereof the mere statement would not, as in the days when it was pretending to be a fort, instantly excite a grin.

With the departure from Castle Clinton of the last of its 32-pounders went also the last vestige of an excuse on the part of the Battery for retaining its Sir Lancelot O'Trigger of a name. But in that region, fortunately, old names live on. Them is the Beaver's Path and the Maiden's Lane, the first of which has ceased to be the exclusive property of beavers, and the second of maidens, for more than two and a half centuries; there is the Wall Street, whence the wall departed about A D 1700, and there is the Bowling Green, where bowls have not been played for well on to two and two hundred years. With these admirable precedents to stay and to strengthen it in use, there is no fear that the name of the Battery soon will pass away. And even should the brave name be lost in the course of ages, still, surely, must be preserved always the gracious legend of those peaceful guns which never thundered at a foe.

THE PICKET FENCE.

BY L. B. BRIDGMAN.

It was a warm May morning, and the sun beat down with ardent suggestions of summer on the grey head of Samuel Clark as he bent laboriously painting his new picket fence. The pickets slowly assumed a dark red color under the trembling motion of his withered hands. As a fence it was beautiful, straight and even, cutting the greensward beyond into narrow parallelograms. The dark red was a rest to the eye in all this wilderness of green. Samuel Clark paused from time to time and looked at it, sighed, and shook his head. It was plain that he worked under protest.

"Tain't no use," he mumbled. "Might jest as well have built this fence years ago." He rubbed the paint in with vicious vigor, partly to relieve his feelings, partly for the economy of the paint. "If a man can't run his own farm he might as well be dead—or a woman—a heap might better be a wimmin. There ain't no way but their way. I ought to have gave up long ago."

It took him a long time to express so much. His words were separated by long pauses, and spoken in a voice at times scarcely audible, but the wind, softly fanning his grey hair, was gentle of hearing, and there was nothing else to listen.

His knowledge of women was not wide, but deep—deep and varied. One small woman, in her about eighty years, had held for him all the mysteries of her sex. She had died ere time had exhausted her infinite variety, and he, plodding away in the hot sun, felt her coercive presence very near. He took off his hat and wiped his forehead. His face wore a harassed, badgered look. Then just to be sure that she still slept peacefully, that she was not listening to his complaining on the sly, he turned and sent a furtive glance down the straight row of apple trees to where the orchard ended in a tangle. Beyond, a gentle knoll brought the village graveyard into sight. There stood her head-stone, tall and white just as she had planned it years before. Long it had waited for the legend on its white surface to be finished.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
MARY CLARK.
Died, ...
aged . . . . . .

"The wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

The blank space was now filled:

May 1, 1891.
80 years, 10 mon., 6 days.

Samuel had looked at it approvingly the day after she was laid to rest, and declared it "a mighty pretty stone—so sort of peaceful." Yet now, not three weeks later, as he eyed it furtively, there was no approval in his glance. The sunlight was shining warm upon it, and flickering shadow leaves were caressing the grave. From the top of the shaft fell folds of weeping. Oddly enough, it looked to his dimmed eyes like herself, with her old shawl pinned around her head, all bleached to a dazzling whiteness.

"She needn't be a-peekin'," he mumbled, "I'm a-buildin' of it!" He turned again to the fence, working more slowly, for he was weary; more steadily, for he was watched.

When had he not been watched? From the day his young step-mother vowed to do her duty to "Little Samuel," the sense of being taken care of had weighed upon him.

His was a queer combination of authority and servility, obstinacy and docility. "Samuel is all right," his step-mother was wont to say, "if you jest come up on his deef side." For Samuel had a deaf side, and it was on that side that his servility and docility developed themselves. Authority and obstinacy had been born in him. He had not been born deaf, but it came to him when he was quite young, with its meek attendant handmaids. It had made him shy with strangers, halting in his speech, slow in his thought. And Mary Clark, born to protect and to rule, put her motherly arms around him, and protected and ruled him ever after, while Samuel born to rule and to be served, chafed against her authority, but his dumb lips could not voice his protesting thoughts. It took him so long to frame and utter them that they were drowned ere half finished in a torrent of exclamations, among which was always the one he never had a chance to answer—"Well, Sam-u-el, what *are* you driving at, anyway?" He wished he were totally deaf and dumb and done with it. One sweet and daring plan—to run away—had brightened the monotony of his existence, but the great world of silence had always beaten him back. Against his will, he had grown into the habit of turning his eyes in her for interpretations whenever any one spoke, for she had cultivated a peculiar, distinct enunciation, which he could understand with comparative ease. What would he do when she was not near? This did not make him grateful, however. He *must* use her, and his silent rebellions were more fierce in consequence.

They were both old when Samuel's father died and left two thirds of his small property to Samuel, and Samuel and the other third to her. She was not averse to this arrangement. She was willing that Samuel should have everything, if only she might manage it for him. She was anxious to labor to slave for him. All she asked for herself was to be followed, to be obeyed implicitly—for the follower's own good. And, lo! the day after his father's funeral Samuel, the grave, the silent, began to assert himself—and that with long latent stubbornness. He had long ago learned from his father that man is divinely constituted to be obeyed and served. Even his mother, that wonderful, capable woman, had obeyed her husband.

Samuel commenced the new régime by taking his father's place at the head of the table before she told him to. He also put two spoonfuls of sugar in his tea, instead of one as was his custom, and absolutely refused to eat bread with his sauce. Moreover, he met her look of astonishment with a defiant grunt, and his little gray eyes gleamed in a way that showed he had made up his mind. He would be boss in his own house. He took sauce twice.

Mary Clark felt the foundations sinking beneath her feet. She, too, had been counting on a season of freedom. She scraped some butter from the piece of bread she was eating and remarked, as if thinking aloud (she had to think very loud in order to make Samuel hear): "The old garth's together, the young scatter. Father's gone, an there's no tellin' when all he's slaved an' dug for all these years will be gone too—scattered to the four winds of the earth."

She sighed, and, with eyes fixed prophetically, gazed on the wastefulness of the future. Samuel, the spendthrift, stirred his tea. The death of his father had turned certain speculations of his into absolute knowledge. He had lived in a quiet corner of the world where Nature for the most part took her course unmodified by seemingly alien forces. Severe storms and pestilence were unknown in there. Death was usually as the dropping of the scar and yellow leaf. The blade, the ear, the full corn in the ear, and the harvest. It was thus that the monarchs of the forest fell and the young saplings stood. It was thus that his father had died. It was thus that she would go at last, and he would be free. Evidently she had not thought of this. He had best remind her.

"Life's uncertain. All got to die some time. Best be ready," he said, in a cheerful tone.

Thus was the beginning of a long struggle. Each occupied ground that was impregnable, and a retreat to their fortresses ended most of their skirmishes for the time.

Then Samuel Clark reminded his mother, scarcely ten years his senior, that she was old, and must soon die and then he would wear his best clothes, rent his farm, and board in town, or travel. Her only defence was: "Yes, Sam-u-el, but I hope to be able to lay you away first. You know Sam-u-el, you're deef, and you'd be cheated out of your eye teeth. I hope to be spared as long as you need me, Sam-u-el."

And Samuel, who knew what this kindness and care meant, was not softened. He knew it was true—his deafness and the ability of the world to cheat him. Dearer that himself was his little property, which he so longed to enjoy in his own way. He felt powerless, yet impotently wielded his one weapon. "All got to die. The old die first." In his thought the flower of youth was yet to bloom for him.

As to the picket fence, it seemed to Samuel that she had always wanted it. Given a passion for flowers, a firm faith in the economic value of chickens, and no picket fence, the result is easily imagined. Mary Clark's husband had considered flowers a sinful waste of land and labor. What were door yards for, if not for the chickens? And Samuel felt that in order to be the man of the house he must clothe himself as with armor in the opinions of his father. He could not remember the summer when flowers had not bloomed around the door, and that they might do so, his youth had passed in a wearying chase after chickens. When he had become old enough to go to the fields, generations of hundred dogs had worn out their lives in the same occupation.

Like his father, Samuel abhorred a blossom that was not harbinger of an edible fruit. Apple blossoms were beautiful to him because of the apple to follow. They were more beautiful after the petals had fallen, revealing the round green ball at their base which dispelled the fear of a barren pistil. But he had grown accustomed to the flowers in the door yard. He would have missed them had they failed to appear. He would have missed those vigilant skirmishers, the chickens, had they been limited to a space of their own. He would have missed the persistent reminders of his mother that "If that there fence was only built—," and his own unfailing antagonism. Perhaps he would not have liked to miss any of these things.

"I tell you what it is, Sam-u-el Clark, all I want is to get you away long enough, and I'll build that fence myself," she said at last, desperately.

"No tellin' what may happen before next spring," the old man crowed, his bleared eyes lighting. "Perhaps you won't be here by that time. Best be ready. All got to die. The old first."

"Well, Sam-u-el, if I die first, I don't expect as picket fence. There won't be any money to build it with or any farm to build it on, inside a year. You know you're deef Sam-u-el. They'll cheat you out of everything you've got."

"I'll risk it! D——n! I'll risk it," yelled Samuel, with unusual vim. But this time he had gone too far.

"I *will* have that fence, so there now. Samuel Clark," and that very afternoon she drove to town and ordered the materials. The next morning they came, and a man to make of them a fence.

Samuel eyed the work sullenly. His mother was silent but triumphant.

As Mary Clark stood in the shade of her apple tree giving orders as to the distance apart and depth of the post holes, a figure emerged from the house, and when she caught sight of it, was jogging rapidly down the road. It was a thin figure, not very tall. Its clothes hung loosely about it. Its hat was jammed down to its ears, and its gray hair flamed out beneath the rim. Across its shoulders was a stout stick, at the aft end of which dangled a bundle. She had gone too far also. Samuel was running away.

"Humph!" sniffed Mary Clark; "I bet that picket fence he'll be back to dinner."

But he was not. At three o'clock she ordered the man stopped, hitched her horse to the buggy, and started after him. She found him ten miles down the road, seated on a rail at the corner of a fence.

"Sam-u-el!"

No answer. He was staring straight before him with dull eyes. Perhaps he did not hear her. His face showed white through the streaks of dust. So lonely and hopeless he looked, it touched her to the heart. Little Samuel! Had she not vowed to take care of him? She climbed out of the buggy and went to him. She touched his hand.

"Why, Sam-u-el, you're cold! Get right in the buggy and come home!"

"I won't!" said Samuel without looking at her.

"Well, you *will*—if I have to carry you!" She took hold

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DOWN ON THE FARM.

of him. He seized the fence behind him and faced her with blazing eyes.

"You le' go o' me!" he yelled. Then he began to cry, and make terrible choking noises, as the dumb do.

"Sam-u-el, Sam-u-el! what's the matter with you? Have you plumb gone mad?" She shook him helplessly. "He's stopped workin' on the fence. I won't build it if you don't want it—there, now!"

Samuel's sobs became less frequent; then they ceased.

"Now, Sam-u-el, I want you to get right in an' come home. You'll have a fever first thing you know out in this hot sun—an' cold as you be, when you ought to be b'ilin'."

"Don't care if I am. Might jest as well, if I can't be boss on my own farm!"

He said it slowly, distinctly, pushing the words out. Once he would be heard, if he never spoke again. And Mary Clark, finding herself overreached, gave in with a very good grace. She, who always drove, insisted upon his driving home. Perhaps it shortened her life, for the next spring she died.

A few straggling flowers from last year's scattered seeds made a sickly showing against the brick wall. The chickens scratched at them viciously, and then sunned themselves on the door-step unmolested. Samuel missed her more than he would have dreamed possible.

"I wisht I had a-built her that fence. 'Twouldn't have cost much," he said, pretending to himself that he had opposed her in the cause of economy. Yet this mild regret could not lessen the sense of joy and elation that took possession of him. The feeling that he was at last really his own master grew stronger. But he was still very shy with outsiders. He wanted to rent his farm and be free to go where he would, but he was afraid to do business with any one, afraid he would commit himself before witnesses to conditions which he never heard—as she had so many times told him he would.

One morning Mr. Dever, a lawyer from Newark, who had always attended to their few legal affairs, stopped in front of the house and beckoned to Samuel.

"Good-morning, Samuel," he shouted. "I just happened to think when I saw you of a little paper down at my office. Sorry I was away three weeks ago. They say she went easy. Eh? Yes. Glad to see you looking so well, Samuel. Well, that little paper, guess I'd have to read it to you. It's a will Mrs. Clark had me draw up. It isn't of any importance, but she wanted it done. Come down some time this week, and we'll look it over."

This was news to Samuel. A vague misgiving possessed him. A will? Why had she made a will? He felt as if a hand had reached out from eternity to rob him of his few years of freedom.

That very afternoon he called on Lawyer Dever and listened to the reading of the will.

"'I do give and bequeath all my property, both personal and real, to wit, the northwest third (including dwelling-house and barns) of the northeast quarter of section 30, range 20, township 5, in Litchfield County, Ohio, known as "Clark Farm", also two thousand dollars stock in Newark National Bank—to my beloved son, Samuel Clark, providing he does build and maintain during his life a *picket fence* four feet high and painted red, to enclose the door-yard and clothes lot lying west of the apple orchard, the same to be completed one month after my death.

"'Providing this is not built at the time specified, and maintained in a neat and respectable manner, I do leave all my property, both personal and real, all moneys, bonds, and stocks, to St. Mary's Orphan Asylum of Newark—except ten dollars, which I leave to my beloved son Samuel, with which to purchase a little remembrance of me.'

"There, that's the will. Sorry I've given you so little time to build the fence. Guess there ain't no hurry, if we don't say anything about it. What was the matter with the old lady, anyway? Why didn't she build the fence herself?"

But Samuel was staring helplessly at the wall. At last, "Will that hold?" he asked, tremulously.

"Why, you don't mind building the old lady's fence, do you? Of course it will hold, unless you break it, and I doubt if you could work that. You're not her own son, you see. And if you could, it would cost—well, the amount of the property. The St. Mary's would fight you, of course. Confound you, Samuel, why don't you want to build the fence?"

Samuel arose. Words—rebellious, protesting words—strove thick and fast for utterance on his stiff tongue. Their import was that he could never be boss in his own house, lord of his own person, keeper of his own soul. As he shambled out, his newly acquired youth fell from him and left him older than he had ever been, more withered, with a trembling which was new to him. Always, always, in one way and another, she had had *her* own way. It always would be so. The living might be thwarted, but the dead—

The will was certainly a great shock to his mind. When he reached home he slipped quietly to his room. Soon after he might have been seen stealthily leaving the house and pattering down the road, his stick and bundle over his shoulder.

Again he was running away.

It was late when he reached the fence corner, and long he waited, but no one came to coax him. At last when the moon rose he realized that no one would ever come; that the house might stand there for years and no one would know he had gone.

He reached home in the gray of the morning, and crept in, cowed, beaten.

It was afternoon when the painting was finished. Samuel Clark turned, brush and paint-pail in hand, and looked through the rows of apple-trees to her grave. It was in shadow now.

"If there's anything you want, jest toot for it, an' I'll get it *with* pleasure. You needn't be a-standin' there so meek like. You've had your own way."

A fragrant breeze drifted through the apple leaves, and their disturbed shadow upon her seemed like the swaying of those marble garments. But she did not turn around, as he feared; he could not see her face.

"I never said nothin'," he muttered, and with head bowed as to a yoke he tottered into the house.

THE DEATH ROLL IS LARGELY SWELLED

By persons careless of imperilled health, who "pooh, pooh!" their minor ailments, believing, or pretending to believe, that nature will effect a change. Nature does effect a change, but it is in the wrong direction. She thus avenges a disregard of her appeals. Don't omit, if you are at all unwell, to recuperate by the aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a signal remedy for dyspepsia, nervousness, debility, malaria, rheumatism, biliousness.—[*Adv.*]

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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Milk train in collision; no milkman turns up; disappointed housekeepers; coffee without cream. A petty annoyance resulting from a neglect to keep the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in the house. Order now for future exigencies from Grocer or Druggist.—[*Adv.*]

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DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS is known all over the world as the great regulator.—[*Adv.*]

WITH nerves unstrung and heads that ache
Wise women BROMO-SELTZER take.—[*Adv.*]

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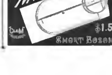

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When other charms have faded, a sound, white set of teeth redeems the countenance; but they should be brushed every day with **Sozodont**, in order to keep them white, or to render them so.

SOZODONT

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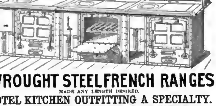

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PSYCHOLOGY AND COINCIDENCES.

BY JOSEPH JASTROW, PH.D.,

Professor of Experimental and Comparative Psychology in the University of Wisconsin.

THE proposition that the subject of coincidences is in some way connected with psychology would probably meet with ready consent, and yet it would be difficult to give a satisfactory reason for the relation thus firmly yet vaguely maintained. Doubtless the general identification of psychology with psychic research, and the interpretation of the latter as an attempt at demonstrating the supernatural, are in a considerable degree responsible for the prevalent belief. There is, too, the consideration that a large portion of coincidences deal with similarities of ideas and thought habits, and thus come under the domain of the psychologist. The subject has recently been made prominent in connection with the attempt to prove the existence of other modes of thought conveyance than the recognized avenues of sensation; for with telepathy admitted as a legitimate working hypothesis, coincidences are at once resolved into commonplace applications of this convenient but unreliable form of mental communication. An allied train of thought has led to the endowment of presentiments and forebodings with mysterious predictive and veridical qualities. The most direct method of examining and illuminating these beliefs will consist in an exposition of the general point of view by means of which the problems involved may be interpreted and made significant.

It must first be recognized that the problem is primarily, though not wholly, a logical one, the question being how far certain personally interesting and impressive facts may be regarded as demanding an explanation other than the action of chance under favorable and fairly well recognized circumstances. The logician may be asked to determine, with proper reservations, what one ought to conclude upon the evidence submitted and the psychologist has then to account as far as he can for the prevalence of actual beliefs. It may be well to begin by pointing out the subjective side of the question, the fact that one's liability to coincidences depends, among other things, upon the sum total of one's experiences and interests. Each man's world is as wide as his capacity for receiving impressions. An infinite number of events are constantly going on about us, only a small portion of which we observe and respond to. At the great Exposition now in progress the actual routes travelled by different visitors and the actual pictures photographed on their retinæ are not so very different, but how endlessly diverse their impressions and reports! One recognizes friends and acquaintances in objects as well as in persons where another sees only strangers or sees not at all. As in taking a picture the result depends as much upon the sensitive plate as upon the object to be photographed, so in sensation the result is a composite of the objective event and of the subjective capacity of being impressed.

From this we learn that what shall be recognized as a coincidence depends upon our experience, interests, and powers of observation; we learn to hesitate before claiming anything providential or miraculous, for the fact that half a dozen persons, one of whom is interested in horses, another in old pottery, a third in rare books, a fourth in practical inventions, a fifth in cases of extreme longevity, and a sixth in psychic research, should each find in the same morning's paper a most pertinent illustration of the precise topic each was discussing with a particular friend the evening before. The paragraph on horses may reach the bibliomaniac's eyes but not his mind, the ten line notice of a rare edition, however, just fills a vacant niche in his mental structure. It fills it, let it be emphasized, because it is there to be filled.

Inasmuch as all sorts of events are constantly occurring, and all sorts of observers are constantly observing them, the doctrine of chance holds that special relations between them constituting a coincidence, not may, but *must* occur. It also maintains that such coincidences will be more frequent in simple every-day occurrences than in rarer ones, more frequent as the opportunities for the dissemination of information, for each one's coming in contact with other persons and things, are increased.

While the logician insists upon the necessity of fully exploiting the action of chance as regards coincidences before even remotely entertaining any other explanation, he is unfortunately not able to calculate how many coincidences of various kinds should occur as the result of chance action. Science is not composed of proof and demonstration alone, but to a considerable extent depends upon the exercise of judgment and what may be termed logical perspective. In such matters divergence of opinion is inevitable, and I must content myself with the record of the conviction that an authoritative majority of those qualified to weigh the evidence would deny the need of recourse to any explanation other than that of chance, and with this pass on to a consideration of some of the factors that are responsible for a contrary view. First is the tendency, already considered, to overlook the subjective factor in coincidences, the fact that they come to be and to be observed through the acquisition of interests, and not the least of the interest is in observing them.

Of almost equal importance is the tendency to exaggerate affairs of personal interest. While admitting the value of the theory as applied to cases in general, we are apt to regard our own coincidences as too peculiar to be thus explicable. The tendency is as natural as it is pernicious, and finds its corrective in an appreciation of what is meant by statistical regularity, and by the application of theory to practice an appreciation that comes as the result of logical training and careful habits of thought.

We have further to notice the part that community of mental possessions plays in the production of coincidences. If each one's premises, and his manner of reasoning from them, each one's susceptibilities and motives were as individual as he is often inclined to maintain, then indeed the interpretation of coincidences as matters of chance would be less plausible. The tendency is strong to overlook the great body of common ideas and ways of thinking that we derive from a common inheritance, a similar education, allied occupations, social interests, co-operative ends, and to forget that these produce precisely the best conditions for starting thought-parallelisms, to which we give the name of coincidences.

Such are some of the considerations by which the logician attempts to determine the applicability of the doctrine of chances to a body of coincidences, and by which the psychologist attempts to account for the readiness to which recourse is had to an explanation other than chance. General considerations of this kind may not be as convincing as the beautifully clear and direct applications of bold but unwarranted hypotheses. They have the advantage, however, of harmonizing with and being the outgrowth of an important and mutually corroborative aggregate of facts. Coincidences will continue to have a fascination peculiar and legitimate, but like the games and toys of children that once formed the serious occupations of their ancestors, will find a place in the classification of knowledge less conspicuous than the one now claimed for it by ardent devotees of the occult.

FIRE DEPARTMENTS OF THE WORLD.

THE World's Fair Firemen's Congress which assembled in Chicago on Monday last is the third large convention that has met during the past year to discuss the best methods of dealing with outbreaks of fire and to exhibit improved apparatus designed for this purpose. The first of these meetings was held in St. Petersburg in June, 1892, and the second in London in the same month of the present year. At both of the foreign exhibitions there were displays showing the advances that have been made from the time of the old fashioned hand bucket down to the magnificent mechanism of the modern steam-engine, and our illustrations show some of the primitive methods as they exist at the present day in Russia and in Japan.

In a Russian village there is not even such an organization as we possess in this country in the small volunteer companies. In their stead is a log stable with thatched roof, containing an old-fashioned hand-pump and three casks mounted on wheels. These are kept filled with water, and each is drawn by a single horse. The horses are the property of the commune, and they are kept tethered outside the cabin, ready for duty at a moment's notice. A place is also set apart in the hut for the *moujik* who serves as watchman, an office that is held, turn by turn, by the inhabitants of the township. The location selected for this cabin is as near as possible to the residence of the Pristav, or the district captain of police, and upon an alarm of fire he drives to the scene in his telega at the head of the procession of carts and peasants.

At the scene of the fire the figure in the foreground represents a monk with an *ikon* beseeching the saints to lend their aid, while the village priest, familiarly called the *batushka* (little father) is consoling the families of those upon whom the affliction has fallen. And in rural Russia a fire is indeed an overwhelming calamity, for a peasant's entire wealth is in his cabin, his hay, and other inflammable property, and when once it is destroyed the loss is almost irreparable, for, unlike the American farmer, the Russian has no such luxury as a bank account. For this reason incendiarism is the form that vengeance and spite most frequently take.

In contrast with the small towns, the large cities of Russia have unusually fine engines and well-drilled departments, and the machine belonging to the St. Petersburg fire department, of which a picture is given, is entirely of Russian design and construction.

The evolutions of a country Japanese fire brigade, as shown in our illustration, are distinctly acrobatic, and while they are perhaps more picturesque than the manœuvres of a hook and ladder company, there can be no doubt as to the greater efficiency of the two. The means of extinguishing fires in Japan is the hand pump with long bamboo levers and simple fire buckets which are filled from large vats carried on poles by the firemen.

All the large cities of Europe have uniformed brigades, and are supplied with modern apparatus, that is being improved as rapidly as new inventions are made to perfect it. The International Fire Brigades' Exhibition and Tournament held in London in June last was the largest assemblage of the kind up to that date. The countries represented were America, England, Belgium, Russia, Italy, France, India, Portugal, New Zealand, Canada, and Australia. And in the competition it is gratifying to our national pride to note that America easily carried away the first honors. In commenting on the affair the *Graphic* said: "One of the most popular displays is that of the American team, and in point of time their performance could not be beaten. In somewhat less than a quarter of a minute from the clanging of the alarm bell the horses are harnessed, the men are at their posts, and the engine out of the house, galloping towards the scene of the fire."

Our apparatus also came in for a share of admiration, and the writer continues: "But a more remarkable part of their performance is the scaling of buildings by means of a single-pole ladder curved at the end, which the fireman hooks into windows."

The Belgian and Portuguese departments were also commented upon as being especially good. In the United States six cities—New York, Chicago, Boston, Brooklyn, St. Louis, and Philadelphia—employ regularly on their fire service 4628 men, and the annual expense of the maintenance of the departments is $7,025,000. New York heads the list with 1100 men, followed by Chicago, 1000, Boston, 780, Brooklyn, 680, Philadelphia, 600, and St. Louis, 460. The expense is distributed as follows: New York, $2,325,000, Chicago, $1,400,000, Brooklyn, $1,000,000, Boston, $950,000, Philadelphia, $750,000, St. Louis, $700,000. Of late years the improvement in the service has been shown as much in the conduct and character of the men as in the superiority of the apparatus. And at the present time the word fireman is synonymous with that devotion to duty and implicit obedience to orders that marks the hero in every walk of life.

THE MISSION OF THE HUMORIST.

NEARLY all people fail to regard the humorist in a serious light, and if they do look at him without a smile they say he is no humorist. The world at large does not comprehend the self-sacrificing mission of the humorist, and refuses to recognize his disinterestedness. The humorist may toil for a lifetime striving after his ideals, serving a high purpose, and then what reward does the world offer him? A chuckle, a grin, and that is all. The true disinterested humorist is not a rare being nowadays; there is an army of these unselfish missionaries, whose one idea in life is to make bright and happy the way of the many millions. They do not seek the reward of money. To give them money is like crowning a donkey with laurel—the beast eats the crown and the humorist spends his money on the instant. They do not know what money is; they laugh at it.

People like to regard the humorist as a sort of rare and diffident being, a little cracked on several subjects, which accounts for their ability to be laughed at and not retaliate. There are humorists in this world who, laboring in the cause of humanity, work through the night even until daylight, and then when they are wakened after two hours' sleep, and express a wish to rest longer, are greeted with such roars of laughter as to make sleep impossible. Other people think that is funny and even laugh at the humorist's views on the subject, however forcible and strong they may be. Your real humorist seeks to banish sorrow and dispel dull care, and therefore plants his seed in fertile ground, producing happiness and joy. Yet the careless world says that his grain is only chaff, and all that he can raise is a laugh. The poor man is misunderstood at every turn in life. Doctors regard him as a fraud because he sends in no monstrous bill when he has banished sickness and raised the sufferer from his bed of pain. He sends forth his shaft of light, and it penetrates into hardened hearts, converting the miser, yet the check that is immediately forthcoming from the latter goes to the miser's second cousin, and not to the humorist. The after-dinner speaker, who is frequently mistaken for the humorist himself, forgets to give credit to the humble man who made it possible for him to exist, and the public, which attempts to mingle its Anglomaniacal tendencies with its feeble wit, invariably regards the humorist as an understudy for an undertaker.

It is extremely pitiful that such a condition of things should be, that an apostle of sweetness and light should not only be laughed at, but be absolutely misunderstood. The humorist hides his lights beneath several bushels and essays the difficult task of making a name for himself anonymously. But it doesn't do. The kindly missionary to humanity may achieve something great in his meek and patient way, and the credit of it is given at once to Sidney Smith or Plutarch. Yet the humorist continues to exist despite the world, and to make men happier because he realizes his duty and bravely does it.

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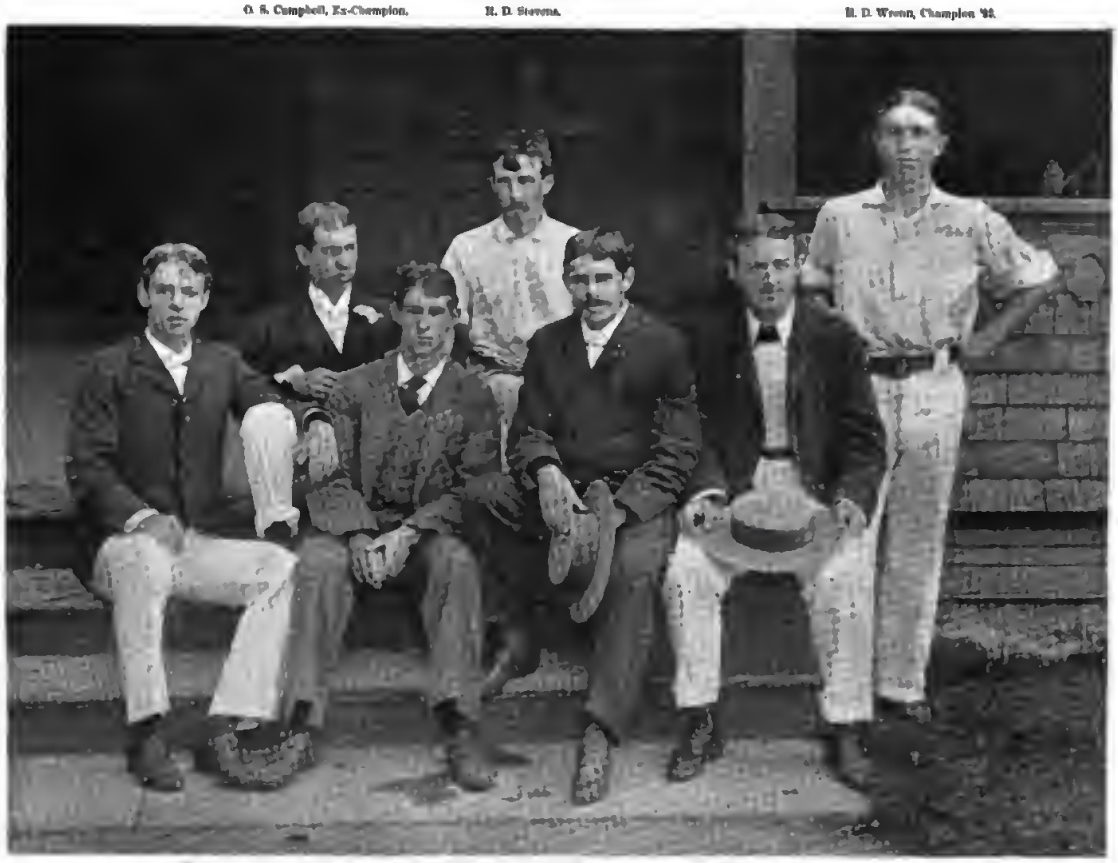
O. S. Campbell, Ex-Champion. R. D. Stevens. R. D. Wrenn, Champion '93.



Malcolm Chace. W. A. [illegible] Champion. [illegible] Hovey, Runner-up. [illegible]

SEVEN OF THE TEN LEADING LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS OF AMERICA.
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AMATEUR SPORT

WHATEVER THE FIRST ROUNDS of the national tennis championship at Newport may have lacked in surprises—a feature which seems to be necessary to every tournament—the last two rounds furnished in bewildering abundance. It was astonishing enough to see Hobart, who previous to last week had beaten Hovey every time they played, fall at last a victim to his own bad play and his opponent's clever net work, but to see Hovey beaten at his own game, and by R. D. Wrenn, a player who, though first class, has never been regarded the equal of either Hobart or Hovey, was quite the most astounding event of American tennis. Some one has remarked, we understand, that lawn-tennis is an uncertain game.

It was well for the record of the '93 championship that the last two matches were enlivening, else the tournament would have left rather a colorless impression. None in late years, since we have been able to muster enough players to lend interest to the rounds and uncertainty to the results, has been so filled with tame matches and mediocre tennis as the tournament just closed. Added to which, the drawings were unhappy enough to permit a couple of men in the semi-finals who would, under ordinary circumstances of play, have stopped short of the third or fourth rounds. It seems as if it would be fair and certainly more interesting to distribute the half-dozen leading players more evenly over the three sections of the tournament, rather than leave the matter entirely one of luck. It would not be impossible to roughly divide all entries, say, into three general classes, based on their alleged form, and then let the drawings begin on somewhat the same plan as now, with the difference that men of the same class would be more likely to meet, and the first players sure to be found in the last rounds of the tournament. This may sound Utopian, but it looks as if it could be arranged.

THE GREATEST REFORM SPORTSMEN want, however, is in the length of time the tournament is allowed to take. There is no reason whatever why it should not be decided within the week it is begun. Of course everybody knows that the Casino governors like to keep it as long as possible, being the chief kit of life on the grounds during the summer to attract custom to the restaurant and bar, and "society" too likes to detain it as an agreeable rendezvous in the morning. If the National Lawn-tennis Association considers the pleasure of the governors and "society" of more importance than the development of the game itself, well and good; its officers are pursuing the proper course, but meanwhile lawn-tennis is becoming a mere tail to the Newport kite, and not a game of healthful vigorous growth. There are very few people who are attracted to Newport by the tennis, and the number is growing less every year under the present order of things. The sportsmen who take a night's journey to see a yacht-race, football, baseball match, or athletic games, make scarcely a pretence at seeing this national tennis championship, chiefly because of the time it takes. While they might devote three days, seven and even eight are out of the question.

THE TOURNAMENT LASTS SO LONG because the men play but one match a day, and the claim that they cannot do otherwise is all fol de rol. The plea that they are not able to play two hard matches in one day should be resented by every well regulated American athlete. A match in the morning at ten and another in the afternoon at five would be easily within the limits of any of the players. The Englishmen do it right along throughout their tournaments, and they play a harder game than do we as an average, while our football players prove that the American is not wanting in either endurance or pluck.

The fourth round of the tournament, the dullest of the week, instanced the absurd extent to which the rule may be carried. The fourth round went over until Friday because of rain, and every one of the winners with the exception of Wrenn had a practical walk-over, only occasionally there being a bit of interesting play. There was no reason why the winners could not have gone on with the fifth round in the afternoon, but no, they could not possibly stand the fatigue of two matches in one day, and the tournament dragged on into the next week in consequence. Tennis is not interesting enough to coquette with the public, whose lukewarm admiration may easily turn to indifference, and thinks a case where the late Commodore Vanderbilt's famous epigram may not be used with safety.

THE HOVEY HOBART MATCH Monday morning, while our last issue was on the press, was generally believed to be really the crucial point of the championship. No one for a moment doubted the superiority of these two players over those remaining in the tournament, consequently the attendance was the best of a week that was much behind last year. With the exception of occasional brilliant rallies, the match between these two, currently believed to be the first two players, was poor tennis, and this was true particularly of the first set. There were two or three millies where no better tennis could be seen, but as a rule the points were made more on the opponent's poor playing than on clever work. The number of points earned was comparatively small.

Hobart started the match well by winning the first game on good placing down the side lines, and on Hovey's return into the net. The second game showed mighty poor tennis, both men returning into the net and out of court, and Hovey finally taking the game by good work for the last point. Hovey kept on returning into the net in the third game, until Hobart had him 40–0, when Hobart took a turn at knocking into the net, and Hovey crept up to 30, but lost the final point to Hobart on a return out of court. The fourth game was the first to show good tennis, both men doing hard work, but spoiling it somewhat by continued knocking out of court. Hobart showed to the best advantage of the set, and his cross-court drives and returns were fine. Hovey had vantage once, only to lose it on Hobart's beautiful return, but stuck to his pace, and by pretty work won the game. The men seemed well warmed up in the fifth game, and long millies showed Hovey to the best advantage, which he lost on placing an easy one for

NATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS CHALLENGE CUP.

ALL-COMERS' CUP OF '93.

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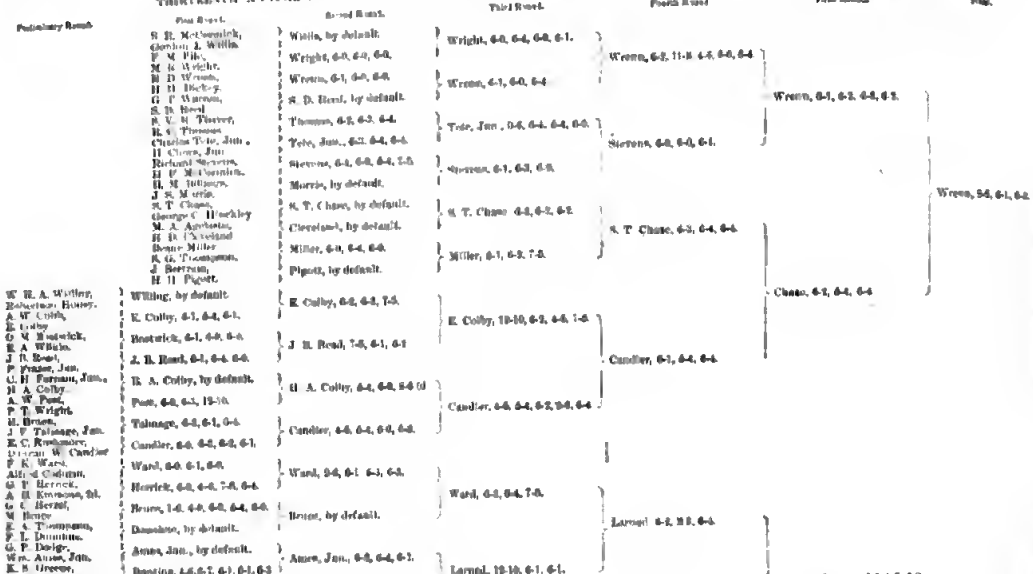
THIRTEENTH ANNUAL NATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT NEWPORT, AUGUST 29TH TO SEPT. 1, 1891—SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP.



Championship Round. . . . { O. S. Campbell, present champion, R. D. Wrenn, winner of All Comers. } Wrenn, by default.

Hobart to kill. Deuce and vantage were called several times with Hobart finally getting the game. Hovey began the sixth game returning out of court until Hobart had him 40-0, when he pulled up to deuce and won on Hobart's driving into the net and his own well placed lob. The seventh game went to Hobart on Hovey's poor work. Hovey redeemed himself in the eighth game by pretty work at the net, but although Hobart could not pass him, he made some astonishing returns, and brought the game to deuce, only to lose the game by Hovey's strong work.

WITH THE SCORE FOUR GAMES ALL, Hovey put on a great spurt in the ninth game, and won without Hobart's having scored a point, but the latter awakened in the next game, and the several rallies showed the best tennis of the set, Hobart finally winning on Hovey's lob out of court. It was the New Yorker's last, however, for Hovey took the remaining games and set on Hobart's very indifferent w[illegible] coming out of court and into the net in a manner [illegible] able in a second rater. The astonishment at H[illegible] work in the first set was mild in comparison with the [illegible] enveloped the spectators when the second set had [illegible] and Hobart had not a single game to his credit. [illegible] Hobart seemed to grow more uncertain, Hovey became [illegible]

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aggressive, and although he knocked enough balls out of court and into the net to change the complexion of the set, his play was brilliant and strong, especially at the net.

IT WAS HOBART'S service with the opening game of the second set, but he was unable to gain a point until he was love–40, and Hovey returned into the net, making score 15–40, a return out of court by his opponent gave Hobart another 15, but Hovey took the last point and game by a prettily placed ball. The next game was a duplication of the first so far as concerned Hobart's returning into the net and out of court, and he could get but 15, while Hovey ran the game out. Hobart did better in the next two games, though his erratic playing continued to show how far he was from his best form. On his service in the third he ran up to 40–15 on his beautiful returns, but Hovey pulled up to deuce on a fine lob and terrific smash, finally winning on Hobart's into net. The fourth game went the same way, and the fifth and sixth also, Hovey's fine placing down the lines and invincible form at the net completely disconcerting Hobart's usually strong drives.

WHEN HOVEY WON THE FIRST TWO GAMES of the third set, the first by Hobart's returning into net and out of court at decisive moments, and the second a love game for the same reasons, it looked again like a love set. But on the third game Hobart picked up and, seeming to realize how far from creditable had been his showing, played stronger than at any time during the match, making score 3–2 in his favor; he won three straight games, in every one of which the play of both men was better than in any previous game, and the points were earned, there being only one or two made on faults. With the beginning of the sixth game Hobart's spurt, however, fell off, clearly showing his lack of condition, and Hovey's play grew bolder with the dash born of increased confidence. He began to feel that he at last was about to play the rôle of conqueror, and that, too, over his erstwhile victor. He went to the net for three games and staid there, playing brilliantly. His work at the net in the second game of the three has never been equalled by even Campbell himself. Hobart with the ephemeral energy of desperation drove the balls at Hovey with all the power at his command, trying in vain to pass him; but Hovey stood there taking them with wonderful accuracy, placing them with exceptional precision, only to have them returned to him again by Hobart's brilliant "getting." Hobart's fire lasted hardly so long as the applause of the spectators, and then he died away, and Hovey played all around him, winning the game, set, and match in straight sets, 7–5, 6–0, 6–3, a result that no one thought possible, and which *would* indeed be impossible with Hobart in his best form.

THERE ARE ALWAYS PLENTY OF EXCUSES to be found after the downfall of a favorite, but the clearest reason of Hobart's poor showing seemed to be lack of condition. He went stale several weeks ago, and he had not regained his form. This is by no means intended to detract from Hovey's glory. He earned his victory and played a better game than Hobart, though not a good enough game to have won from Larned the day he played Hobart, nor good enough to win from Hobart as he has played this season. The match was disappointing for neither, with occasional exceptions, played championship tennis.

The best match of the tournament, by long odds, was that between Hobart and Larned, Saturday, both of them playing a stronger game than that shown by any other contestant on the courts during the week. It would, indeed, have been a royal struggle had Wrenn and Larned come together, they being probably much more evenly matched than any other two.

THE STORY OF THE WRENN-HOVEY match is told in very few words. Hovey, in common with every one else, had, likely enough, little doubt as to the outcome. It is a question if a single man seriously thought Wrenn would win, and to believe to the contrary would have been simply one of those long-shot hopes that accident or one thing or another sometimes brings off successfully. Wrenn had never beaten Hovey; had never shown form other than that he was a good improving player, in a class a bit removed from Campbell, Hobart, and Hovey; he had always been defeated in straight sets when he met Hovey; his form this year, up to the last few days at Newport, had not been equal to that of last year; he and Chace had been about evenly matched, with the odds in his favor; Chace had beaten him several times previous to the national tournament, and Chace at Newport fell a victim to the steady, heady play of John Howland, 6–4, 6–1. To have declared, therefore, that Wrenn would be the next champion was tantamount to saying the past went for naught.

Wrenn defeated Hovey by generalship, he played to Hovey's weakest point constantly from the first to the last set, gaining confidence and aggression with every game. He brought Hovey to the net and then drove him back again by clever lobbing. When he had driven him back Wrenn took his place at the net and smashed, as well as did his opponent, and when Hovey smashed, Wrenn rarely failed to find the ball and return it over his head. Wrenn outHoveyed Hovey, and in doing so stamped himself as a player of excellent judgment and coolness.

THE FIRST SET OF THE MATCH opened and closed with no play out of the ordinary. As a matter of fact, there was little brilliant play throughout the match, always excepting Wrenn's wonderful "getting." Wrenn's work in this set, which he won, was about the same as throughout—steady consistent tennis, made formidable by using his head as well as his legs and arms. He gave indication early in the set of the kind of game he would play against his opponent. When Hovey had smashed the ball, and Wrenn, by marvellous activity, had got his racket under it, Hovey remained at the net, expecting it would be driven at him as Hobart and all the others had done, save V. G. Hall, but Wrenn instead lobbed high over him, and Hovey in smashing, later in the game when he had become exasperated by Wrenn's persistency, usually put the ball into the net. When V. G. Hall played Hovey he pursued similar tactics and had he been in a little better condition would have made five sets necessary instead of four to decide the match.

IF HOVEY HAD PURSUED THE SAME TACTICS throughout the match as he did in the second set he probably would have been the American champion to-day. In this set he used his head and put up the same game as his opponent, and stopped playing into his hand. Instead of running to the net and smashing the balls for Wrenn to place, he played from the back of the court until a poor lob from Wrenn gave him the desired opportunity of killing it. He allowed Wrenn only three games in the second set, and after his heady work his play of the next two sets was unaccountable. He kept up the gait well at the beginning of the next set, or until the score stood 4 to 2 in his favor, but then Wrenn got to work and took four straight games and the set.

In the last and deciding set Wrenn sprinted up the score until it stood 5–3 in his favor, Hovey seeming hardly to realize that the last chance of winning the American championship was at hand until this critical point had been reached. Here he made a desperate rally, doing some of the cleverest driving of the day. He managed to take the following game, and had the tying one in hand with a score of 40–15 in his favor, when double faults gave Wrenn the point. The latter took it to deuce quickly and captured the next two points with equal despatch, winning game, set, and match.

IT WOULD BE UNFAIR TO WRENN not to say that his game was a grand one, notwithstanding he has never heretofore shown form that would warrant putting him in the same class with Hovey. It is even doubtful now if he could repeat the performance, though Hovey is a hard man to count on. Probably he will not now consider the statement in this department of his being erratic as so much of an injustice as he did before his match with Wrenn. There was no reason for a player with Hovey's skill being beaten by Wrenn's game, and that Hovey grasped the situation was evidenced in the second set, which he won by using the tactics best suited to combat the style of game he was meeting. Why he did not continue in the remaining sets of the match is one of the causes that go to make him an erratic player. Instead of profiting by the lesson of the first set, he fell into the trap as readily as the veriest innocent, and the longer the play continued the more uncertain his smash became, until it almost invariably found a resting-place in the meshes of the net.

Mr. Wrenn deserved his victory. No man ever played on the Newport courts who deserved it more, and this department joins in the general congratulations.

OUTSIDE OF THE ONE OR TWO matches that have been made the exception here, really the most interesting feature of the Newport tournament was the Consolations, which always make a side tournament of no mean proportions. This year the entries were upwards of thirty-six. It is here and in the preliminary rounds that we may look for the improvement that means so much to the future game, and this year we have not had to look in vain. There has been no startling development, to be sure, but to one who has followed these annual lawn-tennis meetings the increased form is apparent. Malcolm Chace was a contestant in the Consolations (entries are open only to those who are defeated in their first match in the National tournament), having been beaten by Larned, and the general surprise was great at his falling a victim to John Howland. This is one of the Southampton brothers (sons of Judge Howland) spoken of here a few weeks ago as playing remarkably good tennis for men so seldom seen in public. This is also the Howland who was substitute on Yale's winning crew last June. His game cannot be called a brilliant one, nor is he wedded to any especial style of play closely enough to be identified with it. He plays a consistent game, and his strokes are good tennis. He is steady, and uses his head, all of which qualities enabled him to defeat Chace easily, 6–4, 6–1, the latter being an unsteady player, and one who is likely to be very brilliant or the reverse. He was certainly not at his best when Howland defeated him, but that does not detract from the steady game the Yale man plays. Howland should not have had to play three sets to beat Reed, of Amherst, for the latter is not nearly so strong a player as is his conqueror. In the finals Rynn was no match for Howland, who won from him in straight sets 6–1, 6–1. In Howland we find another argument for the player who keeps in practice on his own court, and putting himself into condition in the last weeks of the season, plays his best game of the year at Newport rather than his worst.

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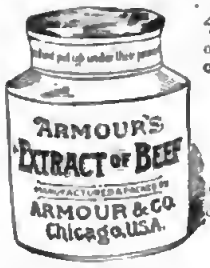

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVII.—No. 1917

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1893.

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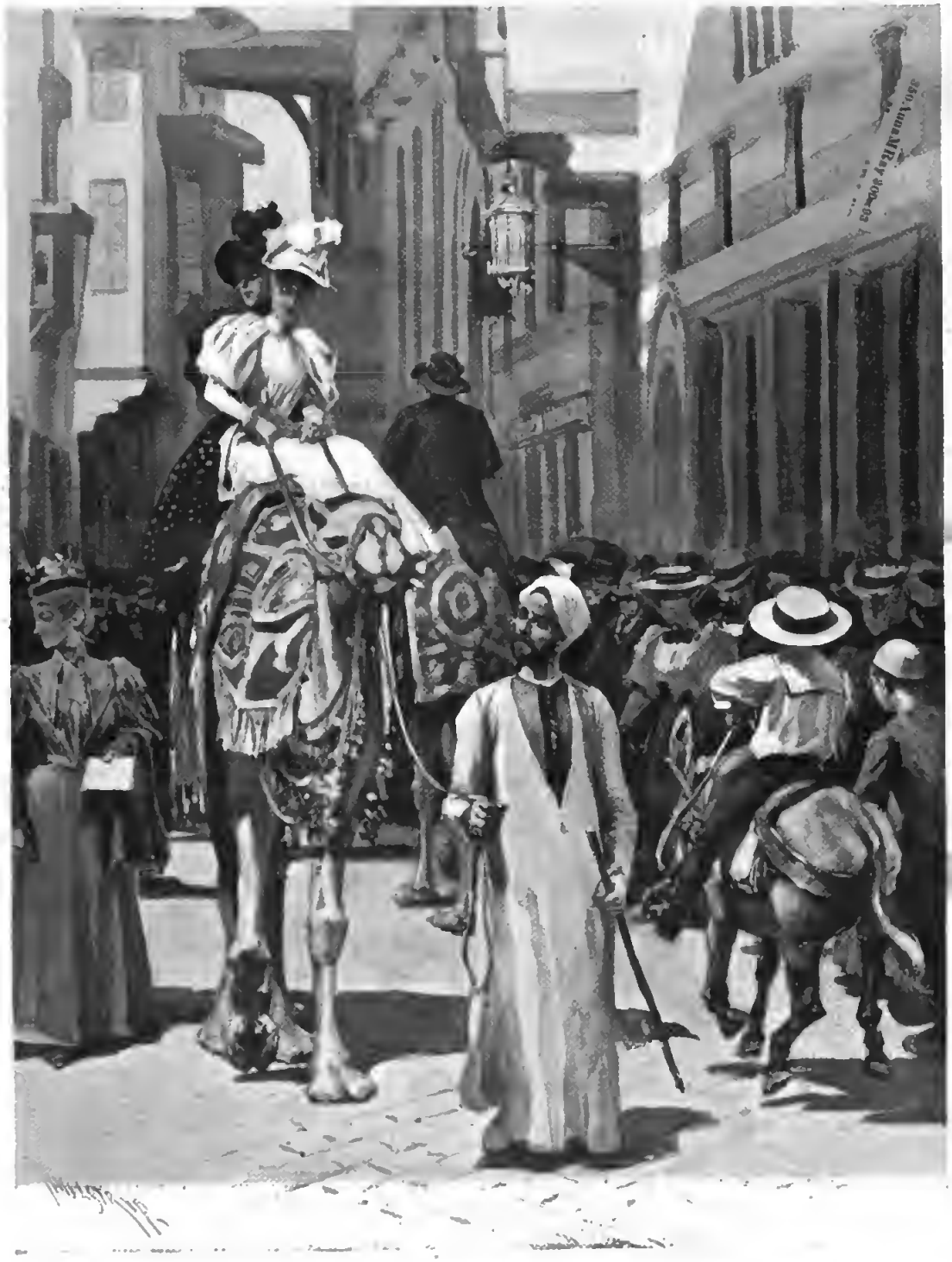

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THE great Columbian Exposition will be open only a few weeks longer. It is very much to be deplored that during the best part of the time since its opening the business crisis sweeping over the country should have so filled the minds of many of our people with harassing cares as to exclude all thoughts of enjoyment. But now, the worst of the trouble being over, it is to be hoped they will remember that the genius of the country has created a work of surpassing grandeur which should not be permitted to pass away without having exerted to the widest extent its enlightening and elevating influences upon the living generation. This enterprise has had enormous difficulties to contend with to win its proper place in public esteem—the exaggerated reputation of the city in which it is located of being the most materialistic and greedy of all communities in this materialistic and greedy age, a management which by its widely advertised internal quarrels acquired the appearance of singular inefficiency; an opening in a state of confused incompleteness and under most unfavorable conditions of weather, which induced the veracious newspaper correspondent to spread the impression that nobody could see the fair without wading knee-deep through prairie mud; the assiduous attention of that class of critics who make microscopic hunts for something to find fault with, and who are never happy unless they spoil other people's pleasures; a mayor of the city of Chicago who did his best to make every festive ceremony repulsively vulgar and ridiculous. All these things and many more conspired to drag down the World's Fair in popular estimation, and to make people think that those would lose little who failed to see it.

If in spite of all this the Columbian Exposition has steadily grown in renown until it is at last recognized as one of the wonders of an age prolific of wonders, it is certainly owing to its true merit. The newspapers have been full of description and praise; and yet we risk nothing in saying that nobody has visited the Columbian Exposition without finding his previous conception, formed from the most brilliant description, far exceeded by what he saw in reality. Those who have seen other World's Fairs will remember that while they beheld buildings of magnificent dimensions and also of pleasing exterior, yet the architectural effects were not such as to charm their minds or even to engage much of their attention, and that they soon lost themselves in the infinite detail of the more or less tastefully grouped things which these buildings contained. It is not so in the White City at Chicago. The first impression which takes possession of the beholder, especially if he enters the exposition grounds from the side of the lake, is that of an architectural *ensemble* of surpassing grandeur and beauty. We say deliberately *it takes possession* of the beholder, for if he is at all susceptible of those emotions which are excited by creations of art, he will be so overcome with astonishment and admiration as to make it a difficult effort to him to tear himself away from the contemplation of the exterior of this wonderful assemblage of palaces in order to enter one of them. Indeed, the architectural aspect of the exposition alone would richly reward a journey of many days and nights from any part of the globe to this spot.

This may have a hyperbolic sound, like the enthusiastic effusion of one who had seen but little in his life; but it is a judgment in which the most competent and most impartial judges agree. The head of one of the foremost art institutions in Europe recently wrote from Chicago to his home newspaper that the aspect of the White City called up in his mind some of CLAUDE LORRAINE'S landscapes representing large basins of water enlivened with ships and surrounded with edifices in classic style of fanciful magnificence. But what the old master had dreamed as his ideal of architectural grandeur and beauty was but a faint foreshadowing of what we saw here in reality. The upper part of the "Court of Honor," in front of the Administration Building, he continued, reminded him somewhat of the famous St Mark's Place in Venice; but the St. Mark's Place was in proportion to its counterpart in the White City only like a piano sonata compared to one of BEETHOVEN'S orchestra symphonies. In fact, each one of the principal exposition buildings is in itself a great work of art, colossal in dimensions without the vulgarity of obtrusive bigness, rich in ornamentation without being gaudy, imaginative in design without being fantastic. But it is the collocation of these edifices, the scenic grouping of them around the picturesque water basins and lagoons, that is the greatest wonder of artistic conception. It may be said without exaggeration that neither antiquity nor the middle ages nor modern times have brought forth anything comparable to this majestic architectural harmony.

As these palaces are worthy of the arts and sciences and industries the representative productions of which they are to house, so the display of these productions is worthy of the palaces. Some European exhibitions may have been more complete in this or that branch, but none of them has ever so fully and vividly set forth the differences as well as the similarities existing between the workings of human intellect and labor in the Old and the New worlds. None of them could therefore have been of equal interest, especially to the American anxious to show what he can teach the world outside, and equally anxious to know what he still has to learn from it. None of them has ever been so apt to inspire him so much with pride in his own country as well as with respect for others—with a more just conception of what he is, and a more wholesome appreciation of what it should still be his ambition to become.

There is one melancholy thought irrepressibly stealing over the beholder of all this magnificence—that it will be among us in its bodily existence only so short a time. Like a gorgeous dream of human genius it has arisen, and like a vision it will pass away. It will live, however, as a glorious memory, and long be spoken of by this and coming generations as one of the greatest marvels of the closing nineteenth century. Every one who has seen it will cherish the remembrance of what he saw as a precious treasure which no one will be willing to part with for any price, while those who now miss this great opportunity will never cease to deplore the irreparable loss caused by their gross neglect when they hear others tell the wonderful story. Even people of small means should not recoil from the expense of a journey which in these hard times they may consider an extravagance, and they should not fail to bestow upon their children the boon of the enlightening and ennobling impressions which this grand spectacle conveys, and which in all likelihood this will be the only opportunity in their lives to receive and enjoy.

THE CURRENCY PROBLEM.

THE prospect of the repeal of the SHERMAN law has turned the attention of public men at Washington to the much more complicated and difficult problem of the national currency. It is hardly probable that Congress will adjourn or even take a recess if the Senate does not reach a vote before the end of this week. The labor of preparation has already begun, and the Banking and Currency Committee of the House has already considered several propositions, chief among them being the repeal of the ten per cent. tax on State bank circulation.

The committee, it is understood, was hardly appointed before it was the centre of anxious inquiry and almost numberless suggestions. The situation occasioned this. A number of Representatives, especially from the Southern States, have heretofore voted in favor of free coinage of silver because their constituents insisted on having more and cheaper money. On this occasion they voted for the repeal of the SHERMAN act in deference to the wishes of the administration and to the public demand. In doing this they were led to expect, from declarations of Northern and Eastern members, that some legislation would follow repeal that would increase the volume of currency and its elasticity. It is evident that the most popular remedy among Southern Congressmen for the present condition of things is the repeal of the State bank tax.

The problem confronting the administration and Congress, however, is too large and wide-spreading to be settled by the simple repeal of a tax that prevents the State banks from issuing circulation. Moreover, the recollection of "wild cat" currency is still fresh in the memories of the people of the middle West. These were the people who suffered most from that cheapest of cheap currency, and it is reported from Washington that their Representatives, both Republicans and Democrats, will oppose the naked proposition of repeal. The problem must be met and settled in some better way, and the news that the leaders in Congress and the administration are insisting on preserving the national guarantee of the circulation is most encouraging.

The United States possess one of the crudest systems of currency in the world. There are nine kinds in circulation—greenbacks, national bank notes, gold and silver certificates, Treasury notes of 1890, gold and silver coin, and subsidiary and minor coin. Of its paper, some is redeemable in gold, some in silver, and some in either. There is no method for increasing the currency in answer to the demands of business. Instead of being elastic, our currency is almost constant. It is rigid. The only increase is in gold and in depreciating silver. The natural place to look for an increase or diminution of currency is to the banks, but, under one system, while population and trade are growing, the basis of the bank circulation is shrinking. To the late extraordinary demand for currency the banks were able to respond with a net increase of only $24,000,000—less than one and a half per cent. of the amount in circulation on the 1st of April, and less than half the sum of the gold that we were able to buy in Europe.

These facts indicate one side of the problem. On the other—the discount side of the bank question—there are other serious considerations, for there is a strong demand for a system that shall more widely distribute the loanable capital of the country. These are to be taken, as they are intended, as mere statements of the propositions that are forcing themselves upon the minds of the President and of the Democratic leaders in the two Houses of Congress. The demand for their solution is immediate, and the task of providing the remedy ought to, and doubtless will, go on side by side with the reform of the tariff, and the provisions for meeting the deficiency caused by the excess of expenditure over revenue.

If the Fifty-third Congress satisfies the demands of the country, it will be one of the most important of our historic Congresses. It will revise the banking system, settle for the time the currency problem, reform the tariff on a revenue basis, and provide a method for meeting a deficiency. It is the currency problem in which the business interests of the country are most deeply interested. The subject is surrounded with the greatest difficulties, some of them incidental to itself, and some of them arising out of a conflict of interests in the country, which, however, are more apparent than real. If it is to be settled properly it must be approached conservatively, and with a determination to act only after thorough investigation and discussion. Fortunately the attention of the Treasury is fully occupied with the grave subject, and the thought and knowledge of the Secretary and his assistants will be at the service of Congress when that body is ready to act.

THE PROSPECT IN CONGRESS.

THE administration expects a vote in the Senate on the repeal bill by the end of the present week. Others in Washington who are in favor of repeal expect a vote by the 20th. There is no one in or out of the Senate who does not know that the repeal bill will pass whenever the Senate votes.

The only object sought by the silver Senators is delay. One day last week Senator STEWART talked until he was physically exhausted, and then, on motion of Senator MORGAN, the Senate went into executive session for the purpose of enabling the silver mine owner to refresh himself for another outrage upon the Senate and the country, and another assault upon the public welfare on the following day. Mr. STEWART read columns of newspaper clippings and chapters of books simply to postpone a vote. Mr. MORGAN has contributed his share to the waste of time, and has poured out dreary words for weary hours, to the disgust and anger of those who were compelled to listen to him. It has been a scandalous exhibition of small minded pettifogging, and suggests that the courtesy of the Senate was admirable when Senators conducted themselves like gentlemen. To call that courtesy, however, which permits Senators to try the patience of their fellows, to deliberately waste their time, to prevent the majority from exercising their rights, is a ludicrous insult to the intelligence of the country. Debate is admirable, but that which has been going on in the Senate is not debate; it is malicious obstruction.

The friends of the repeal have been singularly quiet under the infliction. Doubtless their silence and patience are not without purpose. Apparently they believe that the filibusters are simply playing to the galleries, and are only anxious to satisfy their constituents that they have made the best fight possible for silver. When they have exhausted their vocabularies and their strength they may be expected to yield to the inevitable. They have been talking for their own political preservation, without regard to the wishes of their associates or the interests of the country.

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THE PUBLIC INTEREST IN DISASTERS.

The remarkable succession of catastrophes on land and sea that marked the closing week of August recalls—what may often be remarked—how little the mere number of lives lost affects the public interest in any sudden calamity. Some accidents in which the mortality was comparatively small make much more terrific news items than others of far greater fatality. It is the circumstances of the accident much more than its mortuary statistics that excite the public mind. The loss of life by recent storms on the sea islands of the Carolina coast was terrific, but it got a smaller share of public attention than the cold storage fire in Chicago. That fire was intensely dramatic. Thousands of people watched it, and newspapers printed reports of it which made the flesh fairly shrivel on their readers' scalps. But there was nothing especially dramatic about the drowning of hundreds of negroes on those low-lying islands in that gale. No one who could tell about it was there to see. The news of the mere destruction of life fails to stir the reader. Twice as many lives were lately lost by marine and other disasters within a fortnight in this country as by the sinking of the *Victoria*, but the *Victoria* disaster will be vividly remembered long after the record of the August gales of 1893 has slipped out of the public mind.

Railroad accidents, however calamitous, make only second-rate reading, because we are so used to them. Any habitual newspaper reader, after running his eye down the head-lines of the news of a collision or broken bridge, can fill in the details from his experience. There were so many killed; the cars did or did not take fire; this or that man was to blame; this or that well known man was among the victims. We have read it all before. It makes little impression. When the bridge over the Tay went down, that was an event which made even the most hardened reader hold his breath. If the East River bridge should fall, or one of those at Niagara, that would make tremendous reading for several days.

From the newspaper point of view cyclones make rather poor reading. Where the wreck of a town is distributed over the next county there is comparatively little to be said. The material has all been carried off, and most of the story with it. Hotel fires and panics in theatres are sometimes dreadful enough to stir the public mind to its depths at the time, and leave their impress on it for years afterwards.

Floods sometimes make breathless reading, but not often. Usually they leave behind mere details of drowned cattle, ruined crops, and stranded farm buildings. The damage is stated in figures, and figures do not impress the imagination. But it was a flood—at Johnstown—that caused perhaps the most dramatic American disaster of three decades—a disaster that was a double-leaded wonder for nine days, and a topic of earnest daily reading for weeks afterwards.

CUP-DEFENDING.

There is a quaint old sea-side character at Keyport, New Jersey, known as Uncle Eben, who has no real existence in fact, but who is extremely useful to refer to at times for literary purposes. One of Uncle Eben's quaint expressions when he sees or hears of any strange or novel thing is to say, "Waal, thet beats anythin' I ever see in the heavens above, the 'arth beneath, or the waters under the 'arth!" He has such a quaint way of saying this that the boys in the village take especial delight in bringing him peculiar and unusual things, just to hear him get it off in his own quaint, inimitable way.

Day before yesterday, or it may have been the day before that, Joe Henshaw and Willy Barkelo, two of the village boys, who are creations of the writer's brain, brought the mythical Uncle Eben an equally imaginary kitten with three distinct heads and five tails, two of which, however, were only rudimentary. Uncle Eben took the kitten up in his arms, and looked it all over with critical eyes. "Waal," he said, when he had finished his inspection, "thet beats anythin' I ever see in the heavens above, or the 'arth beneath," and stopped.

Joe looked blank, but Willy snickered.

"Waal," said Uncle Eben, glancing over his specs, in his quaint, quizzical way, "what ye want?"

"Want ye ter go on," said Joe.

"'Or the waters under the 'arth,'" said the Barkelo boy, with a very good imitation of the old man's manner.

"Waal, I didn't say it, did I?" said Uncle Eben.

"No!" This from both the boys.

"Boys," said Uncle Eben, who sometimes forgets to preface a remark by "Waal," "you want ter know why I didn't say it?"

"Yes!"

"Waal, when I went up ter York las' week I seen one o' them 'ere Boston cup defenders in dry dock!"

If Uncle Eben had been a real character, and one of the boys a stenographer, it might have been interesting to hear what further he had to say on the subject of modern yachts. But as he was simply invented to form the basis of what the school "Rhetorics" call a "pleasing introduction" to the following remarks, he will now take a back seat until it may be convenient to refer to him again.

Probably few of the readers of this paper have shared the interesting privilege so easily accorded to a purely suppositious character of viewing *Pilgrim*, *Jubilee*, or even *Colonia* or *Vigilant* in dry-dock, but as the daily papers have given profiles, elevations, birds-eye and cross-sectional views of these novel crafts, all must be familiar with their peculiar lines, which certainly but distantly resemble any preconceived notion a landsman may have incidentally acquired of the submarine structure of a sailing vessel.

One of the first peculiarities that the observant newspaper reader of the yachting columns may have noticed about all these craft is the entire absence of the definite article, but while the leaving ashore of this cumbersome appendage with other impedimenta is supposed to add greatly to their speed, it is their general contour rather than what they have taken off that excites the greatest wonderment.

Indeed, it will be noticed that yachtsmen rarely refer to these craft as "boats," evidently feeling that racing machines of their types can scarcely be considered as coming readily under such designation. "Cup defenders" is the most popular appellation, although that is an honor that will be borne by only one of them after the trial races. But it more aptly describes them than any other easily handled combination of words.

A yacht is popularly supposed to be a pleasure boat; but the only pleasure to be derived in sailing one of these vessels is that to be derived from beating the others, and eventually the Englishman. They are not beautiful on the water, which they ride at anchor with all the grace of a *Reina Victoria*, the hollow lines at the bow having been carefully eliminated, in order to cheat the measurement when the vessel lies over on her side in sailing on the wind or beating to windward.

In fact, these yachts are not adapted to the ordinary uses of yachting. But they have been built at great expense by patriotic and enthusiastic American yachtsmen to preserve the prestige of American yachting, and to keep the *America's* Cup from being wrested from our shores. That such will be the proud privilege of the best of them is the earnest wish of every patriotic and enthusiastic American, be he yachtsman or landsman.

Sport to-day, afloat and ashore, is pursued with all the earnestness that is met with in the keenest business competition. The winning boat, the winning horse, the winning man, is a specialist, who can do but one thing, but do that to perfection. This is inevitable in this age of steam and electricity, and for the general result that is obtained doubtless it is best.

Yet the true sportsman, who feels that there is something more in sport than the mere beating somebody else, will have a sense of intense satisfaction if the final result proves that the best boat, after all, is the one which with a set of working sails and the prefix of the definite article most nearly approaches the yachtsman's ideal of a speedy cruiser; while he will give every credit to the unselfish enthusiasts who have gone to any length and undertaken the most costly experiments to keep up the supremacy of the American yacht.

THE REAL WAY TO SAVE.

"Trall's Newest Philanthropy" was the heading of a recent newspaper paragraph that announced that Mr. Oliver Sumner Trall was president of a new company that is to reduce living expenses. A company that would do that would be certain of popularity and patronage just now, and thousands of readers must have looked eagerly to see what were the details of Mr. Trall's new plan, and what promise it gave of realizing the excellent purpose that it had in view. The issue, to our mind, is a little disappointing. Mr. Trall merely proposes such an organized co-operation among purchasers as will enable families to get their supplies at five per cent. less than the current market rates.

To save five per cent. of the cost of cabbages and beef is desirable, of course, but really in times like these it seems a result hardly worthy of the activities of a mind so original as Mr. Trall's, and hardly adequate to meet the exigencies of the situation. When so many bread-winners are out of work, and ready money is so hardly come by, even by persons who have legitimate claims to funds, a plan to be widely popular must aim considerably higher than this one. Any family can save five per cent. of its expenses without really trying. What is needed is a scheme for saving fifty per cent., and living so well within the margin of the remainder as to have enough surplus cash to make up the cost of sending the older children to the Chicago Fair. Such retrenchment as that is not easily accomplished, but it is widely and earnestly desired in families; and Mr. Trall, as a philanthropist who is at the same time a leader of fashion, has it in his power to do something toward making it easy. The easiest thing to save in is show. The thing that regulates expenditures for show is fashion. But fashion is regulated by leaders of society, such as Mr. Trall and his associates. If they can temper the fall fashions to the reduced abilities of impoverished exchequers, they will do a far more truly beneficial thing than by getting five per cent. off on squashes and potatoes. Take, for example, the item of women's hats. No woman wears her hat out. To the male eye her hat in March is in just as good repair as it was when she wore it new in the Horse Show in November. If Mr. Trall can procure it to happen that last winter's female hats shall be in fashion again this coming winter, how many thousands of dollars will he not save to destitute families by this single stroke? So with gowns. The prevalent mode in frocks prescribes sleeves of balloonlike amplitude. It would naturally happen that mantua-makers, for the promotion of their nefarious trade, would arrange that fall and winter waists should have sleeves fitting close to the arm so that any woman who wore her last winter's dresses might feel herself in conspicuous desuetude. What families need this year is to have last winter's modes of garb hold over, so that women who were careful of their last year's clothes can wear them out without obloquy or reproach.

And so in a less degree with men. Tan shoes in good repair should be permitted this year all winter long, and the usual law which forbids straw hats after September might well be abrogated. Threadbare overcoats will undoubtedly be better form than usual, whether Mr. Trall helps to make them so or not, but a warm coat with whitened seams is somewhat more comfortable when it is understood to be in the height of fashion than when its owner is conscious that it is out of date.

Other simple economies suggest themselves by the dozen. A pair and a leader is really just as serviceable for ordinary purposes on a drag as a four-in-hand, provided that fashion stamps the trio with its approval. So, two square meals and a light luncheon will suffice as well (and often better) to keep families in health as three square meals and five-o'clock tea.

It is not pretended that such economies as are here suggested are good for trade, but neither is it good for trade just now to buy what one cannot pay for, nor yet to co-operate, as Mr. Trall suggests, so as to deprive the middleman of his accustomed profit. Economy is rather poor sport at best, but if one must economize he can do it easier by cutting loose from style and going without unnecessary things than by scrimping on the cost of necessaries.

THE OPENING THEATRE.

The stage is beginning to bestir itself against another season of activity. The exuberant actor-man now combs his wig, curls his false mustache, dusts off his press notices, and otherwise pulls himself together for the battle. So does the sanguine actor-woman gather herself up (though details would be cruel) and prepare for the public onslaught. The advance agent is beginning to advance; the manager, modest and long suffering, is beginning to manage; the beautiful light of expectancy is observed to illume the eye of the dramatic author as he is seen to hurry along upper Broadway, the very bill-boards begin to rejoice—to fairly shout to the seven colors of the rainbow, and to breathe forth chromatic defiance at the sapient and adroit critic of the daily press as he walks past meditating the observation on his paper that the play isn't all the boards would have it to be. Nature would do well to look her best, because the mirror is beginning to be held up to her.

It is perhaps, too early yet to predict in what proportion of plays nature herself is to be held up for our view; but we suspect that the country has passed through the worst ravages of the realistic drama. Certainly the tank of water has passed its meridian, real water does not play the important part that it once did in our dramatic literature. This is partly because the public has lost interest in the water-tank considered as art, and partly because many capable actresses either took severe colds while responding to curtain calls in their wet clothes or were drowned in the tank before they could be rescued by the hero. The prospect that the United States government would establish life saving stations in all theatres infested by the tank drama, together with the law passed by the Michigan Legislature compelling tank actors to wear life-preservers, has also played an important part in influencing the dramatic author largely to give up real water.

We believe it will be safe to say, too, that the use of other real things will not increase, at least during the coming season. We are of opinion that the stage real is beginning to decline. The same causes, we fancy, which are combining to bring about the decay of the tank are operating to discourage the other things. The public is becoming a little tired of revolving chicken coops, genuine steam-engines, and live race horses, burglars, cows, and other animals. Then, last season, an efficient leading man was struck by a freight car in the third act and severely injured; another capable actor was run over by a fire-engine in the centre of the stage and had both legs broken; a young actress of much promise was smothered under an overturning load of hay as the curtain [illegible] on the second act; another was bitten by a Siberian blood-hound in the fourth tableau; while no fewer than thirteen well-equipped and ambitious artists were kicked or gored by oxen or cows in full view of the horrified but helpless audience. Many important players have this season refused to engage with companies which include domestic cattle, unless the same have been dehorned and the manager agrees to keep their hind legs hobbled while they are on the stage. The author has in some instances been called upon to cut out the part of the ox or cow so that capable players might be secured to fill out the rest of the cast.

Another reason for the decline in the domestic animal part of the realistic drama has been the considerable expense of transporting the beasts about the country when the company, after a "long and highly successful New York run," goes on the road. The experiment of using local animals (amateurs) has not been very satisfactory. Indeed, many of the casualties must be laid at the door of these local and provincial four-footed artists, which, becoming confused by the glare of the foot-lights and the boisterous applause of recognizing friends in the audience, have rushed blindly about the stage, tossing the regular members of the company right and left on their horns. This has made it necessary to carry experienced animals, and the cost of transporting a heavy yoke of oxen, five or six cows, a mare and colt, a dozen sheep, a smattering of goats and a flock of hens for the barn yard scene in the fourth act, has been heavy. Many companies will, the coming season place this scene in the garden by the side of the barn yard, with easily transported green baize vegetables, while the property man and stage-manager give in the wings an artistic but inexpensive imitation of the sounds produced by the discarded animals. In the present hour of financial stringency this is thought to be all the public ought to demand.

The opening of the theatrical season will remove from the swirling panorama of upper Broadway much that has made it refreshing and interesting during the past few months. As we said, the actor is an exuberant fellow, effervescent and stimulating, in private life as well as in his public capacity. The warmth with which he grasps your hand, and the childlike frankness with which he tells you—yea, demonstrates to you—that he, and he alone, was responsible for the success of his company last season, though handicapped by the apelike rancor of the stage manager and the palpable jealousy of the other players, comes like a cool draught in a desert of constraint and false modesty, and whispers that there is still left in the world a little open-hearted ingenuousness coupled with the ability to recognize real artistic worth. We wish him success during the coming season, may the country see the players well bestowed!

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CORNER OF SOUTHERN WHARF AND EAST BAY, CHARLESTON

EAST BATTERY, LOOKING NORTHEAST, CHARLESTON

COUNCIL STREET, CHARLESTON.

THUNDERBOLT, NEAR SAVANNAH.

BOYCE'S WHARF, CHARLESTON.

NEW BRIDGE, ASHLEY RIVER, CHARLESTON

MAJOR GILCHRIST'S HOUSE, SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.

ATLANTIC WHARVES, CHARLESTON.

THE RECENT CYCLONE IN THE SOUTH.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 882.]

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SHOVING OFF THE BOAT.

CLIMBING FENCES—SKIRMISHING.

DANCING ON THE SPAR DECK.

FIRST DIVISION HAULING WHALE-BOAT TO CAMP FROM WATER, AT BAY SHORE.

FIRST DIVISION ON THE MARCH, BAY SHORE.

FIRST DIVISION ENTERTAINED AT LUNCH BY FOURTH DIVISION.

WITH THE NEW YORK NAVAL RESERVES ON LONG ISLAND.—[SEE PAGE 895.]

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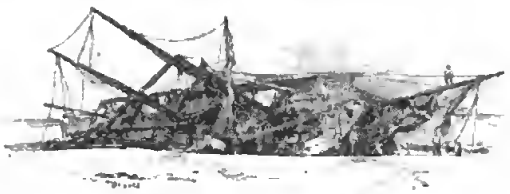


ON THE BEACH NEAR SAVANNAH.

THE CYCLONE IN THE SOUTH.

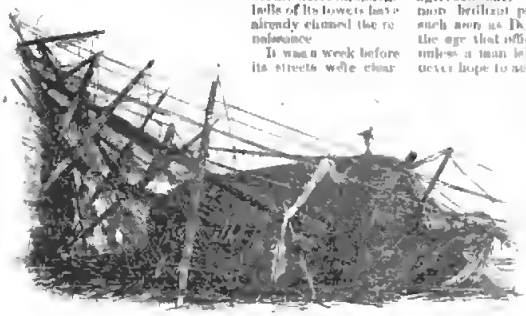
BY PLEASANT A. STOVALL.

SEA COAST darkies will tell you that something wrong is bound to happen during August. That is the time of the epidemic, the earthquake, and the storm. In August, 1854, when the yellow fever was raging on the South Atlantic, a tornado swept the coast cities and islands, leaving death and desolation in its path. On August 19, 1856 occurred that destructive cyclone in the Gulf which destroyed "Last Island," and scattered dead bodies far up the Atchafalaya. On August 27, 1881, a gale visited the Georgia coast, which in Savannah was more destructive than the disturbance of last week. In August, 1885, Charleston and Sullivan's Island were swept by a storm which blew the waters of the bay over the Battery, and wrecked the place almost as completely as the earthquake of 31st August the following year. So when the huge meteor sailed over Savannah three weeks ago and fell with loud detonation into Wassaw Sound, sending its geyser of steam into the air, many a dusky denizen of the coast islands believed the omen a bad one.

The storm of this year was not unexpected. It did not come upon us in the night without warning. It was "sighted" far down in the West Indies that lazarette of cyclones and epidemics. On Friday, August 25th, storm signals were set. On Saturday 26th, ship masters were warned to look out for rough water off the Savannah bar. Sunday, 27th, dawned cool and gray. The morning was showery. Every one knew that the storm was at hand, but man had not learned to build sea-walls or breakwaters, to anchor his island home upon stout piling high and dry above the tides. When the cyclone burst at noon on Sunday, 27th, it found man and beast practically at its mercy. It grew steadily. The rain fell in sheets, and the winds pounded the roofs and wharves. The best-built houses in Savannah were drenched inside and shaken without. The deafening roar, well remembered since 1881 came up from the sea. The electric wires sagged and crossed their currents causing the tolling of the fire-bells, which added to the horrors of the storm.

Savannah was severely hurt, but her distance from the sea, the fact that she is landlocked eighteen miles up the river, closely built, resting upon a bluff forty-five feet above the water level, gave her some immunity from the ravages inflicted upon Charleston and Port Royal. Her parks and shade trees, the most beautiful in the South were damaged; the naval stores docks were inundated, roofs along the bay were torn away; the Tybee railroad, seventeen miles, was almost a total wreck. Not a single pier was destroyed. There was no interruption to her shipping. Port Royal harbor is broad and exposed. That city, with the beautiful residence town of Beaufort, was swept and battered, and the work of repair must be long and costly. The government dry-dock is a wreck. Dredges are gone. Phosphate works are dismantled, and the sea has rolled over railroad tracks and piers. Port Royal received the full shock of the cyclone. It was here that the great gale which formed in the Caribbean and rolled up the Florida coast struck the mainland. It was off Port Royal that the steamship *City of Savannah* was wrecked. The storm centre left Charleston to the west and Savannah to the east.

The ravage at Charleston was terrific. Port Royal is still a small town, and its shipping is limited, but Charleston is a large, busy place. Another city might have staggered beneath the blow, but Charleston has stood the fire of hostile fleets, and the combined reverses of storm and tides and the seismic shock of '86. Situated only a few feet above the sea, more than once its historic streets and busy docks have been submerged. But this plucky city has come out into the sunlight again with another notch upon its eventful record, and the bells of its towers have already chimed the resonance.



AT MERCHANT'S WHARF, CHARLESTON.

It was a week before its streets were clear. Schooners were driven into the market place; docks and barges have impeded travel; cisterns were overflown, garbage carts were busy removing hundreds of bodies of goats and domestic animals, docks were ruined, but Charleston has gone bravely to work again.

There were many freaks of the storm. A schooner passed over Tybee, and dragged with its anchor several hundred yards of railroad track into the woods. Steel rails were wrapped like hair pins around giant oaks. A boat was impaled upon a prop from which a platform had been blown at Isle of Hope. The platform then settled back upon its support, leaving the boat suspended between wharf and water.

One feature of the storm was the emphatic appearance of the "dead centre." After the terrific blow, which raged unabated for six hours, there followed a perfect calm. The moon seemed to struggle through the clouds, and the sands glistened in all their whiteness. Then followed another hurricane as the outer periphery of the storm passed over.

The loss to shipping off Tybee was greater than elsewhere, because Savannah's shipping is larger than all Southern ports combined. The detention of a large number of vessels this season at quarantine made the casualties unusually severe. The crowds which lined the Savannah river-front Wednesday evening, and cheered the ship which steamed up the bay with the tattered standard and the rescued passengers of the ill fated *City of Savannah*, reminded one of thousands who sixteen years ago greeted that Savannah steamship as she came out on her first trip from New York. Then her colors were streaming, and she made her way to the dock amid salvos of artillery and the scream of steam whistles. To-day the polished panels and cluster stores of the *Savannah* are scattered from Hatteras to Sapelo.

It was the worst season for a storm. This is the time for marketing naval stores. The schooners waiting to load up now rest in the marshes, where they will remain as curiosities many a year, and the packages of resin and spirits dot the shore lines and lagoons like scattered buoys.

It would be difficult to find more luxuriant fields than those which girt the estuaries of the Georgia and Carolina coasts. The white sands and scraggy oaks on the sea beach give way to fields of green as soon as the shore line is passed. Sea Island cotton is in full boll. Rice fields, with their unrivalled freshness, stretch along the savannas for miles, and white shells seem to picket interminable flower beds. It is the season of ripening, of fruition. The coast from Savannah to Charleston is dotted with summer homes, while pleasure yachts skim the waters. This was the condition of things when the storm broke out on that Sunday morning.

Now there is a dreary waste. Long stretches of lagoon still submerge the rotting rice fields where dikes are broken and floodgates battered down. Little yachts have thrown their anchors upon the sand and burrowed their prows into the woods. Hundreds of corpses are strewn along the farms—unknown save to the vultures which flock about them, and many a dismantled hut stands like a vault above its unburied dead. Whole families are wiped out in some places. A mother and five children are drowned, and never know that the father went down with his smack in the inlet. The coroner has sworn in an army of deputies, and these are hunting for the dead. But roads are impassable. Boats are hard to hire, and there are few people left on the island to pilot them. Cows and horses were killed under falling barns or drowned by the sweep of the tide. The air is filled with odors of decaying animal and vegetable matter. It is even predicted that if many residents were left upon the islands, pestilence, more deadly than the storm, would soon claim them.

Much will be done for the sufferers and survivors. Perhaps the government will send boats and tents and food. But the government cannot restore the crops and cattle, the hut underrafted, the family gone. I should say that one thousand people, nearly all of them colored people have been drowned between Tybee Island and St. Helena. The money loss first and last, on sea and land, city and island, must be ten millions.

The solitary pilot, as he picks his way along these deserted islands of the coast, may recall that Breton fancy, "That the voice of the sea is never one voice, but a tumult of many voices—voices of drowned men, the muttering of multitudes of dead, the murmuring of innumerable ghosts, all rising to rage against the flying at the great witch call of storms."

THE "NANTUCKETS" PERIL.

IN these plying times of peace it is pleasing to chronicle a deed of heroism or a duty well performed, and when either one or the other is accredited to a young officer of the navy, at a time when youth and merit are claiming recognition at the hands of Congress, the task becomes a more than agreeable one. The history of the United States has no more brilliant page than that containing the victories of such men as Decatur and Hull, who were full captains at the age that officers now are ensigns, indeed, it is said that unless a man is given responsibility in his youth he may never hope to achieve distinction.

The experiences of the monitor *Nantucket*, a veteran of the civil war and her consort, the historic old *Kearsarge*, have terrified the country from Maine to Florida. The corvette stood by the ironclad as long as she could safely do so, but during that terrible night parted both hawsers, and was forced to leave the antiquated craft alone upon the seas. Lieutenant Harry H. Hosley, commanding the *Nantucket*, saw at a glance that he was suddenly left upon his own resources, and like a true seaman slowed down and faced the storm.

Before the line had parted, the monitor offered a sullen resistance to being towed, and seemed to settle back with each sweep of the sea. On she stood, however, with a seemingly passionate desire to bury her nose beneath the crest of each wave, rising again, however, and shaking off the water from her decks. To the men below, the wash of eight or ten feet of the Atlantic Ocean overhead was not the sweetest music in the world. Not a man deserted his post, however, though the old monitor began to leak at every pore. To windward the sea was a mass of black water and flying spoondrift, which cut and stung the flesh like a whip lash, and it looked as though the old ironclad could not stagger along under the tons of water that lay upon her decks. She reached Hampton Roads, however, forty eight hours after.

Mr. Hosley is one of the younger lieutenants of the navy, his number being 202 on the list. He entered the service on the 23d of September, 1871, and was graduated four years later. Not until the 18th of July, 1876, did he receive his commission as an Ensign. In 1882 he had reached the grade of Master, in 1883 that of Junior Lieutenant, and was promoted to his present rank on the 17th of March 1889. In the Navy Register, Lieutenant Hosley is credited with eleven years and eight months of sea service, and six years and six months of shore duty.

WILLIAM NEPHEW KING, JR.

LIEUTENANT H. H. HOSLEY,
Of the *Nantucket*.

THE STORM PROPHET.

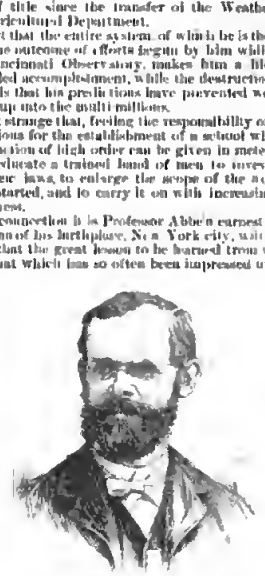
HOW much damage the recent cyclone did we are coming to know, at least in part, but how much more destruction of property and loss of life it might have been responsible for had it not been predicted by the Weather Bureau and mariners and others thus warned of its approach it is impossible to form any estimate.

The man who foresaw and foretold this storm, as he has foreseen and foretold many another, is Cleveland Abbe, "Professor of Meteorology in the signal service, and Assistant to the Chief Signal Officer," as he was originally designated in 1891, a position which he still holds, with a slight change of title since the transfer of the Weather Bureau to the Agricultural Department.

The fact that the entire system of which he is the working head, is the outcome of efforts begun by him while director of the Cincinnati Observatory, makes him a lifetime of unparalleled accomplishment, while the destruction of crops and vessels that his predictions have prevented would have mounted up into the multi millions.

It is not strange that, feeling the responsibility of position, he is anxious for the establishment of a school where scientific instruction of high order can be given in meteorological work, to educate a trained band of men to investigate the atmospheric laws, to enlarge the scope of the work he has so nobly started, and to carry it on with increasing powers of usefulness.

In this connection it is Professor Abbe's earnest hope that the citizens of his birthplace, New York city, will recognize the fact that the great lesson to be learned from this hurricane is that which has so often been impressed upon us by the success of the Weather Bureau since its establishment in 1871, namely, that meteorology is a highly practical branch of science worthy of the most generous recognition in our universities, scientific schools, and colleges. We have astronomers and chemists and electricians by the score, who are devoted to the investigation of the laws of nature, hoping to find some new principle or fact that can be applied to the benefit of mankind—men who are well provided for in our universities, and to support whose investigations great sums of money have been donated. Yet, there is at present no provision whatever in this country for profound investigation into the laws and phenomena of the atmosphere.



PROFESSOR CLEVELAND ABBE,
Of the United States Weather Bureau.

In 1870 our Federal government took up the work that Professor Abbe started in Cincinnati, and enlarged it in every direction for practical utilitarian objects, but it provided only for the application of what little was already known in meteorology.

In Professor Abbe's view it is very doubtful whether it is wise to trust the future of meteorology entirely to the uncertainties of political life at Washington. Every State in his opinion, should have its State weather service, as originally initiated by General Hazen, and every college should have a course in meteorology, while special schools should be established, in connection with our great universities, for original investigations.

"The object to be attained by a university," says Professor Abbe, "is not merely the diffusion of knowledge already existing, but the increase of the sum total of human knowledge. The whole system of German scholarship is based upon the principle that the man who has the mental energy that will carry him beyond his predecessors and lead him to discover facts and principles that were hitherto unknown is the true leader of scholars, the true benefactor of his race. America will vie with Germany, in proportion, as we stimulate our college graduates to train themselves for the field of original research in science. Put our best scientists into a university school of meteorology, and we shall soon turn out practical men, who have learned both to know and to do

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LITTLE THERESA, THE WAIF.

BY CY WARMAN.

To a place where the poor of the city,
The shoddycracks and news children, meet,
A fairy waif came with a banjo,
And a voice, oh so soothing and sweet.
That it brought back the scent of the summer
With orange trees blooming above,
And mocking birds in the magnolias,
As soft as the song of a dove.

With holes in her sleeves and her stockings,
Torn shoes on her little brown feet,
Eyes like limpid pools in the mountains—
Her hair was like ripening wheat.
When she came out again—the Infanta
Joanna, bejewelled and gay—
My friend laughed, "I say, wot you cry for?
She was yust make belief in der play."

She was beautiful then, as a picture
Is beautiful—only to see,
But she never can be so enchanting
As the little tramp singer to me.
I know you will say it is better,
For in luxury's lap she is safe;
If I could, though, I would not forget her
As poor little Theresa, the Waif.

The regular dramatic season of 1893 and 1894 was ushered in last week with great cry, as no less than five dramatic novelties were presented at various theatres; and also with no little wool, as at least two out of the five possessed absolute artistic value and interest. Although the season this year starts in somewhat earlier than usual it seems to be none the less welcome and appreciated on that account; indeed, after the more than usually pronounced midsummer dramatic madness of the last few months, and of the worse than varied variety which has held undisputed sway on the New York boards during that time, the theatre going public seems to turn with an unusual appetite and relish to something in the way of serious dramatic entertainment, legitimate and artistic in scope and purpose. The season must be said to have opened remarkably well, as only one of the five above-mentioned productions was a failure, besides this, the promise for the future is exceedingly brilliant, for we are able to look forward with pleasure to the appearance of such eminent artists as Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Mounet Sully, Coquelin, Modjeska, the Kendals, and last, but not least, the incomparable Duse, all of whom will doubtless feel the benefit of the inevitable reaction against the great superfluity of variety in various stages of tedious incompetency to which we have been treated of late.

In referring to the productions of last week, the place of honor undoubtedly belongs to Mr. Paul Potter's *Sheridan, or the Maid of Bath*, produced at the Lyceum Theatre for the first time on any stage on Tuesday night, as it is not only a play which it would be a credit to any dramatic author to have written, but also one which for its dignity, refinement, studious thought, and evident artistic purpose is a decided addition to native dramatic literature, as well as a most hopeful sign for the future of the American drama. It is not at all difficult to sum up the production of this play, as in the way that it was staged and acted it is entitled to almost unqualified praise. Of the play itself as a legitimate dramatic effort it is a little more difficult to speak. In it for the first time Mr. Potter has revealed himself to the American public as a dramatic author of honest artistic purpose, of great present power, and still greater future promise. In the way of characterization and incident much has been palpably and admittedly taken from other sources, but Mr. Potter must nevertheless be credited with a play for the most part thoroughly well constructed in the sequence and development of its action, refined, even elegant, in its diction, effective in situation and characterization, and possessed of legitimate artistic value and interest. In the "Author's Note" printed on the programme Mr. Potter admits that the purpose of the play was to introduce some of the originals of the characters in Sheridan's comedies, some of the real incidents on which he based his scenes, and some of the scenes which he copied from other pieces. No question need therefore be raised as to the sources of the author's inspiration, and no blame attached to him if some of his characteristic incidents and situations appear somewhat familiar and in the light of old acquaintances. If, as some one remarked apropos of the performance, "he always did like Sheridan's plays, and that the more you saw them the more you like them," this, we conceive, should be taken rather as a compliment than otherwise to the author for his skill in creating and successfully maintaining the atmosphere of the old-time comedies, which it was manifestly his intention to imitate, or more properly, to reproduce. The only question remaining, therefore—the source from which the material has been drawn being granted—is, was the material so obtained made use of to the best advantage? And that this was the case must be at once admitted. The plot of the piece, which is perhaps a little tenuous for the great variety of incident with which it is overlaid, may be briefly set forth as follows.

A Captain Matthews loves Miss Linley, daughter of Dr. Linley, a Bath musician. Fearing for the success of his suit, and being suddenly ordered to his regiment through the influence of Mr. Garrick, himself a suitor for the lady's hand, he introduces Sheridan into the family of Dr. Linley in the capacity of secretary, and telling him that he has been secretly married to Miss Linley, enlists his services as a friend in watching over her during his absence. Naturally Sheridan is in love with the girl himself, but is true to the trust imposed upon him by his friend to the extent of placing himself in a hopelessly false position and being driven in disgrace from the Linley house for being unable to explain his connection with a young lady who is to reality in Matthews's deserted and deserted wife. The first two acts set forth the plot thus far. In the third act the failure of the first production of *The Rivals*, owing to the jealousy of a lady to whom Sheridan had formerly made love, is represented, and in the last act the double-dealing of Matthews is unmasked, and all ends happily in the usual way. Except that the situation at the end of the fourth act when Matthews, having been defeated in his duel with Sheridan, is given his life, is also one as distinctly forced and unnatural, coupled as it is with the suggestion of the screen scene from the *School for Scandal*, which seems dragged in by the ears the play is thoroughly well constructed, and moves forward with cumulative interest. As has been said above, the diction is refined and even elegant, and the dialogue is terse, crisp and telling. The central figure of Sheridan, while in a certain sense a second edition of David Garrick is well and cleverly drawn, and was played by Mr Sothern with great finish and repose.

Without knowing Mr. Potter's warranty for stating that Sheridan in Charles Surface presented the world with a pen portrait of himself, which would account for and excuse the similarity between these two characters, one can hardly say whether Mr. Potter was justified in making them so alike in general tone. Certainly the similarity is striking. Mr. Potter was certainly also audacious in, so to speak, resuscitating Mrs. Malaprop by giving us a palpable imitation of her in the person of Lady Shuttleworth. But the part in the hands of Miss Pitt was such a success that ample excuse would be forth-coming were any such needed. Again in Michael Kelly, played with much vivacity and dry humor by Mr. Buckstone, we have the prototype of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. In Mr. Garrick, rather heavily played by Mr. Hanbury, more than a suggestion of Sir Anthony Absolute while the Captain Matthews of Mr Sothern—somewhat affected and hardly convincing—was a decided reminiscence of Captain Absolute. In the same way the part of the Maid of Bath, in which Miss Grace Kimball was lovely but unduly sentimental, was a relex of Miss Lydia Languish while similar parallels might be drawn between all the other characters and other well known ones in Sheridan's plays.

What Mr. Potter will have to contend with, in regard to his authorship of this play, is the difficulty that the audience is under of recognizing and appreciating the fact that he is avowedly giving them the originals from which Sheridan drew his immortal dramatic types, and of quite understanding how he was in a position to do this. In other words, to the minds of people of little historical knowledge or acumen, Mr Potter's undoubtedly authenticated originals may stand in danger of being called merely imitations of the types which are known to most people as Sheridan's creations. Certainly, however, it cannot fail to be admitted that Mr. Potter's idea in this play is distinctly original, that his treatment of this idea is unusually skilful, consistent, and successful, and that his evident artistic purpose has been crowned with excellent results. Mr Potter is therefore to be congratulated on a play which was very successful on the first night, and will undoubtedly gain in effect as the actors grow easier in their parts. Apart from the characters mentioned above, Miss Marian Gleeson was sprightly and vivacious as Dorothy, the poor relation, Miss Pattison-Sellen very satisfactory as Lady Keskine, and Messrs Flockton and Samuel Sothern exceedingly natural and effective respectively as Dr. Thomas Linley and Captain Paumier. Several smaller parts were also in competent hands. The fact that a typical first night audience was evidently interested in and emphatically approved of Mr. Potter's play as an entertainment should not only prove an encouragement but also an incentive to American playwrights to produce plays which should rely on legitimate rather than scenic methods for their interest and effect.

Surely no limit can be placed to the remarkable versatility of the French nation. When in their dramatic methods salacious suggestiveness had reached a point very little short of absolute indecency, lo! without previous warning, public taste makes a sudden *volte face*, and morality becomes the sudden fad and fashion of the hour. In literature this now united attitude of popular opinion is evidenced by the position recently taken by M. Paul Bourget, who has turned moralist at the risk of being considered dull, while in dramatic work the same is shown by the treatment of the conventional stage husband, who, from having been always in the wrong, has now come to be always in the right, while the friend and lover goes to the wall. This much by way of preface to *The Other Man*, Mr Fred Horner's adaptation of *Champignol Malgré Lui*, now in its tenth month at the Nouveautes Theatre, Paris, which was produced for the first time at the Garden Theatre on Monday night, by Mr Frohman's capable company of comedians, headed by Joseph Holland and Miss Henrietta Crossman. In the French original, *The Other Man* was about as daringly suggestive as could well be imagined, and so far from having made a poor translation, one is inclined to think that Mr Horner has in his version of the play cleverly skimmed over the thinnest ice, and retained much of the original fun of the piece most successfully. That in its present shape the play seems to lack unity and a satisfactory conclusion is due to the fact that to comply with our conventional notions of morality Mr Horner was perforce obliged to do away with many of the original motives of action. It is naturally difficult for English actors to give a just idea of the vivacity and snap of thoroughly French atmosphere and surroundings but apart from the fact that the production as a whole seemed at times a little lacking in "go" the presentation was a thoroughly capable one, and also, what is more to the point, thoroughly provocative of genuine, wholesome laughter. It was, however, evident that so much of the original plot was necessarily lost or changed in adaptation that the various comic incidents, many of them genuinely amusing and original, which now make the play what it is, overshadowed it entirely. On this account the story at times seemed to stop altogether, as if it were snowed under. For all, however, that it lacks coherency and, in a measure, developed climax, *The Other Man* is very poor and meaningless title, by the way, which could readily be improved upon) can hardly fail to amuse those who are content to accept a light, rollicking breezy farce for what it is and who do not insist upon logical development, philosophic thought, and unending laughter combined.

The story as it stands may be briefly told. A young wife who has got into something of a fix by accepting the attentions of a former and discarded lover, causes him to take the place of her husband who is about to be arrested for not having joined his regiment for annual military service at the proper time. The endless complications and humorous incidents of which the play consists grow out of the fact that the real Champignol eventually turns up in camp, and there are therefore two Champignols present, who are unknown to each other. Referring to what was said above as to the notions of morality now prevalent in France, in this case the unfortunate lover gets buffeted about, and comes out at the small end of the horn every time, while the virtuous husband is invariably triumphant. But as in the adaptation the unfortunate lover has really done nothing, the audience fail to see any reason for his being subjected to the buffeting, and consequently sympathize with him and vote the play uninteresting, which they are not supposed to do.

The piece was excellently cast and with the exception noted above, thoroughly well played. Mr. Holland as the unlucky lover acted, as usual, with great ease and finish. Mr Herbert Standing, a new arrival, gave an exceedingly neat and well-contrasted sketch of a French officer, Captain Lamarette, while Mr. Burns as the real Champignol, and Mr Brown as an uncle from the country, were genuinely amusing in a thoroughly farcical style. Miss Crossman also was admirable in spirit and vivacity in the role of Madame Champignol. That something can be made out of nothing, and that a thoroughly trained actor may score heavily in an insignificant part, was evidenced by the hit made by Mr. Hietchcheim in the very small role of Valcare. He was, in fact, almost the star of the performance. Although American audiences can hardly be expected to appreciate to the full the humor and interest of occasional military service as a military nation like the French, *The Other Man* is sufficiently funny in itself to be thoroughly amusing and enjoyable and in in some respects perhaps the best French dramatic importation that has been seen in this country for some time.

Fanny, the farcical comedy written by Messrs Sims and Raleigh in evident imitation of *Jane* may be dismissed in short order. Not even Miss Johnstone Bennett could save it. It ran three nights, R. I. P. Mention of Mr Thomas's successful play *In Mizzoura* is deferred until next week.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

EX-SECRETARY FISH.

A HISTORIAN of the politics of New York writing forty years ago of the late Hamilton Fish said that it was difficult to describe a character like his, "possessing no salient points, but presenting a happy admixture of all good qualities." This fusion of so many good qualities was due to his cultured ancestry and his education. On his mother's side he was a descendant of Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch Governor of New York. His father was Nicholas Fish, a soldier of rank and distinction in the Revolutionary War, and a trusted friend of Washington.

Hamilton was born in New York city, August 3, 1808, and was named after his father's intimate friend, Alexander Hamilton. He was graduated from Columbia College in 1827, and admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-two.

For some time he was Commissioner of Deeds for the County and City of New York. In 1842 he was elected a Representative in Congress from a district composed of some of the upper wards of this city. Mr Fish did not possess the qualities of an orator, nor was he fond of debate. On this account his popular reputation was much less than his abilities merited. Then, as now, the hardest and most valuable work was done in the committee-room and not on the floor of the House. Mr Fish did good service on the Committee for Military Affairs.

In 1846 he was the defeated Whig candidate for Lieutenant Governor of New York. The following year, however, this office became vacant, and he was elected to it by a handsome majority. The ability with which he performed his duties increased his popularity, and easily caused his nomination and election for Governor in 1848. He went into office January 1, 1849, and his inaugural message was of as striking a quality that when Seward read it he immediately wrote, "The spirit and tone reminds me of better days than these." Mr Fish was never an ardent partisan—his ideas were too liberal. At this time the New York Whigs were divided into conservatives and radicals. The latter were led by Seward. Governor Fish declined to side with either faction, but was just to both. He wisely considered that it would be better for the factions to unite their influence against the expansion of slave territory, and in his messages he strongly urged the support of the Wilmot Proviso. In one of them he said, speaking of the people of New York, "With them slavery involves a great moral principle, and overrides all questions of temporary and political expediency."

In 1851 he was chosen United States Senator as successor to Daniel S Dickinson. Mr. Fish, Benjamin F. Wade, and Charles Sumner entered the Senate on the same day, their credentials being presented by Senators Seward, Chase, and Cass, respectively. Although associated with great men, and shining in the development of some of the most curious measures in our political history, Mr Fish seemed to shun prominence on the floor of the Senate. He made only a few brief remarks before the Senate, and confined his work almost entirely to the committee room. On the expiration of his term, in 1857, he removed to Europe with his family, and there spent a few years in travel and congenial studies.

He returned in time to take an active part in the campaign of 1860, for he was one of the counsellors of the Republican party and had taken great interest in its formation and development. The echoes of the shots fired at Fort Sumter had hardly died away when Mr Fish, in conjunction with John A Dix, William M Evarts, W. E Dodge, A. T Stewart, and several other prominent men in New York city, organized the Union Defence Committee. This committee worked day and night, collecting money and provisions of all kinds for the equipment of soldiers and the prosecution of the war, and sent out ten regiments. Prodigious as was its material assistance, the moral effect of such energy, courage, and resolutions at such a critical period was of vastly greater value to the cause of the Union.

In January, 1862, Mr Fish and Bishop Ames were appointed by Secretary Stanton as commissioners to visit the United States soldiers imprisoned in Richmond and elsewhere, with a view to providing for their comfort and exchange. The Confederacy refused to permit the commissioners to come to Richmond, but signified its willingness to carry on negotiations at Norfolk. This finally resulted in a comprehensive cartel, which gave general satisfaction to each side, and greatly lessened the suffering entailed by the war.

From 1862 to the time of Grant's nomination for the Presidency Mr Fish lived in complete retirement. It was therefore a great surprise when in March, 1869, Grant appointed him Secretary of State. The eight years of his Secretaryship make up the most important period of his life, for they offered the most favorable opportunities for the exercise of his rare abilities and fine personal qualities. Although this period is very different from the stormy one in which his friend and predecessor Seward served so prominently, it dealt with several problems of a peaceful nature which rank among the most important in our diplomatic history.

The fitting out of Confederate cruisers in British ports had resulted in great commercial losses and hostile feelings on the part of the United States, which were not remedied by the return of peace. Long before the expiration of his Secretaryship, Seward had begun to urge the claims for

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THE HON. HAMILTON FISH.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY ARTHUR J. GOODMAN.

damages which are commonly known as the *Alabama* claims. Secretary Fish was instrumental in bringing about the treaty of Washington, concluded in May, 1871, which created a basis for the arbitration of these and other claims. Although at the time some dissatisfaction was expressed in each country on different accounts, there has never been any question in regard to the statesmanship and diplomatic dignity with which Secretary Fish did his part.

No higher compliment could have been paid to a Secretary of State than Secretary Fish received from Spain and the allied South American republics of Peru, Chili, Ecuador, and Bolivia. When they met in a peace conference in Washington in 1871 to negotiate a convention for a general truce, he was made president of the conference, and the Department of State was named as the place for the exchange of ratifications.

Our relations with Spain during President Grant's first administration were at one time very critical. Cuba was in insurrection, and many Americans sympathized with the attempted revolution. The capture of the American vessel *Virginius* and the summary execution of several of her crew created much popular excitement in the United States. The Secretary was very positive in his demands upon Spain for reparation and an avowal on her part that no insult was intended to our flag. Spain had recently become a republic, and her political affairs were in much confusion. Consequently she was incapable of acting with promptness and precision. To Americans in general there seemed ample justification for a declaration of war, and a more dashing and personally ambitious Secretary of State would doubtless have seized the opportunity to make himself a popular hero by heeding the outcry. But Mr Fish, as his whole career shows, had none of the qualities of a demagogue. While continuing positive, he was patient, even magnanimous, and accepted the few signs which Spain was able to give of a sincere desire to make reparation, and disregarded the bar excited communications of our impetuous Minister to Spain. It was generally understood that President Grant had much less conservative ideas in regard to Cuba.

Mr Fish's wealth and social accomplishments made him a conspicuous figure in the social life of Washington. Fortunately he was in every respect able to cope with the favored of the foreign diplomatists, and his social entertainments were in no way dependent upon the rather paltry salary which the government pays the Secretary of State. Though he might fairly have claimed to be an aristocrat, he was thoroughly democratic in his tastes and manners, and was easily accessible.

Upon his retirement from office he returned to New York. For several years he was honored by the presidency of the New York Historical Society, he was Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Columbia College, and he was also President General of the New York Society of the Cincinnati. At the time of his death, on the 7th of September 1893, he was joyed the quiet luxury of his city house on East Seventy-Street, and of his summer home called "Glenclift" on the Hudson in Putnam County, surrounded by a fine library, elegant paintings, and many friends.

FREDERIC BASCOM

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E. D. MORGAN,

C. O. ISELIN,

Two of the *Vigilant's* Owners.

ARCHIBALD ROGERS,
Principal Owner of the *Colonia*.

LORD DUNRAVEN,
Owner of the *Valkyrie*.

THE "CALLUNA,"
Owned by the Clyde Syndicate.

THE "SATANITA,"
Owned by Mr. A. D. Clarke. Designed by Mr. Soper.

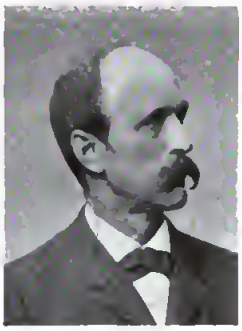
THE "BRITANNIA,"
The English Defender against the *Navahoe* of Cape May and Brenton Reef Cups.

THE "VALKYRIE,"
Challenger for the *America* Cup.

THE BRITISH 85-FOOTERS.—From Photographs by Adamson & Son.

WILLIAM FIFE, JUN.,
Designer of the *Calluna*.

G. L. WATSON,
Designer of the *Valkyrie* and the *Britannia*.



CHARLES J. PAINE,

JOHN B. PAINE,

Designers and Owners of the *Jubilee*.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACE.—[See Page 896.]

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

THE PEANUT POLITICIAN.

I'm a peanut politician, and there's nothing quite so small
That I wouldn't go and do it if I had the slightest call.
I would work a week to win a vote from anybody's side,
If I had to let the interests of the blooming country slide.

I'm a trimmer, sir, from Trimtown, and I've got an eagle eye,
By the use of which the finest points in politics I spy;
I can rant one day a lik money that is honest for my text,
And as like as not go voting with the silverites the next.

I'm a most athletic jumper when it comes to change of sides,
I can hop from high protection to a tax for revenue.
I can fill the Senate Chamber with the noblest kind of gush,
And can stand on either side of every point and never blush.

I am a statesman that is modelled after Mr Paddy's flea,
And there's not a man that's living that can ever corner me,
And whenever it comes to pledges, I can ladle out a stack,
And I never feel compunctious when I'm taking of 'em back.

So that when I run for office in the year of '96,
I will have my hated rivals in the finest sort of fix;
For I've been all things to all men, and the nation's bound to see
For that reason every party set on nominating me.

Oh it pays to be a peanut politician, yes it does,
When you are the finest peanut politish that ever was—
Which is why I give my other eye that fascinating leer,
I'm a Democrat free-silver gold high low protectionist.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

As incident of acute interest to Americans was the unveiling, on the 23d of August of a statue of Lincoln at Edinburgh, illustrated on page 892 of this paper. The Scotch in the United States are so tenacious of their old country memories, and so proud of the heroes of their race, that a monument to a Scotchman in America would excite no particular remark. Figures of Sir Walter Scott and Robbie Burns in various durable materials abound in the land, but they are the familiar friends of all lettered Americans, and belong to all the English speaking world almost as much as to Scotland. Lincoln was peculiarly an American hero, whose services, vast as their value was to his own country, would scarcely be expected to endear him especially to the Scotch. Indeed, his statue has been set up not to commemorate what Americans did for Scotland but what the Scotch have done for the United States. It stands in old Calton Burying ground, on a plot given by the Town Council of Edinburgh and is a monument to the Scottish-American soldiers who served in our civil war. The ceremony of unveiling was performed by the daughter of Mr Wallace Bruce, for the past four years the popular consul of the United States in that city.

I wonder if it is not the first statue of an American statesman to be set up on European, or at least on British soil? There may be statues of Franklin in France, but Franklin was all things to all men, and spent his best days in Europe, so that his French admirers might reasonably enough have commemorated his services to science and to them. So, too, there may not improbably be statues of Washington in Paris, which the travelled American may recall, though I cannot. In England there is no statue of Washington that I ever heard of, though Lord Rosebery has in his library a very notable and striking portrait of him, which is said to be one of the best in existence.

And speaking of Lincoln, a contemporary paragraph notes that four generations of one branch of the Lincoln family met last month at a Lincoln family reunion at Malden, Massachusetts.

Family reunions seem to be growing very popular. They have been chronicled by the score in the newspapers this summer, and the increasing frequency of them may perhaps be taken as a sign of a growing interest among Americans in family stocks. In Virginia, and more or less generally throughout the South, people have been in the habit of acknowledging their cousins, and keeping some sort of track of them, but it need to be asserted down there that in the North blood was not much thicker than water, and that relationship was but a slender tie to be recognized or ignored as expediency might direct. The North must be improving in that respect, and perhaps it is well that it is. The tendency of American institutions and of the conditions of life in this country for the last century has been to develop individualism to an extreme degree. Families have been systematically scattered. Some members have gone West, others have moved to town, and all have worked out their independent destinies as best they could. That is a good way; but there are advantages, too, of people of the same blood touching elbows and keeping one another in sight. A large family connection has its drawbacks, but it has compensations too. It involves a degree of mutual assistance that may sometimes be inconvenient to the more prosperous members, but it also involves co-operation which may be helpful to all the parties to it, and by creating new interests in people it helps to quicken one's interest in life. Life is no fun unless one takes an interest in somebody, and to be interested, not exclusively, but generally in one's relations is a good plan, and is really no more trouble and costs no more than to be interested in people who are other people's relations. Family reunions, provided they are skilfully engineered and do not happen too often, may be pretty good sport, and people who keep out of them for fear of meeting poor relations whom they do not know are in reasonable danger of losing more than they escape.

There is to be an Atkinson colony in California, to test the co-operative theories of Edward Atkinson and a Bellamy colony in the new Cherokee strip to experiment with Bellamyism. Then ought to be a Croker colony started somewhere, where every man might have a pull and make the machine support him. The theory of government by pull is at least as interesting as any other form of co-operation, and it is a pity not to test it under conditions suited to its highest development. Of course the prime need of a Croker colony would be a census, and the most interesting result the experiment could give would be to determine whether a census can be created by Croker methods or whether the Croker theories, like those of the Buzzard school, are only operative upon a pre-existing census.

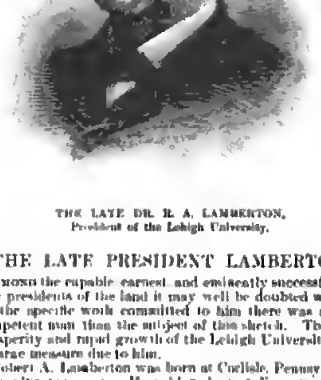
Chaplain Stoecker (he isn't Court Chaplain any longer, though) staid only long enough in New York to get his bearings and get away. But he is coming back after he has been to the Isle and visited Montreal and Boston, and there is a prospect that he will stop here over Sunday and preach a sermon. It is to be hoped that so renowned a philippic will not go home without having the memory of his eloquence in this metropolis. He should stay here long enough at least to preach and long enough also, by all means, to receive the compliment of a reception by the Anti Semitic of the Union League Club.

A library is needed for the new cruiser *New York* for the use of the crew. The cruiser already has a permanent library, handsomely bound, for the officers, and for persons with clean hands who are accustomed to handle books. But that collection should be supplemented by some hundreds of serviceable volumes, plainly bound, for the stokers, coal passers, and seamen, whose appetite for reading is large and continuous, but destructive to the books read. A common one library of this sort gets used up on a three years' cruise, but it is a glorious fate for a book to be read to pieces, and it should be deemed a privilege to supply literature for such appreciative use.

The site of the town of Raleigh, on Roanoke Island, off the coast of North Carolina is for sale for fifteen hundred dollars, and a few patriots of North Carolina propose that it shall be bought and preserved. The earthwork of the colonists is still traceable though overgrown with trees and vines, and there are stones and bricks to be found which Raleigh's adventurers used in constructing their houses. Dr. Weir Mitchell and Professor Daves of Baltimore lately gave readings at Bar Harbor to aid in raising a fund for the purchase of these historic remains, and as the sum needed is not large the plan is likely to be carried out. The town of Raleigh had a brief and checkered existence, but it survived long enough to entertain some distinguished company, among others Sir Francis Drake and Sir Richard Grenville. As the first English settlement on the American coast it is thought, not unreasonably, to be worth preserving.

The adage "Out of sight out of mind" has no application to Father Hall late of the Church of the Evangelist in Boston, and now of Cowley, England. Since Father Hall was recalled to a years ago from his Boston charge to the headquarters of his order of Mission Priests in England, there has been a continuous desire in New England to get him back again. Twice he has been a prominent candidate for Bishop of Massachusetts and now he has just been chosen Bishop of Vermont. He has long been a naturalized American, and it is asserted that if he should choose to accept the election in Vermont he will be released from his vows as one of the Cowley Fathers, inasmuch as there is no particular liking among American Episcopalians for celibate orders in the Episcopal Church, it is a remarkable testimony to Father Hall's personal and ecclesiastical qualities that his American brethren should be so variously and persistently unwilling to spare him from their councils and their labors.

E. S. MARTIN.



THE LATE DR. R. A. LAMBERTON,
President of the Lehigh University.

THE LATE PRESIDENT LAMBERTON.

Among the capable earnest and eminently successful college presidents of the land it may well be doubted whether for the specific work committed to him there was a more competent man than the subject of this sketch. The great prosperity and rapid growth of the Lehigh University are in large measure due to him.

Robert A. Lamberton was born at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, sixty nine years ago. He achieved great distinction at the Dauphin County bar, and he was active in all matters of local interest connected with his residence at Harrisburg. He was one of the most valuable members of the Board of Trustees of the Lehigh University, being selected for that post by the munificent founder, Judge Packer. When, just after the judge's death, the President's chair became vacant many eyes were turned to Mr. Lamberton as eminently fitted for that position. Fortunately the trustees were able to secure him. He became President thirteen years ago and his wise, prudent and firm administration has thoroughly vindicated their choice. Upon his accession to the office he was created an LL. D. by the University of Pennsylvania. He was not a lecturer or professor, but was very ready of speech on all his occasions before the students, carrying with a clear-cut rhetoric a vein of humor which won their hearts and prompted them to receive his instructions with great cheerfulness. Bringing to his new office the methods of a systematic lawyer, and the logical acumen so necessary at the bar and in business, he was particularly remarkable for his practical treatment of all business matters connected with the institution. He came in what may be called the "building-up" period, and was just the man for the period. During his administration the large chemical laboratory and the School of Mines were finished and the memorial chapel to Judge Packer's family was built, entirely at the expense of Mrs. Cummings the surviving daughter of Judge Packer; it has been said to be the finest college chapel in the world. A very complete gymnasium was erected also, and a physical laboratory second to none in this country has just been completed. All these structures received the constant care and attention of Dr Lamberton.

In 1879 the institution had very few students. During his administration the numbers steadily increased, until they reached over six hundred. He had, indeed, a strong faculty in full co-operation with him, but much of this prosperity was due to his personal influence and judicious labors.

Dr Lamberton had attained to the highest honors in the Masonic brotherhood. He was a consistent Christian man, and a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was for twenty years secretary of the Diocesan Convention; for the same period a member of the several general conventions of the same Church; and in character and life, by precept and example, he was a good model for students to follow. With a firm hand and a fearless purpose, he had a tender heart and a sensitive nature, which caused the students to respect and to love him.

He died suddenly on Friday night, September 1st, of apoplexy, and was buried on Tuesday in the cemetery of his old home at Harrisburg. His loss to the Lehigh University and to his friends is almost irreparable.

HENRY COPPEE.

THE ADVANCE-GUARD, OR THE MILITARY SACRIFICE.

WHEN a good system of vidette-work is kept up it is seldom that the main body of the advance-guard is surprised or ambuscaded. Our American Indians when at war are much given to stalking an enemy. They charge and retreat with marvellous celerity, and by their knowledge of the country in which they operate, they always retire to the most difficult ground, of which there are vast areas in our West, of a likely different sorts. The Apache takes to the high stony peaks of the Sierra where he can look down on his pursuers. The old Comanches used to "pull out" into the great deserts of the Staked Plain, and many a command has nearly famished for water on their trail. The Northern Plains Indians thread the defiles of the Bad Lands, which are winding and devious, and of which they know every foot. This is the country that my drawing represents. It is like the bottom of the sea in contour, taking strange forms, but dry and verdureless. When troops are scouting or moving through these lands they need all their eyes, and when the vidette ranges out in front and flank he is at the mercy of his pursuing foe. He knows it himself, and as he moves along he's a good man if his heart doesn't thump a little. A Sioux can lay along a clay butte and "pump a Winchester" into an advancing trooper, and can only be dislodged or "developed" by the advance of a heavy body of troops. I remember to have seen two young negroes of the Ninth Cavalry go down a rusty defile commanded by a thousand points, when they had no more chance of escape than poor shooting could afford. The Sixth Cavalry did lots of "Bad Land scouting" in the last Sioux outbreak, and from an impression I received there I got my picture, though I did not see a man killed. I have experienced myself the feeling of going up a narrow trail to a mesa which was supposed to harbor hundreds of Sioux, and I can't remember that I was enjoying myself at the time, either.

The rumorlessness of war, however, makes this advance necessary, on the principle that it is better to sacrifice one or two men than a dozen, or possibly all of the command. I can recall the history of several ambuscades of United States troops in our Western Indian wars which were made possible by neglect of good advance work; and in our earlier wars in the more eastern portions of the continent there were many such, notably that of Braddock. In reading the diary of the celebrated Major Robert Rogers, the ranger chief of 1757, I note what great stress he lays on the vidette work in his plan of discipline, and he was the most successful Indian fighter who ever lived in America. I cannot forbear to give some extracts:

"Whenever you are ordered out to the enemy's forts or frontiers for discoveries, if your number be small, march in a single file, keeping at such a distance from each other as to prevent one shot from killing two men, sending one man or more forward, and the like on each side at a distance of twenty yards from the main body."

"If you march over marshes or soft ground change your position, and march abreast of each other to prevent the enemy from tracking you, as they would do if you marched in a single file. March until it is quite dark before you encamp which do if possible, on a piece of ground that may afford your sentries the advantage of seeing or hearing the enemy at some considerable distance, keeping one half of your body awake alternately through the night."

"If you oblige the enemy to retreat, be careful, in pursuit of them, to keep out your flanking parties to prevent them from gaining eminences or rising grounds, in which case they would perhaps be able to rally and repulse you in their turn."

"When you encamp at night fix your sentries in such a manner as not to be relieved from the main body till morning, profound secrecy and silence being often of the last importance in these cases."

"Before you leave your encampment send out small parties to scout round it, to see if there be any appearance or track of an enemy that might have been near you during the night."

"When you stop for refreshments let a small party way lay the path you came in lest the enemy should be pursuing."

"If the enemy pursue your rear, take a circle till you come to your own tracks, and there form an ambush to receive them."

All this is interesting and curious, and was well followed by that redoubtable leader. Our American Indians know everything that goes on for forty miles on every side of the movement of the main body, and our cavalrymen of the Plains have been taught the lesson. So up the cañons and over the rocks goes the individual point of the big machine, "with his life on his sleeve." There is no touch of elbow, and no comfort or glory to gain. He hears a report, feels a shock, reels in his saddle, while his stricken horse plunges under him, and then the dull brain reels and faints, but the captain in command knows that the ground in front is occupied, and take measures in accordance.

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

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DIRECTUM—2.07.

NANCY HANKS—2.04.

THE LAST LOOK-OVER.

RUDD JOBLE AND VETERAN DUM WALTON "TALKING IT OVER."

THE BRIGADE OF RUBBERS AND MANDLERS.

CROWDING AROUND THE STALL OF THE "QUEEN" TO SEE HER COOL OFF.

DIRECTUM IN THE STRETCH OF HIS 2.07 HEAT.

AT THE START—RECEIVING WARNING FROM THE JUDGE.

FIVE RECORD HORSES AND SCENES AT FLEETWOOD PARK RACE-COURSE.—(See Page 896.)

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FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

MRS. SOUTHALL sat upon her back porch shelling black-eyed pease into a bright new tin pan upon her lap. Whenever the bottom of it became well covered she emptied the shelled pease into a big wooden tray that sat upon the floor back of her left hand. At the right was a big splint basket full of the long yellow red pods, with just beyond it another in which she cast handfuls of the snaky hulls. A rust of honeysuckle curtained the porch so thickly that only a stray sunbeam got through it here or there to make a round yellow blur upon the clean cedar floor. Though it was August, and all the yard dry as powder, a fine mat of plaited cornshucks lay at the porch steps, so well worn as to show that use of it was imperative. The sun fell full upon it; the porch faced south. At one side a big tawny setter lay lax and panting, now and again rolling upon his back but evidently without energy to snap at the flies which tormented eyes and nose.

The house wall was of hewn logs, with cracks neatly pointed, and whitewashed. The door and windows had casings of smooth unpainted poplar, clean as soap, sand, and scouring could make them. There were two square front rooms, with a passage between. The porch started at the back door of it, and ran down the side of the kitchen, which was lower than the rest of the house, and set on in L fashion.

Mrs. Southall could look full into the kitchen windows without stirring from her seat. Just now she had little intention of stirring, despite a strong inclination. She was a dumpy, roundish woman, with no lightness of motion, to whom her fifty years had brought a greater weight of flesh than her frame could gracefully bear. Besides, one foot, swathed in flannels, lay at ease upon the cricket in front of her. A severe sprain had left her for three weeks past prisoned within her own yard, when she especially wished to be up and doing.

She had strong homely features under thick shiny shin. A thatch of stiff hair barely threaded with gray was strained back from her narrow bulging forehead. Her eyes were gray, so deep-set and intense as to redeem her face from commonplaceness, while they accented its lack of charm. She wore a clean, stiff starched, purple calico gown, girt about the waist with a leather belt, over which a neat check apron was held in place by very narrow strings.

Presently she called through the window to a slim girl at work inside. "Ma'y Frances, are you ready ter make them pies?"

"Most, Aunt 'Cin; the dough jus' needs a little more workin'," a young voice replied.

At once Mrs. Southall sat more upright, saying: "Ma'y Frances, how often must I tell you my name is Lucindy? Heaven knows I wish it wa'n't! I do think my mother might av give me a Scripcher name. But Lucindy Bascom I was christened later the Methodis' Church, an' ter change hit is sacrilege, so let me hear no more of yo' Aunt 'Cins. We've all got enough original sin about us, without hevin' any more tacked on to save yo' breath."

"Yes'm, I'll try. I forgot," Mary Frances said, meekly. "But about the pies: you want apple and grape and plum, don't you? and a peach-cobbler too?"

"Yes, I reckon you had better make a peach-cobbler; thar nia't nothin' yo' uncle Dan'l likes better kin for dinner. An', Ma'y Frances, in makin' the others, don't forgit ter make one o' each sort extry deep an' extry sweet—yo' uncle Dan'l does hate er po' pie—an' mark the crust different so I can tell whers ter cut him a piece."

"I'll pinch the others round the edges and mark his with the fork," Mary Frances said, obediently, though a laugh lurked in her eyes. She was too young, too unformed, to see anything but the humor of Aunt Lucindy's affection for the sulky fellow, at least fifteen years younger than herself, whom she had married in the second giddiness that is said to wait on single ladies at forty-five.

Mrs. Southall dropped her eyes a minute, then raised them to say, "No, come to think av it, you'd better make 'em all alike—all good, it won't break us, I reckon, ef sugar is so high. You uncle Dan'l'd be mortified ter death ef anybody was ter come ter mourner an' ha found out thar wuz difference in what was set befo' him an' them. He's mighty high toned, yo' uncle Dan'l is. I'll never forgit how he set an' cried—yes, actually cried, him er man—the first Christmas after we got married, when every nigger on the place was off festivalin', an' I had ter feed the stock an' milk an' keep up fires—said it hurt 'im so ter see his wife doin' sech. He, poor dear, tried his best ter help, but Sook cow kicked him over when he was pullin' the calf erway, an' the devil—yes, the very devil—got in them mules an' horses; they'd hat their ears an' kick the minute he stuck his head inside the stable do'. You, uv all folks, Ma'y Frances, oughter know how high his feelin's is, fer when yo' par died an' laf' nothin' the wide world but you an' er passel er debts, you remember how he said, 'Lucindy, I see the Lord's hand in this. He don't mean that you shall be by yo'self no mo' when business keeps me late in town, ner that thar shin'n be none er yo' name ter sing tribble in Asbury meetin'-house when hit pleases Him ter take erway yo' voice.'"

"Yes, I remember," the girl said, very low, with a sort of catch in the words. She was a pretty, fair creature, wholesome as the spring, with thin eyes now dim and wet, hair yellow and olive looking as the silk of young corn, and cheeks as delicately pink as a fresh opened wild-rose. She did remember only too well the day of desolate misery; back of it the merry, kindly, easy going life with the father who was so unlike his sister. If they had had but a dinner of herbs, love and mirth gave sauce and savor to it. By contrast, she fairly hated the stolid prosperity, the grinding plenty about her. She would run away from it out of hand, only there was Alan—and hope.

As if in answer to the feeling that was not yet conscious thought, a knock fell on the front door which stood wide. At once the red setter gave a sharp sonorous bark that changed to a howl of welcome as a tall young fellow came through the passage with a covered earthen dish in his outstretched hand.

"Howdy, howdy—bless my life! Ma'y Frances, come out yere; here's Alan Keith come ter see us! Set a chair fer 'im, an' give 'im er fan—that new turkey-tail one thar by the mantel-shelf, na' er drink er water too. I know he's hot an' thirsty. Who's this fer, Alan—me? Oh, thanky! It's the beautifulest white bearcreum that ever I did see," Mrs. Southall said, roundly, affecting not to notice how the young folk had reddened at the touch of hands, nor the tremor in Alan's throat as he greeted Ma'y Frances. Finding the pair speechless she went on:

"Take off yo' apron Ma'y Frances an' set an' rest er-while. Ylonny can tend ter the rest o' thar cookin'." Then to Alan: "I jes had this girl a mahin' pies. I don't want ye ter think I as ever goin' ter put drudgery on my own flesh an' blood. Ma'y Frances ain't all the niece I've got, hot I as bound ter say she's the best. Thar ain't no sort er work that she cain't do, an' ain't more'n willin' ter turn 'er hand to."

"Do hush, Aunt C—Lucindy, I mean," Mary Frances said, imploringly. It revolted her unutterably, this parade of her excellencies to one whose judgment of her meant all the world.

He looked over at her with a little embarrassed smile; then, seeming to take courage from her distress, said, with half a twinkle of the eye:

"I'm mighty glad to hear it, Mrs. Southall. I'm such a lazy fellow myself I want to know all the industrious girls who could take care of me, if I could persuade them to have me."

"Oh so you are going to turn Mormon?" Mary Frances said, laughing. "Well, if you get about six real smart wives, maybe you'll live in clover."

"No; I'll try it with just one," Alan retorted.

Mrs. Southall laughed indulgently. Mary Frances had fetched a spoon, a china saucer, and a crisp flaky biscuit. Her aunt was eating bread and honey with the satisfaction of a child. Between morsels her eyes went from one to the other of the young pair in a way which made it plain that the coarse oil their true love would run smooth as she could contrive it. Fidgeting with her bit of honeycomb, she said:

"Well, I ain't afraid er raisin' ray chunge when I come ter see you, Alan, not even ef yo' wife ain't a great worker. With the start you've got—house an' land an' stock—I don't believe you could fergit how ter work of you tried ener so hard."

"You jus' wait an' see. I'm gittin' so tridlin' I'm a fair field for missionary enterprise," Alan said, with another laugh. "An' that reminds me," he went on, heedless of the shadow on Mrs. Southall's face, "that I came purtly to ask if I mighen't come back to-morrow an' help gel you over to church. It's going to be a great day—this first Sunday—an' you know we can't possibly do without you in the choir."

"Why, I didn't know I was sech a stake in the fence," Mrs. Southall said, her face beaming. "I ain't never done nuthin'—only my duty. You know my grandpaw was one er the first stewards when the meeting-house was built, an' the bishop hisself told me, when I went up ter Conference last year, that he'd never seen ernother class leader with the power in pray ar Brother Bascom—that a ray father. An' of my poor brother dat fall away from the Methodis' way, he stuck an Episcopile ter the last. Ma'y Frances thar wuz baptized na infant the same as me. Though I know our righteousness is filthy rags, that works won't save none av us no more'n they did the thief on the cross. I do feel sorter proud ter think how I an' my folks has tried ter do the will er God, not with eye service as men-pleasers, but because it was all done in His sight."

"You come next to the presidin' elder; 'way ahead of the circuit rider; we all know that," Alan said, gayly. "That's why you must be there when we try the new organ."

"The what?"

Mrs. Southall sat so upright that the pan fell out of her lap, sending a fusillade of shelled pease all over the floor. Her fingers clutched the spoon so hard the handle bent visibly, the saucer tilted, to drop honey on her purple calico front. Her face grew almost as deeply purple as she reiterated, "The what? say that over, Alan, unless you're jes jokin'."

"There's no joke that I know of; the church has got an organ, that's all there is to it," Alan said, respectfully.

"How did it come by it; tell me that, please? Thar wasn't no money missed, no talk uv it that I ever heard when I got laid up three weeks back. Do you mean ter tell me that Asbury stewards an' preachers an' all have done this thing underhand without tellin' me, that is the mother er the church?"

"Nit, ma'am; an, indeed! You see it's this way: Somebody gave the organ. All they did was to take it and be thankful—it was all they could do," Alan said, eagerly, intent to explain away the hurt to Sister Southall's churchly dignity.

"Who was that 'somebody?'" she demanded, fiercely.

"What makes you want to know?" asked Alan.

"Because I'd like ter wring his neck an' make organ bellows outer him," Mrs. Southall said, her square jaws setting hard. "Young man," she went on, "I hope you've spoke truth; that you, my church brethren an' sistren, have not been colloguin' to trick me. Twenty years ago they tried the same thing. I fit them, tooth an' toenail, ag'inst the desecration er the sanctuary. You don't remember it. You warn't much more'n four then; but I beat the organ crowd that I've stood flat-footed ag'inst ever sence, an' shall stand till I die."

"Why, Aunt Lucindy, what difference can it make?" Mary Frances broke in. "I'm sure the music will be better, an' certainly you believe God ought to have the very best of everything for His house and worship."

"Don't talk yo' 'Piscopile ways ter me," Mrs. Southall said, angrily. "Child, it ain't the sound, but the spirit that is pleasin' ter our Lord. You must sing with the soul when you come up ter the holy place, an' what soul, I'd like ter know, is thar in er box er wind an' pipes an' lotses? To my mind hit's a heathen sound, worse'n the abomination of desolation. I've sung tribble in Asbury meetin' house thirty five years, but jes as shore as they keep that thing thar—try ter praise God by machinery 'stead er the humble an' contrite heart, I'll never set foot thar agin alive, an' ef they carry me in my coffin I'll do my best ter rise an' confound 'em," Mrs. Southall said, getting unsteadily to her feet and leaning heavily upon the back of her chair. Mary Frances ran to her side, but was waved off. For a minute the elderly woman stood a statue of tremulous fury, then she bent her gaze full upon Alan Keith, saying, slowly:

"Alan—I don't know as you know anything more'n you've told—but this I say—if you do know what that—organ" [gulp over the word] "came from, I want you ter tell them that neat it never ter come about me no more. I've no fellowship fer 'em—no Christian feelin'. But I shall take our letter at once—we'll go ter some little church whar the members don't wanter mix fashion with thar religion. It comes hard ter leave the place whar ray fathers an' mothers have set under the gospel droppin's—but I'll die hi rather'n ter hear that squeakin' an' boomin'—ter see the place I love made er theayter, with the little preacher for play-actor. I mistrusted his when I found that poetry book in his sudtle tags; now he's showed the cloven hoff, an' all I can do is ter say, him an' his organ crowd keep far away from me."

Young Keith stood up very straight. "Mrs. Southall," he said, respectfully, "I never meant ter tell anybody—it seemed too like boastin'—I bought the organ all by myself I love the sound of it; it helps ter take my soul from earth. Last fall I sowed extra wheat a-purpose ter make the money, and from the way it yielded I can't think God saw anything wrong in the purpose. I bought it—It's only a little one—wishin' I could buy better, the very best. Now you say I sha'n't come here no more. Then I must say something else before I go—"

"Needn't take the trouble. I know it; you want Ma'y Frances, you'll never get her with my consent. You'd better go on home an' quit thinkin' about her," Mrs. South all said, frigidly, though curious small tremors ran through her voice.

Keith turned to Mary Frances and held out his arms. With a little shamed cry she slipped within their clasp, then sprang away, hiding her face in her hands. Keith drew them down tenderly, saying:

"Little girl, you'll marry me, whatever happens?"

"Then she'd better do it right off, she ain't stay here no longer at that's her purpose," Mrs. Southall said, her lips narrowing to a line.

"The sooner the better for me," Keith said. "Get your bonnet an' cetheart. My mother is ready and waitin' to welcome her daughter."

Mary Frances went close to her aunt, put out a timid hand, and said softly: "Aunt Lucindy, please—please—don't be so mad. Alan didn't know. He wouldn't—he couldn't have done it—if—if he had dreamed how you felt about it I—I can't bear to—leave you—this way—after you have been so kind."

"You can stay; but ef you do, you'll never speak ter him ag'in," Mrs. Southall said, nodding her head. Then, as Mary Frances began to sob, she broke out wildly:

"Lord God! Father almighty! What has Thy po' ser vant done that this thing should come upon her? Haven't I been faithful in season an' out, goin' Sundays, rain or shine, ter Thy po' temple ter sing Thy praises an' raise the tunes? An' is seemed You had give this child ter me that wuz childless. Have I made an idol of her? Are You jealous, that I must lay her on the altar?"

"Come away, we make her worse by staying," Alan said, again taking Mary Frances's hand. The girl made as if to renew her appeal, but shrank from the set face and tense gaze that fronted her. Bending, she laid her lips lightly to one flexed hand then went after her lover, who whispered, exultingly: "We'll have music for our wedding, dear—an' ever after, I hope."

Mrs. Southall kept her word. Nobody, indeed, who knew her could have a doubt that she would. Though Asbury meeting-house crowned the hill opposite her home, was in plain sight of her front gate—she ignored it utterly. Upon the two Sundays when there was service there she shut herself in-doors to read the Bible and sing her father's favorite hymns. Upon the other two, with her meek husband beside her, she trailed painfully off to Big Rock Chapel, a good ten miles away, where another Methodist brother dispensed what she esteemed the sincere milk of the word. The road ran past the Keith farm, where Alan and Mary Frances lived and were happy as the day was long. If by chance Mrs. Southall encountered them, she gave them a severely courteous greeting and passed on. She had hardened at all points even to Daniel she was now sometimes a pitiless judge, although he weakened visibly as the months went by.

He was a gentle easy natured fellow, the exact moral complement of his wife's stern fibre. He had for her an odd clinging dependent affection which she returned with the worship that is both dower and curse of a narrow intense soul. So when, three years after Mary Frances married, he fell into a low state, over which the doctor looked grave and shook his head, it is not surprising that his wife felt the solid earth slipping from under her feet. With all her strength she fought the thought of loss. Day and night she watched, tended, soothed him, humored sick fancies, and sought to coax him into the expression of his lightest whim, feeling the while a load of lead gripping the heart in her bosom till not even a supplicant song could come from her throat.

One Sunday morning early he grew very restless. "You must go to yo' meetin' ter day," he said. "You've missed three Sundays runnin' mi'count o' me. I tell you I ain't ask it. You ought ter go—you must go. I ain't have er mind's peace unless you do."

"But what's ter become of you while I'm gone? Dan'l daze, don't ask it. It's sinful ter let anything come between us an' our God, an' I wouldn't worship rightly fer thinkin' of you," the wife said, so gently that few who knew her would have recognized the tone. The sick man patted her hand, and smiled.

"Oh! I'll do first rate," he said. "Jus' you try it, an' see ef you don't find me better when you come home. I'm partly worried over yo' stayin' in so close. Git ready an' go now, right off."

Demur was vain, refusal out of the question against his weak persistence. With her hurt in her throat the wife left him, actually went half-way before her breaking courage drew her back to him.

The house door stood wide. Within there was only emptiness. After one wild look at the vacant bed and chair Mrs. Southall turned and ran toward the church. What instinct guided her she never knew. At the door she stopped short, partly that the hated organ was filling the low building with throbbing waves of sound, partly that well in front of the pulpit she saw her husband propped sore between Alan and Mary Frances, with a golden haired toddler upon his knee, who played decorously with the old man's big open-faced watch.

As the voluntary ceased, the singers, the minister even, were constrained to silence. For Mrs. Southall glided up the aisle to her husband's side, knelt a half-minute in silent prayer, then dropped into her old seat at his elbow. Her face was white, and working tears were washing out the hard brilliance of her eyes. Her husband drew a little contented sigh, then laid a hand on hers, saying, weakly, yet so all might hear:

"So you caught me, Lucindy! Well, you see, 'twas this way. I've been mourn' all along ter ask you ter bury me here, an let the music play. I've come ter hear the pine tasin' hemp o' times on the sly. Me an' Danny here's had good times lis'nin'. I wanted ter hear it o' a Sunday, so the golden harps in Paradise wouldn't sound so strange."

"Dan'l, Dan'l, you needn't go 'way ter hear 'em," Mrs. Southall sobbed, clinging fast to his hand. "Stay. We'll come ev'ry Sunday," she pleaded. "Only don't leave me—don't, Dan'l, don't!"

Daniel smiled faintly. For a minute his eyes closed convulsively. Then he looked straight into hers and said:

"Lucindy, I've been er coward—the worst sort—but jest

erbout this one thing. 'Twas me put Alan in mind ter git that machine. Now ye know the truth. Maybe I can live er die in peace. I never lied ter ye about nothin' else Ma'y Frances knew it all the time, but she give her boy my name."

"It's the best name in the world," Mrs. Southall said, brokenly, gathering the baby to her breast. Holding him fast, she turned to face the congregation, saying: "Brethren an' sisters, let me speak truth too. In this time of trouble I've searched my heart an' found that what I called zeal fer pure worship was mostly mean low-down jealousy. I'd sung down everybody fer thirty years, but I knew I couldn't sing down the organ. I've asked God ter forgive me. Now I ask you, and pray that you may do it."

Everybody said, "Amen."

J. G. B. ADAMS,
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THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Captain John Gregory Bishop Adams, who was unanimously elected Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic at the National Encampment recently held at Indianapolis, was born in Groveland, Massachusetts, and will be fifty-two years old the 6th day of next October. He was educated in the public schools, and before he was twenty years old enlisted in Major Ben Perley Poore's rifle battalion, which was subsequently merged into the Nineteenth Massachusetts Volunteers. In March, 1862, he was made orderly sergeant. Through all the seven days' fighting on the peninsula Sergeant Adams was conspicuous for his bravery, and his gallantry won for him a Second Lieutenant's commission. At the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, Lieutenant Adams displayed the most conspicuous gallantry. Nearly a dozen color-bearers of his regiment had been shot, and at last he seized both standards and brought them off the field himself unscathed. At the battle of Gettysburg the Fourteenth Massachusetts was sent to support General Sickles on the 2d of July. In this battle Lieutenant Adams was in command of Company I. While leading his men he received two desperate wounds in the groin, either of which was supposed to be mortal. Yet in November he was again with his command, before his wounds were fully healed.

After Gettysburg he was made a Captain, and during the Wilderness campaign of 1864 he was at his post and served with high spirit and devoted loyalty.

It was the bad fortune of the Nineteenth Massachusetts to be mostly captured at Cold Harbor early in June and Captain Adams was among the prisoners. He remained in captivity for nine months.

The Captain has been in the Boston Custom-house, was Postmaster of Lynn for eight years, has been Deputy Superintendent of the Concord Reformatory, and in 1885 was made Sergeant-at-arms for the Commonwealth, which position he now holds. Last year he was a prominent candidate for the Republican nomination for Lieutenant-Governor. He was the first recruit mustered into Post 5 of Lynn, was three times chosen its Commander, and was one year Department Commander of Massachusetts. He has been for many years President of the Association of Survivors of Rebel Prisons, and is President of the Trustees of the Soldiers' Home.

CRUISE OF THE NAVAL RESERVES

BY WILLIAM NEPHEW KING, JUN.

The third annual cruise of the New York Naval Militiamen unlike its predecessors, was passed in secluded waters off the coast of Long Island. Even the pomp and show that was wont to follow the gallant tars in all their drills ashore was this year conspicuous by its absence. Assistant Secretary of the Navy McAdoo, Colonel George B. McClellan, and the great shade trees that fringe the exclusive shores of Oyster Bay were the only spectators to witness the sailor-men land as a naval brigade and pass in review.

The public press, also, accustomed to describing in detail every evolution of this popular organization, dismissed the subject each day with a few words. These coincidences have naturally occasioned comment, and it has been intimated that the Reserve Corps is losing in popular favor. As for publicity in the newspapers, Commander Miller was aware that he must necessarily sacrifice this if he took his battalion to an inaccessible spot during a season when storms were more than likely to destroy telegraphic communication. The object of the drills this year, however, was not to gain newspaper notoriety, but practically to instruct the men in the art of war, and to teach them manœuvres they would be called upon to execute were Long Island—the key to New York from the sea—attacked by a foreign enemy. And right well did the hardy tars perform their duties, remaining overnight in the midst of sand-dunes sleeping in stables, and battling with a foe that was anything but imaginary—the famed Long Island mosquito.

A novel feature of this year's exercise was the transportation of a boat from the Sound to the ocean. One of the cutters of the *New Hampshire* was sent ashore at Cold Spring Harbor, where it was met by a pair of horses and a surf wagon. The boat was hauled out by the Reserve men, placed upon frames forward and aft, and started upon its twenty-four-mile journey across to Bay Shore. Lieutenant Stayton and forty men followed, armed as a naval brigade, and dragging after them a 3-inch rifle mounted upon a field-carriage. Despite these seemingly insurmountable obstacles the men averaged three miles an hour, making the last five miles in one hour and ten minutes.

Another feature that merits more than passing notice was the chase of Lieutenant Greene by Lieutenant Duncan. The former was supposed to represent an enemy attempting to land to the westward of Centre Island, while the latter, though not acquainted with his adversary's actual position, knew that he was somewhere in the vicinity. Duncan made a landing on the opposite side of the island, and started in pursuit of Greene and his men. The enemy were overtaken and surprised about midnight, their boats captured and returned to the *New Hampshire*. In the absence of any official report it is hard to decide to whom belonged the victory, for while Duncan undoubtedly captured Greene, the latter claims that a flag of truce was displayed, and, with this understanding, his command retired for the night. Commander Miller aptly expressed the situation when he facetiously said, "I cannot allow you to go to your homes without personally thanking the Second and Third divisions for their magnificent battle on Centre Island, in which each captured the other."

During the week there was little pleasure but much hard work accomplished, and the amateur tars returned to their homes with bronzed faces and blistered hands.

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Editorial Offices: 18 Charing Cross Road, W.C.

Publishing Offices—London: George Routledge & Sons, Limited, Broadway, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; Manchester: George Routledge & Sons, Limited, 16 Jackson's Row; New York: The International News Company; Toronto: The Toronto News Company; Montreal: The Montreal News Company.

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		Rouge Rose.	Thormanby.	Windhound: Pantaloon. Phryne.
				Alice Hawthorn: Muley Moloch. Rebecca.
			Ellen Horne.	Redshank: Sandbeck. Johanna.
				Delhi: Plenipotentiary. Pawn, Jun.
	Lily Agnes.	Macaroni.	Sweetmeat.	Gladiator: Partisan. Pauline.
				Lollypop: Voltaire. B. llnda(?).
			Jocose.	Pantaloon: Castrel. Idalia.
				Banter: Master Henry. Boadicea.
		Polly Agnes.	The Cure.	Physician: Brutandorf. Primette.
				Morsel: Mulatto. Linda.
			Miss Agnes.	Irish Birdcatcher: Sir Hercules. Guiccioli.
				Agnes: Clarion. Annette.

Keene's great racer, holds a lordly sway over the runners. He has placed to his credit the Futurity, which is the most enviable racing prize of the year, and he won it too in good company, for Dobbins pressed him so closely that his owner believed him the faster horse, and a match for $25,000 was the result. A more thrilling race than this was never run—a reminder of the Salvator-Tenny days, but Domino and Dobbins made a more exciting contest of it than the other two, and ran it out to a dead-heat after a terrific drive, in which Domino led all the way, until just at the wire honest, steady Dobbins caught him.

It was a game race throughout, and again stamped the youngsters the greatest two-year-olds of the season.

Domino's winnings this year have been large, and include $2[illegible],000 at the Brooklyn Jockey Club track, $20,000 at Morris Park, $25,000 at Sheepshead Bay, $16,000 at Washington Park, Chicago, $24,000 at Monmouth Park, and the Futurity Stakes of $50,000; in all approximately $162,000—rather a neat sum for one season's earning.

But, after all is said and done, where shall we look for such another as the unbeaten Ormonde, the grandest horse that lives?

His pedigree tells the story without any rhetorical ornamentation. Ormonde needs no side lecturer to point out his good points. It is only necessary to see him to realize that you have never seen a horse until you have looked upon him.

The famous English racer arrived in this country a few weeks ago, having been purchased by Mr. W. O B. Macdonough for $150,000, and after a rest went directly to his owner's ranch in California. Ormonde is a bay, with only a small white patch which the saddle would cover. He began his racing career as a two-year-old. His record is one succession of victories. Probably no horse ever lived that won so many times in proportion to the number of starts, or earned so much money for his owner.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACE.

BRITISH yacht-designing may be said to have made a big stride towards evolving the modern racer in the 85 foot class, of which we are shortly to see its fastest representative.

Many American ideas have been followed, to be sure, but the boats, especially *Valkyrie*, *Britannia*, and *Satanita*, are all fine types of the racing yacht, and one of them at least has beaten an American yacht, while the other will make a closer struggle for the *America's* Cup probably than any previous challenger.

The *Valkyrie* has a deep-drawing, beautifully rounded hull, with a medium bow finely drawn out fore and aft. She is about 126 feet long over all, and she draws over 16 feet of water. Her lead is carried well forward in a thick body and tapered nicely to the heel, weighing about 75 tons. Her sparplan is large but not abnormal; her mast is stepped well forward; her main-boom, which is hollow, is about 90 feet, while her bowsprit is correspondingly short. Her upper spars are not out of the question, and altogether her sail plan looks proportionate and pleasing to the eye. Taking her all over, she is the vessel one would fancy as a racing machine, having a low rail and little freeboard, with at the same time a life and buoyancy in her movement which suggest she carries her weight well. She is the best boat of the British fleet of racing yachts, and a fit representative to send anywhere or defend anything in the yachting world. She is strong to windward, and the harder it blows the faster she seaks to the weather mark. She is fast on a reach and run, notwithstanding her shorter load water length. The *Britannia* is not so good to windward as the *Valkyrie*; when the wind hardens, however, on a reach and a run, she, like the *Satanita*, pulls in the Dunraven boat a bit.

The *Britannia* is beamier, shallower, slightly longer on the load line, and has a bolder bow and a longer counter than the Dunraven boat. Originally she had a larger sail plan than the *Valkyrie*, but her topmast having been reduced by some feet, both boats now look to be on a par in spar plan and sail area. Otherwise, what is said of *Valkyrie* applies to *Britannia*.

The Scotch syndicate boat *Calluna* is the most handsome boat side on of the three Scotch cutters. She is beamiest of the three, shortest on load water-line, and shallowest, having 25 feet beam, 88 feet l. w. l., and 14 feet draught. Her internal fittings are a study in light and varying colored woods. Her spars are nicely proportioned, but look shortest all over of the Watson boats, having less boom and mast by about six feet. Her sail plan alongside of the others looks wanting somewhat.

The *Satanita* is the leviathan of the quartet, and she is abnormal in every way but depth. She is longer and broader by several feet, having about 90 feet of length and 26 feet of beam. She looks like an enlarged *Britannia* above water, but has not the staying power below. She has shown up very nicely in her races, but is too big for working round a course, though on a long reach or run has proved a very fast vessel.

The *Calluna* has been too heavily weighted. She stands up straight when the other boats are down to the covering board, and even with lead off her keel (three tons) she carries her club-topsail when the others have jib-headers. There is much disappointment in Scotland over her. Changes have not improved her so much as expected, but she has been badly handled, judging by the cabled accounts.

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AMATEUR SPORT

In one respect at least the national track and field athletic championships at Chicago next Saturday, September 16th, will be the most notable of any we have ever held. And that will be because of the many different sections represented by the entries. We have grown accustomed in the last five years to the same faces, and with occasional exceptions here and there to the same men competing in the different events. Until the Detroit Athletic Club sent a team, and a good team it was, with many surprises in store for Easterners, to the championships in '89, held that year on Travers Island, an entry outside of the Atlantic coast was as rare as an amateur racing bicycler is to-day. Even since '89 the entries have been limited, the D. A. C. always excepted, to the athletes of the large Eastern clubs, and a few scattering ones from the city in which the championships happened to be held. In the last two years athletics in the West may be said to have grown faster than in the East, partly because they were in a primary condition, and would advance rapidly once started, and partly because in the East athletics have had the set-back which must always follow where greed and an unwholesome element gain entrance. It should be said, too, to the credit of the West, and as the result of investigations on my trip last winter, that the tendency throughout the Occident is upward, and the general tone healthful. It may even be said that the amateur status at that time averaged higher. Since that trip a considerable change has come over the spirit of Eastern athletics or more properly athletics in and about New York. Club governors have at last turned moralists after running the entire gamut of athletic transgression, and there is no longer the barefaced depravation which ended only after the better element in athletics had forsaken the sport in disgust in large numbers.

ORMONDE.—[See Page 896.]

DOBBINS.—[See Page 896.]

But the athletic situation is not even yet all that could be wished. The typical "athlete" is not always the amateur we hope one day to see him. Yet there has been such a change for the better since the Manhattan Athletic Club went out of business with its pernicious methods of seducing athletes by "inducements," that the athletic atmosphere seems almost pure in comparison. There are yet individual cases where prominent athletes appear to find no necessity of earning bread by the sweat of their brow, though the bread is forth coming. We want to see the athlete a useful member of society as well as of his club, and one whose sole interest in athletics is not comprised in the prize list or other material gain. It was so formerly, and not so long ago, either; only a few years have passed since no one's motives for athletic interest were questioned. Every one of us went into sport for sport's sake pure and simple. The large clubs are chiefly responsible for the change that followed the first popular boom of track athletics. Unwholesome rivalry begat the spirit of "anything to win," and that soon brought about all manner of swindling. But this is an old story, though it contains a moral that cannot be pointed out too often. Because of it all one club, the largest and certainly the most active in the world, collapsed with a crash, and athletics suffered a severe set-back.

There have been fewer athletic meetings this year than in any season since the organization of the Amateur Athletic Union, and one or two of the few were far from interesting. The summer meeting of the New York Athletic Club was below the club's standard in management and in the sport afforded. In fact, the games were the most disappointing of any Travers Island fixture. But the most depressing event of the season was the Labor Day picnic games of the Staten Island Athletic Club. The programme on its face read well enough, but the events failed to come off as heralded, and were uninteresting when they did transpire. The sport was poor enough, with a diluted quality of lawn-tennis, unevenly matched lacrosse teams, and a shabby exhibition of Association football; and the class of spectators seemed to have changed along with the athletic entertainment. The club used to attract the best of Staten Island to its athletic carnivals; but with the degeneration of the sport has come a corresponding change of the onlookers. Birds of a feather flock together.

The most successful meeting of the year was the September 4th games of the New Jersey Athletic Club; and we are not losing sight of the very excellent meeting of the Boston Athletic Association a week before, at which T. P. Conneff, on the Harvard track, Holmes Field, created the world's amateur one-mile record of 4 m. 17⅘ s. The old record of 4 m. 18⅘ s. had been made by W. G. George at Birmingham, England, in 1884, and for nine years it stood untouched by the many attempts of our best men to clip off at least a fraction of a second. George had also made an American record of 4 m. 21⅘ s. during his visit to this country in '83; but that had as well remained unsurpassed, though Conneff had run very near it several times. In his Boston performance Conneff was not paced; those who saw his effort say that had he been coached properly he could have run a couple of seconds faster. However, it is glory enough for him to have placed to his credit the fastest mile an amateur ever ran. Conneff's performance was not the only good one at the B. A. A. games, but it is too late to comment on them more than incidentally in this glancing over of the athletic season.

The New Jersey A. C. games drew out such a crowd as we were wont to see at the meetings of a year or so ago; the programme was carried out as advertised, and the sport good from first to last.

Probably the strongest drawing card was the appearance of the three fastest distance men in America—T. P. Conneff, George W. Orton, and Willie Day. Much was expected from their meeting, but nothing came of it except the knowledge that Orton is in nothing like his form, and that Day must be written down as a runner whose heart is not so good as his legs. Had he pluck, he must have won the four-mile race from Conneff, who was very tired at two miles and a half, and running on sheer pluck after he had passed the three-mile mark. Day simply quit when Conneff got a lead on him, and he showed no signs whatever of distress. Conneff, under the circumstances, which were that he had been training up to a week previous, for a mile, ran an extraordinary race, and had he not been so dead to the repeated urgings, would have made a new four-mile record. As it was, he finished in 20 minutes 16⅘ seconds, which is just four fifths of a second below the record.

Orton simply collapsed in the one-mile, and did not finish. It seems hardly likely he can get fit for the national championships.

Nor was all the sport furnished by the distance men. E. W. Allen made a good attempt at the 300 yards record, and did 32 seconds. With some training for the distance he should make new figures for this distance, as his time was only five-eighths of a second slower than the present record, held by Lon Myers. Another record seems in danger of going shortly if E. W. Goff keeps on doing as well as he has in all public performances recently. His broad jump at the New Jersey Club games was 23 feet 4½ inches, and that is not far off from Heber's world record. Take it all through, the sport was of a high order and the best of the season.

The Philadelphia Bank Clerks Association's games should not be overlooked, as being among the few interesting ones. And they were somewhat notable from the fact that Willie Day won the two miles handily in 9 41⅘—not far from the record—from Orton, who quit at the mile and a half; and because C. T. Buchholtz made a new record for distance pole-vaulting, leaping 27 feet and three-quarter inches. The record had been advanced from 25 feet to 26 feet 5½ inches only a few days before by Moss, the Californian. Buchholtz did still better work in pole-vaulting for height—11 feet—and seems to have out-paced Redenbaugh this year, though not yet having equalled his figures.

In the West the Central Association games attracted considerable attention by the great running of C. W. Stagg. It is hardly likely the timing was exact, and this is not intended as a reflection on those who held the watches or Western timing generally. Accurate timing is one of the most delicate and at the same time difficult accomplishments, and it may be acquired only after a long apprenticeship. Western men are apt to take umbrage at what they are pleased to term slighting remarks on their ability to correctly hold a stop-watch. But they become offended unreasonably. The timer is not born, he is made, and not given a license until he has passed through many a trial. Here in the East, where we hold ten athletic meetings to one in the West, there are not over half a dozen timers absolutely trustworthy even after all the practice they get; how absurd, therefore, to expect accuracy where there is so little practice as in the several sections of the West! The timing of Mr. Stagg's 100 yards in 9⅘ was inaccurate, but that does not alter the fact that he ran three great races in the afternoon, running besides the 100 yards, the 220 in 22⅘ and the 440 in 52⅘.

Turning from this digression on the few athletic meetings of the season and their several individual performances that have attracted attention, to the championship meeting of '96, we find much of interest in the new men who are to be seen, and much to regret in the absence of some of the fastest athletes in America. It is too bad our athletes are compelled by this work a day life we all lead to drop out of competition when they are yet in their prime. But this is an age of specialists, and no man can hope to succeed, be it in athletics or in his chosen profession, unless he gives it his undivided attention. The day passed long ago when mediocrity was fairly well up the scale. An athlete cannot compete nowadays and hope to do himself justice without consistent preparation, otherwise he is certain to be defeated by even second-class men. This fact drives college men from active athletics when they are actually just beginning to feel their strength, and could, likely enough, better the records made as undergraduates. Rarely does a college athlete remain in athletics more than a year after graduation, and more often not so long. Just so soon as he settles to the serious business of making a name and a place for himself in this busy world, just so soon must he give up competitive athletics.

This year draws stars from the athletic firmament whose brilliancy is not likely to be duplicated. John Owen, Jun., and Harry Jewett, both members of the Detroit Athletic Club, and each a world's record holder, the former at 100 and the latter at 220 yards flat, will not compete at Chicago; nor more will Theodore Luce, also D. A. C., and the present pole-vaulting champion, nor Duchmanie, the D. A. C. hurdler. With two world's record men, a champion and a prospective one in two events, the Detroit Athletic Club will have no team representation. The old spirit seems to have gone out of the club, or rather the men who shaped its course two years ago, and fired every one with enthusiasm, have quietly dropped off active work, some from lack of in-

DOMINO.—[See Page 896.]

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terest, some weighed down by the cares of business, and all of the old sort disgusted at the new order of things that has permitted this year a ridiculous committee to give them a baseball amateur nine several of whom are whitewashed professionals. One of the old sort, Fred Joy, alas! died the other day after a short siege of typhoid. He was one of the first and always one of the club's earnest supporters. It is really lamentable to see the Detroit Club represented only by a baseball team that has done much to lower it in the opinion of sportsmen.

We shall miss Walter Dohm, who holds the American half-mile record, and the absence of W. C. Downs will give some other quarter-miler a chance for the first time in two years, and we shall also miss H. L. Williams, who was the first American to create a world's record over the 120-yard hurdles. A. F. Copland, who at one time, only three or four years ago, was unbeatable over the hurdles, has probably retired permanently, and so most likely has Cary, the old Manhattan sprinter, whose performances created more disputes than any athlete that ever wore a running shoe. One old timer, however, will be in working order, *i. e.*, Carter, the N. Y. A. C.'s distance-runner, who seems to have a renewal of youth just often enough to keep him in good trim.

"VALKYRIE."

"BRITANNIA."

THE WINNER OF THE 100 YARDS RACE appears to be creating the greatest amount of speculation, and it must be confessed there is ample room for it. There are Stage of the Cleveland A. C., Spence of Columbia A. C. (Washington), H. D. Carr of Montreal, E. W. Allen of N. Y. A. C., and Richards, of the same club, and Buckholtz, of the Bank Clerks' Association, Philadelphia. Of these the best work this year has been done by Stage; he was sick last year when he ran at the Manhattan Field, nevertheless he made a good showing. This year he has been credited with some very fast running, which, if not quite up to the time reported, shows that he is good enough to make a bold bid for the championship. Another good man is Carr, the Canadian, who has never been able to do himself justice owing to a weak leg. Whenever he has run he has shown a great burst of speed, and as his leg has not troubled him this year, he promises to do better at Chicago than ever before. Spence was a new man when he appeared for the first time at the championships last year on Manhattan Field; he ran in good form, and was fast enough to beat Allen out for third place in the 100 yards, and was at Cary's heels in the 220 when the latter quit. He is reported as being in the best form, and if he is there will have to be some fast running to beat him. Allen, very likely, has not improved so much as Spence, and could not expect to change the order of last year to any material extent. Richards seems hardly fast enough, but he has a way of running on the day of the race in form such as he has never shown before. Stage's fine work the other day rather makes him slightly the choice, with Spence not far off. Carr's leg has never permitted our seeing just what he can do. There is very little to pick between any of them, and the sport should be fine. Allen should have a good chance at the quarter, and it is more than likely he will confine himself to that event. As he has come within a fraction of a second of the 600-yard record, it is fair to presume he will make a good showing in the 440.

THE SAME MEN WILL MEET in the longer sprint—220 yards, and they are on about the same terms, with the exception of Allen, who should be better at this distance. There are not likely to be any new records in either of these events, the present ones being placed up beyond the reach of any but a world beater.

There will be a number of new men in the middle distances, and especially in the quarter. But of them all the only ones in the quarter known to have qualifications worthy of particular mention are Waldron of Montreal, Allen, and Skillinger of the Chicago A. A. Stage has run a pretty good quarter, though not in time that entitles him to enter the event at the championships. Last year he ran, and was entirely outclassed, but he was not well on the day. Skillinger has done nothing brilliant, and unless he has made great improvement over last year cannot be a dangerous factor. There does not seem to be a great amount of talent in this event. Waldron has run for several years, and can always be depended on to make a good race in either the half or quarter. In the former he should not win against Turner, and will undoubtedly confine himself entirely to the quarter, which he has already run close to 50 seconds. It should be a hot race if Waldron and Allen come together in this event.

THE HALF-MILE APPEARS TO BELONG to Turner without a doubt if he runs in the form he has been showing the last few weeks. He has touched 1.58 and a fraction once or twice, and that is quite beyond any half miler now running. Turner makes his pace with great judgment, and is a strong repeater. It is even possible he might go into the quarter as well, and he would come very near winning it if he did. There are no other middle-distance men except Corbin and Hubbell, both Harvard men, and the former the Intercollegiate champion, and Morris of the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A., whose performances entitle them to much consideration. None of these should take first, though they will make a great race for the place. Besides these there are Winslow and Billings of the New York Athletic Club, but neither has shown the speed of any of the others. Last year several of the Harvard men turned up on Manhattan Field representing as many different clubs, but no one has heard as yet of any of this year's Harvard crop of quarter and half milers having gone into clubs likely to be represented. Several of the sprinters joined clubs in and about Boston, but none of them is likely to be sent to Chicago. The one who is likely to upset calculations if he competes is H. L. Dadmun, the young man who won the quarter-mile championship two years ago at Washington. He has run equally as good a half, but not fast enough to beat Turner, and would make considerable of a change in results were he to start in the quarter. Whether he will go to Washington is a question. He belongs to the Worcester Athletic Club, and it has not heretofore gone to the expense of being represented at the national championships.

IT IS ALTOGETHER LIKELY that we shall see some upsets in the distance runs—mile and five mile. Conneff, Day, and Orton are the men expected to win, although, if the last-named is in no better form than he has shown recently, he will be defeated by one or two others not down on the cards as winners. Orton will likely enough confine himself to the mile, since it is out of the question that he could have got himself in form for the five after his evident lack of condition in his races at the Boston A. A. and New Jersey A. C. games. If he has reached his true form it would be a grand race with Conneff or with Day in the mile. After quitting at the New Jersey A. C. games it may be that Day will be too disgusted to go to Chicago, but if he does, his condition will be the best of the three. It is out of the question to count on him in a race, and therefore impossible to talk of results. If he will only stick to his work he ought to win the five miles from Conneff. Conneff was by no means in condition on Labor day to run a bruising four-mile race, and it is doubtful if in the short time between the two dates he can fit himself to do his best work at the miles. It would not surprise me if Conneff went "off" altogether; he looks too fine, and has no reserve to fall back on. We should all like to see him remain in the grand form he has shown lately, and make a new five-mile record. Hjertberg may always be counted on for a good honest race, and he and Walsh will both go by Orton in the mile if the Canadian's form has not improved. Carter in the five miles will hardly get a point if the three stars are in form.

There is some talk of E. W. Bacon, the Englishman, competing in these events, but we shall believe it when we see him on the mark. He is a good 'un, with a record below 4.20, but he will find himself in very fast company, and it is doubtful if he can stay with it.

The walks this year should become practically a duel between Liebgold and Shearman. The former came up like a skyrocket last year, and it remains to be seen if he proves less fleeting. Shearman is in good form and a square walker. He has always been our choice over any other when he is in form to do himself justice. It is to be hoped we shall not again see Meek, the whitewashed professional, walking as an amateur. The Detroit walker, Magee, is an uncertain entry, but he should not win from either of these men.

THERE IS NO HURDLER WHO HAS SHOWN form approaching Puffer over both high and low except Van Ingen, who is not apt to be seen, and it will be probably a race only for second and third. In fact, the prospect for close work over the sticks is not promising. Morrell is under the ban issued against Seventh Regiment athletes and cannot compete, and Goff and Schwegler are the only other good men remaining. Goff had better reserve his energy for the broad jump, in which he will meet the world's champion, Reber. This promises to be a hard struggle, and Goff has a good chance of winning.

Mitchell, Gray, Schwaner, all of the N. Y. A. C., and Sweeney may easily be written down winners of the 16-lb. hammer and 56-lb. weight, 16-lb. shot, standing high and broad jump, and running high jump, though in the latter Herrick will give a good account of himself. Giannini will add to the N. Y. A. C. points in the shot. None of these field events were interesting last year from the fact that these three men outclassed all the others. If Philadelphia sends out the several good men within her gates, some of the contests will have greatly added interest, especially in the pole vault. Rodenbaugh and Buckholtz have both done eleven feet, and the former nearly six inches more. Unless Love of Detroit should at the last determine to compete, these two will have it all their own way.

After all, the greatest interest of the meeting promises to be in the development of new men.

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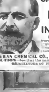

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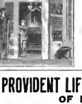

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tatives making an all round comparison of the four boats, *Vigilant*, *Jubilee*, *Colonia*, and *Pilgrim*, of the greatest difficulty. Ordinarily the New York Yacht Club cruise and the several incidental races (hardly incidental, however, for this year they were the features and the cruise itself secondary) would have gone a long way towards showing the relative merits of the 85 footers, but this yachting year of '93 must always be remembered as inimical to good honest yacht racing weather. When there was a breeze during the N. Y. Y. C. cruise, the fleet was riding snugly at anchor in harbor, and when a race was scheduled, the breeze flattened out. Even the runs from port to port, with one or two exceptions, were unsatisfactory to a degree. The very race in which two of the prospective defenders made their first appearance, *i. e.*, for the Commodore cups, off Glen Cove, was the only one up to the present writing to afford an opportunity of seeing what the boats could do in a good hard blow, and one of them, the *Vigilant*, came to grief with a smash, losing her topmast and bowsprit.

THE NEXT RACE IN WHICH it was expected the 85-footers would show what there is in them, and the first one to bring together the four, was a flat fizzle. The *Pilgrim* broke her club, and could use only her working topsail, and, through that accident, or wind hunting, or inferiority, largely the latter, was never in the race; and the others, *Vigilant*, *Jubilee*, and *Colonia*, had a drifting match that revealed absolutely nothing, except that *Vigilant*, with her Tobin bronze bottom, could move along on less air than any of the rest. The next races, those for the Astor cups, were nearly equally unsatisfactory, though the *Vigilant* won finally, after failures to finish in the time allowed; calms, accidents, storms, etc., had dragged the races out almost a week after it was originally intended to finish them. Thus it came about that the cup defenders were not in readiness to compete for the one thousand dollar cup Commodore Colt, of the Larchmont Club, had offered for a race between them at the end of the N. Y. Y. C. cruise, there not being sufficient time before the first of the trial races, and thus it came about, too, that the *America's* Cup Committee had acquired almost nothing from the previous events as a basis of opinion when the first of the trial races was sailed.

THE ILL LUCK OF THE CRUISE CONTINUED, and the opening trial race, and the one which offered the very first opportunity of determining what the four boats could do on all points of sailing, found only the two New York representatives in at the finish, both the *Pilgrim* and *Jubilee* having broken down, the first before the start, and the second shortly afterwards. The second of the trial races on Saturday last was, therefore, the first in which all four of the cup-defenders sailed straight through to the finish, but it proved only what we had learned before, viz., that in light airs the *Vigilant* is the fastest of the lot, and even that was more or less of an unsatisfactory corroboration, for the *Jubilee* made a most disastrous blunder in turning the first mark of the thirty-mile triangular race when she was leading, which let not only the *Vigilant* in ahead of her on the beginning of the second leg, but also the *Pilgrim*. However, with all the accidents and the unfavorable weather conditions, the committee must view the third race on Monday, while we are on the press, with an official perception that has been narrowed down to *Vigilant* and *Jubilee*. It is fully expected that some of the yachtsmen who follow this department will turn up their noses, and ask, in a superior way, What is the matter with *Colonia*? And I confess we are very sorry to say, if for no other reason, because her sponsor, Archibald Rogers, is one of the best sportsmen in all America, that *Colonia* has everlastingly damned her chances by the unaccountable manner in which she falls to leeward when beating to windward. The *America's* Committee could not under any circumstances afford to choose a boat which could not hold her position in windward work any better than does the *Colonia*. And who will tell us why she does? Shall we answer by saying that she is a keel boat, while her conqueror, *Vigilant*, is a centreboarder.

The eagle has required continuous repression throughout the season to keep down the exultant screech that has been on tap at every *Vigilant* victory; and further cause for gratification is found in the fact that *Jubilee*, unquestionably at least the second in this race for cup-defenders, depends largely on a centreboard in her ballasted fin for the excellent windward work she has done. If these trial races have demonstrated nothing else at this time, they have proven that the centreboard still retains its supremacy as the greatest aid modern craft can have in sailing into the wind.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB'S committee duly does not, however, stop short at this, and we have always demonstrated our ability to build a yacht that could eat into the wind faster and more certainly than the British. All the races for the *America's* Cup have proven the superiority of our yachts in windward work. The British designer has not been noting this advantage on our side without searching for a means to equalize conditions, and as a result the *Valkyrie* and *Britannia* must be regarded as two of the most successful yachts of the year. No other designer can lay claim to two boats that have proven so good on an all round test as the *Valkyrie*, which, after beating everything in all sorts of weather, is coming here to try for the *America's* Cup, and the *Britannia*, not much behind Lord Dunraven's boat, which is giving *Navahoe* the only complete trouncing an American boat ever received. Designer Watson is to be congratulated on achieving the most enviable record of '93. The Herreshoffs, with two boats on which to experiment, have, it is true, turned out a fine boat in the wind, the *Vigilant*, but that does not excuse the *Navahoe's* being an all-round failure, and the *Colonia's* falling off to leeward, as though some one had a line hitched to her.

ASSUMING THAT THE HERRESHOFFS had but one 85-footer to build, the British designer, Watson, must be regarded as having achieved for the greater success, because his first has simply played with Herreshoff's first, *Navahoe*, and made such a show of her as never American yacht furnished before. Herreshoff's second, *Colonia*, falls off to leeward to so marked an extent in windward work that she may almost be called a failure, since a boat cannot be stamped a success unless she is good on all points of sailing. It is not necessary for a yacht to be a winner in order to be a success. If she is first class in all her points, she is a success. Others may be faster, of course, but the mere winning does not necessarily point out any radical error in the loser. There must be a winner, and if the losing boat shows no weakness in any particular, she can by no means be called a failure. It is not so, however, with the *Colonia*; she has shown a weakness, and a decided one at that, in her windward work. She travels like a steam engine, and outfoots every one of the others, but she loses all the advantage it gives her by the way she falls off to leeward; she does not sail the way she looks. And this is no fault of the skipper—it is that her designer has not hit it, as he has not hit it in the *Navahoe* to a greater extent.

THE TWO TRIAL RACES HAVE PROVED at least that the *Colonia* and the *Pilgrim* cannot be considered seriously as cup defenders, and thus brought the committee's work down to two boats. It seems unfair to dispose of these two boats thus harshly, for each is the creation of sportsmen whom we should be delighted to see in the van; but it would be unsafe to choose a boat that falls off the wind as rapidly and consistently as does the *Colonia*, while the *Pilgrim*, even though she showed greatly improved form in the second trial race, is palpably not so good as the other three, despite the fact of her having beaten *Colonia* on Saturday. *Colonia* has shown that in a pretty stiff blow she can hold her own with *Vigilant*, but in light airs and in windward work she is not nearly so good. *Pilgrim* is not equal to any of the others in any particular.

This leaves, therefore, only the *Vigilant* and *Jubilee* for the consideration of the committee, and of the two the former has so far shown the best all round work. She has demonstrated that in a fairly hard blow she can hold her own with *Colonia* on her best point, and in light airs is faster than any other of the four 85-footers. She has beaten *Jubilee* in all kinds of weather except a blow, and on the only occasion when they had a chance to come together under these conditions General Paine's boat tore out the sheave of her middle peak halyard and was out of the race. On every point of sailing except this of heavy weather, the *Vigilant* has shown her superiority to the *Jubilee*, but it must be said in all fairness to this Boston representative that there is not a great deal of difference between the two, and many yachtsmen yet believe the *Jubilee* would prove in time, not necessarily within the scope of the trial races, the better all-round boat.

THIS IS GOING RATHER FAR, for nothing definitely may be said of *Jubilee's* heavy weather qualities, while it is known that *Vigilant* is fully as good as the best yet demonstrated under those conditions. Had *Jubilee* been in the race last Thursday the committee would be able to finally determine on the most able all-round defender after Monday's (Sept. 11th) race. Probably they will be in a position to do so after all, for at least, should it be heavy weather, the *Jubilee* must show great superiority in order to overbalance the better work *Vigilant* has done in the light and uncertain airs that have prevailed for a greater number of the races. And yet if the *Jubilee* is much superior to the *Vigilant* in a heavy seaway and strong blow, she should unquestionably be chosen. It is well known among yachtsmen that *Valkyrie* is most formidable in just such weather; that Lord Dunraven hopes for victory on that point alone. From all we can gather, either *Vigilant*, *Colonia*, or *Jubilee* could win from the Britisher in light air, while in a blow nothing has been done yet by our defenders to make us cocksure of the result. In the moderately heavy weather of the first trial race *Vigilant* was tied by *Colonia*, which is by no means good enough a performance to give us confidence had *Valkyrie* been against the Tobin bronze boat instead of *Colonia*. What we want now is a hard blow with *Jubilee* in it. After that the choosing of the cup-defender will be simple work for the committee.

The new measurements of the cup defenders:

	Vigilant.	*Colonia.*	*Jubilee.*	*Pilgrim.*
Water-line	86.12	[illegible]	84.47	86.28
Racing length...	[illegible]	[illegible]	90.48	90.31
Present rating...	[illegible]	86.20	[illegible]	90.48
Allowance	Allows	14 sec.	37 sec.	1 m. [illegible] sec.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY

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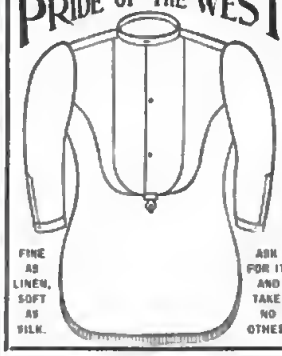

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXVII.—No. 1918.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1893.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

THE MOONSHINERS AT HOHO-HEBEE FALLS.

BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

PART I.

IF the mission of the little school-house in Holly Cove was to impress upon the youthful mind a comprehension and appreciation of the eternal verities of nature, its site could hardly have been better chosen.

All along the eastern horizon deployed the endless files of the Great Smoky Mountains—blue and sunlit, with now and again the apparition of an unfamiliar peak, lowering like a straggler in the far-distant rear, and made visible for the some by some exceptional clarification of the atmosphere; or lowering, gray, stern; or with ranks of clouds hanging on their flanks, while all the artillery of heaven whirled about them, and the whole world quaked beneath the flash and roar of its discharges. The seasons successively painted the great landscape—spring, with its timorous touch, its illumined haze, its tender, tentative green and gray and yellow; summer, with its flush of completion, its deep, luscious, definite verdure, and the golden richness of fruition; autumn, with a full brush and all chromatic splendors; winter, in melancholy sepia tones, black and brown and many sad variations of the pallors of white. So high was the little structure on the side of a transverse ridge that it commanded a vast field of sky above the wooded ranges; and in the immediate foreground, down between the slopes which it cleft to the heart, was the river, resplendent with the reflected moods of the heavens. In this deep gorge the winds and the pines chanted like a Greek chorus, the waves continuously murmured some ancient rune, as if conning it by frequent repetition; a bird would call not from the upper air some joyous apothegm in a language which no creature of the earth has learned enough of happiness to translate.

But the precepts which prevailed in the little school-house were to the effect that rivers, except as they flowed as they listed to confusing points of the compass, rising among names difficult to remember, and emptying into the least anticipated body of water, were chiefly to be avoided for their proclivity to drown small boys intent on swimming or angling. Mountains, aside from the desirability of their recognition as forming one of the divisions of land, somewhat easily distinguishable, by the more erudite youth, from plains, valleys, and capes, were full of crags and chasms, rattlesnakes and vegetable poisons, and a further familiarity with them was liable to result in the total loss of the adventurous—to see friends, family, and home no more.

These dicta, promulgated from the professional chair, served to keep the small body of callow humanity, with whose instruction Abner Todd was intrusted by the State, well within call and out of harm's way during the short recesses, while under his guidance they tottered along the rough road that leads up the slopes to knowledge. But one there was who either bore a charmed life or possessed an unequalled craft in successfully defying danger, who failed and swum with impunity; who was ragged and torn from much climbing of crags; whose freckled face bore frequent red tokens of an indiscriminate sampling of berries. It is too much to say that Abner Todd would have been glad to have had his warnings made terrible by some bodily disaster to the juvenile dare-devil of the school, but Leander Yerby's disobedient incredulity as to the terrors that menaced him, and his triumphant immunity, fostered a certain grudge against him. Covert though it was, unrecognized even by Todd himself, it was very definitely apparent to Tyler Sadley when sometimes, often indeed, on his way home from hunting, he would pause at the school-house window, pulling open the shutter from the outside, and gravely watch his protégé, who stood spelling at the head of the class.

For Leander Yerby's exploits were not altogether those of a physical prowess. He was a mighty wrestler with the Multiplication Table. He had met and overthrown the Nine Line in single-handed combat. He had attained unto some interesting knowledge of the earth on which he lived, and could fluently bound countries with neatness and precision, and was on terms of intimacy with sundry seas, volcanoes, islands, and other sizable objects. The glib certainty of his contemptuous familiarity with the alphabet and its untoward combinations, as he flung off words in four syllables in his impudent chirping treble, seemed something uncanny, almost appalling, to Tyler Sadley, who could not have done the like to save his stalwart life. He would stare dumfounded at the erudite personage at the head of the class; Leander's bare feet were always carefully adjusted to a crack between the pumpkins of the floor, literally "toeing the mark"; his broad trousers, frayed out ragfully at the hem, revealed his skinny and scarred little ankles, for his out-door adventures were not without a record upon the more impressionable portions of his anatomy; his waistband was drawn high up under his shoulder-blades and his ribs, and girt over the shoulders of his unbleached cotton shirt by braces, which all his learning did not prevent him from calling "galluses"; his cut, scratched, callonsed hands were held stiffly down at the side seams in his nether garments in strict accordance with the regulations. But rules could not control the twinkle in his big blue eyes, the mingled effrontery and affection on his freckled face as he perceived the on-looking visitor, nor hinder the wink, the swiftly thrust-

[Continued on page 906.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1893

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
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"THE PEOPLE."

NOTHING could be more presumptuous than the pretension of the advocates of free silver coinage and of "cheap money" that they are representing "the people" as against the "capitalists." We are to imagine the capitalist as a bloated millionaire sitting on huge money-bags with a sardonic grin on his face, scheming how he can best withhold the money he possesses from the people, and how he can for his own benefit most effectively screw out of the people the money they still possess. We are to imagine "the people" as all those who carry on the productive activities of the land with their daily toil, and who are constantly hampered and balked in their efforts, and in a great measure robbed of the just reward of their labor, by the want of that money which the capitalist possesses and cruelly refuses to let them have. A further assumption is that "the people" in this sense and "the debtor class" are one and the same thing, and are living in a state of general oppression under the capitalist's wickedly selfish rule. And when the TELLERS, and STEWARTS, and JONESES, and WOLCOTTS, who have really only the price of silver in their minds, and their dupes, the PEFFERS, and the VESTS, and the VANCES, talk so fluently about "the cause of the people," they wish us to understand that they represent not only the interests but also the deliberate will of the people at large, and that they have the intelligence as well as the will of substantially the whole people behind them in fighting the capitalists by demanding free coinage and large quantities of various kinds of "cheap money."

This pretension has not the merit of originality. It has accompanied the preaching of almost every financial doctrine or scheme calculated to make people believe that they could get money without giving something of equivalent value for it, so that they could honestly get rid of their debts without paying them in full. When the partial repudiation of our national debt by paying it off in depreciated greenbacks was advocated, the supporters of the dishonest scheme were quite sure that "the people" were without substantial dissent ardently in its favor. When later the inflation of irredeemable paper money was by the magic of the greenback printing-press to "relieve" everybody of his burdens, and to pour a flood of new wealth all over the country, the inflation leaders vociferously insisted that their cause was the cause of "the people," and that the people's will spoke through *their* mouths. And now the free silver coinage men again parade the interest and the will of "the people" as the especial warrant for what they are doing or endeavoring to accomplish. But it has, in point of fact, turned out that in all of these instances the pretension of the agitators to be the embodiment of the popular will was a false pretension, supported mainly by a good deal of noisy impudence, and that "the people"—that is, a large majority of the citizens—as soon as they had an opportunity for expressing their real sentiments, either directly or through representatives obeying the command of public opinion, were found on the other side.

The reason was always the same. The agitators for repudiation, paper-money inflation, or free silver coinage always committed the same mistake as to the condition of the great mass of the people as well as the motives actuating them. The great mass of the people does not constitute the "debtor class," if we may speak of a debtor *class* at all. The employer of labor, be he a manufacturer, or a contractor, or an agriculturist, or merely a householder, will almost always owe money in the shape of accrued wages to the persons he employs, but they hardly ever owe money to him. He is their debtor; they are his creditors. They are but seldom debtors to anybody else, for their small credit hardly enables them to contract debts. But they are creditors in various ways—creditors of savings-banks, of insurance companies, of mutual aid associations. The savings-banks of the country owe about 1700 millions to their depositors, who are almost all people earning their daily bread by their daily labor. It is the evident interest of these people to receive what is due them not in the cheapest but in the best possible money, and they easily understand this as soon as they begin to think about it. People of small means generally, whether they are laboring-men or not, are similarly situated. Many of them have invested their savings in securities of various kinds, and their interest is the same. The hundreds of thousands of pensioners, be they otherwise ever so poor, are creditors of the government, and highly interested in the full value of the dollar they receive. Business men, small and great, are ordinarily creditors as well as debtors, and their interest as creditors is no less than their interest as debtors. As sensible men, they know that they cannot expect to pay what they owe in cheap dollars while receiving what is due them in good ones. The farmers and other owners of real estate whose property is encumbered with mortgages are usually represented as typical of the debtor class interested in cheap money. But the number of farms so encumbered is proportionally much smaller than it is commonly believed to be, and a very large number, probably an overwhelming majority, of the mortgages provide for payment of principal and interest in gold.

The great mass of "the people," therefore, after soberly considering the matter, understand their interest quite differently from what the cheap-money agitators represent it to be; and even among those who do not so understand it there are very many—a large majority, we trust—who instinctively resent and repel arguments and appeals that are addressed to what may be called the dishonest impulses of human nature. So it happens that after a period of thorough public discussion of their schemes, the repudiationists and cheap money agitators have always found "the people" against them. "The people" are against them now, as the recent two-thirds vote in the House of Representatives for the repeal of the SHERMAN law, which was evidently a mere expression of public opinion, has conclusively shown.

This indisputable fact stamps upon the filibustering efforts of the silver advocates in the Senate a peculiar character. We do not pretend that filibustering—that is, the resort to dilatory tactics in opposing a measure of legislation—is under all circumstances illegitimate. It may happen that a tyrannical party majority in a legislative body attempts to hurry through an important piece of legislation upon which public opinion has not had time to form and express itself. If then the minority resorts to filibustering in order to *call the attention of the people to what is going on*, and to *give the people an opportunity to manifest their sentiments*, it serves a good object. But when a minority avails itself of exceptional parliamentary means to obstruct legislation in favor of which the popular will has already expressed itself so strikingly as it has for the repeal of the SHERMAN law, filibustering is a wicked, flagitious defiance of the popular will, little, if at all, short of treason against "the people" whose cause the silver agitators so deceitfully pretend to represent.

THE CONFIDENCE OF THE MACHINE.

THE Democratic machine in New York is confident of success at the polls. If it were not it would not dream of nominating Judge MAYNARD for the Court of Appeals. It does not pay its debts for party work in such good coin unless it is certain of winning. It would not put a weak candidate into the field unless it were assured of success, no matter who might lead the ticket. MURPHY, HILL, CROKER, and SHEEHAN have no love for the stigma of defeat.

The Democratic machine in New York has been singularly successful. Despite its bad character, known and admitted from one end of the State to the other, under its leadership a Governor and President have been elected, and, for the first time in many years, both Houses of the Legislature have been captured by the Democrats. But while this has been the leadership of the party which carried the State for President and Governor, success has been the lucky result of conditions that prevailed in spite of the corruption of the machine.

The man who is to be nominated for Judge of the Court of Appeals helped the machine into absolute control of the State. The Democrats who protested against the machine's methods and the machine's candidates helped to fasten the clasp of the machine on the State. Their prominence, their character, supplementing the character and record of GROVER CLEVELAND, made possible a victory when the machine itself, standing alone, unaided by Republican defection or unalloyed with the virtue and ability of the Democratic party, would have been irretrievably defeated. The leaders who were in command when the Democratic victories were won were those whose purposes had been defeated in the party itself, whose candidate for President had been driven out of the field, whose continued leadership was due to the knowledge, on the part of Mr. FAIRCHILD and his followers, of the treachery of MURPHY and HILL and CROKER and SHEEHAN. These men remained at the head. The men who retired from control, and who participated as private citizens in the campaign for the election of the candidate whom they had nominated, were those whose influence and votes carried the State.

No sooner was the greater victory won than a less victory was stolen by a lawyer's act, which Mr. COUDERT described as an "outrageous crime." The Bar Association of New York, through a committee composed almost entirely of Democrats, found the criminal guilty. Spotted as he was, condemned by the bar of the metropolis, judged and found guilty by lawyers of his own party, Governor FLOWER nevertheless appointed him Judge of the Court of Appeals. It may not have been the only instance in which the highest tribunal of the State has been outraged in this way, but it is the most conspicuous and the most flagrant.

MAYNARD, having stolen the honest returns of Dutchess County, and having made the State Senate Democratic, is now about to receive a further reward. He is to be nominated as judge for a full term of fourteen years. Will he be elected? If he is successful, it will be largely because of the consequences of the act which called forth the condemnation of the Bar Association.

The machine is evidently certain of success. It is insolent in its defiance of public opinion. It pays no heed to the warnings of the press of its own party. The Buffalo *Courier* and the New York *World* predict MAYNARD's coming defeat, but the ears of MURPHY and HILL and CROKER and SHEEHAN are deaf. It is certain that the bar, without respect to party, will vote against this tainted man, and that the leaders and large numbers of the anti snappers will stay at home, or, if the Republicans nominate a good candidate, will vote for him. The independent vote, also, will be against MAYNARD.

What, then, is the chance of success? The Legislature, which MAYNARD's act made Democratic, passed laws intended to fasten the control of the machine upon the Democratic party and the State. It gave it the control of the primaries of its own party, and it turned over to it the election machinery of New York, Buffalo, and Troy. Whether or no it has control of Albany remains to be seen. It is an open secret that the leaders of the machine believe that they have not only complete control of their party machinery, but that they will be able to count in any candidates they may see fit to nominate, through their power over the police and election officers of the great cities.

The machine is inviting a political revolution. New York must decide whether it will end the rule of the bandits now or await a less convenient and more expensive season. In view of the extraordinary opportunities bestowed by the law upon the machine, law which is made by the machine's own tools and beneficiaries, the good people of this State have an easy task. It is not a time for partisanship, but it is a time for organization. There should be an organized effort of all good citizens who are Democrats, and of those members of the bar of every county who still retain the love and veneration of the great lawyers for just and unsuspected judges. If the Republican party rises to its opportunity, and has the aid of organized virtue and professional pride and probity, Judge MAYNARD will not be counted in.

"BOSS" RULE IN BROOKLYN.

THE "arraignment" by the Union League Club of Brooklyn of the "boss" of that city and the officials whom he controls is founded on facts. It would have gained in force had there been a more specific statement of these facts and a greater economy of adjectives and epithets. For the facts are, indeed, very ugly. Nearly every branch of the local government is sadly demoralized and confused. Within the year the bonds of the city, which ought to be a security as good as any offered, have suffered from the doubt whether the constitutional limit to their issue had not been passed, and the treasury has been so nearly depleted that important public works have been suspended for want of funds. This shows clearly enough the financial side of the situation. The moral side is worse. That is indicated by the apparent impossibility of getting justice done to notorious offenders, such as the men who wasted the city money in the Columbian celebration, and prevented the city from getting the full value of its franchises for surface roads—a "deal" which induced the Grand Jury publicly to regret that it could not indict the Mayor of Brooklyn under the law as interpreted, and misinterpreted, by the District Attorney. The question of practical importance and immediate urgency for the voters of Brooklyn is, What are you going to do about it?

To this the reply of the Union League Club is, "We ask every right thinking and honorable man, without regard to his previous political affiliation, to unite with us and all good citizens in an effort to end the present disgraceful state of municipal affairs, and to inaugurate, if possible, an era of efficient, honest, and economical government."

This is well, but whether anything will come of it depends on the nature and direction of the "effort" here promised. There is one way, and only one, to get "efficient, honest, and economical government" in Brooklyn, and that is to elect a Mayor who has the capacity and the will to use rightly the powers of his office. The powers themselves are ample. The Mayor appoints at his own discretion the head of every department of the administration, except the financial, and can do so within thirty days of

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taking his office, and in this way he practically controls the entire administration. The difficulty is to get a Mayor who will do this with sole reference to the interests of the city. The Mayor who can and will do it must have, besides energy, integrity, and sound judgment, certain other qualifications, the most important of which is absolute independence of partisan politics. Whether he be a Democrat or a Republican in national politics, he must be equal to the supreme resolution to give no weight whatever to the politics of his appointees. He must be capable of refusing to put any man in a place of trust because he "belongs" to the same party as himself. He must be a determined and implacable foe of the spoils system in every direction. He must refuse the dictation or the advice of the party "boss," whether it be HUGH MCLAUGHLIN or JACOB WORTH. He must take his officers solely for their fitness in character, ability, and experience, and when he has taken them, he must stand by them at any cost.

Clearly, such a man is not easy to find, and if found, will be nominated with great difficulty. He is not likely to be named voluntarily by either of the regular party conventions. But by just so much as the next Mayor of Brooklyn falls short of this high yet practical standard, by so much he will fail to give the city the good government to which it is entitled. The best thing the Union League Club can do for the city is to set at work immediately to secure such a candidate. If he can be got, and the people believe him to be such a candidate, he can be elected and the city redeemed.

SCHOOL.

ONE of the greatest single industries in the world has just started up again after several months of almost complete prostration, and yet not a newspaper seems to have remarked upon it as a sign of returning better times. The fact is that school has begun. The signs of it are unmistakable. Families have got back to town, full of regrets at leaving the country. They would not have come under a less compulsory necessity than the educational engagements of their younger members. All the book-store counters are heaped with school-books, and fascinating bargains are offered in slates and pads and copy-books. Children are seen in the back streets, no longer vagrant and scattered, but in squads and troops, going somewhere at stated hours and with a common purpose. In some houses a period of distinct relief sets in, these days, between eight and nine in the morning. The children are at school, and the housework goes on somewhat more smoothly in consequence. In other houses, somewhat statelier ones, alas! there are mothers who take but a languid interest in their breakfasts. The boys have gone in boarding school, one of them for the first time, and there is a gap in the household for which no accession of industrial opportunity seems to make up. The girls used to be a solace when the boys went off to school, but in that respect the girls in these days are a weakening prop, for they go too now, as far, as regularly, and almost as early as the boys do. A man said the other day: "My girl is going to college this fall. That old idea of giving a five-thousand dollar education to a five-hundred-dollar boy, and a five-hundred-dollar education to a ten-thousand-dollar girl is about played out."

Well, it is an interesting experiment, is school. It is the first set test of comparative power to which the child is submitted. Parents who have speculated about the faculties and characteristics of their unlettered infants at home, will have a chance, now that school has begun, to find how their young hopefuls compare with other parents' hopefuls. The school master's report is by no means an infallible test, but it is a guide, and it will be anxiously read and re-read when it comes at Christmas.

Good luck go with all those beginning scholars, and may they learn abundantly this year, and, bless their young hearts, learn nothing but what is true and good!

THE LORDS AND THE COMMONS.

WILL it be necessary for Mr GLADSTONE to appeal to the country before forcing the Lords to pass the home rule bill? That is the question which is agitating Tory and Liberal Unionist minds in Great Britain. As for Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers, they have answered the question in their own minds, and apparently do not intend to dissolve Parliament and order a special election unless the Queen insists and resorts to the extraordinary plan of dismissing the ministry herself. Some of the extreme Tories have urged this course, but it is hardly probable that the Queen will cast in the fortunes of the crown with the Lords in the struggle of the hereditary House with the Liberals and Radicals. The Queen would doubtless gladly be rid of Mr GLADSTONE and the Irish question, but there is no reason why she should risk the chances of her family in a contest that can be settled by Parliament and the people.

The Liberals favor the suggestion of a recess until November, to be followed by the passage of some of the measures of the Newcastle programme and the introduction of others. After that the home-rule bill can be passed again and sent to the Lords a second time. On the second rejection the Premier will doubtless demand the creation of new peers for the purpose of overcoming the majority against him, and then Mr GLADSTONE will be forced to fight out his case with the Lords before the people.

The issue is a simple one. It is not as to the theoretical or traditional power of the House of Lords. That is settled. Sir ARTHUR PEEL, the Speaker of the House of Commons, in a recent conversation with an Austrian statesman, laid down the rule that the Lords must yield in the House of Commons after an appeal to the people. The hereditary House is the most powerless legislative body in the world, except for one purpose. It may say to the representatives of the people, by rejecting a measure that has passed the Commons, that they the Lords do not believe that the wishes of the voters had been truly expressed. Then the Commons must submit, and the government must go to the people for a vindication. If the people vote against the government, the Lords are justified. If they return the government, the Lords must yield, or new peers will be created to make the Upper House conform to the will of the nation.

The Tories and Liberal-Unionists assert that there has been no appeal to the people in this case. It is true that the home-rule question has been pending in Great Britain for about seven years, and in that time the adverse majority of the English members has been so reduced that it is now outnumbered by the Irish members and their Welsh, Scotch, and English allies. The present government came into power partly on home-rule, partly on Welsh and Scotch measures, and partly on issues made by English Radicals and labor people. It was supposed that the empire had decided in favor of home-rule, but the Tories and Unionists now say that the appeal to the people must be on the precise measure which Mr. GLADSTONE has carried through the House of Commons, because it involves a grave constitutional change.

The issue between the Lords and the Commons will assuredly strengthen the home-rule cause, for the elements that united in the last election will unite again in such a contest. Standing alone, home rule is probably weak in England, for the simple reason that Englishmen, including the Radicals, are generally tired of the Irish question, and want some of their own business attended to. If the issue is clearly made between the House and the Lords, however, the cause of Mr. GLADSTONE's declining years will remain well to the front.

TRAPPING THE TRAIN-ROBBERS.

IT was about 11 30 P M, and only three men were left in the comfortable rooms of the New York Electric Club. They were gathered in front of a cheerful grate fire, each lolling in the attitude that best accorded with his particular idea of comfort, without regard to appearances. The click, click of the billiard balls had ceased, and the noisy laugh of the group of story-tellers no longer echoed through the lofty rooms. The three fire worshippers were left alone to "talk shop." They had drifted from a discussion on the newer forms of incandescent lamps, by way of an argument on a complicated question of long distance electric power transmission, to the subject of electric heating. There had been several other interesting points brought up in their talk, but just at the moment it was an electric heating, which McGraith, who had his feet on the mantel-piece and was puffing lazily at a portly pipe, held would in five years displace coal, gas, oil, or any other fuel for cooking and heating purposes from every decently appointed household.

"You ought to have Billy Black here," said one of the others, "he's a regular crank on electric heating. He cooks his lunch in his office now, on a stove connected to the lighting mains, because he says anything not cooked by electricity makes him sick. Swears he can taste the product of combustion in anything but a boiled egg, unless the cooking is done by the current."

"By-the way, where is Billy?" asked McGraith, when the laugh had subsided; "haven't seen him for a long time."

"Last I heard of him he was out West, hunting."

"Hunting? I never knew he was a sporting man."

"He's not. He's hunting two-legged, wingless game on approved scientific principles."

"What the dickens do you mean?"

"Well, you know Billy's always working at some fantastic scheme or other. The last thing he hit on was a trap for train-robbers. Worked the whole thing out completely, but couldn't get any railroad president to believe in it. They all thought he was a crank, and as it meant some little outlay to try it, not one of them would give him a chance. Railroad men don't believe much in electricity, say how, they have so little experience with it except in connection with rusty telegraph wires and broken-down relays that don't work half the time.

"Finally, it seems Billy struck the right man out in Denver, the vice-president of the A. B. and J., that runs out by the long handle route to the Pacific coast. The president of the road was away in Europe, and Mr. Vice, being acting president, determined to give Billy's scheme a trial. He was half off his head when he wrote to tell me about it, and was working seventeen hours a day to get things ready. But I've seen by the papers that it worked all right. Billy bagged a gang of train-robbers just as neatly as the New York police gather in the members of the swell mob that they've known intimately for years."

"How did he manage it?"

"That's just what I'm waiting to hear from him. He's due here to-night, and promised to look in at the club if he got in early enough. The papers gave no particulars. I suppose the railroad people managed to keep the *modus operandi* quiet, so as not to give the snap away to other gentlemen in the same line of business as Billy's victims."

A heavy tread sounded on the steps outside, and a moment later the hall door flew open in response to the pressure of the new arrival's foot on the electric door-opener in the corner of the doorstep. A bell tinkled inside as the door opened, and a sleepy servant came forward to take Mr William F. Black's hat and overcoat. As he came into the room he was enthusiastically greeted by the three.

"Here, Billy," said McGraith, when the clamor subsided, "we're dying to have you spin your yarn. Gurney has just been telling us that you're turned into a sort of electro-dynamic Byrnes. You'll have to read a paper about it before the club—tell you that, old chap. But just consider us the editing committee, and give us the plain unvarnished tale, without any frills and formulæ." McGraith was a practical man, and had a supreme contempt for theory and mathematical demonstrations.

"Well, boys," began Black, when he had settled himself in a big chair, with his feet on a smaller one had provided himself with his favorite drink, and had puffed half an inch of ash on the end of a six inch cigar, "it was ripping!"

"Talk about your shows of new inventions for the newspaper reporters with everything fixed up in lecture-room style, and lots of spare gear to fake results with if anything goes wrong—why, they aren't in it. Fancy having to make a practical demonstration of a new invention on a train, out in the middle of the prairie, with a scratch plant rigged up on the spur of the moment, and no skilled help, no time to get her running properly beforehand, and then, if the thing didn't work, the prospect of getting short-circuited by a high pressure discharge from a six shooter! It takes a good deal of faith in one's own work to carry a thing through on those lines, but I was kind of cornered, and I had to scrape up the faith or lose the chance.

"You see, Fredericks, the acting president of the A. B. and J., was the first man who showed any real interest in the scheme. He let me explain the whole thing, and asked a lot of questions, and they weren't so very much off the crank, most of 'em. Seemed to know something about electrics, and he evidently fancied the idea.

"'Well, Mr Black, it looks as if it would work all right. Asif you say you are quite confident of it?' he said at last, when I had settled all the points he had raised.

"'Dead sure,' said I. 'It looks rather complicated, but it can't fail unless the train parts.'

"'We can guard against that, barring accidents, which don't often happen on our road.' (They had pitched three sleepers and a baggage car down a fifty-foot embankment ten days before, but I thought I wouldn't refer to that, as he seemed to have forgotten it.) 'Now, how soon could you fix this apparatus up?'

"'Oh, in a couple of days, easily,' I said. 'I can get a machine right here.'

"He looked over a memorandum lying on his desk for a moment or two; then he said: 'That will just do. We will give you a trial, Mr Black. We have a train going out at midnight on Thursday. This is Tuesday, so you have over forty-eight hours to fit up your plant. You shall have all the help you need, and you can buy the materials in our name. I feel sufficient confidence in your scheme to give you a fair trial in actual practice.'

"This rather took the wind out of my sails for a moment. I had hoped when he had let me explain the thing properly to get authority for experiments, with decent time to prepare things in. But to be let in for a practical demonstration out on the road with only forty eight hours to fix things up was a little more than I had bargained for. Even a sanguine inventor can get too hearty encouragement sometimes, I find, though it is the only case I have met with so far. However, I had committed myself, and pride would not let me go back. Besides, I was afraid if I showed any signs of backing down or asking for an experimental trial that I should spoil my chance, and perhaps never get another. So I thanked him warmly, expressed myself delighted with his enterprise and liberality, and in a few minutes he had arranged things so that I should get all the help I needed from his people, and I was hustling down the street to get the plant together.

"It was pretty tall hustling for those two days. Never had such a spell of work in my life before, and don't want it again. The time when we had the fire in the telephone exchange at Detroit, and had to rig up a new switchboard and get thirteen hundred subscribers working again in five days, was a joke to it. That was what sickened me with the telephone business—that and getting an average of three complaints a day from each subscriber. I've got a scheme on hand now for a telephone protector—not a lightning protector, but a dodge to protect the superintendent from the subscribers' complaints. There's a fortune in it if I can get a good patent."

"Of course there is, Billy," broke in McGraith; "but go on with the train story."

"Well, those two days I spent on an everlasting rush between the freight yard and the supply-houses. Fortunately I had made out very clear plans, not mere diagrams, but practically working drawings, of the whole scheme. There was a man in the railway company that they called an electrician, probably because he had failed to make a living at putting up electric bells, and had got a job through influence when his stock was sold up by the sheriff. However, he helped me a good deal, as he knew how to run wires and make joints, though he very nearly ruined the whole thing by making a wrong connection, and if I had started up without overhauling his work ray dynamo would have been short-circuited and the whole job spoiled.

"I was provided with an empty baggage car for my plant, and had full sway to make whatever modifications I thought proper or necessary in the express car. The baggage car very soon looked like a travelling central station. I fixed up a small alternating current dynamo coupled direct to a high-speed engine, getting steam from the locomotive. Then I had a train telegraphing outfit, so that we could get direct communication with the company's wires. Besides that there were two special circuits to the locomotive for operating certain devices, and other circuits to the other cars. The floor of the express car I had covered with iron plate, and to that I run one side of the dynamo circuit; then I connected every other bit of metal in the car to the other wire, placing strips of copper and hoop iron wherever there was any spare space, and connecting them all together. I arranged a sort of curtain of wire netting over the door, on the inside, rolled up neatly, and held so that it could be let down by pressing a button. The switchboard I fixed up for controlling all the circuits would have done credit to a city central station. I think that was all. Oh, no, wait a moment! In the baggage car I had a telephone, a long distance transmitter, connected with a loud-speaking receiver fixed to the roof of the express car."

"Great Scott! What was it all for?" asked McGraith, voicing the half bewildered, half-amused looks of the other two.

Mr. Black pulled out of his pocket a very soiled and much folded sheet, covered with drawings of machines and circuits, and proceeded to give a detailed technical explanation of his system. It is scarcely worth while to repeat it here, both because the language might often be obscure to the unprofessional reader and because the continuation of the inventor's narrative amply explains the working of the apparatus, besides, the publication of a full description of the device might interfere with Mr Black in his prosecution of a patent.

"Well, by the time we were ready to start everything was in place, and I satisfied myself as far as I could that it was all in working order. There was some valuable freight in the express car, and of course our friends the enemy had advance information, or at any rate we supposed they had and felt pretty confident of a meeting. At the last minute I got all the men together, and with the vice president as chairman, delivered a little lecture, giving them full instructions in the parts they had to play. They almost all entered into the spirit of the thing, as they naturally welcomed

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THE NEW CHINESE MINISTER.—[See Page 922.]

MISS ANNIE HOWARD.—[See Page 916.]

a chance of getting even with men who had often bested them. There were one or two kickers, of course, who declared that 'such a lot of truck' would never work at the right time. But they weren't willing to try for themselves when I offered to start up the machine if they would get inside the express car. I invited Fredericks to go with me and help work the switches, but he said he was much too busy, and besides he was expecting the president back very soon.

"We went along all right the first day, and nothing happened. At night I started up the dynamo in readiness. It was lonesome, ticklish sort of work, all alone in my little secret compartment, made by putting a false end to the car, and I felt a good deal more nervous than I did that time at Pittsburg when I tried the flying machine with aluminum accumulators. I was almost beginning to get afraid that nothing would happen after all, when I felt the train slackening. It was the usual dodge. We were going up a steep grade, and they showed a red light and boarded the locomotive while we were going fairly slow.

"The engineer pretended mortal fright, and gained sufficient time to get us to the top of the grade all right. When we were fairly stopped, the beggars got to work in their regular manner, and made a determined attack on the express car. Through the loud-speaking telephone and the head receiver I had on, I could tell exactly what was going on. When I judged they were all properly engaged, I drew in a long breath and let go.

"Giving an unearthly scream into the transmitter, that must have resounded through the express car like a voice from the infernal regions, I clapped down first one switch and then another. The first switch exploded the fuses on the engine and in the other cars, the second opened the throttle valve of the locomotive as sharp as the click of a sounder. The confusion that followed was like an earthquake and an infantry battle all in one. There were blinding flashes all along the train, and a thundering jerk as we started off. Then followed blood-curdling oaths and yells and a crackety crack of revolver shots like one of Tesla's two-million-alternations-a-second discharges. I scarcely waited for the express messenger's signal, though I was kind of conscious that I got it all right, and I made a wild jab at the other two switches that turned on the dynamo current in the express car, and let down the wire netting over the door. Then I sat back to breathe for a moment, and to wonder if anybody had got killed.

"The disturbance in that very novel kind of an electric car was something not to dream of. The beggars were trapped, but it was a little while before they would believe it, and a den of devils incarnate couldn't have kicked up a bigger racket. Just at first they tried shooting around indiscriminately, but they saw that the train was gaining speed and that they were wasting time. They nearly did the trick, though, as one of the bullets went through both cars and cut the insulation off one of my main wires, quarter of an inch to one side and it would have carried away the wire and cut off the current. But it didn't, and when one of them made a dash for the wire netting, he was chucked back like a feather by the 500-volt shock he got as soon as he barely touched it. Evidently they couldn't make it out, but one or two more trials must have convinced them that it was no go.

"By means of the telephone in the roof of the car I could get a pretty general idea of what was going on, and I gathered after the first few minutes that my neighbors were just about as scared a lot of villains as could be met with from Maine to California. I always had the fear, however, that they might discover that by remaining on the iron flooring without touching any other part of the car they could not be shocked. I had narrowed their fighting area as much as possible by suspending some iron wires connected to the other side of the circuit from the roof, and these I let drop, just after we started, by burning out with the current the little fusible wires that held the free ends. In this way there were hanging from the roof to within about two or three feet of the floor several bare iron wires that they could not touch without getting shocked. The wires, of course, swayed about with the motion of the train, and after their smart repulse by the netting over the doorway the beggars must have had a rare dance dodging them. Lord! I would have given a hundred dollars to have been able to take a peep into that car and watch the bear dance that was going on there.

"By and by they began to get the bearings of the situation, and things got quieter. I was just preparing to give our new passengers a little lecture over the telephone when I heard a scream of pain, followed by a clatter of metal falling on metal, and a loud report. Then things were quieter than before. I guessed what had happened. The revolvers had been dropped, after the first flurry, in the struggle with the charged screen over the door. One of the artful dodgers must have groped for his, and either found it in contact with some point of the other side of the circuit, or touched it to one of the swinging wires as he raised it. Result, he got a terrific shock, and the pistol flew out of his hand, exploding as it fell on the floor. I judged that this little incident would give point to my remarks, and I bellowed into the telephone.

"'Friends, you are nabbed, and you may as well make the best of it. The science of the effete East has been one too many for you this time. No more attempts at shooting, please, or I shall have to turn on some more of the juice.'

"These plain words seemed to have a bad effect. They were answered by a volley of oaths of a very choice quality. I thought there was just a chance that they might yet get on to my curves and do some mischief with the revolvers. So I played my last card. I yelled into the telephone with all my might:

"'Stop your row, you blithering idiots. Keep still and keep your hands quiet. If you don't, by thunder, I'll electrocute the whole blamed lot of you, just like we do the murderers down East. See!'

"With that—in the heat of the moment it was perhaps a little more forcible than I have expressed it—I gave them a display of fireworks to illustrate my resources. Touched off a few spark devices—something after the Tesla style of business, but a modification of my own—that I had placed in the corners of the car. At the same time the train rounded a sharp curve, which set the hanging wires a-swinging, and another panic started in the car. Pandemonium reigned again for a minute, but this time the beggars were regularly terrified clean through. They howled and screamed for mercy.

"I judged that the fight was pretty well knocked out of them, and I gave a sepulchral roar through the telephone.

"'Lie still and you will be spared for the gallows!'"

The big room rang with screams of laughter, and Mr. Black seized the opportunity to take a long pull at his drink. Then, drink and laugh ending together, he went on:

THE LATE FREDERICK L. AMES.—[See Page 915.]

"I was the *deus ex machina*, and I may as well tell here, as if, *deus*-like, I could see everything, what was going on in the other parts of the train. I heard it all afterwards, but that doesn't matter. It all came out right. The engineer and the fireman followed out their instructions to the letter. They kept as far back from the levers as possible to disarm suspicion, and maintained a keen watch on the men who were covering them, so as to get their exact bearings. When the flash of my fuse and the jerk of the engine came, the two robbers were of course rattled for a moment, but the engineer and the fireman ducked and grappled each with his man like two wild cats. There was a desperate struggle. The fireman got grazed in the leg by a flying bullet, and the glass of the pressure gauge was broken by another. That was all the harm that was done, though, except to the robbers, for the crew of the locomotive were powerful men, and as soon as she got up speed they had a decided advantage, being thoroughly at home on what the sailors call a 'heaving platform,' which the others, of course, were not. All the same, they had a tough job, and it was quite a little while before the engineer had put his man to sleep and could attend to his machine, which by this time was going for all she was worth.

"Much the same thing happened in the other car—the train was a special with only one passenger car. The flash and the thick smoke gave the trainmen their chance, and they were on top of their man in a jiffy. He fired blindly, but a man with a revolver when he's rattled nearly always fires high, and the bullet went through the roof of the car, smashing a lamp chimney *en route*. The broken glass gave a passenger who was holding his hands up a bit of a scratch on the thumb. That was the only casualty, and an act of sticking-plaster was all the remedy required. But the injured man was a Connecticut lawyer, and an experienced traveller, and he has begun a suit for damages against the company. Asks for ten thousand dollars damages for injury and shock to the system. Strikes me if all the passengers who got shocks to the system that night got ten thousand dollars apiece the A. B. and J. would be in the hands of a receiver.

"The express messenger made a clean jump from the middle of the car when he got my flash signal, and the screen caught him in the back as it came down. He sprawled in the dust, but managed to gather himself up again in time to swing on to the platform of the passenger car. Then he went to the assistance of the trainmen, and lucky he did so, as their man was a clinker, over six feet, and muscles like Sandow. I had taken the precaution to provide the messenger with rubber gloves and boots in case of accident, and as he slapped his hands over the robber's face and bore him back the man must have thought a wild beast had re-enforced the other side. Whatever he thought didn't matter; they had him bested, and in a few minutes he was shut down and out of circuit like the two on the engine.

"By the time that I had my car load of thieves under control I could tell by the speed of the train that the engineer had got his department free from outside interference, and was looking after his locomotive all right. That was a pretty considerable relief, because the speed at first was something frightful, and if the engineer and fireman had got the worst of it we should all probably have gone to kingdom come unless the steam had given out before we struck anything, which would have been almost as bad.

"As soon as I could turn my attention from my charges I switched my head telephone over to the train telegraphing outfit. They were waiting for me on the wire at the stations along the line, but I couldn't get them because the induction from the alternating dynamo drowned out the signals. I pottered with the thing for some time, but it was no go. So I played a bold stroke. I opened the dynamo circuit, cutting off the current from the express car, and keyed off with all my might: '*Got gang O K. Can't say more. Dynamo opened to send this. Black.*' I waited a few seconds and got 'O K.' Then I clapped down the dynamo switch again and thanked the gods that they had a man on that wire who could think. If my captives had only known it, for about half a minute they were discharged. But even if they had known it they could scarcely have done much. I breathed more freely when the current was on again, all the same.

"The rest of the run to the station, where our reception awaited us, was uneventful. There were occasional slight disturbances in the electric car as we rounded the curves, and now and again I gave the poor chaps a few experiments with the sparking apparatus, just to keep their spirits up.

"When we pulled in there was a gathering that looked like an anarchistic mob. The sheriff's posse was armed with every conceivable weapon, from six-shooters to sledge-hammers. The shout that went up must have had a cheerful sound to the gentlemen of the road. The screen was cut down, and they were ordered to tumble out. There was not much hesitation, even though it might have looked like jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. But they were evidently anxious to get out of that car. A more pitiful scared-looking lot of wretches you never saw or imagined. They were trembling all over, and when they got on solid ground most of them could scarcely stand upright, but not

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MEN AND BOYS AWAITING THEIR TURN

INSIDE THE SYNAGOGUE—APPLYING FOR TICKETS

in heaps on the platform. They were really more frightened than hurt, but still I didn't envy them their ride."

"Billy, you'll be the death of us," said Mr. McGrath. "But do you really mean to say that the company has adopted the scheme?"

"Well, no. That's the part that riles me, after making a practical demonstration with unqualified success. I bagged a gang of nine ruffians that have troubled the roads and defied capture for years. The train crew were not very enthusiastic about the scheme; seemed to think that their part of the job was not in a regular day's work, and more risky than they liked. When I got back to Denver I found a letter from the president, who had returned, congratulating me on my success, and thanking me for having effected the capture of the gang. He stumped up pretty liberally for the job, I confess, but went on to say that as there appeared to him to be several elements of uncertainty about the scheme, which might on other occasions militate against its complete success, he did not feel justified in putting it into regular practice, nor in treating with me for the acquisition of the patents.

"Those were his exact words, and they so disgusted me with the ingratitude and lack of appreciation that these self sufficient officers of great corporations show that I came back East right away. Now, boys, if you will join me, we will go to my diggings, and christen my new electric range. It has all the latest improvements, and when you've had supper from it you will confess that Delmonico's dishes taste as if they'd been cooked in a ten-cent east side restaurant."

Mr. Black had got back to his favorite hobby, and the others followed him out of the club to watch him ride it and to enjoy his hospitality.

HERBERT LAWS WEBB.

FREE FOOD FOR CHICAGO'S POOR.

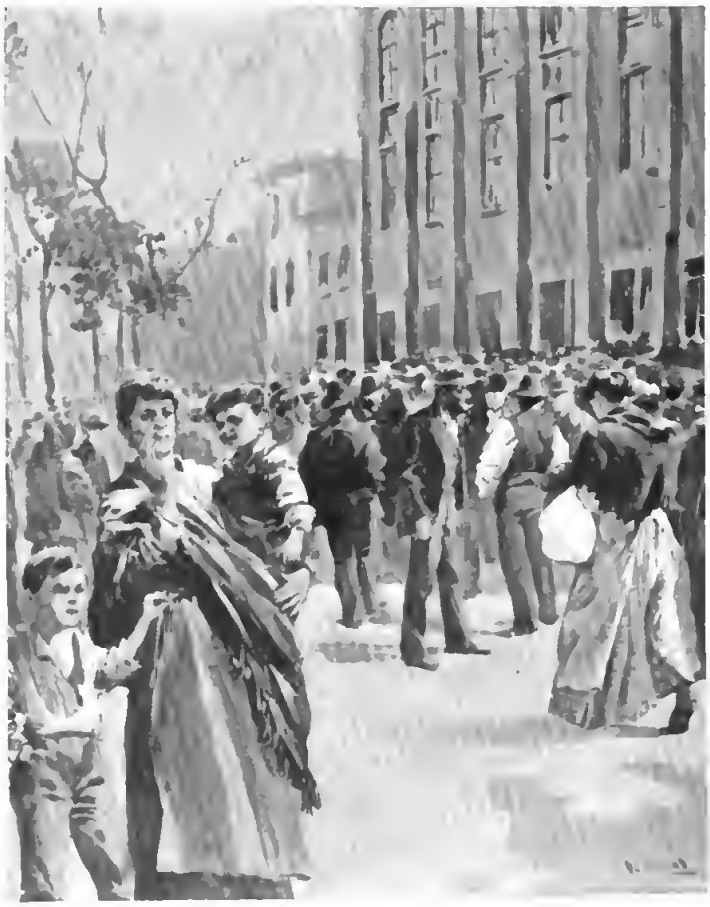
THE sketches that appear in this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY of the scenes at the Judd Street Jewish Synagogue in Chicago, during the recent distribution there of free tickets for bread and meat, portray in a graphic manner the urgent need and timeliness of this charity. Began, as it was, hastily and in an unostentatious way by two open handed merchants, Mr. David Kahn and Mr. A. Kopperl, it has been beneficial in satisfying the hunger of thousands of the unemployed poor, and in affording immediate relief in cases of want where the efforts of an organized public charity would have been defeated by the delay necessary in investigating individual applications for aid. As it was, fully twenty two thousand needy persons were supplied with food in a single day at the Kopperl agency, with no questions asked as to character, and it is a fact of suggestive interest that although the fund was originated primarily for the relief of the Hebrew poor, but few Jewish people found it necessary to avail themselves of it. Hardly ten per cent. of the beneficiaries were of that race, more than half of the applicants being Poles, Bohemians, Russians, and Germans, and the remainder mostly persons of American parentage.

As soon as the purpose of the charity became generally known, the committee having charge of the distribution of tickets were almost overwhelmed by the rapidly increasing appeals for relief. Applicants in thousands, many of them women with children in their arms, some of whom had come from the outlying suburbs, presented themselves at the agency before the doors were opened, while at the close of business hours, late in the afternoon, there was frequently in waiting a long line of the disappointed to whom it had been impossible to attend. All the applicants were poorly clad, and bore unmistakable evidences of poverty, while some gave indisputable proof of actual want by eating their bread before leaving the room where they received it. An attempt was made at first to record the name and residence of every one to whom aid was given, but this speedily became impracticable, because of the size and unwieldiness of the crowd, from which disorder resulted almost unavoidably. On one occasion the policemen detailed to restrain the throng were roughly handled, but later displays of violence became conspicuous by their rarity.

If there were sham displays of poverty among the applicants for tickets, they were not numerous, as was shown by the sight of men gnawing their loaves of bread before they had left the agency at the synagogue, and of women pausing on the street to break a piece from the loaf hidden under their shawl and devour it ravenously. In a few instances the charity was grossly abused, and of the cases detected two were of so aggravated a nature as to be worthy of mention. One applicant, a woman, had $600 stolen from her pocket while she was waiting at the agency, and an ignorant Pole handed in by mistake a check for $90 in place of a ticket calling for bread. Ordinary attempts at imposition were prevented by a rule as simple as it was ingenious. As each applicant received his ticket an employé standing near by deftly made a mark of identification on his coat sleeve or shoulder by touching it with a piece of chalk as lightly as not to be felt by the victim. This precaution made a second application for a ticket by the same person almost certain of detection.

The food distributed by this charity was purchased at first entirely from the fund raised by Mr. Kopperl and his friends, but this was materially increased afterwards by individual contributions from other citizens and the local Salvation Army corps, and by a gift of money from the city finance committee. On one day, September 24, the distribution of bread amounted to 16,676 pounds, and that of meat to 4423 pounds, while the expenditure for three days aggregated $1400. The tickets issued called for from one to eight pounds of bread each and from one to four pounds of meat, while some were made negotiable at neighboring groceries and bakeries. In giving out the tickets attention was paid first to the women applicants, some of whom are depicted in the accompanying illustrations as they pass in line before the distributing desk in the synagogue; while another sketch gives a view of the men and boys impatiently waiting their turn.

Such, in brief, is the story of an unpretentious charity that in its practical doing of good was characteristic of Chicago. And though designed to be of only temporary service to its beneficiaries, it is likely to be productive of permanent benefit in indicating to the established aid associations the actual and otherwise hardly credible extent to which destitution prevails among the unemployed poor of the World's Fair city, and thereby prompting them to an increase of efforts for relief.



JUDD STREET ENTRANCE TO THE SYNAGOGUE—THE CROWD CLAMORING FOR ADMISSION.

FEEDING THE UNEMPLOYED IN CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY E. V. NADHERNY.

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THE MOONSHINERS AT HOHO-HEBEE FALLS.

(Continued from first page.)

out tongue, as swiftly withdrawn, the egregious display of two rows of dishevelled jagged squirrel teeth, when once more, with an off-hand toss of his tangled brown hair, he nimbly spelled a long twisted tailed word, and leered capably at the grave latent face framed in the window.

"Why, Abner!" Tyler Sudley would break out, addressing the teacher, all unmindful of scholastic etiquette, a flush of pleasure rising to his swarthy cheek as he thrust back his wide black hat on his long dark hair and turned his candid gray eyes, all aglow, upon the cadaverous ascetic preceptor, who seemed still leaner and lanker as he stood upon his small square platform some eighteen inches high, "ain't Lee-yander a-gittin' on powerful, *powerful* fas' with his book?"

"Not in enny ways so special," Todd would reply in cavalier discouragement, his disaffected gaze resting upon the champion scholar, who stood elated, confident needing no commendation to assure him of his pre-eminance, "but he air disobejient, an' turr'ble, turr'ble bad."

The nonchalance with which Leander Yerby hearkened to this criticism intimated a persuasion that there were many obedient people in this world, but few who could so disport themselves in the intricacies of the English language; and Sudley, as he plodded homeward with his rifle on his shoulder, his dog running on in advance and Leander pattering along behind, was moved to add the weight of his admonition to the teacher's reproof.

"Lee-yander," he would gently drawl, "ye mustn't be so bad, honey; ye *mustn't* be so turr'ble bad."

"Naw, ma'am, I won't," Leander would cheerily pipe out, and as the procession, forming anew, would wend its way along.

For he still confused the gender in titles of respect, and for reasons of his own he continued to do so in addressing Tyler Sudley for many a year after he had learned better.

These lapses were pathetic rather than ridiculous in the hunter's ears. It was he who had taught Leander every observance of verbal humility toward his wife, in the forlorn hope of propitiating her in the interest of the child, who, however, with his quick understanding that the words sought to do honor and express respect had of his own accord adopted them in his intercourse with his true friend in the household. The only friend he had in the world, Sudley often felt, with a sigh over the happy child's forlorn estate. And, with the morbid sensitiveness peculiar to a tender conscience, he winced under the knowledge that it was he who, through wrong-headedness or wrong-heartedness, had contrived to make all the world beside the boy's enemy. Both wrong-headed and wrong-hearted he was, he sometimes told himself. For even now, in the light of the accomplished event, it still seemed to him that he had not judged amiss, that only the perversity of fate had thwarted him. Was it so fantastically improbable, so hopeless a solace that he had planned, that he should have thought his wife might take comfort for the death of their own child in making for its sake a home for another, orphaned, forlorn, a burden, and a glad riddance to those into whose grudging charge it had been thrown? This bounty of hope and affection and comfort had seemed to him a free gift from the dead baby's hands, who had no need of it since coming into its infinite heritage of immortality, to the living waif, to whom it was like life itself, since it held all the essential values of existence. The idea smote him like an inspiration. He had ridden twenty miles in a snowy night to beg the unwelcome mite from the custody of its father's half-brothers, on the eve of moving to a neighboring county with all their kin and belongings.

Tyler Sudley was a slow man and tenacious of impressions. He could remember every detail of the events as they had happened—the palpable surprise, the moment of hesitation, the feint of denial which successively ensued on his arrival. It mattered not what the season or the hour—he could behold at will the wintry dawn, the deserted cabin, the glow of embers dying on the hearth within, the white covered wagon slowly a-creak along the frozen road beneath the gaunt, bare, overhanging trees, the pots and pans as they swung at the rear, the bucket for water swaying beneath, the mounted men beside it, the few head of swine and cattle driven before them. Years had passed, but he could feel anew the vague stir of the living bundle which he held on the pommel of his saddle, the sudden twist it gave to bring its inquiring, apprehensive eyes, so large in its thin, lank-jawed, piteous little countenance, to bear on his face, as if it understood its transfer of custody and trembled lest a worse thing befall it. One of the women stopped the wagon and ran back to pin about its neck an additional wrapping, an old red flannel petticoat lest it should suffer in its long cold ride. His heart glowed with vicarious gratitude for her forethought, and he shook her warmly by the hand and wished her well, and hoped that she might prosper in her new home, and stood still to watch the white wagon out of sight in the avenue of the snow-laden trees, above which the moon was visible, a-journeying too, swinging down the western sky.

Laurelia Sudley sat in stunned amazement when, half-frozen, but triumphant, and flushed, and full of his story, he burst into the warm home atmosphere and put the animated bundle down upon the hearth stones in front of the glowing fire. For one moment she met its forlorn gaze out of its peaked and pinched little face with a vague hesitation in her own worn, tremulous, sorrow-stricken eyes. Then she burst into a tumult of tears, upbraiding her husband that he could think that another child would take the place of her dead child—all the dearer because it was dead, that she could play the traitor to its memory and forget her sacred grief, that she could do aught as long as she should live but set her down to bewail her loss, every tear a tribute, every pang its inalienable right, her whole smitten existence a testimony to her love. It was in vain that he expostulated. The idea of substitution had never entered his mind. But he was ignorant, and clumsy of speech, and unaccustomed to analyze his motives. He could not put into words his feeling that in doing for the welfare of this orphaned and unwelcome little creature all that they would have done for their own was in some sort a memorial to him and brought them nearer to him—that she might find in it a satisfaction, an occupation—that it might serve to fill her empty life, her empty arms.

But no! She thought, and the neighbors thought and after a time Tyler Sudley came to think also, that he had failed in the essential duty to the dead—that of affectionate remembrance; that he was recreant, strangely callous. They all said that he had seemed to esteem one baby as good as another, and that he was surprised that his wife was not consoled for the loss of her own child because he took it into his head to go and toll off the Yerby baby from his father's half-brothers "ez war movin' away an' war glad enough ter get rid o' one head o' human stock ter kerry, though, *bein' human*, they oughter been ashamed ter gin him away like a puppy-dog, or an estry cat, all hands consarned."

From the stand-point she had taken Laurelia had never wavered. It was an added and a continual reproach to her husband that all the labor and care of the ill-advised acquisition fell to her share. She it was who must feed and clothe and tend the gaunt little usurper, he needs must be accorded all the infantile prerogatives, and he exacted continual time and attention. Despite the grudging spirit in which her care was given she failed in no essential, and presently the interloper was no longer gaunt or pallid or apprehensive, but grew pink and cherubic of build, and arrogant of mind. He had no sensitive sub-current of suspicion as to his welcome, he filled the house with his gay babbling, and if no maternal chirpings encouraged the development of his ideas and his powers of speech, his cheerful spirits seemed strong enough to thrive on their own stalwart endowments. His hair began to curl, and a neighbor, remarking on it to Laurelia, and forgetting for the moment his parentage, said, in admiring glee, twining the soft tendrils over her finger, that Mrs. Sudley had never had a child so well-favored as this one. From this time forth was infused a certain rancor into his foster-mother's spirit toward him. Her sense of martyrdom was complete when another child was born—a feeble little creature that soon languished and fell away, and left her bereaved once more to watch this other child grow up in her house, strong and hearty, and handsomer than any of hers had been.

The mountain gossips had their own estimate of her attitude.

"I ain't denyin' but what she hed nat'ral feelin' fur her own chill'ren, bein dead," said the dame who had made the unfortunate remark about the curling hair, "but Laurelia Sudley war always a contrary minded, lackadaisical kind o' gal afore she war married, sorter set in opposition an' now ez she ain't purty like she uster was, through cryin' her eyes out, an' gittin' sallow-complected an' bony, I kin notice her contrariousness more. Ef Tyler hedn't brung that chile home, like ez not she'd hev sot her heart on borryin' one herself from somebody. Lee-yander ain't in no wise abused, ez I kin see—ain't acquainted with the rod like the Bible say he oughter be, an' ennybody kin see ez Laurelia don't like the name he gin her yit she puts up with it. She larnt him ter call Ty 'Cap'n', bein' she's sorter proud of it, 'kase Ty war a Cap'n of a critter company in the war; 'twarn't sech a mighty matter nohow, he jes got ter be Cap'n through the other off'cers bein' killed off. An' the leetle boy got it twisted somehows, an' calls *her* 'Cap'n' an' Ty 'Neighbor,' from heurin' old man Jeemes, ez comes in constant, givin' him that old-fashioned name. 'Cap'n' 'bout fits Laurelia, though, an' that's a fac'."

Her melancholy ascendency in the household was very complete. It was characterized by no turbulence, no rages, no long drawn argument or objurgation, it expressed itself only in a settled spirit of disaffection, a pervasive suggestion of martyrdom, silence or sighs, or sometimes a depressing singing of hymn tunes. For her husband had long ago ceased to remonstrate, or to seek to justify himself. It was with a spirit of making amends that he hastened to concede every point of question, to defer to her preference in all matters, and Laurelia's sway grew more and more absolute as the years wore on. Leander Yerby could remember no other surroundings than the ascetic atmosphere of his home. It had done naught apparently to quell the innate cheerfulness of his spirit. He evidently took note of the different stand-point of the "Captain" and his "Neighbor," for he was instant in the little manifestations of respect toward her which he had been taught, but his childish craft could not conceal their spuriousness.

"That thar boy treats me ez ef I wor a plumb idjit," Laurelia said one day, moved to her infrequent anger. "Tells me, 'Yes, ma'am, Cap'n,' an' 'Naw, ma'am, Cap'n,' jes ter quiet me, like folks useter do ter old Edard Griggs, ez war in his dotage, an' then goes along an' does the very thing I tell him not ter do."

Sudley looked up as he sat smoking his pipe by the fire, a shade of constraint in his manner and a contraction of anxiety in his slow dark eyes, never quite absent when she spoke to him aside of Leander.

She paused, setting her gaunt arms akimbo, and wearing the manner of one whose kindly patience is beyond limit abused. "Kems in hyar, he do, a-totin' a fiddle. An' I says, 'Lee-yander Yerby, don't ye know that thar thing's the devil's snare?' 'Naw, ma'am, Cap'n,' he says, grinnin' like a imp; 'it's *my* snare, fur I hev bought it from Peter Teazely fur two rabbits what I cotch in my trap, an' my big red rooster, an' a bag o' seed pop-corn, an' the only hat I hev got in the worl'.' An' with that the consarn gin sech a yawp, it plumb went through my haid. An' then the critter jes tuk ter a-bowin' it back an' forth, a-playin' 'The Chicken in the Bread-trough' like demented, a-dancin' off on fust one foot an' then on t'other till the puncheons shuck. An' I druv him out the house. I won't stan' none o' Satan's devices hyar! I tole him he couldn't fetch that fiddle hyar whenst he kems home ter-night, an' I be a-goin' ter make him a sun-bonnet or a nightcap ter wear stiddier his hat that he traded off."

She paused for a moment.

Her husband had risen, his pipe fading in his unheeding hand, his excited eye fixed upon her. "Laurely," he exclaimed, "ye ain't meanin' ez that thar leetle critter could play a chune fust off on a fiddle 'thout no larnin'!"

She nodded her head in reluctant admission.

He opened his mouth once or twice, emitting no sound. She saw how his elation, his spirit of commendation, his pride, set at naught her displeasure, albeit in self-defence, perchance, he dared not say a word. With an eye alight and an absorbed face, he laid his pipe on the mantel-piece, and silently took his way out of the house in search of the youthful musician.

Easily found. The racked and tortured echoes were all asquake within half a mile of the spot where, bareheaded, heedless of the threatened ignominy alike of sun-bonnet or nightcap, Leander sat in the flickering sunshine and shadow upon a rock beside the spring, and blissfully experimented with all the capacities of catgut to produce sound.

"Listen, Neighbor!" he cried out, descrying Tyler Sudley in the distance—who could do aught else. "*Listen!* Ye won't hear much better fiddlin' this side o' kingdom come!" And with glad assurance he capered up and down, the bow clanging the sound to a cadence of frenzied glee, as his arms sought to accommodate the nimbler motions of his legs.

Thus it was the mountaineers later said that he fell into bad company. For, the fiddle being forbidden in the sober Laurelia's house he must needs go elsewhere to show his gift and his growing skill, and he found a welcome fast enough. Before he had advanced beyond his stripling youth, his untutored facility had gained a rude mastery over the instrument; he played with a sort of fascination and spontaneity that endeared his art to his uncritical audiences, and his endowment was held as something wonderful. And now it was that Laurelia, hearing him far away in the open air, play once a plaintive, melodic strain, a fugue with the elfin echoes, felt a strange soothing in the sound, found tears in her eyes, not all of pain but of sad pleasure, and assumed thenceforth something of the port of a connoisseur. She said she "couldn't abide a fiddle jes sawed helter-skelter by them ez hedn't larned, but ter play soft, an' slow, an' solemn, and no dancin' chune, no frolic song—she wouldn't set agin that at all." And she desired of Leander a repetition of this sunset motive that evening when he had come home late and she discovered him hiding the obnoxious instrument under the porch. But in vain. He did not remember it. It was some vague impulse, as unconsciously voiced as the dreaming bird's song in the sudden half-awake intervals of the night. Over and again, as he stood by the porch, the violin in his arms, he touched the strings tentatively, as if, perchance, being so alive, they might of their own motion recall the strain that had so lately thrilled along them.

He had grown tall and slender. He wore boots to his knees now, and pridefully carried "a shootin'-iron" in one of the long legs—to his great discomfort. The freckles of his early days were merged into the warm uniform tint of his tanned complexion. His brown hair still curled, his shirt collar fell away from his throat, round and full and white—the singer's throat—as he threw his head backward and cast his large roving eyes searchingly along the sky, as if the missing strain had wings.

The inspiration returned no more, and Laurelia experienced a sense of loss. "Some time, Lee-yander, ef ye war ter hem acrost that chune agin, try ter set it in yer remembrance, an' play it whenst ye kem home," she said, wistfully, at last, as if this errant melody were afloat somewhere in the vague realms of sounds, where one native to those haunts might hope to encounter it anew.

"Yes, ma'am, Cap'n, I will," he said, with his facile assent. But his tone expressed slight intention, and his indifference bespoke a too great wealth of "chunes," sweet illusions of sound, he could feel no lack in some unremembered combination, sport of the moment, when another strain would come at will as sweet perchance, and new.

She winced as from undeserved reproach when presently Leander's proclivities for the society of the gay young blades about the country-side, sometimes reputed "evil men," were attributed to this exile of the violin from the hearth-stone. She roused herself to disputation, to indignant repudiation.

"They talk ez ef it war *me* ez led the drinkin', an' the gamin', an' the dancin', and sech, ez goes on in the Cove, 'kase whenst Lee-yander war about fryin' size I wouldn't abide ter hev him a-sawin' away on the fiddle in the house enuff ter make me deef fur life, at fust the racket of it skeered Towse so he wouldn't come out from under the house fur two days an' better, he jes' sat under thar an' growled, an' shivered, an' showed his teeth ef ennybody spoke ter him. Nobody don't like Lee-yander's performin' better'n I do whenst he plays them soft, slippin'-away, slow medjures, ez sound plumb religious—ef 'twarn't a sin ter say so. Naw, sir, ef ennybody hev sot Lee-yander on ter evil ways 'twarn't me. My conscience be clear."

Nevertheless she was grievously ill at ease when one day there rode up to the fence a tall, gaunt, ill-favored man whose long, lean, sallow countenance, of a Pharisaic cast, was vaguely familiar to her as one recognizes real lineaments in the contortions of a caricature or the bewilderments of a dream. She felt as if in some long previous existence she had seen this man as he dismounted at the gate and came up the path with his saddle-bags over his arm. But it was not until he mustered an unready, unwilling smile, that had of good-will and geniality so slight an intimation that it was like a spasmodic grimace, did she perceive how time had deepened tendencies to traits, how the inmost thought and the secret sentiment had been graven upon the face in the betrayals of the sculpture of fifteen years.

"Nehemiah Yerby!" she exclaimed. "I would hev knowed ye in the happy land o' Canaan."

"Let's pray we may all meet thar, Sister Sudley," he responded. "Let's pray that the good time may find none of us unprofitable servants."

Mrs. Sudley experienced a sudden recoil. Not that she did not echo his wish, but somehow his manner savored of an exclusive arrogation of piety and a subtle suggestion of reproach.

"That's my prayer," she retorted, aggressively. "Day an' night, that's my prayer."

"Yes'm, fur us an' our households, Sister Sudley—we must think o' them c'mmitted ter our charge."

She strove to fling off the sense of guilt that oppressed her, the mental attitude of arraignment. He was a young man when he journeyed away in that snowy dawn. She did not know what changes had come in his life. Perchance his effervescent piety was only a habit of speech, and had no significance as far as she was concerned. The suspicion, however, tamed her in some sort. She attempted no retort. With a mechanical reluctant smile, ill adjusted to her own sorrow-lined face, she made an effort to assume that the greeting had been but the conventional phrasings of the day.

"Kem in, kem in, Nehemiah. Tyler will be glad ter see ye, an' I reckon ye will be powerful interested ter view how Lee-yander hev growed an' prospered."

She felt as if she were in some terrible dream as she beheld him slowly wag his head from side to side. He had followed her into the large main room of the cabin, and had laid his saddle-bags down by the side of the chair in which he had seated himself, his elbows on his knees, his hands held out to the flickering blaze in the deep chimney-place, his eyes significantly narrowing as he gazed upon it.

"Naw, Sister Sudley," he wagged his head more mournfully, "I kin but grieve ter hear how my nevy Lee-yander hev 'prospered,' ez ye call it, an' I be s'prised ye should gin it sech a name. Oh-h-h, Sister Sudley!" in prolonged and dreary vocative, "I 'lowed ye war a godly woman. I knowed yer name 'mongst the church-goers an' the church-members." A faint flush sprang into her delicate faded cheek, a halo encircled this repute of sanctity; she felt with quivering premonition that it was about to be urged as a testimony against her. "Elsewise I wouldn't hev gin my consent ter hev lef' the leetle lam', Lee-yander, in yer fold. Precious, precious leetle lam'!"

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Poor Laurelia! Were it not that she had a sense of fault under the scathing arraignment of her motives, her work, and its result, although she scarcely saw how she was to blame, that she had equally with him esteemed Leander's stand-point iniquitous, she might have made a better fight in her own interest. Why she did not renounce the true culprit as one on whom all godly teachings were wasted, protest her fruitless, guerdonless labors these many years, and, adopting the indisputable vantage ground of heredity, carry the war into the enemy's country, ascribing Leander's short-comings to his Yerby blood, and with stern and superior joy proclaim that he was neither kith nor kin of hers, she wondered afterward, for this valid ground of defence did not occur to her then. In these long mourning years she had grown dull; her mental processes were either a sad introspection or reminiscence. Now she could only take into account her sacrifices of feeling, of time, of care; the illnesses she had nursed, the garments that she had made and mended—ah, how many! laid votive on the altar of Leander's vigor and his agility, for as he scrambled about the crags he seemed, she was wont to say, to climb straight out of them. The recollection of all this—the lesser and unspiritual maternal values, perchance, but essential—surged over her with bitterness; she lost her poise and fell a-bickering.

"'Precious leetle lam,'" she repeated, scornfully. "Precious he mus' hev been! Fur when ye lef' him he hedn't a whole gyarmint ter his back, an' none but them thet kivered him."

Nehemiah Yerby changed color slightly as the taunt struck home, but he was skilled in the more æsthetic methods of argument.

"We war pore—mighty pore indeed, Sister Sudley."

Now, consciously in the wrong, Sister Sudley, with true feminine inconsistency, felt better. She retorted with bravado.

"Needle an' thread ain't 'spensive nowhar ez I knows on, an' the gov'mint hev sot no tax on saaft soap, so fur ez hearn from."

She briskly placed her chair, a rude rocker, the seat formed of a taut stretched piece of ox hide, beside the fire, and took up her knitting. A sock for Leander it was—one of many of all sizes. She remembered the first that she measured for the bare pink toes which he had brought there, forlorn candidates for the comfortable integuments in which they were presently encased, and how she had morbidly felt that every stitch she took was a renunciation of her own children, since a stranger was honored in their place. The tears came into her eyes. It was only this afternoon that she had experienced a pang of self reproach to realize how near happiness she was—as near as her temperament could approach. But somehow the air was so soft; she could see from where she sat how the white velvet buds of the aspen-trees in the door-yard had lengthened into long cream-tinted furry tassels; the maples on the mountain-side lifted their red flowering boughs against the delicate blue sky; the grass was as green; the golden candlesticks bunched along the margin of the path to the rickety gate were all a-blossoming. The sweet appeal of spring had never seemed more insistent, more coercive. Somehow hope, peace, a placid content, were as essential incidents in the inner life as the springing of the grass anew, the bursting of the bud, or the soft awakening of the zephyr. Even within, the languors of the fire drowsing on the hearth, the broad bar of sunshine across the puncheon floor so slowly creeping away, the sense of the vernal lengthening of the pensive afternoon, the ever-flitting shadow of the wren building under the eaves, and its iterative gladsome song breaking the fireside stillness, partook of the serene beatitude of the season and the hour. His drawling voice invaded the quietude, and she was not now constrained to reproach herself that she was too happy.

"Yes'm, pore though we war then, an' we couldn't look for'd ter the Lord's prosperin' in some sence, we never would hev let the precious leetle lam'"—his voice dwelt with unvanquished emphasis upon the obnoxious words—"'mongst enny but them persuaded ter be godly folks. Tyler war a toler'ble good soldier in the war, an' hed a good name in the church, but *ye* war persuaded ter be a plumb special Christian with no pledjure in this worl'."

Laurelia winced anew. This repute of special sanctity was the pride of her ascetic soul. Few of the graces of life or of the spirit had she coveted, but her pre-eminence as a religionist she had fostered and cherished, and now through her own deeds of charity it seemed about to be wrested from her.

"Lee-yander Yerby hev larnt nuthin' but good in this house, an' all my neighbors will tell you the same word. The mounting 'lows I hev been *too* strict."

Nehemiah was dancing composedly about the room. "That thar 'pears ter be a fiddle on the wall, ain't it, Mis' Sudley?" he said, with an incidental air and the manner of changing the subject.

Alack, for the æsthetic perversion! Since the playing of those melancholy minor strains in that red sunset so long ago, which had touched so responsive a chord in Laurelia's grief-worn heart, the crazy old fiddle had been naturalized, as it were, and had exchanged its domicile under the porch for a position on the wall. It was boldly visible, and apparently no more ashamed of itself than was the big earthen jar, half full of cream, which sat close into the fireplace on the hearth in the hope of becoming sour enough by to-morrow to be churned.

Laurelia looked up with a start at the instrument, red and lustrous against the brown log wall, its bow poised jauntily above it, and some glistening yellow reflection from the sun on the floor playing amongst the strings, elusive soundless fantasies.

Her lower jaw dropped. She was driven to her last defences and sore beset. "It air a fiddle," she said, slowly, at last, and with an air of conscientious admission, as if she had half a mind to deny it. "A fiddle the thing air." Then, as she collected her thoughts, "Brother Pete Pendergast 'lows ez he sees no special sin in playin' the fiddle. He 'lows ez in some kentries—I disremember whar—they plays on 'em in church, quirin' ter hymn chunes an' sech."

Her voice faltered a little; she had never thought to quote this fantasy in her own defence, for she secretly believed that old man Pendergast must have been humbugged by some worldly brother skilled in drawing the long bow himself.

Nehemiah Yerby seemed specially endowed with a conscience for the guidance of other people, so quick was he to descry and pounce upon their dereliction. If one's sins is sure to find one out, there is little doubt but that Brother Nehemiah would be on the ground first.

"Air you uns a settin' under the preachin' o' Brother Peter Pendergast?" he demanded in a sepulchral voice.

"Naw, naw," she was glad to recant. "'Twar onderstood ez Brother Pendergast wanted a call ter the church in the Cove, bein' ez his relations live hyarabouts, an' he kem up an' preached a time or two. But he didn't git no call. The brethren 'lowed Brother Pendergast war too slack in his ideas o' religion. Some said his hell warn't half hot enough. Thar air some powerful sinners in the Cove, an' nuthin but good live coals an' a liquid blazin' fire air a goin' deter them from the evil o' thar ways. So Brother Pendergast went back the road he kem."

She knit off her needle while with his head still bent forward Nehemiah Yerby sourly eyed her, feeling himself a loser with Brother Pendergast, in that he did not have the reverend man's incumbency as a grievance.

"He 'pears ter me ter see mo' pleasure in religion 'n penance, ennyhow," he observed, bitterly. "An' the Lord knows the bes' of us air sinners."

"An' he laughs loud an' frequent—mightily like a sinner," she agreed. "An' whenst he prays, he prays loud an' hearty, like he jes expected ter git what he axed fur sure's shootin', 'thout inquirin' enough on the Lord's will. Some o' the bretherin' sorter taxed him with his sperits, an' he 'lowed he couldn't holp but be cheerful whenst he hed the Lord's word fur it ez all things work tergether fur good. An' he laffed same as ef they hedn't spoke ter him serious."

"Look at that, now!" exclaimed Nehemiah. "An' that thar man ez good ez dead with the heart-disease."

Laurelia's eyes were suddenly arrested by his keen, pinched, lined face. What there was in it to admonish her she could hardly have said, nor how it served to tutor her innocent craft.

"I ain't so sure 'bout Brother Pendergast bein' so wrong," she said, slowly. "He 'lowed ter me ez I hed spent too much o' my life a-sorrowin', 'stiddier a praisin' the Lord for His mercies." Her face twitched suddenly; she could not yet look upon her bereavements as mercies. "He 'lowed I would hev been a happier an' a better 'oman ef I hed took the evil ez good from the Lord's hand, fur in His seein' it's the same. An' I know that air a true word. An' that's what makes me 'low what he said war true 'bout'n that fiddle; that I ought never ter hev perverted the boy from playin' 'round home an' sech an' 'twarn't no sin but powerful comfortable an' pleasurable ter set roun' of a cold winter night an' hear him play them slow, sweet, dyin'-away chunes—" She dropped her hands, and gazed with the rapt eyes of remembrance through the window where the sunset clouds gathering, red and purple and gold, on the 'mountain's brow were reflected roseate and amethyst and amber at the mountain's base on the steely surface of the river. "Brother Pendergast 'lowed he never heard sech in all his life. It brung the tears ter his eyes—it surely did."

"He'd a heap better be weepin' fur them black sheep o' his congregation an' fur Lee-yander's shortcomin's, fur ez fur ez I kin hear he air about ez black a sheep ez most pastors want ter wrestle with fur the turnin' away from thar sins. Yes'm, Sister Sudley, that's jes what p'inted out my jewty plain afore my eyes, an' I riz up an' kem ter be instant in a-doin' of it. 'I'll not leave my own nevy in the tents o' sin,' I sez. 'I hev chil'n o' my own, hearty feeders an' hard on shoe leather ter support, but I'll not grudge my brother's son a home.' Yes, Laurely Sudley, I hev kem ter kerry him back with me. Yer jewty ain't been done by him, an' I'll leave him a dweller in the tents o' sin no longer."

His enthusiasm had carried him too far. Laurelia's face, which at first seemed turning to stone as she gradually apprehended his meaning and his mission, changed from motionless white to a tremulous scarlet while he spoke, and when he ceased she retorted herself as one of the ungodly.

"Ye mus' be mighty ambitious ter kerry away a skin full o' broken bones! Jes let Tyler Sudley hear ye call his house the tents o' the ungodly, an' that ye kem hyar a-faultin' me, an' tellin' me ez I ain't done my jewty enny what or enny how!" she exclaimed, with a pride, which as a pious saint she had never expected to feel, in her husband's reputation as a high tempered man and a "mighty handy fighter," and with implicit reliance upon both endowments in her quarrel.

"Only in a speritchual sense, Sister Sudley," Nehemiah gasped, as he made haste to qualify his asseveration. "I only charge you with hevin' sp'iled the boy, ye hev sp'iled him through kindness ter him, an' not *ye* so much ez Ty. Ty never hed so much ez a dog that would mind him! His dog wouldn't answer call nor whistle 'thout he war so disposed. *I* never faulted ye, Sister Sudley; 'twar jes Ty I faulted. I know Ty."

He knew, too, that it was safer to call Ty and his doings in question, big and formidable and belligerent though he was, than his meek mannered, melancholy, forlorn, and diminutive wife. Nehemiah rose up and walked back and forth for a moment with an excited face and a bent back and a sort of rabbitlike action. "Now, I put it to you, Sister Sudley, air Ty a-makin' that thar boy plough ter-day—jes *be-youtiful* field weather?"

Sister Sudley, victorious, having regained her normal position by one single natural impulse of self assertion, not as a religionist, but as Tyler Sudley's wife, and hence entitled to all the show of respect which that fact unaided could command, sat looking at him with a changed face—a face that seemed twenty years younger. It had the expression it wore before it had grown pinched and ascetic and insistently sorrowful; one might guess what she looked like when Tyler Sudley first came up the mountain "a-courtin'." She sought to assume no other stand-point. Here she was intrenched. She shook her head in negation. The affair was none of hers. Ty Sudley could take ample care of it.

He gave a little skip that might suggest a degree of triumph. "Also not ploughin'! But *Ty* be ploughin'. I seen him in the field. An' Lee-yander ain't ploughin'! An' how did I know? Ez I war a ridin' along through the woods this mornin' I kem across a striplin' lad a-walkin' through the undergrowth ez onconsarned ez a killdee an' ez nimble. An' onder his chin war a fiddle, an' his head war craned down ter it." He mimicked the attitude as he stood on the hearth. "He never more'n looked up wunst ter gin me a nod. Away he walked, light ez a plover, an' *a ping, pang, ping, pang,*" in a high falsetto, "went that fiddle! I war plumb 'shamed fur the critters in the woods ter view sech idle sinfulness; a ole *owel*, a-blinkin' down out'n a hollow tree, kem ter see what *ping, pang, ping, pang* meant, an' thar war a rabbit settin' up on two legs in the bresh, an' a few stray razor back hawgs. I tell ye I war mortified 'fore even sech citizens ez them, an' a lazy, insipident-lookin' dog ez followed him."

"How did ye know 'twar Lee-yander?" demanded Mrs. Sudley, recognizing the description perfectly, but after judicial methods requiring strict proof.

"Oh it' by the fambly favor," protested the gaunt and hard-featured Nehemiah, capably. "I knowed the Yerby eye."

"He hev got his mother's eyes." Mrs. Sudley had certainly changed her stand-point with a vengeance. "He hev got his mother's *be-yoo-ti-ful blue* eyes and her curling silken brown hair—sorter red; little Yerby in *that*, mebbe; but sech eyes, an' sech lashes, an' sech fine curling hair ez none o' yer fambly ever hed, or ever will."

"Mebbe so. I never seen him more'n a minit. But he might ez well hev a *be-yoo-ti-ful* curlin' nose, like the elephint in the show, for all the use he air, or I be afeard air ever likely ter be."

Tyler Sudley's face turned gray, despite his belligerent efflorescence, when his wife hearing the clank of the ox yoke as it was flung down in the shed outside, divined the home-coming of the ploughman and his team, and slipped out to the barn with her news. She realized, with a strange enlightenment as to her own mental processes, what angry jealousy the look on his face would have roused in her only so short a time ago—jealousy for the sake of her own children, that any loss, any grief, should be poignant and pierce his heart save for them. Now she was sorry for him; she felt with him.

But as he continued silent, and only stared at her dumfounded and piteous, she grew frightened—she knew not of what.

"Shucks, Ty!" she exclaimed, catching him by the shirt sleeve with the impulse to rouse him, to awaken him, as it were, to his own old familiar identity; "ye ain't 'feared o' that thar snaggle-toothed skeercrow in yander. he would be plumb comical ef he didn't look so mean natured an' such a hypercrite."

He gazed at her, his eyes eloquent with pain.

"Laurely!" he gasped, "this hyar thing plumb knocks me down; it jes takes the breath o' life outn me!"

She hesitated for a moment. Somehow any anxiety, any trouble, seemed so incongruous with the sweet spring-tide peace in the air, that one did not readily take it home to heart. Hope was in the atmosphere like an essential element; one might call it oxygen or caloric or vitality, according to the tendency of mind and the habit of speech. But the heart knew it, and the pulses beat strongly responsive to it. Faith ruled the world. Some tiny bulbous thing at her feet that had impeded her step caught her attention. It was coming up from the black earth and the buried darkness, and the chill winter's torpor, with all the impulses of confidence in the light without, and the warmth of the sun, and the fresh showers that were aggregating in the clouds somewhere for its nurture—a blind inanimate thing like that! But Tyler Sudley felt none of it; a blow had fallen upon him, stunning him. He stood silent, looking gropingly into the purple dusk, veined with silver glintings of the moon, as if he sought to view in the future some event which he dreaded, and yet shrank to see.

She had rarely played the consoler, so heavily had she and all her griefs leaned on his supporting arm. It was powerless now. She perceived this, all dismayed at the responsibility that had fallen upon her. She made an effort to rally his courage. She had more faith in it than in her own.

"'Feard o' *him*!" she exclaimed, with a sharp tonic note of satire. "Kem in an' view him."

"Laurely," he quavered, "I oughter hev got it down in writin' from him. I oughter made him sign papers agreein' fur me ter keep the boy till he growed ter be his own man."

She too grew pale. "Ye ain't meanin' ter let him take the boy sure enough?" she gasped.

"I mought'n't be able ter holp it; I dun'no' how the law stands. He air kin ter Lee-yander, an' mebbe hev got the bes' right ter him."

She shivered slightly; the dew was falling, and all the budding herbage was glossed with a silver glister. The shadows were sparse. The white branches of the aspens cast only the symmetrical outline of the tree form on the illumined grass, and seemed scarcely less bare than in winter, but on one swaying bough the mocking-bird sang all the joyous prophesies of the spring to the great silver moon that made his gladsome day so long.

She was quick to notice the sudden cessation of his song, the alert downward poise of his beautiful head, his tense critical attitude. A mimicking whistle was on the air, now soft, now keen, with swift changes and intricate successions of tones, ending in a brilliant borrowed roulade, delivered with a wonderful velocity and *élan*. The long tail feathers, all standing stiffly upward, once more drooped; the mocking-bird turned his head from side to side, then lifting his full throat he poured forth again his incomparable, superb, infinitely versatile melody, fixing his glittering eye on the moon, and heeding the futilely ambitious worldling no more.

The mimicking sound meant more to Laurelia than the flat of the vocal connoisseur. It heralded the approach of Leander. Her heart, full of bitterness for his sake, throbbed tenderly for him. Ah, what was to be his fate! What unkind lot did the future hold for him in the clutches of a man like this! Suddenly she was pitying his mother—her own children, how safe!

She winced to tell him what had happened, but she it was who, bracing her nerves, made the disclosure, for Sudley remained silent, the end of the ox yoke in his trembling hands, his head bare to the moon and the dew, his face grown lined and old.

Leander stood staring at her out of his moonlit blue eyes, his hat far back on the brown curls she had so vaunted, damp and crisp and clinging, the low limp collar of his unbleached shirt showing his round full throat, one hand resting on the high curb of the well, the other holding a great brown gourd full of the clear water which he had busied himself in securing while she sought to prepare him to hear the worst. His lips, like a bent bow as she thought, were red and still moist as he now and then took the gourd from them, and held it motionless in the interest of her narration, that indeed touched him so nearly. Then, as she made point after point clear to his comprehension, he would once more lift the gourd and drink deeply, for he had had an active day, inducing a keen thirst.

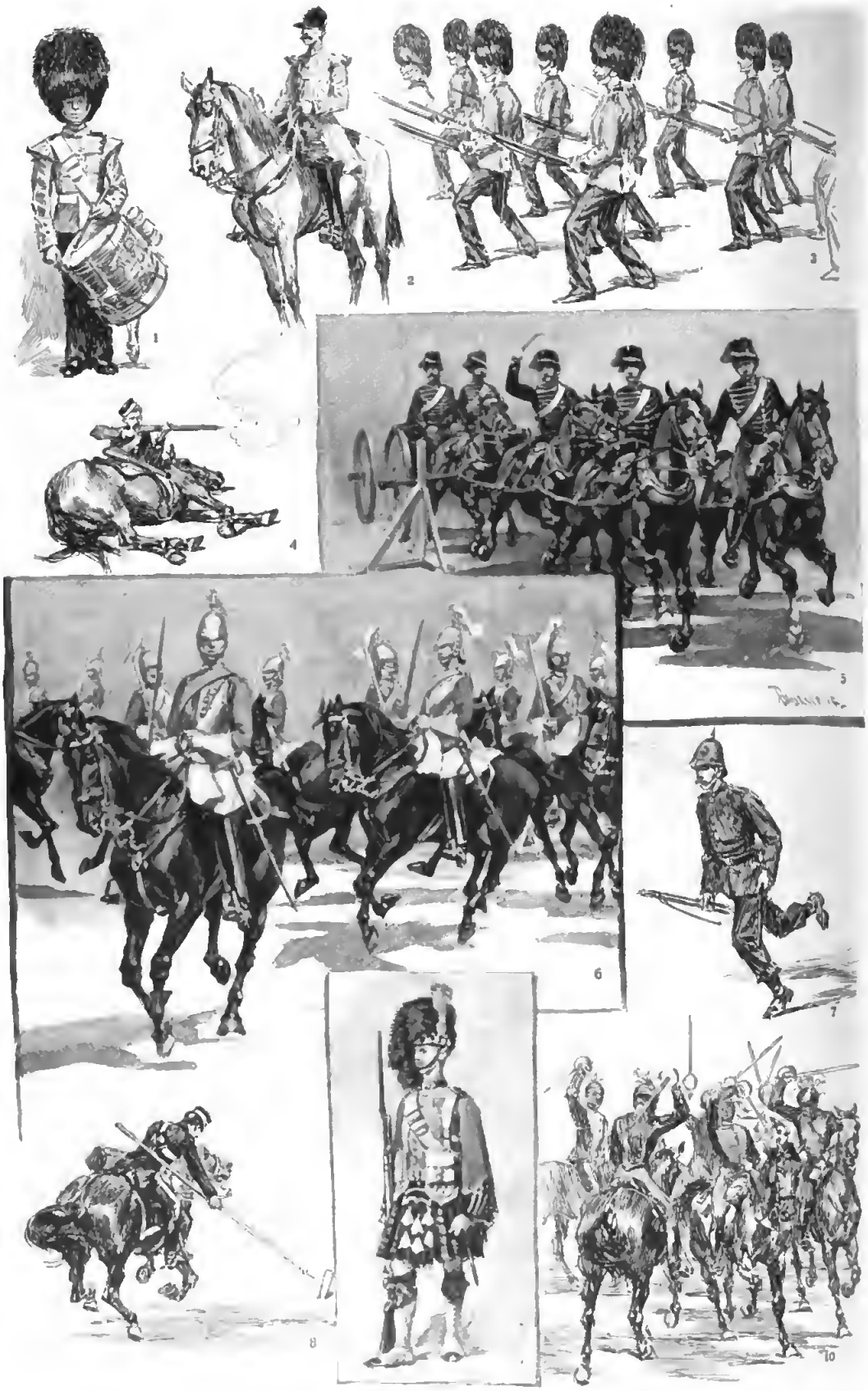
She had been preparing herself for the piteous spectacle of his frantic fright, his bootless futile reliance on them who had always befriended him, his callow forlorn helplessness, his tears, his reproaches. She dreaded them.

He was silent for a reflective moment when she had paused. "But what's he want with me, Cap'n?" he suddenly demanded. "Mought know I warn't industrious in the field, ez he seen me off a-fiddlin' in the woods whilst Neighbor war a-ploughin'."

"Mebbe he 'lows he mought *make* ye industrious an' git considerable work out'n ye," she faltered, flinching for him.

After another refreshing gulp from the gourd, he canvassed this dispassionately. "Say his own chil'n air 'hearty feeders an' hard on shoe-leather'? Takes a good deal o' goadin'

(Continued on page 919.)



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE ENGLISH MILITARY TOURNAMENT.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 918.]

1. Drummer Boy. 2. Trumpeter, Lifeguards. 3. Bayonet Exercise. 4. Cavalry Horse lying down. 5. Driving by Royal Horse Artillery. 6. Musical Ride, First Lifeguards. 7. Rifleman. 8. Tent-Pegging. 9. Highlander. 10. Balaklava Mêlée.

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THE MIDWINTER INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT SAN FRANCISCO.—Drawn by Guy Rose from the accepted Designs.—[See Page 914.]

(Continued from page 907.)

ter git ploughin' enough fur the wuth o' feed mtn a tol-er'ble beastis like old Blaze-face thar, don't it, Neighbor?—an how is it a goin' ter be with a human ez mebbe will hold back an' air sort agin ploughin' enny-how, an' air sorter like ay profession? 'Twould giu him a heap o' trouble—more'n the ploughin' an' sech would be wuth—a heap o' trouble." Once more he bowed his head to the gourd.

"He 'lowed ye shouldn't dwell no mo' in the tents o' sin. He seen the fiddle, Lee; it's all complicated with the fiddle," she quavered, very near tears of vexation.

He lifted a smiling moonlit face as if the gourd had held some exhilarating elixir, his half suppressed laugh echoed gurglingly in it. "Cap'n," he said, reassuringly, "I 'ain't never seen nobody spen' money ter save other folks's souls. They'll talk—lawsamassy, they'll *talk!* An' they'll spen' time—freely. But money! Naw, sir! Jes let's hear Uncle Nehemiah talk some mo', an' ef I can't see no mo' likely work fur me 'n ploughin', I'll feel mighty safe."

They felt like three conspirators as they drew their chairs around the fire with the unsuspicious Uncle Nehemiah after supper. However, Nehemiah Yerby could hardly be esteemed unsuspicious in any point of view, so full of vigilant craft was his intention in avery anticipation, so slyly sanctimonious was his long countenance.

There could hardly have been a greater contrast than Tyler Sudley's aspect presented. His candid face seemed a mirror for his thought; he had had scant experience in deception, and he proved a most unlikely novice in the art. His features were heavy and set, his manner brooding and depressed, he did not alertly follow the conversation, on the contrary, he seemed oblivious of it as his full dark eyes rested absently on the fire. More than once he passed his hand across them with a harassed, troubled manner, and he sighed heavily. For which his co-conspirators could have fallen upon him. How could he be so dull, so forgetful of all save the fear of separation from the boy he had reared, that he loved as his own son, how could he fail to know that a jaunty, assured mien might best serve his interests until at any rate the blow had fallen; why should he wear the insignia of defeat before the strength of his claim was tested? Assuredly his manner was calculated to greatly re-enforce Nehemiah Yerby's confidence, and to assist in eliminating difficulties in the urging of his superior rights and the carrying out of his scheme. Mrs. Sudley's heart sank as she caught a significant gleam from the boy's eyes, he too appreciated this disastrous policy, this virtual surrender before a blow was struck.

"An' Ty ain't afeard o' bars," she silently commented, "nor wolves, nor wind, nor lightning, nor man in enny kind o' a free fight; but bekase he dun'no' how the *law* stands, an' air afeard the law *mought* be able ter take Lee-yander, he jes sets thar ez pitiful ez a lost kid, fairly ready ter blate aloud."

She descried the covert triumph twinkling amongst the wrinkles and the sparse light lashes of Nehemiah's eyes as he droned on an ever lengthening account of his experiences since leaving the county.

"It's a mighty satisfyin' thing ter be well off in yearthly goods an' chattels," said Laurelia, with sudden inspiration. "Ty, thar, is in debt."

For Uncle Nehemiah had been dwelling unctuously upon the extent to which it had pleased the Lord to prosper him. His countenance fell suddenly. His discomfiture was twofold in her unexpected disclosure, in that it furnished a reason for Tyler's evident depression of spirits, and demolished the augury that his manner had afforded as to the success of the guest's mission, and furthermore, to Nehemiah's trafficking soul, it suggested that a money consideration might be exacted to mollify the rigors of parting.

For Nehemiah Yerby had risen to the dignities, solvencies and responsibilities of opening a store at the cross-roads in Kildeer County. It was a new and darling enterprise with him, and his mind and speech could not long be wiled away from the subject. This abrupt interjection of a new element into his cogitations gave him pause, and he did not observe the sudden rousing of Tyler Sudley from his reverie and the glance of indignant reproach which he cast on his wife. No man, however meek, or however bowed down with sorrow, will bear unmoved a gratuitous mention of his debts, it seems to wound him with all the rancor of insult, and to enrage him with the hopelessness of adequate retort or reprisal. It is an indignity, like taunting a ghost with cock crow, or exhorting a clergyman to repentance. He flung himself all at once into the conversation, to bar and baffle any renewed allusion to that subject, and it was accident rather than intention which made him grasp Nehemiah in the vise of a quandary also.

"Ye say ye got a store an' a stock o' truck, Nehemiah. Air ye ekal ter keepin' store an' sech?" he demanded speculatively, with an inquiring and doubtful corrugation of his brows, from which a restive lock of hair was flung backward like the toss of a horse's mane.

"I reckon so," Nehemiah sparely responded, blinking at him across the fireplace.

"An' ye say ye hev applied fur the place o' postmaster?" Tyler prosed on. "All that takes a power o' knowledge—readin' an' writin' an' cipherin' an' sech. How air ye expectin' ter hold out, 'kase I know ye never hed no mo' larnin' than me, an' I war acquainted with ye till ye war thirty years old an' better?"

The tenor of this discourse did not comport with his customary suavity and tactful courtesy toward a guest, but he was much harassed and had lost his balance. He had a vague idea that Mrs. Sudley hung upon the flank of the conversation with a complete summary of amounts, dates, and names and he sought to balk this in its inception. Moreover, his forbearance with Nehemiah, with his presence, his personality, his mission, had begun to wane. Bitter reflections might fill the time were he suffered to be silent, but since a part in the conversation had been made necessary, he had for it no honeyed words.

"I'd make about ez fit a postmaster, I know, ez that thar old owel a hootin' out yander. I could look smart an' sober like him, but that's 'bout all the far my school-larnin' kerried me, an' youth didn't reach ter the nex' mile post—an' that I know."

Nehemiah's thin lips seemed dry. More than once his tongue appeared along their verges as he nervously moistened them. His small eyes had brightened with an excited look, but he spoke very slowly, and to Laurelia it seemed guardedly.

"I tuk ter my book arterward, Brother Sudley. I applied myself ter larnin' vigorous. Bein' ez I seen the Lord's hand war liberal with the gifts o' this worl', I wanted ter stir myself ter deserve the good things."

Sudley brought down the fore legs of his chair to the floor with a thump. Despite his anxiety a slow light of ridicule began to kindle on his face; his curling lip showed his strong white teeth.

"Waal, by gum! 'n mus' hev been a sight ter be seen! Ye, forty or fifty years old, a settin' on the same seat with the chil'n at the deestric' school, an' a-compein' with the leetle tadpoles fur 'Baker an' Shady' an' sech!"

He was about to break forth with a guffaw of great relish when Nehemiah spoke hastily, forestalling the laughter.

"Naw, Abner Todd war thar fur a good while las' winter a-visitin' his sister, an' he hem an gin me lessons an' set me copies thar at my house, an' I larnt a heap."

Leander lifted his head suddenly. The amount of progress possible in this desultory and limited application he understood only too well. He had not learned so much himself to be unaware how much in time and labor learning costs. The others perceived no incongruity. Sudley's face was florid with pride and pleasure, and his wife's, all unconscious, reflected the glow.

"Ab Todd at the cross-roads! Then he mus' hev tole ye 'bout Lee-yander hyar an' his larnin'. Ab tole, I know."

Nehemiah drew his breath in quickly. His twinkling eyes sent out the keenest glance of suspicion, but the gay, affectionate, vaunting laugh, as Tyler Sudley turned around and clapped the boy a ringing blow on his slender shoulder, expressed only the plenitude of his simple vainglory.

"Lee-yander hyar *knows it all!*" he boasted. "Old Ab himself don't know no mo'! I'll be bound, old Ab went a braggin'—hey, Lee-yander?"

But the boy shrank away a trifle, and his smile was mechanical as he silently eyed his relative.

"Ab 'lowed he war tur'ble disobejient," said Nehemiah, after a pause and cautiously allowing himself to follow in the talk, "an' gi'n over ter playin' the fiddle." He hesitated for a moment, longing to stigmatize its ungodliness, but the recollection of Tyler Sudley's uncertain temper decided him, and he left it unmolested. "But Ab 'lowed ye war middlin' quick at figgers, Lee-yander—middlin' quick at figgers!"

Leander, still silent and listening, flushed slightly. This measured praise was an offence to him, but he looked up brightly and obediently when his uncle wagged an uncouthly sportive head (Nehemiah's anatomy lent itself to the gay and graceful with much reluctance), thrust his hands into his pockets, and, tilting himself back in his chair, continued.

"I'll 'try ye, sonny—I'll try ye. How much air nine times seven?—nine times seven?"

"Forty-two!" replied the boy, with a bright docile countenance fixed upon his relative.

There was a pause. "Right!" exclaimed Nehemiah, to the relief of Sudley and his wife, who had trembled during the pause, for it seemed so threatening. They smiled at each other, forgetting that the examination meant aught more serious than a display of their prodigy's learning.

"An', now, how much air twelve times eight?" demanded Nehemiah.

"Sixty-six!" came the answer, quick as lightning.

"Right, sir, every time!" cried Nehemiah with a glow of genuine exultation, as he brought down the fore legs of the chair to the floor, and the two Sudleys laughed aloud with pleasure.

Leander saw them all distorted and grimacing while the room swam round. The scheme was clear enough to him now. The illiterate Nehemiah, whose worldly prosperity had outstripped his mental qualifications, had bethought himself of filling the breach with his nephew, given away as surplusage in his burdensome infancy, but transformed into a unique utility under the tutelage of Abner Todd. It was his boasting of his froward pupil, doubtless, that had suggested the idea, and Leander understood now that he was to do the work of the store and the post-office under the nominal incumbency of this unlettered lout. Had the whole transaction been open and acknowledged, Leander would have had scant appetite for the work under this master, but he revolted at the flimsy contemptible sham, he bitterly resented the innuendoes against the piety of the Sudleys, not that he cared for piety, save in the abstract, he was daunted by the brutal ignorance, the doltish insufficiency of the imposture that had so readily accepted his patently false answers to the simple questions. He had a sort of crude reverence for education, and it had seemed to him a very serious matter to take such liberties with the multiplication table. He valued, too, with a boy's stalwart vanity, his reputation for great learning, and he would not have lightly jeopardized it did he not esteem the crisis momentous. He knew not what he feared. The fraud of the intention, the groundless claim to knowledge, made Nehemiah's scheme seem multifariously guilty in some sort, while Tyler Sudley and his wife, albeit no wiser mathematically, had all the sanctions of probity in their calm unpretending ignorance.

"Ef Cap'n or Neighbor wanted ter run a post office on my larnin', or ter keep store, they'd be welcome, but I won't play stalkin' horse fur that ther man's still-hunt, sues en shootin'," he said to himself.

The attention which he bent upon the conversation thenceforth was an observation of its effect rather than its matter. He saw that he was alone in his discovery. Neither Sudley nor his wife had perceived any connection between the store, the prospective post-office, and the desire of the illiterate would be postmaster to have his erudite nephew restored to his care.

It may be that the methods of his "Neighbor" and the "Captain" in the rearing of Leander, the one with unbridled leniency, the other with spurious severity and affected indifference, had combined to foster self reliance and decision of character, or it may be that these qualities were inherent traits. At all events he encountered the emergency without an instant's hesitation. He felt no need of counsel. He had no doubts. He carried to his pallet in the roof room no vacillations and no problems. His resolve was taken. For a time, as he listened to the movements belowstairs, the sound of voices still rose, drowsy as the hour waxed late; the light that flickered through the cracks in the puncheon flooring gradually dulled, and presently a harsh grating noise acquainted him with the fact that Sudley was shovelling the ashes over the embers; then the tentlike attic was illumined only by the moonlight admitted through the little square window at the gable end—so silent, so still it seemed that it too slept like the silent house. The winds slumbered amidst the mute woods, a bank of cloud that he could see from his lowly couch lay in the south becalmed. The bird's song had ceased. It seemed to him as he lifted himself on his elbow that he had never known the world so hushed. The rustle of the quilt of gay glazed calico was of note in the quietude; the contact of his bare foot with the floor was hardly a sound, rather an annotation of his weight and his movement, yet in default of all else the sense of hearing marked it. His scheme seemed impracticable as for an instant he wavered at the head of the ladder that served as a stairway, the next moment his foot was upon the rungs, his light lithe figure slipping down it like a shadow. The room, all eclipsed in a brown and dusky red medium, the compromise between light and darkness that the presence of the embers fostered, was vaguely visible to him. He was hardly sure whether he saw the furniture all in place or whether he knew its arrangement so well that he seemed to see. Suddenly, as he laid his hand on the violin on the wall, it became visible, its dark red wood richly glowing against the brown logs and the tawny clay daubing. A tiny white flame had shot up in the midst of the gray ashes, revealing him standing with the cherished object in his cautious hand, his excited eyes, dilated and expectant, searching the room apprehensively, while a vague thrill of a murmur issued from the instrument, as if the spirit of music within it had been wakened by his touch—too vague, too faintly elusive for the dormant and somewhat dull perceptions of Nehemiah Yerby, calmly slumbering in state in the best room.

The faint jet of flame was withdrawn in the ashes as suddenly as it had shot forth, and in the ensuing darkness, deeper for the contrast with that momentary illumination, it was not even a shadow that deftly mounted the ladder again and emerged into the sheeny twilight of the moonlit roof room. He was somehow withheld for a moment motionless at the window; it may have been by compunction, it may have been by regret, if it be possible to the very young to definitely feel either. There was an intimation of pensive farewell in his large illumined eyes as they rested on the circle of familiar things about him—the budding trees, the well with its great angular sweep against the sky, the still sward, the rail fences glistening with the dew, the river with the moonlight in a silver blazonry on its lustrous dark surface, the encompassing shadows of the gloomy mountains. There was no sound, not even amongst the shadows, he could hear naught but the pain of parting throbbing in his heart, and from the violin a faint continuous susurrus, as if it murmured half asleep memories of the melodies that had thrilled its waking moments. It necessitated careful handling as he deftly let himself out of the window, the bow held in his mouth, the instrument in one arm, while the other hand clutched the boughs of a great holly tree close beside the house. It was only the moonlight on those smooth lustrous leaves, but it seemed as if smiling white faces looked suddenly down from amongst the shadows at this lonely hour, with none awake to see, what strange things may there not be astir in the world, what unmeasured, unknown forces, sometimes felt through the dulling sleep of mortals and then called dreams! As he stood breathless upon the ground the wind awoke. He heard it race around the corner of the house, bending the lilac bushes, and then it softly buffeted him full in the face and twirled his hat on the ground. As he stooped to pick it up he heard whispers and laughter in the lustrous boughs of the holly, and the gleaming faces shifted with the shadows. He looked fearfully over his shoulder; the rising wind might waken some inmate of the house. His "Neighbor" was, he knew, solicitous about the weather and suspicious of its intentions lest it not hold fine till all the oats be sown. A pang wrung his heart; he remembered the long line of seasons when, planting corn in the pleasant spring days, his "Neighbor" had opened the furrow, and the "Captain" had followed dropping the grains, and he had brought up the rear with his hoe covering them over, while the birds sang high in the air, and the mild sun shone, and the wind kept the shadows a-flicker, and the blackbird and the crow, complacently and craftily watching them from afar, seemed the only possible threatening of evil in all the world. He hastened to stiffen his resolve. He had need of it. Tyler Sudley had said that he did not know how the law stood, and for himself, he was not willing to risk his liberty on it. He gazed apprehensively upon the little batten shutter of the window of the room where Nehemiah Yerby slept, expecting to see it slowly swing open and discover him there. It did not stir, and gathering resolution from the terrors that had beset him when he fancied his opportunity threatened, he ran like a frightened deer fleetly down the road and plunged into the dense forest. The wind kept him company, rollicking, quickening, coming and going in fitful gusts. He heard it die away, but now and again it was rustling amongst a double file of beech-trees all up the mountain-side. He saw the commotion in their midst the effect of swift movement as the scant foliage fluttered, then the white branches of the trees all a-swaying like glistening arms flung upward, as if some bevy of dryads sped up the hill in elusive rout through the fastnesses.

The next day ushered in a commotion and excitement unparalleled in the history of the little log cabin. When Leander's absence was discovered, and inquiry of the few neighbors and search of the vicinity proved fruitless, the fact of his flight and its motive were persistently forced upon Nehemiah Yerby's reluctant perceptions, with the destruction of his cherished scheme as a necessary sequence. With some wild craving for vengeance he sought to implicate Sudley as accessory to the mysterious disappearance. He found some small measure of solace in stumping up and down the floor before the hearth, furiously railing at the absent host, for Sudley had not yet relinquished the bootless quest, and indignantly upbraiding the forlorn, white-faced, grief-stricken Laurelia, who sat silent and stony, her faded eyes on the fire, heedless of his words. She held in her lap sundry closely rolled knitted balls—the boy's socks that she had so carefully made and darned. A pile of clothing lay at her feet. He had carried nothing but his fiddle and the clothes he stood in, and if she had had more tears she could have wept for his improvidence, for the prospective tatters and rents that must needs befall him in that unknown patchless life to which he had betaken himself.

Nehemiah Yerby argued that it was Sudley who had prompted the whole thing; he had put the boy up to it, for Leander was not so lacking in feeling as to flee from his own blood relation. But he would set the law to spy them out. He would be back again, and soon.

He may have thought better of this presently, for he was in great haste to be gone when Tyler Sudley returned, and to his amazement in a counterpart frame of mind, charging Nehemiah with the responsibility of the disaster. It was strange to Laurelia that she, who so strove to fix her mind on religious things, should so relish the aspect of Ty Sudley in his secular rage on this occasion.

"Ye let we uns hev him whilst so leetle an' helpless, but now that he air so fine growed an' robustious ye want ter git some work outa him an' he hev runned away an' tuk ter the woods terrified by the very sight of ye," he averred. "He'll never kem back; no, he'll never kem back, fur he'll 'low ez ye would kem an' take him home with you, an' now the Lord only knows whar he is, an' what will become of him."

(Continued on page 915.)

FOREIGN COMMISSIONERS IN THE 12,000-ACRE WHEAT FIELD NEAR LARIMORE, NORTH DAKOTA.—[See Page 919.]

THE NEW TORPEDO-BOAT.

The art of torpedo boat warfare is strangely analogous to the science of leading a forlorn hope—if the conduct of such an undertaking may be called a matter of principle. Almost always the torpedo-boat attacks a vessel many times superior in point of size and strength of guns, and while the approach is usually under cover of darkness, the search-lights of the enemy may discover the advancing craft long before a torpedo may be launched, yet while the torpedo-boat is directly exposed to the fire of the foe's guns.

It is only in the awful capabilities of the torpedo that an excuse is found for building this style of boat, whose chance of success is one out of many opportunities for failure and complete annihilation. With the odds so fearfully against the torpedo-boat everything about her must contribute to the possible utilization of that small offensive margin, limited in the number of chances to three, but in effect equal to the destruction of the largest battle-ship afloat; and in the *Ericsson*, now building at Dubuque, Iowa, is represented the most advanced phase of this type of vessel. She is, in fact, the first sea going war vessel to be built inland, and it is a matter of great satisfaction to the Navy Department that an establishment in the interior should have proved capable of constructing a boat of the *Ericsson's* destructive quality at a point far removed from the chance of foreign naval interruption.

This boat will have a speed of twenty-four knots an hour, and will carry three Whitehead torpedo tubes, one at the stem and two diverging deck tubes aft on training circles, the torpedoes being propelled through the water by compressed air.

The torpedoes of the present, except in the principle of destructiveness, in no wise resemble the torpedoes of the late war. To-day they seem endowed with a certain intelligence that guides them against wind and tide to the object of their search with a malignant purpose of death and demolition. They are tiny vessels in themselves, actuated by miniature mechanism of great power and delicacy, guided by self adjusting rudders that automatically compensate for the variations of submarine pressures, and bearing a head charged with the deadly force of 150 pounds of gun cotton—a material three times as powerful as powder.

Besides her three torpedo-tubes, the *Ericsson* carries four 1 pounder rapid-fire guns, whose mission is to repel the attack of other torpedo-boats, light craft, and other less powerful vessels.

The factor of surprise is the essential requisite for success, combined with undaunted courage and determination. Under the cover of a fog, a cloud, or general darkness, the dull gray mass of the torpedo-boat will steal upon the enemy until fairly within reach of her quest or until discovered by the foe. Then, at full speed, with funnels aflame and a big "boom in her teeth," she will dash directly at the enemy, amidst a shower of bullets and small shell. When fairly within effective range a final puff of powder and a long streak of phosphorescence will mark the passage of the fishlike projectile; a dull reverberating sound, a column of water a hundred feet high, and the torpedo has struck the foe beneath the water line, and a rushing torrent of water is pouring into the fatal gap which has been torn in her side.

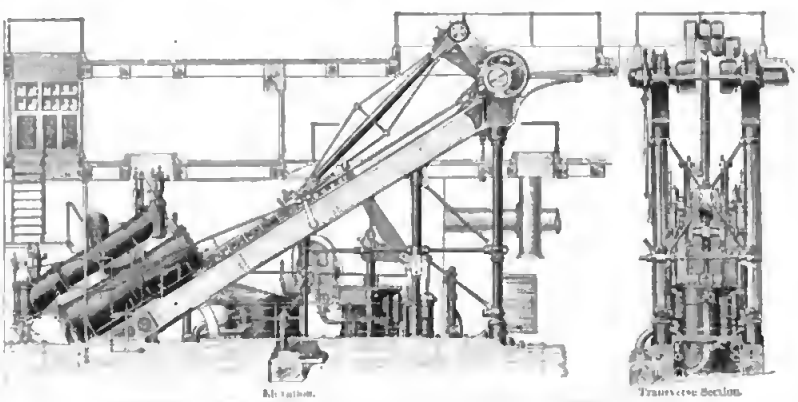
The *Ericsson* will be finished in a few months. She was authorized by the act of Congress of June 30, 1890, and the contract price is $113,500.

In order the better to show the marvellous strides that have recently been made in marine engineering, the engines of the *Ericsson* are here shown contrasted with those of the United States steamship *Powhatan*. The engines of the *Powhatan* are of the marine type of side wheel of the period (1848), wholly designed and directed by Charles H. Haswell, then engineer-in-chief of the navy. They were operated under a steam pressure of 15 pounds per square inch, and made 16 revolutions per minute, developing a speed of 11 knots per hour.

The engines of the *Ericsson* are also those of a marine type and of a propeller of the present time, operated under a pressure of 250 pounds per square inch, and making 412 revolutions per minute, developing a speed of 24 knots. They were designed by Commodore George W. Melville, chief of the Bureau of Steam-engineering.

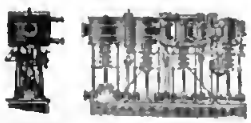
These two examples, each the best of its own date, show very clearly in what lines progress has been attained. Another very important factor is the use of improved material. Half a century ago the steel forgings and steel castings now in use were not available, and in the *Powhatan's* engines cast iron is used in many places where steel is used in the *Ericsson*.

The old style boilers were operated under natural draught, burning only 12 to 15 pounds of coal per hour per square foot of grate. The *Ericsson* has tubulous boilers composed almost entirely of small thin tubes, containing very little water, and they are worked under forced draught, burning as much as 60 to 75 pounds of coal per hour per square foot of grate. The skill of the engineer is shown in employing to the best advantage the materials and resources at his disposal. In each of the cases illustrated a master of his profession has done the best possible with the means at his command. The great advance shown demonstrates what a half-century has done in improving materials and methods.



Elevation. Transverse Section.

ENGINES OF THE UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "POWHATAN," 1848—HORSE-POWER, 1172.



Transverse Section. Elevation.

ENGINES OF THE UNITED STATES TORPEDO-BOAT "ERICSSON," 1891.—HORSE-POWER, 1600.

SCALE-DRAWINGS SHOWING RELATIVE SIZES OF ANTIQUE AND MODERN MARINE ENGINES.

THE UNITED STATES TORPEDO-BOAT "ERICSSON."—Drawn by R. O. Skerrett.

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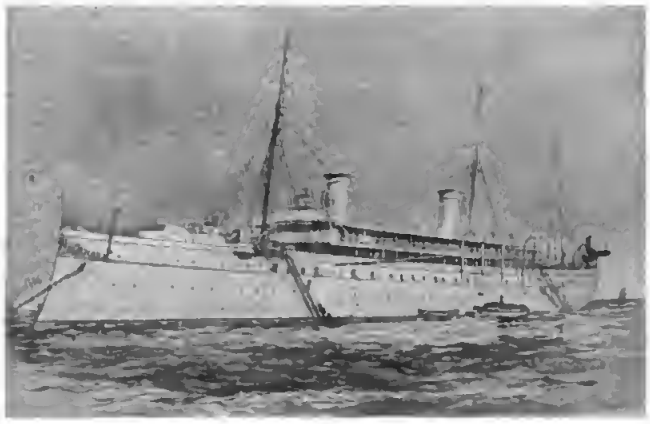


THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S YACHT "HOHENZOLLERN."

THREE FAMOUS YACHTS.

Among the crowned heads of the world none have so great an interest for Americans as those of the Queen of the English and the Emperor of the Germans. Both of them have a special interest at the present time because they belong to the royal fraternity of yacht owners. If it is true, and every poet says it is, that love levels all ranks, it is quite as true that yachting does so. At this moment the largest and finest yacht in the world lies at anchor in American waters, and belongs to an American citizen. She is larger than the Emperor William's steam yacht *Hohenzollern*, and also larger than Queen Victoria's private steamer *Victoria and Albert*. W. K. Vanderbilt is her owner, and her name is *Valiant*.

Last summer Mr. Vanderbilt's steamer *Alva* was wrecked by a collision near the shoals of Nantucket. Her owner at once gave orders to St. Clair Byrne, the famous English designer, to draw the lines of a yacht which should be the largest and handsomest in the world. The building contract was given to Laird Brothers, of Birkenhead. On May 31 the yacht was launched, and was christened by Lady Alva Montagu, daughter of the Duchess of Manchester. Her fittings were completed in July, and at noon of Wednesday, August 16th, she left Glasgow, her owner and his secretary, W. S. Hoyt, being passengers. She passed Sandy Hook 8 days and 21 hours later, having encountered severe head winds and seas, in which she behaved admirably. On her trial trip she reached 17½ knots an hour, and had the weather been favorable she would doubtless have made the voyage across in about seven days.

The *Valiant* is brig-rigged, and carries one large yellow smoke stack. She is 332 feet long over all, 310 feet long between perpendiculars, 39 feet 3 inches extreme beam, and 25 feet 6 inches moulded depth. Her tonnage is 2400. She is propelled by twin screws, driven by engines capable of developing 4500 horse-power. The screws are made of bronze and steel. There are two sets of triple-expansion engines, with cylinders of 23, 36, and 60 inches diameter, and 36 inches stroke.

The interior fittings and decorations of the yacht are not equalled by those of any other vessel afloat. The main saloon, which is 38 feet long, and extends all the way across the boat, is decorated in the Louis Quatorze style, by the Messrs Cuzel, of Paris. The wood-work is entirely covered with exquisite high relief carving, finished in gold and white enamel. The Chippendale chairs, sofas, and sideboards are all inlaid with brass, and the upholstery is of crimson velvet. The yacht has also a beautiful library, which is finished in rich dark walnut, unpolished. The fireplace in this room is one of the gems of the yacht's fittings. For the benefit of those who are curious as to prices, it may be stated that the carpet cost $15 a yard. Mrs. Vanderbilt's apartments, consisting of sitting-room, bedroom, and bath, are magnificently furnished. Miss Vanderbilt has her own room, fitted in the Cawthorne style, and adorned with a ceiling of Tynecastle work. Mr. Vanderbilt's apartments are equally beautiful, and the visitors' rooms are very handsome. It is worthy of note that every pipe in the ship is copper, and every basin has its own steam pipe for cleansing. The yacht carries a crew of 62 men. Of these 20 are seamen, 22 in the engine department, and the rest cooks and stewards.

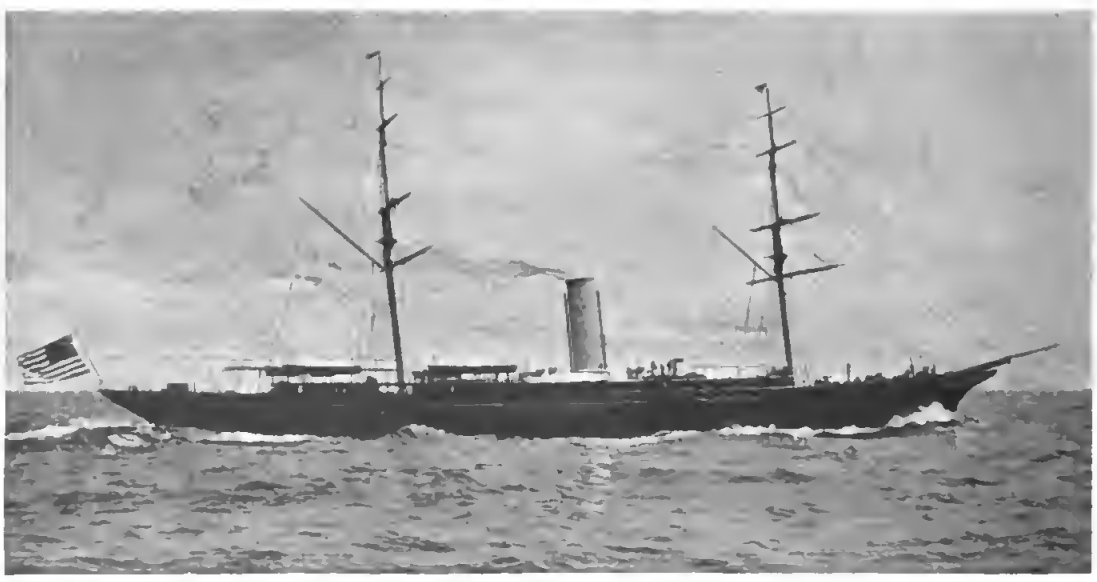
Queen Victoria's yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, was built at Pembroke in 1854. She is a paddle-wheel steamer, 300 feet long, 40 feet 4 inches in beam, and of 16 feet draught. She is built of wood, sheathed with copper. She cost originally £130,447, and about £310,000 has since been expended on her. The interior arrangements and the decorations were designed by Prince Albert. There are several small but comfortable sitting-rooms on the promenade-deck, where there is also a handsome dining-saloon with three large windows and a skylight. This room is finished in green morocco; and the ceiling, to carry out the general design of the yacht's decorations, is painted in white and gold.

The state apartments are below, on either side of a corridor, and are furnished with a chintz designed by Prince Albert. The Queen's cabins are on the starboard side. Her Majesty reposes in an old-fashioned bedstead with pillars and a canopy. Next to this room is Prince Albert's dressing-room, which is kept as it was during his life. There are cabins aft of her Majesty's and on the other side of the ship for the use of any of the royal family who may be on board. The breakfast room is also aft, and the drawing-room, furnished very handsomely in bird-eye maple, is forward. The yacht is lighted with electricity, except in the Queen's own cabins.

The *Hohenzollern*, the Emperor William's steam-yacht, is in reality a naval despatch vessel, and is therefore a comparatively plain craft. She is 250 feet long, 30 feet wide, and has a draught of 12 feet. Her speed is about 14½ knots an hour. Her cabins are very comfortable, but they are plain. Perhaps the most interesting thing about her is the speech which the Emperor made at her launching. It was thoroughly characteristic.

He called attention to her light and slender build, and said that it was an indication of her devotion to peace. He continued thus: "This vessel shall bear the name of the citadel in Spandau which gave its name to the royal race with which I am connected. My aims are to work with my people, to devote my life to labor for my people, and to march to battle at the head of my people. I christen thee *Hohenzollern*."

QUEEN VICTORIA'S YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."



W. K. VANDERBILT'S YACHT "VALIANT."

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—SECTION OF A GREAT OCEAN STEAMSHIP IN THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING
DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE JOHNSON FAMILY VISITS THE VILLAGE OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

MR. JOHNSON "DOES YOU SPEAK INGLISH?"
THE NATIVE "YES, DOES YOU?" (*The big Samoan to whom Mr. J. is addressing himself speaks English well. He weighs 240 pounds.*)

CALIFORNIA'S MIDWINTER FAIR.

THURSDAY, the 24th of August, marked the beginning of active operations on the California Midwinter International Exposition, generally known by the more convenient name of Midwinter Fair. On that day at least eighty thousand people assembled at the site chosen for the exposition in Golden Gate Park to witness the turning of the first spadeful of earth and the actual commencement of grading for the exposition buildings to be erected.

The idea of a midwinter fair in San Francisco had its birth in the minds of a few Californians who were at the World's Fair in Chicago. Prominent among these were M. H. De Young, Robert McMurray, Homer S. King, I. C. Dunphy, James D. Phelan, Isaac Trumbo, and William Irelan. These gentlemen resolved themselves into a representative committee, and thereupon decided that California should have a midwinter fair. This decision was reached on the first day of June, and on the twenty-fourth day of August the necessary funds to guarantee the success of the exposition had been secured, plans for buildings had been presented and accepted, a complete set of rules for classification and installation of exhibits prepared and published, contracts let for grading and excavating, and ground actually broken.

As in all such undertakings, one of the leading questions was that of money. As soon as an organization could be effected in San Francisco, which was accomplished under the auspices of Mayor Ellert and a committee of fifty citizens of his selection, an executive committee was chosen, consisting of M. H. De Young (who was at once elected President and Director-General), Irwin C. Stump, R. B. Mitchell, P. N. Lilienthal, and A. Andrews from the city, and E. J. Gregory, J. H. Neff, F. G. Berry, and J. S. Slausan from the interior of the State, and a finance committee formed, with General W. H. L. Barnes at its head. The finance committee had secured subscriptions amounting to $400,000 before the first spadeful of earth was turned.

The first important work under the auspices of the executive committee was done in its conference with the Park Commissioners on Sunday, July 9th, when the site was formally given by the commissioners and accepted by the committee. It is a domain in itself, consisting of sixty acres in the very heart of the great reservation. The conference between commission and committee revealed the fact that the fair had become a popular demand, and that even the most conservative forces in the community were ready to give way.

The Southern Pacific Railroad by permission of the authorities of the city, will run a spur track into the park and up to the site of the fair so that exhibits brought across the continent can be delivered without transshipment. This is a marked feature for the directors already have ample assurances of the forwarding of several thousand foreign exhibits from Chicago to the California Midwinter Fair, and the real difficulty will be in making a selection among those that will be offered.

In this connection it is not right to call attention to the prompt action of Congress in passing the bill extending the non-dutiable exemption to exhibits for the Midwinter Fair. The bill passed both Houses of Congress by unanimous consent within twenty-four hours after its introduction.

The question is sometimes asked, "What is the use of the Midwinter Fair? What do its promoters and friends hope or expect to accomplish?" They expect to show the people of California and of the whole Pacific coast a selection of some of the choicest exhibits from the World's Fair, and they expect to show to several hundred thousands of visitors from east of the Sierra Nevada Mountains the wonderful, marvellous, boundless resources of California as they have never been exhibited before. Winter trips to California are coming into favor more and more all the time with those who live in the regions of frost and snow and ice and sleet, and they propose to show such visitors during the coming winter and spring that there is something in California besides climate. The Midwinter Fair, it is to be noted, is not a San Francisco fair, though it is held there. It is a California fair, and every part of the State will contribute to make such a display, between January and June of next year, as was never seen before.

It will not be out of place in this connection to say a few words about the so-called "rainy season" in California, which many people who have never visited the State in the winter imagine to be a continual downpour from the 1st of November to the 1st of May. There have been kept in this city accurate tables of rainfall, covering a period of forty years, and showing the number of days in each month of each year on which any rain has fallen. There have been fourteen Januarys in which there were not more than eight rainy days, and never but three in which there were more than sixteen rainy days. It is fair to say that in the ninety days between January 1st and April 1st there will not be more than twenty-four days on which any rain will fall.

Of the winter climate of San Francisco it is only justice to the city to say that when the weather is pleasant there is no more delightful time of the year, and there is a total absence of the sea fogs and rasping salt-laden winds which many people find so disagreeable in the summer. "Winter" in California is largely a conventional term, and need not frighten any one away.

While the housing of the exhibits at the coming exposition is attracting much interest, an attempt will be made to rival the palaces of the White City. The largest building will be the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building—A. Page Brown, architect—which will be 450 feet long and 250 feet wide, with a height of 55 feet. It will be of Moorish design, and will possess the picturesqueness which is so readily obtainable in this style of architecture. The roof will be covered with ruled metal tiles, and the building will be lighted from the roof and the sides. The materials used in the construction will be wood, plaster, and cement. The exterior will be of a cream white, with the roof in pleasing contrast, while in the corridors more glowing colors will be introduced. The estimated cost of the building is about $105,000.

The next building in importance is the Mechanic Arts Building, for which the design made by E. H. Swain has been accepted. This building is East Indian in style, following the methods in vogue in Delhi, Bombay, and other Indian cities. The building will be 324 feet in length by 160 feet in depth, and about 60 feet in height. In the rear will be an annex 246 feet by 35, to be used as a power house, space being provided for thirty boilers of 100 horse power each. The building will be coated with staff, and the roof over the central portion will be gilded. The estimated cost of this building is $75,000.

The Administration Building—A. Page Brown, architect—is in Byzantine Gothic style, with much that is Moresque in the ornamentation. In plan it is square, with hexagonal towers on the corners, each surmounted by a small dome. From the centre of the building, and conveying the impression of receiving its support from the four small towers, is a large hexagonal tower, bearing a fine dome in general outline similar to the small ones. Each tower has a projecting battlement, and there is a garden on the roof all round the big dome. The domes will be colored in gilt bronze, and the coloring will be Byzantine in its richness. The entire structure will be of wood and plaster, and will not be an expensive one in view of its elaborate ornamentation.

The Agricultural and Horticultural Building is another example of the "Moslem" type, which has been brought into prominence by the Leland Stanford Junior University at Palo Alto, in California, and by the California State Building at the World's Fair. Samuel Newsom, the architect, has made excellent use of the flexibility which pertains to this style of architecture. The building, as the illustration shows, may be said to be in three parts, one of which is an annex in the form of a red-wood tower 80 feet high and 25 feet square, which is to be connected with the main building by a bridge. Of the main building, the portion next the tower will be rectangular in form, with an open court in the centre. This portion is intended particularly for agricultural exhibits, and in its spacious galleries the products of the field and market garden will be exhibited. The remainder of the building will be covered by a huge dome 100 feet in diameter and 100 feet high. Around it will be a roof garden, and within it the treasures of the garden can be displayed. The building will be 400 feet long and 200 feet wide, and its cost is estimated at $70,000.

C. C. McDougall's Fine Arts Building is notable for quaintness and originality of design. It is fire-proof, being constructed of brick, to insure the safety of the valuable sculpture, paintings, and other works of art it is to contain. The building will be 60 feet wide, 120 feet long, and 40 feet high. It is a collective illustration of the art of building as practised by the Egyptians. The entrance is flanked by full columns grotesquely ornamented, which in the second story take the form of, or give place to, elephants. A small pyramid surmounts the vestibule. The columns will be of wood, on the outside of a plain, solid, rectangular, fire-proof brick structure. The blank walls will be decorated in Egyptian style. The estimated cost of the structure is about $70,000. It will be lighted entirely from the roof.

There will also be a pleasance, which will have many of the interesting features of its prototype in Jackson Park.

In line, excepting only the great Philadelphia and Chicago expositions, the Midwinter Fair will be an enterprise such as has never been equalled in the United States.

MARCUS P. WOODS.

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(Continued from page 910.)

His anger and his tumultuous grief, his wild irrepressible anxiety for Leander's safety, convinced the crafty Nehemiah that he was no party to the boy's scheme. Sudley's sorrow was not of the kind that renders the temper pliable, and when Nehemiah sought to point a moral in the absence of the violin, and for the first time in Sudley's presence protested that he desired to save Leander from that device of the devil, the master of the house shook his inhospitable fist very close indeed to his guest's nose, and Yerby was glad enough to follow that feature unimpaired out to his horse at the bars saying little more.

He aired his views, however, at each house where he made it convenient to stop on his way home, and took what comfort there might be in the rôle of martyr. Leander was unpopular in several localities, and was esteemed a poor specimen of the skill of the Sudleys in rearing children. He had been pampered and spoiled, according to general report, and more than one of his successive interlocutors were polite enough to opine that the change to Nehemiah's charge would have been a beneficent opportunity for much-needed discipline. Nehemiah was not devoid of some skill in interrogatory. He contrived to elicit speculations without giving an intimation of unduly valuing the answer.

"He's 'mongst the moonshiners, I reckon," was the universal surmise. "He'll be mighty safe 'mongst them."

For where the still might be, or who was engaged in the illicit business, was even a greater mystery than Leander's refuge. Nothing more definite could be elicited than a vague rumor that some such work was in progress somewhere along the many windings of Hide-and-Seek Creek.

Nehemiah Yerby had never been attached to temperance principles, and, commercially speaking, he had thought it possible that whiskey on which no tax had been paid might be more profitably dispensed at his store than that sold under the sanctions of the government. These considerations, however, were as naught in view of the paralysis his interests and schemes had suffered in Leander's flight. He dwelt with dismay upon the possibility that he might secure the postmastership without the capable assistant whose services were essential. In this perverse sequence of events disaster to his application was more to be desired than success. He beheld himself browbeaten, humiliated, detected, a butt for the ridicule of the community, his pretensions in the dust, his pitiful imposture unmasked. And beyond these æsthetic considerations, the substantial emoluments of "keepin' store," with a gallant sufficiency of arithmetic to regulate prices and profits, were vanishing like the elusive matutinal haze before the noontide sun. Nehemiah Yerby groaned aloud, for the financial stress upon his spirit was very like physical pain. And in this inauspicious moment he bethought himself of that beneficent institution, the Revenue Department of the United States.

Now it has been held by those initiated into such mysteries that there is scant affinity between whiskey and water. Nevertheless, in this connection, Nehemiah Yerby developed an absorbing interest in the water-courses of the coves and adjacent mountains, especially their more remote and sequestered tributaries. He shortly made occasion to meet the county surveyor and ply him with questions touching the topography of the vicinity, cloaking the real motive under the pretence of an interest in water-power sufficient and permanent enough for the sawing of lumber, and professing to contemplate the erection of a saw-mill at the most eligible point. The surveyor had his especial vanity, and it was expressed in his frequent boast that he carried a complete map of the county graven upon his brain; he was wont to esteem it a gracious opportunity when a casual question in a group of loungers enabled him to display his familiarity with every portion of his rugged and mountainous bailiwick, which was indeed astonishing, even taking into consideration his consecutive incumbency for a number of terms, aided by a strong head for locality. Nehemiah Yerby's scheme was incalculably favored by this circumstance, but he found it unexpectedly difficult to support the figment which he had propounded as to his intentions. Fiction is one of the fine arts, and a mere amateur like Nehemiah is apt to fail in point of consistency. He was inattentive while the surveyor dilated on the probable value, the accessibility, and the relative height of the "fall" of the various sites, and their available water-power, and he put irrelevant queries concerning ineligible streams in other localities. No man comfortably mounted upon his hobby relishes an interruption. The surveyor would stop with a sort of bovine surprise, and break out in irritable parenthesis.

"That branch on the t'other side o' Defeat Ridge? Why, man alive, that thread o' water wouldn't turn a spider web."

Nehemiah, quaking under the glance of his keen questioning eye, would once more lapse into silence, while the surveyor, loving to do what he could do well, was lured on in his favorite subject by the renewed appearance of receptivity in his listener.

"Waal, ez I war a-sayin', I know every furlong o' the creeks once down in the Cove, an' all their meanderings, an' the best part o' them in the hills till you get amongst the laurel and the wildernesses. But now the ways of sech a stream ez Hide-an'-Seek Creek are past finding out. It's a 'sinking creek,' you know; goes along with a good volume and a swift current for a while to the west, then disappears into the yerth an' ain't seen fur five mile, then comes out agin running due north, makes a tremenjious jump—the Hoho-hebee Falls—then pops into the ground agin, an' ain't seen no more forever," he concluded, dramatically.

"How d'ye know it's the same creek?" demanded Nehemiah, sceptically and with a wrinkling brow.

"By settin' somethin' afloat on it before it sinks into the ground—a piece of marked bark or a shingle or the like—an' finding it agin after the stream comes out of the cavve," promptly replied the man of the compass, with a triumphant snap of the eye as if he entertained a certain pride in the vagaries of his untamed mountain friend. "Nobody knows how often it disappears nor where it rises, nor where it goes at last. It's got dozens of fust-rate millin' sites, but then it's too fur off fur you ter think about."

"Oh no, 'tain't!" exclaimed Nehemiah, suddenly.

The surveyor stared. "Why, you ain't thinkin' 'bout movin' up inter the wilderness ter live, an' ye jes applied fur the post-office down at the cross-roads? Ye can't run the post-office thar an' a saw-mill thirty mile away at the same time."

Nehemiah was visibly disconcerted. His wrinkled face showed the flush of discomfiture, but his craft rallied to the emergency.

"Moughtn't git the post-office, arter all's come an' gone. Nothin' is sartin in this vale o' tears."

"An' ye air goin' ter take ter the woods ef ye don't?" demanded the surveyor, incredulously. "Thought ye war goin' ter keep store?"

"Waal, I dunno'; jes talkin' round," said Nehemiah, posed beyond recuperation. "I mus' be a-joggin', ennyhow. Time's a-wastin'."

As he rode off hastily in the direction of his house, for this conversation had taken place at the blacksmith's shop at the cross-roads, the surveyor gazed after him much mystified.

"What is that old fox slyin' round after? He ain't studyin' 'bout no saw-mill, inquirin' round about all the out-o'-the-way water-power in the kentry fifty mile from whar he b'longs. He's a heap likelier to be goin' ter start a wild-cat still in them wild places—git his whiskey cheap ter sell in his store."

He shook his head sagely once for all, for the surveyor's mind was of the type prompt in reaching conclusions, and he was difficult to divert from his convictions.

A feature of the development of craft in a certain degree is the persuasion that this endowment is not shared. A fine world it would be if the Nehemiah Yerbys were as clever as they think themselves, and their neighbors as dull. He readily convinced himself that he had given no intimation that his objects and motives were other than he professed, and with unimpaired energy he went to work upon the lines which he had marked out for himself. A fine chase Hide-and-Seek Creek led him, to be sure, and it tried his enthusiasms to the uttermost. What affinity this brawling vagrant had for the briers and the rocks and the tangled fastnesses! Seldom, indeed, could he press in to its banks and look down upon its dimpled, laughing, heedless face without the sacrifice of fragments of flesh and garments left impaled upon the sharp spikes of the budding shrubs. Often it so intrenched itself amidst its dense woods, and the rocks and chasms of its craggy banks, that approach was impossible, and he followed it for miles only by the sound of its wild sweet woodland voice. And this, too, was a wayward fancy, now, in turbulent glee amongst the rocks, riotously chanting aloud, challenging the echoes, and waking far and near the forest quiet; and again it was merely a low restful murmur, intimating deep serene pools and a dallying of the currents, lapsed in the fulness of content. Then Nehemiah Yerby would be beset with fears that he would lose this whisper, and his progress was slight; he would pause to listen, hearing nothing, turning to right, to left, taking his way back through the labyrinth of the laurel to catch a thread of sound, a mere crystalline tremor, and once more follow this transient lure. As the stream came down a gorge at a swifter pace and in a succession of leaps—a glassy cataract visible here and there, airily sporting with rainbows, affiliating with ferns and moss and marshy growths, the bounding spray glittering in the sunshine—it flung forth continuously tinkling harmonies in clear crystal tones, so penetrating, so definitely melodic, that more than once, as he paced along on his jaded horse, he heard in their midst, without dissociating the sounds, the "ping-pang, ping-pang" of the violin he so condemned. He drew up at last, and strained his ear to listen. It did not become more distinct, always intermingled with the recurrent rhythm of the falling water, but always vibrating in subdued throbbings, now more acute, now less, as the undiscriminated melody ascended or descended the scale. It came from the yerth, of this he was sure, and thus he was reminded anew of the caves which Hide-and-Seek Creek threaded in its long course. There was some opening near by, doubtless, that led to subterranean passages, dry enough here, since it was the stream's whim to flow in the open sunshine instead of underground. He would have given much to search for it had he dared. His leathery, lean, loose cheek had a glow of excitement upon it; his small eyes glistened; for the first time in his life, possibly, he looked young. But he did not doubt that this was the stronghold of the illicit distillers, of whom one heard so much in the Cove and saw so little. A lapse of caution, an inconsiderate movement, and he might be captured and dealt with as a spy and informer.

Nevertheless his discovery was of scant value unless he utilized it further. He had always believed that his nephew had fled to the secret haunts of the moonshiners. Now he only knew it the more surely; and what did this avail him, and how aid in the capture of the recreant clerk and assistant postmaster? He hesitated a moment; then fixing the spot in his mind by the falling of a broad crystal sheet of water from a ledge some thirty feet high, by a rotting log at its base that seemed to rise continually, although the moving waterfall appeared motionless, by certain trees and their relative position, and the blue peaks on a distant skyey background of a faint cameo yellow, he slowly turned his horse's rein and took his way out of danger. It was chiefly some demonstration on the animal's part that he had feared. A snort, a hoof-beat, a whinny would betray him, and very liable was the animal to any of these expressions. One realizes how unnecessary is speech for the exposition of opinion when brought into contradictory relations with the horse which one rides or drives. All day had this animal snorted his doubts of his master's sanity, all day had he protested against these aimless, fruitless rambles; all day had he held back with a high head and a hard mouth on the rein, while whip and spur pressed him through laurel almost impenetrable and through crevices of crags almost impassable. For were there not all the fair roads of the county to pace and gallop upon if one must needs be out and jogging! Unseen objects, vaguely discerned to be moving in the leafage, affrighted the old plough-horse of the levels, infinitely reassured and whinnying with joyful relief when the head of horned cattle showed presently as the cause of the commotion. He would have given much a hundred times that day, and he almost said so a hundred times, too, to be at home, with the old bull-tongue plough behind him, running the straight rational furrow in the good bare open field, so mellow for corn, lying in the sunshine, inviting planting.

"Ef I git ye home wunst more, I'll be bound I'll leave ye thar," Nehemiah said, ungratefully, as they wended their way along, for without the horse he could not have traversed the vast distances of his search, however unwillingly the aid was given.

He annotated his displeasure by a kick in the ribs; and when the old farmer perceived that they were absolutely bound homeward, and that their aberrations were over for the present, he struck a sharp gait that would have done honor to his youthful days, for he had worn out several pairs of legs in Nehemiah's fields, and was often spoken of as being upon the last of those useful extremities. He stolidly shook his head, which he thought so much better than his master's, and bedtime found them twenty miles away and at home.

Nehemiah felt scant fatigue. He was elated with his project. He scented success in the air. It smelled like the season. It too was suffused with the urgent pungency of the rising sap, with the fragrance of the wild cherry, with the vinous promise of the orchard, with the richness of the mould, with the vagrant perfume of the early flowers.

He lighted a tallow dip, and he sat him down with writing materials at the bare table to indite a letter while all his household slept. The windows stood open to the dark night, and Spring hovered about outside, and lounged with her elbows on the sill, and looked in. He constantly saw something pale and elusive against the blackness, for there was no moon, but he thought it only the timid irradiation with which his tallow dip suffused the blossoming wands of an azalea, growing little and tall hard by. With this witness only he wrote the letter—an anonymous letter, and therefore he was indifferent to the inadequacies of his penmanship and his spelling. He labored heavily in its composition, now and then substituting printed characters for chirography, and perpetrating several portentous blots. He grew warm, although the fire that had served to cook supper had long languished under the bank of ashes. The tallow dip seemed full of caloric, and melted rapidly in long pendulous drippings. He now and again mopped his red face, usually so bloodless, with his big bandanna handkerchief, while all the zephyrs were fanning the flying tresses of Spring at the window, and the soft, sweet, delicately attuned vernal chorus of the marshes were tentatively running over *sotto voce* their allotted melodies for the season. Oh, it was a fine night outside, and why should a moth, soft-winged and cream-tinted and silken-textured, come whisking in from the dark, as silently as a spirit, to supervise Nehemiah Yerby's letter, and travel up and down the page all befouled with the ink? And as he sought to save the sense of those significant sentences from its trailing silken draperies, why should it rise suddenly, circling again and again about the candle, pass through the flame, and fall in quivering agonies once more upon the page? He looked at it, dead now, with satisfaction. It had come so very near ruining his letter—an important letter to a deputy marshal of the revenue force, who was known to be in a neighboring town, describing the lair of the illicit distillers. He had good reason to withhold his signature, for the name of the informer in the ruthless vengeance of the region would be as much as his life was worth. The moth had not spoiled the letter—the laborious letter; he was so glad of that! He saw no analogies, he received not even a subtle warning, as he sealed and addressed the envelope and affixed the postage-stamp. Then he snuffed out the candle with great satisfaction.

The next morning the missive was posted, and all Nehemiah Yerby's plans took a new lease of life. The information he had given would result in an immediate raid upon the place. Leander would be captured amongst the moonshiners, but his youth and his uncle's representations—for he would give the officers an inkling of the true state of the case—would doubtless insure the boy's release, and his restoration to those attractive commercial prospects which had been devised for him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FREDERICK L. AMES.

FREDERICK LOTHROP AMES, one of the best-known capitalists of New England, was found dead in his state-room on the Fall River steamboat *Pilgrim* upon her arrival in New York on Wednesday, September 13th. He had boarded the boat on the previous evening at Fall River in apparent health, and retired at an early hour, and not until some time after the boat had reached her pier was the state-room broken open and the body found. It was then evident that Mr Ames had passed away about the middle of the night, having been stricken with apoplexy.

Mr. Ames was born in Easton, Massachusetts, on June 8, 1835, the son of Oliver Ames and Sarah Lothrop. After receiving a course of education at Concord he went to the Phillips Exeter Academy, whence he entered Harvard College. At the age of nineteen he graduated, and entered upon a business life. His first position was that of a clerk in the North Easton Iron Works, but by degrees his executive abilities were recognized, and he received well-earned promotion. In 1863 the young man, through the death of his grandfather, became a member of the firm, which is now known as the Oliver Ames & Sons Corporation, in which he continued to hold his share until his death.

Mr. Ames, however, did not confine his talents to the business of his ancestors, but sought outside investments for his money. He became largely interested in railroads, and was a director in a number of roads while quite a young man. By judicious investment his fortune increased, and at the time of his death he was one of the best-informed men in the country on the subject of railroad management, and also among the richest men of New England. It is said that he held official connection with about fifty railroad companies, was the Vice-President of the Old Colony Railroad, a director in the Old Colony Steamship Company, and among the most prominent outside corporations held the positions of President of the First National Bank of North Easton, President of the North Easton Savings Bank, director in the New England Trust Company, in the Bay State Trust Company, in the American Loan and Trust Company, in the New York Mercantile Trust Company, the Western Union Telegraph Company, and the Chicago and Northwestern.

These many offices of trust and responsibility made Mr Ames a very busy man, but owing to the remarkable executive ability which he possessed and gave such early evidence of, he managed to do more than an ordinary man's work. He was a careful, reserved man in his business, full of dignity and moral strength, and earned the regard of all with whom he came in contact. It is estimated that he leaves a fortune in the neighborhood of $25,000,000.

In 1860 Mr. Ames married Rebecca, the daughter of James Blair, of St. Louis. Mrs. Ames and five children survive him, as follows: Helen Angier, now the wife of Robert C. Hooper; Oliver 2d, recently married to Miss Elise A. West; Lothrop; Mary Shreve Lothrop; and John Stanley. Outside of his business Mr. Ames was connected with many charitable institutions, and he and his wife are known and blessed for their many charities. Mr. Ames was particularly interested in the work of the Kindergarten for the Blind, to which he gave both time and money. Harvard College has also been the recipient of many gifts, having received from him over $50,000. In a number of other ways Mr. Ames made worthy use of his money, and his loss is severely felt in Boston and North Easton, where he resided. Apart from his busy life, he found recreation in the collection of art subjects and precious ware; and he was also an ardent floriculturist, having one of the finest greenhouses in the country.

M. P. SWEENEY, X. A. A.
World's Record, Indoor and Outdoor Running High Jumping, 6 feet 8½ inches, and 6 feet 6½ inches.

T. P. CONNEFF
World's Record, 1 mile, 4.17⅘.

JOHN OWEN, JUN., D. A. C.
World's Record, 100 yards, 9⅘ seconds.

C. T. HEEKIN, PASTIME A. C.
World's Record, Running Broad Jump, 23 feet, 6½ inches.

F. C. PUFFER.
Holds 120 yard Hurdle Championship, 15⅘ seconds, and 220 yard Hurdle Championship, 25⅘ seconds.

GEORGE R. GRAY, N. Y. A. C.
World's Record, 16-pound shot, 46 feet 7½ inches.

THEODORE LYCE, D. A. C.
Holds Pole Vault Championship at 11 feet.

H. M. JEWETT, D. A. C.
World's Record, 220 yards, 21⅘ seconds.

J. S. MITCHELL, N. Y. A. C.
World's Records, 16-pound hammer, 141 feet 9 inches, and 56-pound weight, 35 feet 6 inches.

WALTER DOHM, N. Y. A. C.
American Record, half-mile, 1.54⅘.

RECORD ATHLETES.—[See "Amateur Sport."]

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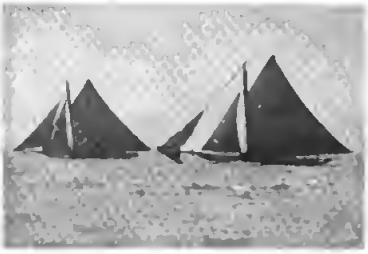
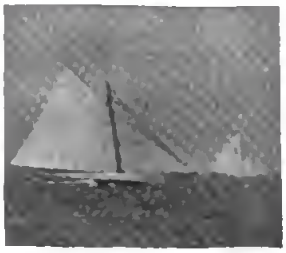


Vigilant. *Jubilee*
SEPTEMBER 7TH.—TWO MINUTES AFTER THE START—JUST BEFORE THE "JUBILEE" BROKE DOWN.

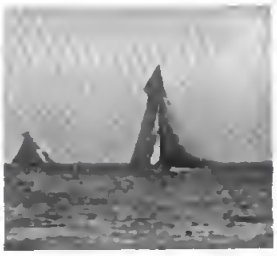


Vigilant. *Colonia.*
SEPTEMBER 7TH.—ONE HOUR AND THIRTY MINUTES OUT—"VIGILANT" SETTING TOPSAIL.

Colonia. *Vigilant.*
SEPTEMBER 7TH.—ROUNDING THE OUTER MARK.

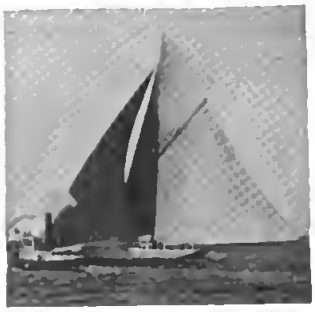
Jubilee. *Vigilant.* *Colonia.*
SEPTEMBER 9TH.—TWO MILES BEFORE REACHING THE FIRST MARK.

Vigilant *Pilgrim.* *Jubilee.* Mark Flag.
SEPTEMBER 9TH.—AROUND THE FIRST MARK.



Jubilee. *Vigilant.* Mark Flag.
SEPTEMBER 9TH.—AT THE SECOND MARK

Colonia. *Vigilant.*
TURNING AT THE STAKE—FIRST RACE



SEPTEMBER 9TH.—"VIGILANT" CROSSING FINISH LINE AT "SCOTLAND" LIGHTSHIP.

THE FINISH OF THE THIRD RACE—SENDING HOME RESULTS OF THE RACE BY CARRIER-PIGEONS.

THE TRIAL YACHT-RACES FOR DEFENDER OF THE "AMERICA'S" CUP.—DRAWINGS BY VICTOR PERARD.

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BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

MR. PETERS OF SCHOHARIE ON MODERN RACING CRAFT.

I don't know much 'bout racin' craft, but those of them I've seed
In mighty curious lookin' things, in spite of all their speed.
The *Vanglant*, that some folks think's the fastest thing afloat,
Is just about as safe, I think, as any unbroke goat.

I wouldn't trust my life aboard a thing that looks like that,
Not even if you'd offer me a thousand dollars flat.
I'd sooner take my chances on a shingle in the bay,
Than go a mile outside on her upon the calmest day.

She's got, it 'pears to me, about two million yards of mill,
A fastened on to masts and spars that looks so very frail
I'd rather meet a grizzly, with a toothpick in my hand,
Than set aboard o' that there boat six inches from the land.

I wouldn't care a shillin' if she'd go a thousand knots,
An' beat a cable message like she does them other yachts,
You couldn't get me sailin'—not for all the British crown—
On boats with hulls like razors with the blades a-hangin' down.

An' when I takes up racin' it 'll be on solid ground,
So long as boats like them's the kind that folks consider sound
There's fun enough for me on land with my old sorrel mare
That went a mile in seven two last autumn at the Fair.

Though if the boys up my way wants aquatticks, I'll consent.
I always b'lieved in lettin' boys go follow up their bent.
But all the water races into which Si Peters goes
Will be in drinkin' from the pump or squirtin' with the hose.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

WHAT with *Sheridan, or the Maid of Bath*, *In Missouri*, and Henry Guy Carleton's new old play *The Lion's Mouth*, the American dramatist may be said to have been *en fête* during the past fortnight. It is rather a curious fact that the three plays above named are so entirely different in point of both subject and treatment as to present few points of comparison, though each in its way is an honest dramatic effort written with an evidently sincere artistic purpose. If American dramatic authors will continue to work on lines like these in the true artistic spirit, the time will not be very long in coming when managers will cease to look for dramatic attractions abroad, as they will be able to do quite as well, if not better, at home. The evident cordiality of the welcome extended by the public to these productions of native art is also distinct evidence of the fact that the American theatre-goer is now alive to and willing to admit the fact that "good may come out of Nazareth," and thus the most needed incentive to the native author, that of expressed public interest and commendation in and of his work, is obtained.

One has now to speak of *In Missouri*, Mr Thomas's new play, or rather "Drama of Character," successfully produced by Mr Goodwin at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It has been known for some time past that Mr Goodwin had aspirations for the legitimate, and after seeing him in the *Gilded Fool* one could but admit that these aspirations were warranted by the circumstances. If as a play *In Missouri* does not appeal to audiences in quite the same degree as the author's former charming effort, *Alabama*, it is not because the play is less inherently artistic and true to life, but rather because the surroundings themselves are less artistically picturesque and attractive. And yet there is no lack of a true poetic feeling and pathos in the somewhat homely incidents and uncouth characters so ably drawn by the author of *In Missouri*.

The characters themselves are hardly new; they are even conventional. The incidents, too, are certainly such as may be looked upon as common property by the writer of melodrama, and yet these character types and these incidents have been so skilfully handled by the author, with so much knowledge of human character and so much truth to human nature, that the result is almost wholly admirable.

In Missouri may lack incident and not be an exciting play; few people, however, one would think, would fail to find it a charming one, more than this, it is especially welcome because wholly national giving us a picture of the characteristic Western life in pioneer times in the same way, and, all things equal with the same effect, as *Alabama* did of the South in a war time.

In the central figure, Jim Radburn, the kindly and intrepid Sheriff of a wild Southwestern county, rough in manners, but with the heart of a child, Mr. Goodwin has a character which gives him full opportunity for the display of his abilities in the line of legitimate dramatic work and it must be confessed that he has taken every advantage of the opportunities offered by giving us a picturesque, sincere, and well colored impersonation, instinct with no little pathos and repressed force. One is inclined to add, more by way of comment than criticism, that the somewhat sullen taciturnity of the character as played by Mr. Goodwin seems hardly to accord with the dry humor and kindliness of disposition which was also displayed in his rendering of the part. There was also a certain constraint about Mr. Goodwin's manner and methods which seems to suggest that he still feared falling back into the older methods with which he was familiar. It is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Goodwin will not follow the questionable advice which, it is said, has been given him by some of his friends and admirers and discard *In Missouri* for *A Gilded Fool*, for a time at least. As a play, *In Missouri* evidently appeals to popular taste in its quaint humor and characterization, and it is by playing such parts as that of the Sheriff, even though it does not stand out with the prominence perhaps due to a preeminently star rôle that Mr. Goodwin may well hope to attain that foremost position in his profession which his legitimate talents evidently entitle him to if he will but allow them fair play.

Apart from the central character, *In Missouri* was exceedingly well played, on the whole. Mr Barr McIntosh as the blacksmith, Mrs. Walters as the wife, and Miss Minnie Dupree as their younger daughter were entirely admirable, and gave character sketches which struck one as being absolutely faithful reproductions of real characters. Miss Mabel Amber as the elder daughter of the blacksmith, the Sheriff's sweetheart, was entirely out of the picture, and, whether through her own faults or those of the author, failed entirely to enlist either the sympathy or interest of the audience. Several minor characters were well done, and the whole performance moved with effect and evidently careful study of detail. It will be perhaps some time before the public, forgetting the many times when he has made them fairly ache with merriment, will be willing and content to accept Mr Goodwin in his new surroundings. Yet that these surroundings are, on the whole, more suitable and fitting, as they are certainly more commendable, for the honest and artistic purpose they suggest, can hardly be doubted, and, on the whole Mr Goodwin must be credited with distinct success on his first attempt in the realms of legitimate drama, and must also be congratulated on the vehicle which has to so great a degree helped him to secure this much-to-be-desired result.

If *In Missouri* has a fault, it is that the local color lacks contrast and relief, and grows in consequence a trifle monotonous in tone when the third act is reached. One is tempted to quote in this connection the remark made by the blacksmith's daughter in the first act, that "she was weary of her narrow surroundings and longed for the freer air and greater variety of life in the world outside." It perhaps never occurred to the author that his audience, or a part of it at least, might feel, unconsciously perhaps, the same lack of variety from the same surroundings. For all this, however, the popular success of *In Missouri* can hardly be questioned.

When one remembers that the same hand penned that delightfully humorous series of sketches *The Thompson Street Poker Club*, and also the many really beautiful and poetic lines in *The Lion's Mouth*, one can hardly fail to admit and admire the surprising versatility of their author whatever fault one may have to find with the play produced by Messrs. Ward & James at the Star Theatre last week. *The Lion's Mouth*, taken as a whole, is somewhat like a child born out of time. It represents neither present ideas as to dramatic work, the present condition of popular taste in reference to the same, nor its author's present powers and capabilities. Both in conception and execution it represents rather what might be called the "Sophomoric" period of a literary career. It is evidently an imitation of the Shakespearian drama and though it follows that drama at some distances, it must be confessed that, particularly in the romantic portions, the imitation is surprisingly good. Had it been produced twenty five years ago, or even when first written (if we mistake not, nearly ten years ago), *The Lion's Mouth* would have been a greater success than it is; to-day, it must be confessed, it sounds somewhat stilted, stagy, and affected. As has been said, however, it contains not a few really poetical and charming ideas, and not a few lines of real literary merit and artistic beauty, but in plot and development it now strikes one as conventionally melodramatic, and is certainly according to present ideas, both verbose and too long drawn out. The piece would also have been more effective had it been thoroughly well played, which it was not. Mr James, as a picturesque villain in the guise of a priest, had a most effective part and made the most of it; while Mr. Ward played the conventional hero of romantic drama, who, after various and sundry trials and tribulations, with alternating love scenes of pathos and passion, finally triumphs over all his enemies and obtains the object of his desires and ambitions in a thoroughly conventional style. Of the rest of the cast, with the exception of Mr. Cooper, who played a palpably Shakespearian jailer of a presumably humorous type with effect, it is not necessary to speak. Mr. Carleton has to a certain extent succeeded in giving his play an atmosphere and local color. The characters and dialogue do not belie the Venetian surroundings, and were a blue pencil used with judgment to relieve the play of much that is irrelevant and tedious in both dialogue and incident, and a more competent presenting company secured its many good points would be brought into greater prominence. Even as it is, Mr. Carleton is entitled to no little credit; he should, however, not be tempted by present success to dive too deep into his manuscript orphaned *The Lion's Mouth* by no means represents what Mr. Carleton is capable of at the present time.

The announcement, made a short time back, that Mr Emil Paur, of Leipsic, was to succeed Mr Arthur Nikisch as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra came to one somewhat in the nature of a disappointment. Though, from all accounts, a competent and thoroughly well trained musician Mr Paur has hardly yet gained an extended reputation abroad, and has, in a way, his spurs as a concert conductor still to win. With such men as Stinch and Weingartner at his disposition, as is known to have been the case, it is a little difficult to understand the reasons of Mr. Higginson's choice of a conductor, unless the present hard times made the matter of salary an object. At the head of such an organization as the Boston Symphony Orchestra Mr Paur will certainly enjoy unlimited opportunities for making name and fame for himself, and his coming will therefore be looked forward to with interest, if not with the pleasurable anticipation that the coming of a better known musician would have afforded. Mr Paur is an American by birth, and is thirty seven years old. He studied the violin and composition under Helmesberger and Dessoff, and played first violin in the Vienna Orchestra under Richter and Herbeck. Before he succeeded Nikisch as conductor of the opera at Leipsic he successfully occupied the position of conductor in Cassel, Königsberg, and Mannheim, in which latter city his success was very marked, as is also said to have been the case in Leipsic. Although his experience thus far has been in the line of operatic rather than of concert work, Herr Paur's abilities as a conductor are endorsed in strong terms by German authorities, and it is to be hoped that he will succeed in maintaining and even emphasizing the commanding position now held by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Lovers of organ music will be glad to learn that Mr. Alexandre Guilmant, the distinguished French organ virtuoso and composer, will give a concert in this city at the Old South Church, Madison Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street, on Friday, October 13, 1893, at four o'clock in the afternoon. Next to Saint Saëns, Mr Guilmant is the best organist in France, and certainly one of the best in the world at the present time, while his compositions in the way of church and organ music are known all over the world and widely appreciated. His single appearance in New York will therefore be looked forward to with great interest.

As an entertainment both novel and interesting in style and as an exhibition of technical dexterity in a profession which always arouses the sympathy and interest of mankind, "The Military Tournament" now being given at the Madison Square Garden Amphitheatre is worthy of hearty endorsement. The spectacle as a whole was organized in imitation, though on a somewhat smaller scale, of a similar affair which made a tremendous success in London a year or two since. In this tournament we are given an exhibition of various military evolutions and manœuvres, such as the "Trooping the Colors," Infantry and Cavalry drilling, and Artillery driving, of various British military sports, such as Tent Pegging, Single Stick combats, on foot and on horseback, fencing with sword and bayonet, and similar exercises, the whole ending with a sham fight, in the shape of an attack on a fortified position by all arms, with blank ammunition. About two hundred men in the various best known uniforms of the British army, the Life-guards, horse and foot, Lancers, Artillery, and Highland regiments, are employed in the various evolutions, which are, on the whole, exceedingly picturesque and well done, although even the large area of the Amphitheatre seems a little confined for them. Of the various numbers on the programme, Trooping the Colors, the Tent Pegging, the "Musical Ride" of the Guards, the Artillery driving and the final sham fight are the most effective and interesting. Events like fencing with the sword and bayonet and Highland dancing, where only a few are employed, seem out of place in so large an enclosure as that of the Madison Square Garden and could well be omitted without any detriment to the spectacle as a whole. A capital military band adds not a little to the general effect of the tournament. To those who have never been abroad and who are consequently unfamiliar with the pomp and panoply of war as there displayed, the entertainment cannot fail to appeal, and even to those familiar with the evolutions and sports of foreign troops the tournament is interesting, in that it is thoroughly well done and good of its kind, and, with the exceptions noted above, enjoyable throughout. Its stay at the Garden should be, one would think, a profitable one.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

THE COMING WEDDING.

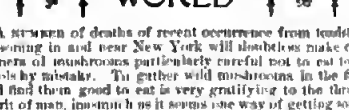
MISS ANNIE T. HOWARD of New Orleans, who is soon to become the wife of Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago is the only daughter and youngest of four children of the late Charles T. Howard, of Baltimore, who afterwards made New Orleans his home, where he married a native creole, Miss Bonilemes and very soon amassed a large fortune. Miss Howard is of medium height, very fair complexion, with light brown hair and blue eyes. She was born at Biloxi, Mississippi, their summer home, some time during the late war.

It was here where her childhood and early girlhood were spent in rowing, boating, riding, and fishing with her father, who was an enthusiastic sportsman. But when she was about the age of eight years her health suddenly failed, and has never been fully regained. In the hope that a change of climate would be beneficial, she spent five years at the home of her father on the Hudson River, but without avail. Since then she has travelled constantly, rarely remaining for longer than a few months in any one place.

In the winter of 1890 she was Queen of the Carnival at New Orleans, and for the rest of the season was quite prominent in society. Although her strength is limited, she is still very fond of entertaining, and her little dinner parties are quite noted.

The little Episcopal church at Biloxi is where Miss Howard is to be married. It was built as a memorial to a deceased rector by her brother, Mr H. T. Howard. The church is almost hidden behind the long Spanish moss hanging from the branches of the enchanted "ring tree," which—so the legend goes—was long ago the means of uniting an Indian maid to her copper-colored brave.

The Howard home is immediately next to the church and here her mother spends nearly the entire year. Miss Howard has an ample fortune, and four years ago she presented the city of New Orleans with a $100,000 public library in memory of her father. She still takes a lively interest in it, and is constantly making valuable additions to its shelves.



A NUMBER of deaths of recent occurrence from toadstool poisoning in and near New York will doubtless make consumers of mushrooms particularly careful not to eat toadstools by mistake. To gather wild mushrooms in the field and find them good to eat is very gratifying to the thrifty spirit of man, inasmuch as it seems one way of getting something for nothing and beating nature by reaping where no one has sown. But to eat toadstools by mistake is to afford an excessively deleterious surprise to one's insides. The worst of it is that a single toadstool in a lot of true mushrooms may poison the whole mess and spread tumult and even sudden death among the consumers. But all fungi which are not mushrooms are not necessarily toadstools. There is a thing called a puff ball, which attains the size and much of the shape and appearance of an ostrich egg, which grows in mushroom localities, and can be eaten with excellent results. Sliced and fried in batter like egg plant it is as edible as real food. A family that consumed one of these things for supper a fortnight ago were all alive at last accounts and looking for another.

All babies are good, but girl babies are the better sort. For one thing, they are prettier than the other kind, and then they grow up with much less violence to the parental feelings. Just as a boy baby begins to be really attractive you have to cut his hair and put him into trousers, thereby bringing opportunely a stranger into the family, and causing a violent upheaval of ideals. But girls can be allowed to progress without much interference on the same lines on which they start. None of their changes are violent. From long dresses to short, from top knots to curls, from curls to braids, from braids to the new thing, whatever the fashion is, from short dresses to longer ones, and at length to womanly skirts—all the gradations run easily into one another, and give pleasing impressions to the observer. And then, besides, as has been so often pointed out, a family that has a reasonable grip upon its own, never loses its girls.

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"A man goes where his wife wills," and for sound reasons, because she lives at home more than he does, and it makes more difference to her than to him where the home is. If any one wants men in his family, the best way is to raise girls who will marry them in. And it is one advantage of this plan that it gives the family some chance of discrimination—albeit a small one—as to the men it will have, whereas if it raises boys it has got to take what fortune sends it.

For these reasons, and for a great many more other reasons than can be here set forth, it behooves any family that thinks itself somewhat long of girls to be humbly thankful, and try hard to raise all it has got.

And apropos of that last word, a correspondent in Ohio has fallen foul in a Busy World paragraph of the expression "has got a great morning journal" and wants to know if he is mistaken in thinking that "has got," used in that way, is ungrammatical.

I hope not; but indeed I cannot tell him. Keeping strictly within the rules of grammar is an exercise that to my mind comes under the heading of athletic sports, and questions relating to it should be treated in an able and accurate department of HARPER'S WEEKLY which will be found in another column. It is only too possible that "got," as used in the sentence quoted, is superfluous, and yet I shall be sorry if it turns out to be really objectionable. It is a very good little word, and comes out in a sentence with a pleasant bang that seems to help to speed the thought it is geared to.

Once there were three ladies who went to a railroad station to meet a one-legged soldier who was coming home from the war on crutches. The train came in and the people got out of it, but they couldn't find their lame soldier. Great was their distraction, until the conductor, observing their dismay, waved his hand to them from the platform and shouted, "This way, ladies; I've got him in the back car!" Perhaps "I have him" would have been more grammatical, but to my ear "I've got" conveyed an idea of achievement which was actually in the conductor's mind, whereas "I have" would have merely expressed possession. Will not the gentleman from Ohio concede that there is a somewhat better pair of legs under "has got" than under mere "has," and that the more impetuous expression is permissible where movement is called for?

There is such persistence about the reports of the death of Emin Pasha in Africa that even the more conservative newspaper reader must begin to be impressed by them. It may strike some minds as an additionally lamentable thing that Emin did not die a natural death, but was cut off by Arabs. Yet what a natural death is must depend somewhat on environment and circumstances. To be killed by Arabs in wild Africa must be an end that Emin had grown used to contemplate, and must have seemed at least as natural to him as it would to a New-Yorker to be sped on his last course by pneumonia in March. To be murdered where murder is the custom of the country must be quite different from meeting a violent end where the mind has grown used to the notion of dying in bed. Sailors must drown with fewer compunctions than landsmen, else were theirs an uneasy life. If it had not come far more natural to our forebears, the old time frontiersmen, to be tomahawked or tortured to death by Indians than it would to us, they must have died before their time of fright.

The State of New York is especially popular in Chicago since its commissioners determined to present the State building to the Board of Lady Managers for a permanent museum. The commissioners could not very well bring the building home with them, and it was much too good to tear down, so that their disposition of it seems highly judicious. Just one possible objection to their course is suggested. It is a first-rate idea to secure the preservation of the New York Building by giving it to the lady managers, but how about the possibility that the gift will work both ways, and that the continued existence of the Board of Lady Managers will be secured by the building? If the board owns property, of course it will have to keep alive and look after it. Very likely it owns other property, and would stay alive anyway. Very probably also, any action that helps to preserve a Board of Lady Managers indefinitely in Chicago is good and salutary for that reason. But this is a censorious world, and if even a false rumor got around that New York had given Chicago a Board of Lady Managers, and thrown in a State building, there are lots of people even in this magnanimous country who are just mean enough to smile. Of course if the board could be stuffed, and put inside of the building as the nucleus of the museum, that would be a perfect solution of all difficulties, but there is too much reason to believe that such a course would be abhorrent to contemporaneous public sentiment.

The dawn of Mr. W. D. Howells on the World's Fair is hailed with acclamations by the Chicago press. He is welcomed as "the foremost American maker of novels with real Americans in them," and the distinguished Chicago laureate, Mr. Field, hopes that no pains will be spared to make his visit pleasant and profitable. It can hardly fail to be both. Indeed, there is no one who could be expected to derive more profit than Mr. Howells from consideration of the remarkable blending of the actual and the ideal which is shown at Jackson Park. The people are real people, the "goods" are material property, but the setting is purely imaginary—an intellectual conception crystallized. If Mr. Howells would take as much pains to idealize the setting of his realities as the World's Fair people have, his critics might have to find a new target for their shafts.

E. S. MARTIN.

IN THE NORTHWESTERN WHEAT FIELDS.

ONE of the most interesting events in the World's Columbian Exposition was the Northwestern tour taken by the foreign commissioners, August 23d–30th, to the centre of the hard wheat region of the United States, and, as some hold, of the world.

The party consisted not only of commissioners from the foreign nations, but members of the various departments of agriculture, and representatives of some of the leading Continental newspapers.

The prime object of the trip was to show these representatives of other nations the mills and the fields, to let them see how wheat grows and is harvested and threshed in America, and how it is milled.

The arrangements, which were planned by Mr. William E. Curtis, of the foreign department—the Latin American—of the World's Fair, were carried out by him in such excellent style that the complete object was attained; the members of the party learned more in the week they were in the Northwest about the vast food granary of America than they could have learned by any amount of statistical study.

The line of the trip was from Chicago to Minneapolis and St. Paul, then north to the Red River Valley, up the valley—the richest grain region in the world—to Gretna, a little place across the boundary line in Canada, then back to Chicago *via* Fargo, the Twin Cities, and Milwaukee.

At Larimore, North Dakota, the party saw the cutting of grain upon an eleven-thousand-acre farm, with forty two self binders in the field, at the Dalrymple farm, near Hillsboro, North Dakota, steam threshers were doing their swift and saving work on a farm which has in a single block over twenty-five thousand acres. The Dalrymple farms comprise seventy-seven thousand acres.

The wonderful prairies, yellow with a mighty harvest, the rare skill displayed in the handling and the grading of the wheat for the nations, the kindly hospitality bestowed upon the party, both upon the special train of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul and the Great Northern railroads and in all the towns and cities where stops were made—and in fact the entire experience—were such as to impress upon these keen-minded men not only the unlimited resources but the splendid friendship of America.

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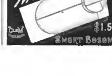

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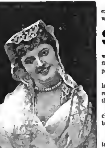

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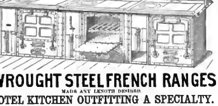

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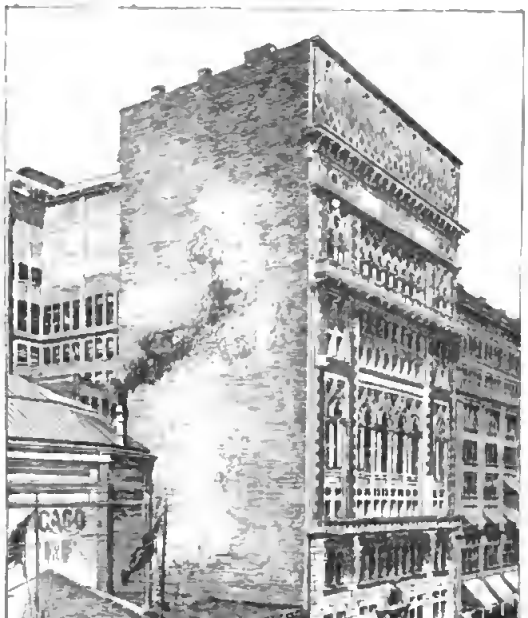

THE CHICAGO ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION CLUB-HOUSE, CHICAGO.

THE MOST COSTLY ATHLETIC CLUB-HOUSE IN THE WORLD.

WITH true Chicago spirit have several athletic enthusiasts in that ill-drained city by the lake been working during the past two years in promoting a plan of small beginnings but great hopes, and in bringing into definite organization their many ideas, and their keen aspirations that on some near day Chicago might have an athletic club-house well worthy the city to which the best of the world is supposedly being attracted. The consummation of those early chats and conferences has been seen in the incorporation of the Chicago Athletic Association, and in the completion, a short time ago, of the club's nine-story house, near Madison Street, on Michigan Avenue. Like all typical buildings of the city, its proportions are better adapted to a grain elevator than to a gymnasium; but such inappropriateness is easily overclouded by the taste and elegance that are abundantly displayed in this building, and that make the local claim of its superiority over all similar buildings quite justifiable. From the attractive material and graceful arches of the exterior to the smallest bit of mosaic and carving, the building worthily calls forth praise for draughtsman and artificer, although in its general structure it has those unfortunate peculiarities which again serve to make it very evident, and even imperative, that a gymnasium in which the best results are desired should not be built upon a small frontage, as no amount of skyward extension can compensate for ungainly lateral contraction. Putting aside remark and comment on the straitlaced Chicago style of construction, the building yet has several features that deserve, and that receive, more than passing glances and indiscriminate adjectives. Most prominent of these is the swimming tank on the first floor, which, for cost and Oriental conception, if not for size, may deservedly be placed in a class by itself. To those resting in the recessed lounging area, overlooking the tank and facing its mirrored wall, must come a sense of satisfaction as they see what money and skill have secured for them, and as they realize that in the room before them, reflective with Italian marbles, is represented the outlay of even a good tenth of the cost of this, which, with Western phraseology, has already been described by that all-inclusive and grandly indefinite term of "temple." The tank, with the adjoining group of superbly finished rooms for special baths, and the main gymnasium, with the accessory rooms for many and varied uses, give the really athletic member all that he can desire in the way of accommodations for training and for ordinary exercise and bodily care. For him who is a member of an athletic club for the club phase, and not for the athletic, ample means of living up to his ideals are afforded in the library, dining, smoking, reception, and lounging rooms overlooking the lake, and in billiard-room and the other ordinary rooms that are found in every club of such a grade as this. Many rooms well deserve detailed description, but with a beginning of such there would with difficulty be an end, for throughout the building the standard of interior decoration is kept high and above ordinary remark, and so maintained as might be expected in a building which cost three-quarters of a million dollars.

An athletic club with such ample accommodations for life other than athletic is apt to allow its original aims to become subordinated to ones less worthy, created by the forcible tendencies so common in the large cities among business men, whose days are days of driving, and whose evenings are not evenings of exercise, or even of slight exertion. In the eyes of such, a social club is the only club, and the club that is not one of talk and leisure is no club at all. Such being the case an athletic club is liable to become anything but athletic, and the weak change is to be lamented. Such a repudiation of original aims does not seem immediately possible with the equipment of men and machines possessed by the Chicago A. A., and it is to be hoped that the club athletics of Chicago will never degenerate to the vigorous occupancy of an easy chair and the thoughtful counting of Michigan's ripples. If the house is a correct index of its incorporate creator, the ideals of the latter are high and strong, and of such a tendency as to make athletics prominent for good health's sake, and to develop in the country's heart those ways of living and working and playing that will make men happier, stronger, and better. With tried men to manage its finances, with competent men to direct its athletic activity, and with shrewd men to shape its policy, the Chicago Athletic Association has before it a future of prosperity, of influence, and of responsibility; and the last is by no means the least. It can do great good or great harm to amateur sport in the middle West.

THE LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB CUPS.

THE Whiting Manufacturing Company have made three very handsome cups for the Larchmont Club, but far and away the most noteworthy of them is the punch bowl raced for last week by the schooners. This race of the club has grown to be an annual fixture, and become to the two stickers what the Goelet Cup race has long been to the sloops. The Larchmont event invariably brings together the very best of the schooners, and is the supreme contest of the year for that class. It is quite as it should be, then, that the prize offered in the finest in the land. The winner of this year's cup may add to his trophies the handsomest and most unique manufactured, certainly this season, and it is a question if it is not the most beautiful design of its kind ever turned out. It is distinctly American, with its canoe-prow handles and general Indian decoration. The bowl is oval, 16 × 13 inches, with an extreme height of 10½ inches, while from handle to handle the trophy measures 23½ inches, and cost $1000.

The $500 sloop cup won at the club's recent regatta is also a handsome trophy in pitcher form, 25 inches high, and 8 inches in diameter at its widest part.

The "Commodore's Cup" is a $1000 trophy, and was offered by Caldwell Colt, commodore of the club, for a race between the four cup defenders. It was originally scheduled for two weeks ago, but the unfavorable weather had prolonged the N. Y. Y. C. cruise and the Astor Cup races, until there was no time left before the defenders must haul out and prepare for the trial races. So it happens that the beautiful cup has not yet been raced for, and the chances are not bright that it will be this year, at least as originally intended. An effort will be made to get all the 85 footers in a race after the *America's* Cup has been won, but it seems improbable, as once the trial races are over the unsuccessful three are more than likely to go out of commission. And yet it would be a very handsome consolation prize. Why would not a race with the international winner barred be interesting? If it happened, as is most likely, that the *Valkyrie* is unsuccessful in her race against the chosen cup-defender, it would be instructive to see where she would come out in a race with the remaining three American 85 footers. It seems as if here was a most excellent manner in which to dispose of this very elaborate trophy. Its form is that of a caravel decorated with sea horses and mermaids, and its length is 28 inches, by 30 inches in height.

It may be said in the passing that the Larchmont's regatta was somewhat handicapped by the failure, from one cause and another, of many of the cutters to materialize, but there was a stiff breeze and plenty of good sport. The two most notable performances were credited to *Queen Mab*, which sailed 27 miles in 2 hours and 58 minutes and *Vision*, which led the schooners from start to finish.

UNSATISFACTORY.

Brown. "See here; I don't want any dens coming to my house."
Jones. "Then why don't you call and pay me?"
Brown. "Do you suppose I am going to call on a grocer?"

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AMATEUR SPORT

THE POLO SEASON of 1893 must have been declared a failure but for the fine work throughout and the worthy example of the Independence players and the remarkable improvement of the Myopias. The match between these two in the finals at Newport was by all odds the finest we have seen this year. It was more than that—it was the best exhibition of team-play and modern polo we have ever had in this country; and it gives the hope that the example set at the beginning of the season, and maintained by Messrs. Hitchcock, Nicoll, Day, Eustis, and Potter, and now in the last match of the Newport tournament carried out with such good results by the Myopias, will be an object lesson to the other polo clubs of this country which they will speedily adopt to their own wants.

THE TWO NEEDS of American polo are more team work and additional evidence of good sportsmanship. It does not answer the purpose me suggest a remedy to declare (as did some Boston player in his daily paper recently) that polo is a game for gentlemen of leisure, played for recreation and amusement only, and that we should not expect an improvement in individual form, nor an advance of the national standard. All games supported by amateurs are played primarily for recreation and amusement, and yet no one before this Bostonian has ever set that forth as a reason for being satisfied with a low standard of play. It is decidedly un-American to proclaim ourselves indifferent to the future of one of the best of modern games, and yet that is what about ninety per cent. of the polo men are doing. The history of amateur sport shows that whatever game we have taken up has been vastly improved by us, and that American sportsmen are invariably the most skillful in the world. And this is true in every particular except so far as it touches polo.

SLOOP PRIZE, LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB.

We have made, to be sure, much improvement in the game since its introduction along in 1876, but the national standard to-day is far below what it should be after sixteen years of play. And the cause is traceable directly to the selfishness and short-sighted legislation of the polo men themselves. Comparatively few of them care for the game itself half as much as for their own or their club's ends. Each club has nurtured its two or three stars, and while this handful flourished, the large numbers of second class players were left to shift for themselves, and learn polo as best they might. The result has been the development of an individual instead of a team game, and just how weak it was the Independence men clearly and quickly demonstrated when they began playing this season. They were actually the first four men after all these sixteen years of American polo to practise together consistently and work up team play. The easy manner in which they defeated all the other teams until they met the Myopias, virtually their pupils, proved what little we have been doing in the game all these years.

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN NATURAL to expect that polo men generally would applaud the good work of the Independence, captained by Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., glad to see how far their game was behind the times, and quick to profit by the practical illustration. But instead of applause, there arose a wall of chagrin and a strong movement set in, that even went so far as to be taken up in a meeting of the Polo Association, to persuade Messrs. Hitchcock, Nicoll, Day, and Eustis to disband their team. Imagine the Board of Governors of an association organized for the furtherance of any sport seriously thinking of requesting men to quit playing because, forsooth, they had developed a superior game, and were too strong for the other teams of the Association. That such a matter was considered shows of what stuff these polo men are made. It is a credit to this particular Association Board that the majority wished the Independence to finish out the season. If the entire department this week were devoted to the subject, the difficulties under which American polo was developed could not be better explained than by this incident. The same selfishness that wished to break up a team because it played a winning game has made literally no provision for the advancement of the second-class players of the various clubs. Consequently, the absence of a star has frequently changed the form of a team from first to almost second class, or broken it up altogether. This year Mr. Hitchcock played with the Independence, and the Meadowbrook team (one of the oldest) failed to put in an appearance at Newport. Civil service reform has taken up too much of Theodore Roosevelt's time to permit of his playing, and the Oyster Bay team collapsed. All of which does not reflect a great deal of credit on the sportsmanship of the two clubs. In the last two years this has been repeatedly the case, and not until this season did a team of comparatively new and second-class players work into first-class form.

THIS MAY TRULY BE SAID TO BE the redeeming feature of the polo year. Messrs. Hitchcock, Nicoll, Day, and Potter were all first class before they formed the Independence team, and required but practice and a little hard work to acquire team play. The Myopias, on the other hand, individually or collectively, at the beginning of the season were not class for the Independence four. That they should have developed such a high quality of team-play as well as brilliant individual work on so humble a beginning is the most notable occurrence in the history of American polo. But for the good work of the Myopias and the Independence the season would have been a sorry failure. The play of the other clubs has fallen fully twenty per cent. below their form of last year, while individually the members have given no evidence of caring especially whether the standard went up or down, or, indeed, whether the game itself went to the demolition bow-wows. The only direction in which old polo men, generally speaking, have exhibited an activity has been in bitter denunciation of the handicap system, which has been really the means of giving polo the little success it has attained. It happens every season that an improving player will show better form than that with which his handicap credits him, but that is never pronounced enough to alter results of a match. The handicaps are allotted each year on the form shown after a season's play, and no plan more equitable can be substituted.

TO WIPE OUT HANDICAPS ALTOGETHER and place all players on an equal basis, as is the case in England, would be the height of folly, since the conditions under which the game is played on both sides of the Atlantic are dissimilar. English polo flourishes chiefly because of the British army officers, who have all the facilities and time unlimited to perfect themselves in the game, and from the further fact that the country gentleman is a genus who flourished in England before we even heard of polo. This gives a much larger number of players, and naturally puts enough in the first class to make handicaps unnecessary. We have not reached championship polo form yet; and until we get several clubs playing like the Independence and Myopias, it would hazard even the position we have struggled into after sixteen years of more or less indifferent effort. It is not the handicap system that should cause polo men uneasiness, but the spirit among themselves that will not permit of the development of the game after the most approved fashion.

THE MYOPIAS GAINED THE DISTINCTION of being the first team this year to defeat the Independence. They more than made up their handicap, and played a great game from beginning to end, though in fairness to the vanquished it should be stated that, what with sickness in the families of two, and lack of practice all round, they were not at their best. The Independence team had G. L. Day, 4 goals; Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., 7, E. C. Potter, 5, B. Nicoll, 6—total, 22 goals. Myopia: A.P.Gardiner, 3; R. G. Shaw, 2d, 5, R. M. Appleton, 3; R. L. Agassiz, 6—total goals, 17. This gave Myopia six goals, and they scored eight and a safety, while Independence scored but five in the three periods of play. The most noteworthy feature of the match was the fast work and team play of the Myopias. They were always in position, and wasted no time in riding off when there was nothing to be gained thereby. Every one of the Myopias, as a matter of fact, played the game of his life, but Shaw and Agassiz deserve especial mention. No back has shown better work than the latter, and rarely has a number two done so much for his team as did Shaw. Of the Independence, Potter and Nicoll showed up the best—the former made an extraordinary goal, but Hitchcock was entirely off his usual brilliant form, owing to a couple of nights with his sick child, while Day's shaking up a few days before had evidently left more than an unpleasant remembrance. None of them seemed to be on the ball, and missed many a shot at critical moments. It was a hot contest, and a well-deserved and honestly earned victory—the second triumph of the modern school, as suggested by W. K. Thorn two years ago, and put into practice the beginning of this season by Messrs. Hitchcock, Nicoll, Day, and Eustis.

MYOPIA HAD DEFEATED HARVARD rather easily previous to its match with Independence, in a somewhat tame game, by 17½ goals to 9½. Harvard was noticeable chiefly because of the new and younger members of the team, which included J. S. Wadsworth, 0; R. Brooks, 2, E. Cowdin, 2; C. C. Baldwin, 5—total, 9 goals. With the exception of Baldwin they are novices at the game, but they gave evidence—especially Cowdin, who is the brother of Rockaway's steadiest and hardest player, John Cowdin—of having been trained in the proper school. There was actually more of team play than some of the old men show. But they were completely outclassed by the Myopias. This year has marked the entrance of a young element that will do much to advance the standard of play. They have already scored first blood in race for supremacy.

THE COMMODORE'S CUP, LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB.
Open to the four Eighty-five-foot Sloops built to defend the *America's* Cup.

Harvard showed up to good advantage a few days later by whitewashing the Monmouths—a team including W. Conway, 0, George Thompson, 0; P. T. Collier, 3—total, 3 goals, though the match was too one-sided to be interesting. It is noted here merely as corroborating the advance of the youngsters.

No one expected Harvard would get a single goal in the contest against Myopia, which closed the Newport polo season, but they put up an excellent game and earned 3 goals. They were no match for the Myopias, who earned 18 goals, but they made a plucky fight.

OUTSIDE OF THE EASTERN CLUBS little has been heard of polo this season, except from California. The most recent member to the Association is the St. Louis club, but if they have done anything since joining they have kept it to themselves. So it is with the only other polo clubs in the country, at Colorado Springs, Colorado, and Sioux City, Iowa; we have heard not a word from either. In California, however, the season is noteworthy as chronicling the first match ever played in the State.

Polo has been in vogue at Santa Monica for five years, but no opportunity offered for a contest with a rival club until the Riversides organized rather more than a year ago. August 26th a match for threes, made up from these clubs, was played on the Santa Monica field, which is fifty yards short of the regulation size. Four fifteen-minute periods were played, and the contest was expected to be very close, but proved an easy victory for Riverside by their superior team play. They kept in position, maintained good distances, and played very hard.

Santa Monicas, though individually good, were completely at sea. The system adopted by the Riverside Club was two players up, with the back always about thirty yards behind. At this distance he was ready to save goals or to follow up his side and make an occasional run when one of the others went back.

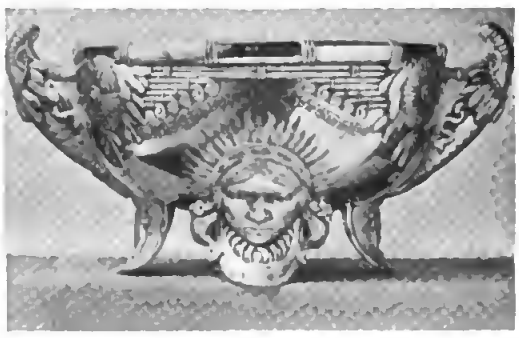
For the Riverside team G. L. Waring (captain) and C. E. Maud played back in alternate quarters, and Robert Bettner was up all through the game; and for the losers W. H. Young was back, and J. B. Procter (captain) and J. Machell played up.

THE GAME WAS EXCEEDINGLY FAST throughout, and the referee was only called upon once to make a decision.

In southern California the English rules are in force. Hooking an adversary's stick is allowable when he is in the act of striking the ball, but at no other time. Englishmen think this a wise rule, and give the reason that when a player is in possession of the ball it is only possible by hooking his stick to prevent him hitting it, or by riding him off, and to ride him off on the near side they believe next to impossible, while to ride him off on the stick side they run the risk of being struck when the man on the ball is making his stroke. Our best players, however, do not agree with the Englishmen. Britishers who want a lesson in riding off should come to any one of our Association matches. Polo is not a ladies' game, and those afraid of getting struck by the mallet had better not play. As a matter of fact, however, it is very rare a man is struck in the face or elsewhere. Southern California had better Americanize its game.

The Santa Monica grounds are level earth, and the difficulty of keeping the dust down is great. Otherwise it is as good as turf, as the ponies seem to stand the wear and tear of several seasons exceedingly well. There are a great number of smart ponies and at present the game looks like going ahead on the Pacific coast, as a club has just been started at Burlingame, in San Mateo County, and another is talked of at Santa Barbara.

OF THE LAWN TENNIS SEASON nothing remains now but the Intercollegiate championship, which will be decided at New Haven next month. It is doubtful if Larned will defend his title, or if he does the chances are he will not represent Cornell. There is small prospect too of either Hovey or Wrenn competing, for one reason and another—chiefly another—and it really is a shame if none of these players is seen, for the Intercollegiate tournament ought to be considered next in importance to the national event at Newport. However, if we are to be deprived of the sport of having the Newport struggle over again between Hovey, Wrenn, and Larned, we shall at least have one of considerable interest between Malcolm Chace, John Howland, and Budlong. Chace will have had ample opportunity to work



SCHOONER PRIZE, LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB.

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out of the unsettled state in which the Newport tournament seems to find him, and he and Howland should have a stiffly contested match of it if they come together. A contest between these two must always be productive of exciting moments, for Chace's greater brilliancy is evened up by Howland's good strokes, played with persistency and steadiness.

BUDLONG CUTS A CONSIDERABLE FIGURE in the result of the Intercollegiate also, for while he is neither so brilliant as Chace nor so steady as Howland, he plays good tennis and improves with every tournament he goes through. Parker, who won the Yale championship, may be a contestant, but it is hardly likely he can win from any one of the other three, though after Newport and some of its surprising results it seems impossible to figure on a player's form. Howland therefore appears to be Yale's main stay for the championship, while Princeton cannot be considered in the struggle, since Thompson, who was defeated by Budlong in the Interscholastic tournament at Newport, is not yet good enough to have his chances seriously considered. If Wrenn does not compete Harvard's interests are also likely to be neglected, although Budlong is said to be looking towards Cambridge, and it has even been hinted that Larned may wear the crimson next year. Both he and Wrenn are just now ineligible to represent the respective universities of which they are at present undergraduates. Chace will wear Brown's colors. The scope of this Intercollegiate championship should be extended. There ought to be representatives from Pennsylvania, Amherst, Dartmouth, Lehigh, Williams, Wesleyan, and, in fact, from all where lawn-tennis is played sufficiently to hold an annual college championship.

THERE WILL BE MUCH CAUSE FOR REGRET if the rumors that Hobart and Hovey will not play again are founded on fact. They are much too young to leave the game, and the game, moreover, is much too young, or, let us say, rather, undeveloped, to lose two such exponents. One of the chief reasons why tennis grows so faster in this country is because men drop out of it at so early an age, while in England they play, on an average, nearly ten years longer. It is a mistake to fancy that one must systematically play through the entire tennis season in order to be in form for the Newport tournament, and that fact is, in the writer's opinion, proved by the reversal of Hobart's form two weeks before Newport, and in the championship tournament itself. Hobart began playing in '93 with the opening of the tennis season. He attended every tournament of any note, and played invincibly until at Chicago. There, in the doubles, he began to show symptoms of going stale. Had he stopped playing then very likely he would have come out all right, but he kept on until finally beaten by Budlong, a player two classes below him. No man needs three months of continuous play to put him in form, as many weeks will do it. Indeed, the players who enter tournaments only occasionally, but get a bit of play on private courts daily, usually come up at tournaments in good improving form. The form of the average player may readily be maintained by this private court practice and a tournament now and then. But the condition is another matter. It is that which defeats many a man, who mistakes it for form.

THE PLAYER WHO WILL GET A BIT of practice regularly on his own court, and three weeks before the national tournament begin earnestly to get into physical condition to stand a hard five set match, will be certain to give a good account of himself. He is very apt to play better at the end of the tournament than at the beginning. A man wants a little left in him to call on in any contest. Hobart and Wrenn illustrate the two extremes, one went into the game overtrained, the other undertrained. The first went stale; the second worked up to his best form on the eventful day, and played the match of his life. If there is nothing in this, no one can deny that it is a striking coincidence, particularly as this year's experience is not unique, at least as far as Hobart is concerned. Last year it was the same with him to a certain degree. He played well during the first of the season, and played a great deal, but when it came to the final test at Newport he fell even earlier than he did this year.

The chief point to be made in this digression is an argument against the dropping out of the game by men like Hobart and Hovey or Campbell when they enter upon their business careers. Knapp was never a brilliant player, and his game and skill are not nearly equal to either Hobart's or Hovey's, yet with only a couple of tournaments each year, and the practice which every man can get after business hours in the long summer afternoons, he always puts up a strong game, and one that has defeated Hovey and made Hobart's winning very uncertain at Saratoga. It is a plea for the advancement of our standard that I am making, for with the Hobarts, Hoveys, and Campbells dropping out, our national game must drop just that many points in its general excellence.

THE CHOICE OF "VIGILANT" TO DEFEND the *America's* Cup against the British challenger *Valkyrie* meets the approval of all sportsmen. It was the only possible selection the New York Yacht Club committee could make on the performances of the four 83-footers in the trial races; but it would be interesting, more so than instructive, to hear the committeemen's reasons for making the *Colonia* second choice over *Jubilee*, as they did by requesting Mr Rogers to keep his yacht in commission until the international race as a reserve boat in case *Vigilant* broke down in the mean time. No yachtsman who has watched the two in undecided in his opinion that *Jubilee* is the better in all round work; aside from which *Colonia's* marked failing in falling off in leeward in windward work must stamp her as an uncertain representative. She is marvellously fast in running free and in footing, but equally remarkable in falling off the wind.

"JUBILEE," ON THE OTHER HAND, in her races has shown good all round work superior to *Colonia*, and only little below the high standard maintained throughout by *Vigilant*. There are even yachtsmen who believe *Jubilee*, with a good crew and some little strengthening of her rigging, would prove faster in every kind of weather than *Vigilant*. This department from the first has had great faith in General Paine's production. We believe there is very little difference in the two, that *Vigilant* is a better drifter in light airs, because of her Tobin bronze bottom, that they are about equal in moderate weather, and *Jubilee* the faster in a blow. *Jubilee* was unfortunate in being obliged to ship a new crew in the middle of the season and more disastrous still were the accidents to rigging on important days. However, this is more or less idle retrospection, since the trials have been sailed and choice made on the showing in those races. *Vigilant* unquestionably gave the best all-round exhibition, since she did not break down, no errors were made in her handling, and she won two of the events, and made a dead heat in the third. A break-down threw *Jubilee* out of the first trial altogether, delayed her seven minutes on the third at the very start, and handicapped her all through the race by a crippled gaff, and in the second trial an unaccountable blunder of her skipper at the first mark threw her from first to third place.

But all these matters go to make up the fortunes and misfortunes of racing, and are not to be considered in the final result. It was too bad *Jubilee* met with accident, of course, but it should have been provided against. *Vigilant's* gaff did not break, neither did her skipper make a blunder. The Morgan helm boat was handled to perfection, and looked a winner all over from her second race, she earned the right to defend the *America's* Cup. But if she should break down before the international, it seems incredible the committee would ignore the *Jubilee's* work and choose *Colonia*, and yet it looks very much that way just now.

Aside from the merits of his boat, General Paine's every yachting venture invariably enlists our full sympathy. He is a thorough-bred sportsman; four times he has built defenders of the yachting championship, and each time at his own expense. This year, in addition to paying all the bills, he has turned designer, and with what success may be appreciated from the fact that the Herreshoffs, with all their experience in boat designing and building, and two 85 footers to experiment on, were able on a *carte blanche* order to beat the Paine creation by so narrow a margin as to leave doubts in the minds of many as to *Vigilant's* superiority.

THE THIRD TRIAL RACE came on Monday while our last issue was on the press, and it brought the twenty knot breeze and housed topmasts we had all been wishing for to finally determine which of our cup-defenders is the fastest in comparatively heavy weather, and to test her on the points of sailing said to be *Valkyrie's* strongest. The showing of *Vigilant*, *Jubilee*, and *Colonia* was good enough to make us confident of not losing our yachting supremacy, but the work of *Vigilant* was very fine; though personally I should say that *Jubilee's* performance was the best of the day, taking everything into consideration. *Jubilee* broke her gaff just after the preparatory signal, and a rough job at repairing enabled her to cross the line seven minutes and six seconds after *Vigilant* and *Colonia*. With a mainsail wrinkled at the leech, a sagging peak, stay-sail and halyard blocks smashed just before reaching the first mark, which she was obliged to stand away to windward of so as not to tear her sail, in order to run down and tack around it, she, nevertheless, finished 8 min. and 16 sec. after *Vigilant*, and 2 min. and 46 sec. after *Colonia*, a mile the *Pilgrim*, which started at the same time as *Jubilee*, crossed the line about fifteen minutes after.

If these figures mean anything, they certainly show that *Jubilee*, in her crippled condition, was beaten by *Vigilant* on actual elapsed time, 1 min 13 sec., and that the Paine boat, in the same crippled condition, beat *Colonia* on elapsed time about five minutes. The query naturally arises, What would *Jubilee* have done had she started on even terms and met with no accidents?

IT WAS A GREAT VICTORY FOR "VIGILANT" to have beaten *Colonia* and *Pilgrim*, which had been regarded by many as invincible in a heavy blow. *Pilgrim* especially had been reported a "holy terror" in piping breezes, and her owners and admirers have prayed for cyclonic weather from the first day of the trial races. They got it on Monday, but it only served, so far as *Pilgrim* was concerned, to strengthen the prevailing opinion of her. The very conditions under which even those who thought her a failure surmised she would be fast, found her farther behind them in light airs. She not only kept falling astern but to the leeward, and at no time during the thirty miles was she holding her own. The *Colonia* performed in the same old way, footing very fast, but falling to leeward with equal rapidity. *Jubilee* pleased her admirers by her high pointing despite the crippled condition. But the most gratifying surprise of the day was the way *Vigilant* weathered the rather heavy seas. She did not stand up so stiffly as *Colonia*, perhaps, but she stood up stoutly enough for all purposes, and much better than it was thought she could from her work early in the season.

Amidst the condolences on one side and congratulations on the other, there is one common ground on which all American yachtsmen meet in general rejoicing, and that is that our national type of boat, a centreboarder, is the chosen defender, and *Jubilee*, too, which is certainly second best, has a centreboard, though, truth to tell, she is not of the conventional type.

THE FACT THAT *Navahoe* won the Brenton Reef cup by a couple of seconds on time allowance does in no wise alter the verdict on that most inconsistent performer, and the result of the Cape May cup race over practically the same course (western extremity of the Isle of Wight—Needles—to and around the breakwater at Cherbourg, France, and return—120 miles) a couple of days later proves the point well taken. In the first race *Navahoe* was but 54 seconds behind, in the second she finished over 36 minutes after the *Britannia*. The history of the *Navahoe* is not very creditable to her designers, the Herreshoffs. From the time she was first put overboard she has required tinkering, and has apparently never been able to sail two consecutive races in the same form. The only notable circumstance concerned with the *Navahoe's* European experience is the indomitable persistency of her owner, Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll, who has stuck to her in the face of most discouraging accidents, troubles with crew, unpleasant remarks of fellow-countrymen, and lukewarm backing of his club. Whatever little the *Navahoe* has achieved in British waters is due solely to the indefatigable energy of Mr. Carroll, who has accomplished more than was expected with a boat that as a racing yacht is a distinct failure. And that the trouble comes not, as the Herreshoffs claimed, from her being intended for a cruiser rather than a racer, is shown by her falling on a leeward work, just as does *Colonia*, the second Herreshoff 85 footer.

The Cape May and Brenton Reef cups (illustrated and described in a comparatively recent issue of the WEEKLY) were won by Sir Richard Sutton's English cutter *Genesta* in '85 from the *Dauntless*; no American yacht had raced for them on the other side until this year.

THE LARCHMONT SCHOONER RACE on Saturday developed the best sport of the season, and put *Laura*, last year's winner, again at the head, the place in which she seems rightfully to belong. *Ariel* and *Emerald*, this year's new two-stickers, were expected to dispute the title, especially *Ariel*, which has had an almost unbroken round of conquests since she was launched. *Emerald* promised well at first, but her work this season, as well as *Laura's*, up to Saturday had not been nearly so good as that of *Ariel*. The old *Dauntless* was the other entry, and she sailed in great form. The wind, at first light and puffy, increased, until it became a hurricane, and the boats finished with only lower working sails. *Laura* continued to draw ahead, and covered the 35 knots in 3h. 53m 49s., the second to finish being *Ariel*, which had consumed 4h. 9m. 54s.; *Emerald* 11 minutes later, and *Dauntless* one minute behind her. Corrected time found their positions unchanged. The cup for which they sailed is the most unique trophy ever offered.

THE NATIONAL ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS, held on the South Side Ball Grounds at Chicago, brought out four remarkably good performances and a lot of ordinary ones. With the exception of these four, and Puffer's fine work in the hurdles, the games were little above mediocrity. Added to this was the further fact that the events did not go off promptly, and the programme dragged out an hour longer than necessary. The ¼-mile track was in fairly good condition, and as fast as the average, while there was abundant provision for the field events. The start by H. S. Cornish was perfect and there was nothing to mar the afternoon but the tedious way the events dawdled along and a bad mistake of the judges in picking the second and third in the 100 yards flat. Probably there were 1500 spectators, not more, and the day proved that track athletics have not yet reached the plane they should attain in the West. The meeting showed also that the folly of the last few years in attempting the rag-tag and bobtail has begun to make itself felt. The old element is fast disappearing, the old spirit dying out, and the spectators we used to see have already scattered, and unless athletic governors and managers shape their course between the amateur buoys, the only true and winning way, they will founder on the rocks of public opinion as sure as gears grows and water runs. The Chicago Club has an opportunity of doing great good or great harm to Western athletics, and there is no time like the present for beginning.

THE TRACK EVENTS hardly compare with last year's, when the 100 and 220 were done in 10 and 21⅘ seconds against 10⅘ and 22⅘ this year. The 440 and 880 in 50 and 1 58⅘, against 50⅘ and 2 01⅘. Mile run last year 4 27⅘, this, 4 32⅘. 5-mile, 26 54⅘ and 26 08⅘, mile walk, 6 41⅘ and 6 44⅘, 3-mile walk, 22 27⅘ and 23 44⅘, 120 yards hurdles, 15⅘ and 16 sec., 220-yard hurdles, 25⅘ last year and this, high jump, 6 ft. and 5.11, broad jump 23 ft. 6 in., but this year 23 4⅘, pole vault, 11 ft. and 10 ft. 6 in., shot, 43 2⅘ and 47 ft., hammer, 140 ft. 11 in., and this year 134 ft. 8 in. only, 56 lb., 34 8⅘ and 34 5⅘. In the standing high and broad jumps of the new events added to the programme the records were untouched, but in the running hop, step, and jump, E. B. Bloss made a world's record, 48 ft. 6 in., in the pole vault for distance, A. H. Green, the old Harvard man, did 27 ft. 5 in., a world's record, and J. S. Mitchell also raised the record to 15 ft. 4⅘ in. throwing 56 lb. for height. These and George Gray's great put of the 16-lb. shot, 47 ft., constitute the records of the meeting, though Puffer's 25⅘ over the low hurdles equalled his own record over a course, with a turn. Of these, the distance pole-vaulting and 56 lb. for height are games very little practised or the records would not be where they are.

THERE SEEMS TO BE LITTLE INTEREST and less improvement in the walks, and they ought to be taken off the programme as useless. The one and three mile records, 6 29⅘ and 21 00⅘, made by F. P. Murray in '83, have never been even approached. The English programme is more sensible than ours; it leaves off the one and three miles, but puts in a seven-mile walk. If we must cultivate that ungainly, artificial stride, let us have endurance with it. Maybe we can kill off the walkers and do away with the event.

Comparing our '93 championship records with the English, we find their performance average far better than ours—100 yards, :10; 440, 49⅘; 880, 1 55⅘; mile, 4 22⅘; 120 hurdle, 16⅘, 16 lb. shot, 42 9, pole vault, 11 ft. 2 in.; high jump 6 ft. 2⅘ in.; broad jump, 21 ft. 11 in.

THE SPRINTS BROUGHT OUT FOUR MEN who are new to championship honors, though two of them have been running some time. Stage, Spence, Skillinger, and Buckholtz were the best of the lot, and the first is a good yard faster than any one of them, or any other sprinter on the track to-day. He has a clean, pretty stride, and we shall hear more of him anon, he seems the most likely man of the day to touch the present records, though I do not expect to see him do it. He looks fit to run in even time, and no more, at least in his present form. Spence is an improving 10⅘ man. Buckholtz fairly earned second place in the 100 yards, but the judges got mixed and left him out entirely. Neither Carr nor Waldon, the Canadians, turned up. But Orton turned up a winner in the mile, and Connell went to pieces, broken up by his own disregard of training and other common-sense rules. This left Willie Day an easy thing in the five miles, quite as easy as had Puffer running in both high and low hurdles, Sweeney in the high jump, Gray in the shot, Mitchell in the 56 lb. hammer, and Sekwane in the standing high and broad jumps. The only contests of the day were in the quarter, which Allen pluckily won in crippled condition; the half, where Morris led half the way and was beaten out for even the place by *Howe*, with Turner first, and in the mile walk, where Shearman won from Lickgold after a good struggle. Collis was outclassed in the 3-mile walk, and Lachgold was easily in slow time. Reber and Bloss fought out the running broad jump but the latter could not get above 22 6, while Reber did 23 4⅘, and would probably have broken his record if the wind had not been against him.

Despite the four world's records, it left the impression of being, on the whole, an uninteresting meeting.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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THE NEW CHINESE MINISTER.

THE arrival in Washington some two weeks ago of the Chinese Minister, Yang Yu, was followed speedily by his presentation to Secretary Gresham of the Emperor's protest against the enforcement of the Geary law, and for this reason, as well as because of his unique personality, the Oriental envoy is at present the most conspicuously prominent of the foreign diplomats at the capital. Yang Yu reached Washington August 30th, after a stay of several weeks in San Francisco, and on September 4th, accompanied by four elaborately attired attachés, he presented his credentials to the President. His protest against the obnoxious deportation statute was filed with the Secretary of State on September 11th.

The new Minister, who succeeds Tsui Kwo Yin, recalled in disgrace because of his affiliation with Mukiewicz's disastrous financial ventures, is about fifty years of age, and physically short and quite stout, with a round full face. His eyes are dark and piercing, peering out from beneath a high forehead, and he wears the thin black mustache and goatee that are distinctive of the Oriental. He moves about with the air of dignified self-possession which also is characteristic of high-bred Chinamen. In rank Yang Yu is but a few degrees removed from royalty, and he comes to the United States as a more influential representative of the Emperor and one of greater prestige than any of his predecessors. He is favorably known to the foreign residents in China, whose esteem he won by his energetic attention to their interests at the time of the riots at Wuhu, and he is reputed to be an enlightened and very broad-minded official.

The new envoy travels in great splendor, and when he disembarked from the *Gaelic* at San Francisco, August 15th, he was followed by a suite of eighty-two persons whose baggage, as weighed at the custom-house, aggregated eighty tons. All of these attachés did not accompany Yang Yu to Washington, however, some of them being destined for diplomatic service at Madrid and at Lima, as the Minister is accredited to those capitals as well as to Washington. In the suite were several young Chinamen who have been educated at American colleges, and of whom one of the cleverest is Mun Jew Chung, still remembered at Yale as the coxswain of one of the university crews.

Next to their flowing robes of silk and brocade, their odd parti-colored hats, and the other articles of attire in which the Minister and his suite were magnificently costumed, the people of San Francisco and Washington have been most directly interested in the women of the party—the Minister's wife, the five ladies of rank who attend her, and her two daughters who are fast approaching the "coming out" age, and may eventually make their début in the society of the capital. Mrs. Yang Yu herself is rarely visible to profane eyes. In accordance with Chinese custom, she lives a life of almost hermitlike seclusion, dining alone and seeing no one, for visitors are not permitted to enter her apartment.

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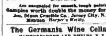

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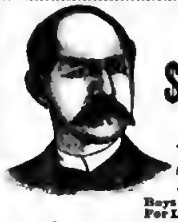

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXVII.—No. 1919.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1893.

TEN CENTS A COPY
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

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A CINCH.—[SEE "OUR KINGS," PAGE 926.]

SAYS BOSS CROKER TO BOSS McLAUGHLIN: "SHAKE!"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1893.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number

OUR KINGS.

THE municipal governments of New York and Brooklyn are no doubt a sore puzzle to the students of political institutions who visit us in this year of Columbian festivities. They find here great cities of enormous wealth and business activity, intelligent and civilized people profuse in professions of public spirit and patriotism, and the machinery of popular self government in perfect completeness and apparently in constant operation. They observe at the same time that the taxes are high, that the expenditures of public money run to fabulous amounts in proportion to the public work done, and that the men in official position administering public interests are mostly, in point of character, far from being such as would be intrusted by a prudent man with the management of his private affairs—in fact, in many cases, uniting in themselves conspicuously the qualities which should exclude any one possessing them from places of trust and responsibility. The inquirers will be still more surprised when, looking into the history of these municipal governments, they find that this condition of things is not merely accidental or exceptional, not the mere result of an occasional inadvertence or mistake on the part of an intelligent self-governing people, but that it is the upshot of a fixed system of despotic rule, and that this despotic rule is, in each of these nominally democratic communities, centred in one person—a monarch.

The foreign observer will be amazed at the species of monarchs we permit here to lord it over us, and at the demoralization of the public spirit which tolerates such a rule. Here he beholds two men who hold no official position, and are under no public responsibility of any sort. But they rule their cities with the wellnigh absolute power of autocrats. The machinery of popular self government serves only to mask the exercise of their usurped authority. The political organizations at the head of which they stand hold primaries and conventions and nominate candidates for office. But the candidates to be nominated have been selected beforehand by the boss. The people go to the polls and vote, but the well-organized forces of the boss, directly or indirectly aided by his allies in other parties, blindly obey his will, and elect the candidates designated by him. The Mayor of the city, in the exercise of his legal power, appoints subordinate officers; but he appoints only those whose appointment the boss has ordered. The municipal councils pass ordinances and grant franchises, but only after the boss has ordained what ordinances or franchises shall be passed or granted. Disobedience to the will of the boss on the part of a politician in his organization means political death to the offender. Opposition to the boss on the part of a corporation or a private citizen whose interests can be affected by the action of the municipal government means persecution and pecuniary loss. Thus the executive as well as the legislative functions of the municipal government are under his absolute control, and even private interests are at his mercy. No king ever exercised absolute personal power more completely without the authority of law, than the boss does under the disguise of popular self government.

It may be added that no king ever levied taxes more arbitrarily for his personal benefit. The boss, occupying no official position, draws no official salary. Neither does he carry on any legitimate private business from which he might derive an honest revenue. And yet he accumulates property, gets rich, and flaunts his wealth defiantly in the eyes of the community. How much he thus gets and where and how he gets it is not known, at least not publicly. But certain it is that in some way he gets it out of the pockets of the public. He levies upon the community a sort of tax to which even royal despots have not resorted—a secret tax, a tax of unknown nature and amount—for his personal comfort and enjoyment. Thus he makes the suffering citizens pay him for governing them, or rather for robbing them by misgovernment; for such a government as his can be only a government by corruption. The power of the boss rests upon the fidelity of his retainers. These retainers are held by him not by any political principles, not by any common objects of the public good, but by personal interest. They want to be taken care of themselves, or they have persons near to them whom they want to be taken care of. They can be taken care of only at the public expense, and to this end money must be taken out of the public purse, no matter whether any equivalent service be rendered for it or not. This means robbing the public for the purpose of keeping the followers of the boss faithful to him. And this systematic robbery is evident by its fruits.

But the boss takes the honor and self respect of the community even more outrageously than its purse. As faithlessness to the boss is, in his eyes, the worst crime, so is fidelity to his interests in his eyes the highest virtue. This virtue must be rewarded and encouraged in every possible manner. No moral delinquency, no bad repute, must be permitted to stand in the way of that reward and encouragement. He who commits for the boss an offence ever so infamous must be treated as no less deserving than an honest man—nay, even as more deserving, for he has shown that he can be depended upon to stop at nothing. The boss prefers an unscrupulous and a tainted servant to one that is morally fastidious. It must be demonstrated, therefore, that an unsavory record, a bad name, is no bar to public preferment. The people must be accustomed to seeing in public office men who ought to be in jail. They must be accustomed to voting for persons for the very reason that those persons ought not to be voted for. They must be compelled to "vindicate" the evil-doers by conferring public honors on them. When a Mayor of Brooklyn has disgraced himself by doing the bidding of Boss MCLAUGHLIN, that Mayor must be renominated and re-elected, not in *spite* of his disgrace, but *because* of it—in distinct recognition of the disgraceful services rendered. Boss CROKER, of New York, had once distinguished himself by killing a man, which some old fashioned people considered an objectionable feature of his career. He insisted that one of his faithful followers, who had also killed a man, should be appointed by the Mayor of New York to an important municipal office. The Mayor, although faithful to the boss in all other things, recoiled from so malodorous an act. He fell into disfavor. Boss CROKER, having killed a man himself, had no use for a Mayor who was squeamish about appointing man killers to office. Man killing was to be "vindicated," and the boss ordered the election of a Mayor who appointed the favorite man-killer without hesitation. An officer of the State committed an act which was denounced by the Bar Association as a crime, to deliver the State Senate into the hands of the bosses. He was rewarded by an obsequious Governor with a seat on the highest judicial bench of the State. The bosses now unite in demanding that he be continued in that seat by a regular nomination and election, not although, but *because* he has committed that crime. The "vindication" of crime in their interest is by them an holy alliance to be forced upon the people of the State. No people were ever more audaciously and systematically defied and insulted in their moral sense and their self-respect.

The foreign observer may wonder how an intelligent and not utterly enslaved people can endure this kind of government; and, indeed, we may wonder ourselves. MONTESQUIEU said that monarchies were founded on honor, republics on virtue. But here we have a monarchy which has not even the deceptive pretence of splendor and prestige, which nobody can serve without shame, and which has nothing to give but the booty of the public robber; a monarchy disgustingly vulgar in the viciousness of its aims and methods as well as in its *personnel*. CHARLES I. was beheaded and JAMES II. dethroned for misgovernment far less outrageous than this, and if the citizens of New York and Brooklyn were animated with the true spirit of freemen, they would at once silence the insidious promptings of a jealous party spirit, rise up with the peaceful weapon of the ballot in their hands, and relieve themselves of the disgraceful yoke of their bandit kings far more easily than the English rid themselves of the STUARTS.

THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS.

THERE has been much more talk of executive interference with the legislative branch of the government than is warranted by the facts. So far as Mr. CLEVELAND has interfered in the matter of the silver repeal bill, for example, he has simply followed the example of his predecessors. The WEEKLY knows, on the very best authority, that neither Mr. CLEVELAND nor any member of his cabinet has assumed the tones of dictation, or promised or threatened to withhold favors, or even requested votes on the repeal bill on the ground that it is an administration measure and that its defeat would be the defeat of the President.

While there is no such thing known in our government as an administration measure, the President and the members of his cabinet are always interested in important bills that are under discussion in Congress. They would show a strange indifference to the requirements of their offices if they were not interested in questions of public concern. The bills that are before Congress are in process of becoming laws or of being prevented from becoming laws which the executive branch of the government must administer. Although the general rule is that the executive and the legislative branches of the government are independent of each other, nevertheless the President has a quasi-legislative function in the power of veto, and the Constitution requires him to "give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." This command does not prohibit him from discussing pending questions with individual Congressmen. The Constitution is not to be interpreted by the rule *expressio unius, exclusio alterius*. Mr. CLEVELAND, notwithstanding that he is President, has the same right as other citizens to discuss political questions with other citizens, even if those other citizens are Congressmen.

Mr. CLEVELAND, in the exercise of this privilege, has discussed the silver-repeal bill. But his critics insinuate that he has used the power of his office to influence Congressional opinions and votes; for one who talks of "executive interference" must mean to charge this, or his words are idle sound. Mr. CLEVELAND does what every one of his predecessors did—what JEFFERSON, JACKSON, POLK, and BUCHANAN notably did—less than Mr. HAYES did when the political legislation of 1879 was under consideration, and he braced the Republican minority in the two Houses to resist the efforts of the Democrats to repeal the election laws. Instead of interfering with the legislative body by a resort to threats or allurements, Mr. CLEVELAND is probably more sensitive than most of his predecessors have been as to the relations to be maintained by the President towards Congress. He is not only not intimidating any one, he is even refraining from conversation with men who, he finds, have distorted the expression of opinion into the utterance of threats. He is waiting anxiously, like all other good citizens, not for a victory or defeat for his own administration, but for the vote in the Senate that shall decide for or against the public welfare.

THE OKLAHOMA SCRAMBLE.

WHEN the sun set September the sixteenth the last great body of arable land in the United States was no longer a part of the public domain. To get possession of this land in the new Territory of Oklahoma there was the most disgraceful and disorderly scramble that has ever occurred in the distribution of public lands. And the methods employed in the sale of these lands at various times have not been good. On the contrary, they have always handicapped the actual home-seeker in favor of the land grabber, the land-shark. But never have these sales been so flagrantly unjust as in the settlement of Oklahoma. When the first part of the Territory was thrown open to settlement, a few years ago, the method was that the first comers should secure the pick of lands. Therefore there was a riotous race from the borders, in which many thousands engaged. But even the fleetest of these found the best lands already squatted upon by "sooners"—adventurers who had gone into the Territory before the legal time for entrance—and genuine settlers, who cared to secure homes worth having, were compelled by necessity to buy these "sooners" off, and then hold their quarter sections or town lots by actual force against all comers. This was a disgracefully undignified manner of settling a new Territory. The present administration of the land-office, in an effort to improve on this disorderly method of distribution, inaugurated a kind of lottery, and required all settlers entering the lands just disposed of to have certificates of registration. Offices were opened near by the borders of the new lands. These were so inadequate that rows in the line at these registration offices actually dropped dead from fatigue and hardship while waiting their turn.

When the day arrived for the scramble to begin, the race of certificate holders and men without certificates was just as mad as it had been on the former occasions. And the experience of the racers under the new method was the same as that under the old. When they arrived they found "sooners" in possession of about all that was worth having. A *bona fide* settler, with the means at command, would rather buy a "sooner" out than go without any land at all. In this scramble the bold, the desperate, the unscrupulous, the undeserving, have come in for all the good things. If such cruel injustice could by any chance happen again it is not a bad thing that the public domain ever to be open to settlement is a thing of the past.

Land-hunger, so notable a characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon, has caused the larger part of the United States to be settled within the present century. Those who were genuinely land hungry, those who wished to own the land upon which they lived, have made in all times and all countries the best settlers in a new country. They have been law abiding people, for without well-established courts of justice there could be no security in land titles. The genuine settlers that have gone to Oklahoma are no doubt of this class. But the speculators, the "sooners," and the land-pirates belong to an entirely different class, and the public officials, when they consider that in parting with this last large body of public land they have given all the advantage to the adventurers, and have deprived the deserving home seekers of a fair chance, must look upon themselves with anything but serene satisfaction.

The idea of the Interior Department determining through its land-surveyors, in advance of settlement, that at this place and that there should be cities is absurd. A city in a democratic country is not built by official edict; it grows from natural causes. There is only one consolation in this whole undignified business—it cannot happen again.

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WOMEN WHO ARE TALKED ABOUT.

It must have been half a century ago that a certain woman looked out of the window in a certain New York State town and exclaimed, in excited tones: "Gracious, sisters, look! Here comes Mrs GREEN, walking down the street with her own husband!" It is all of twoscore years since Mrs GREEN moved her husband and her daughters away from that quiet place to broader fields of enterprise; but her memory is still verdant there, and the older inhabitants lament the lessened interest in life which was a consequence of her departure.

Communities are not half grateful enough to the devoted women who ameliorate the tediousness of provincial existence by getting themselves talked about. Women who go so far as to make scandals or mar the peace of families do damage, and it is just and ethical to blame them, however much conversation may result. But, surely, women who combine with fundamental discretion sufficient catholicity of regard for men to make the neighbors talk about their friendships are entitled to large shares of credit for the enlivened discussions to which they give rise. All women cannot flirt. Some do not know how, and if they did, there are not men enough to go around. But almost all women can talk about the woman who, in their opinion, does flirt, and can be shocked to ecstasy by the reputed impropriety of her behavior, and stirred to a grateful appreciation of the sanity of their own conduct by contrasting it with hers.

The occasional dame who has an exceptional gift for platonic friendships can be the attached and devoted wife of one husband, and yet find room in her mind and heart for a shifting squad of other gentlemen, in whom her interest is as lively and cordial as it is innocent. She is a highly useful and commendable sort of woman, who makes her home attractive, and whose husband usually understands and appreciates her. But the common run of her feminine coevals either cannot or will not understand her, and are too prone to talk about her endlessly as a foe to her own sex and a snare to the other. Cases have been known where women of this sort were so guiltless of evil design and so unaware of imprudent conduct as never to suspect that they were talked about. To afford so much talk without any real mischief done, and without even a consciousness of the service rendered, would seem an ideal form of benevolent activity to which kind women might be expected to aspire. Yet somehow, for all that it does their fellows so much good and themselves so little harm, women almost always prefer some other form of altruistic usefulness.

Women who have talked a good deal themselves about other women are especially chary about getting at the object end of the social glass, and make the most grotesque efforts sometimes to avoid even a whisper of criticism. It is stated as a fact, with the names and places given, so that one must believe it, that a woman of a careful Boston family, who was confident that she knew what proper conduct was, was spending the summer in a cottage in the White Mountains, when one day, while her husband was away fishing, a friend came to visit him. She kept the visitor to dinner, but her husband's return being delayed by a storm, she sat up all night with the poor gentleman in the parlor rather than go to bed unchaperoned with a strange man in the house. Alas! she defeated her own ends, since, instead of being lauded as a woman who knew what was right, she exposed herself to the mortifying suggestion that there must have been some thrice harrowing experiences back of so unconscionable a distrust in male mankind.

For the futile and unnecessary sufferings of such a martyr one is bound to have pity, tempered though it may be with a smile. Not so with those sticklers for an artificial and inconvenient code of propriety whose chosen attitude seems to be to sit with one foot slyly thrust forward for the unwary to stumble over. When a dame of that stamp trips over her own obstructiveness, sympathy may reasonably take the form of a hope that the lesson may do her good.

PROFESSORS AND THEIR PAY.

PRESIDENT HARPER, of the Chicago University, has been suggesting in a contemporary magazine that college professors should have more pay. None of them, he says, are paid as well as the head man in the business world. Only professors of the highest grade get as much as the lower grades of responsible officers of railroads and insurance companies, while the salaries of the lower class of professors compare with the wages of skilled workmen in the mechanical industries. Dr. HARPER thinks such compensation painfully inadequate. He says that his professors cannot keep up on what they are getting, to say nothing of buying the books they need and spending their vacations in improving travel. His preaching on the subject twins absolutely with his practice, since, as will be remembered, he is the identical President HARPER who was lately implicated in a successful conspiracy to bull the brains market by offering all the best professors in the world large pecuniary inducements to come to Chicago. His experience with professors has doubtless persuaded him that he knows what they most need, and he is probably right when he suggests that it is more money.

But it is that way with almost all of us. We all need larger salaries. If there was any immediate prospect that the professors would get the increase that Dr HARPER recommends, not a word should be uttered here to hinder it. Inasmuch, however, as no such prospect threatens, or can be blighted by argument, there is no harm in recalling that except in the matter of pay the professor has one of the delightfulest of all the jobs. He has the long summer vacation that makes him the envied of all men except the preachers. He does not have to neglect his mind, as other men do, in order to focus his faculties on his work, but his very business in life is understood to be the cultivation and enlargement of his intellectuals. Every one is expected to sacrifice something to success in his calling. What would the professor sacrifice if not money? If he were adequately paid, what dams or barriers would suffice to keep the multitude from swooping down on the pedagogical calling and swamping it with competition?

But there are better grounds than these on which we who are not professors may comfort ourselves about the professors' pay, for it may be sincerely argued that comparatively poor professors are more truly and usefully instructive to us than rich ones would be. In a world that is full of rich people who confuse and fluster us by their elaborate scale of living we have reason to be grateful for the perpetuation of a few orders of men whose circumstances encourage them to set the example of a comparatively frugal existence. The professors, by continuing poor and at the same time highly respectable and agreeable, make it easier for us to keep our hold on plain living, and to remember that a man's highest happiness does not necessarily lie in the elaboration of his domestic apparatuses. Moreover, the professors and their wives being clever people and fertile of resource, the rest of us get much practical benefit from observing the methods and expedients to which they have recourse to make small salaries yield the greatest amount of simple comfort. We notice where they spend their summers, and whether or not their children go barefoot in the country, and what their amusements are, and how much regard they find it advisable to pay to shifting fashions in raiment. By living as they do on such incomes as they have they help to keep the scale of civilized living within feasible bounds, and though it may not be especially exhilarating to them to do it, it is vastly useful to us to have it done. In olden times we used to hear about the New England preachers who reared and educated large families on a salary of five hundred dollars a year. It was an encouragement to persons of limited means to know that such exploits were actually possible. So now it is a solace and a help to be aware how intelligent and enviable an existence can be maintained in college towns on such salaries as professors receive.

Of course it is not expected that such considerations as these will induce professors to stickle for very moderate salaries when hiring out, or refuse such increased emoluments as come their way; but if they must be comparatively poor we do well to appreciate any incidental benefits that inure to us from their condition; and it may be some solace to them to believe that their exemplary economies are good for us, even though somewhat rasping to themselves.

MACHINERY AND CHARACTER.

IN a recent Editor's Study, Mr CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER takes occasion to consider the subject of certain labor-saving, or, more properly speaking, hand-work destroying, machinery from the point of view of the unhappy Mr. RUSKIN; or at least Mr. WARNER asks some questions on this subject which leave a suspicion that he sympathizes with the perturbed Mr RUSKIN.

The point raised by Mr WARNER is, may not the general substitution of machine for hand work have a bad effect on the character of folks in general? and he especially instances the vanishing of the old ways of making butter—the decay of the churn, in short. Formerly the making of butter was distinctly hand work all the way through, the mechanical appliances being simple and subordinate. It was a pleasant, almost an artistic, employment, and the production of a given lot of butter was the occupation of several days' time. Now all is changed. Mr. WARNER's cow is driven in from pasture, and a mechanical milking apparatus is attached to her. The milk is conveyed directly to a whirring cream separator, which is in league with another buzzing machine that takes the place of the fallen churn; and when the astonished cow looks back over her shoulder, as the hired man drives her out into the pasture again and puts up the bars, it is to see the farmer starting for market with her butter in a patent firkin, and meditating as to what proportion of the money obtained therefor he shall send to his daughter at college, and what part apply to making a payment on his new combined electric incubator and chicken feeding apparatus. Mr. WARNER says that this sort of thing grieves Mr. RUSKIN, as of course everybody knows, and hints that he doesn't cotton to it much himself.

With a lively recognition of the truth in this view of the subject, we desire to ask if there is not something to be said on the other side. What was the churn, anyhow, that we should deplore its passing? Who can tell how many boys have been driven from the farm by this same churn? We can point with absolute certainty to at least one notable instance. We refer to the late JAY GOULD, who left his personal testimony to the fact in one of his rare autobiographical notes. On the GOULD homestead power for this departed churn was furnished by a treed-mill, the operating of which devolved on either young JAY or a certain trained sheep. JAY and the sheep would play about the yard in beautiful companionship (like Mary and *her* wool-producing animal) till preparations for churning began to be made, when JAY, in his own words, would "light out," leaving the sheep to tread the churn mill alone. But though the sheep is a foolish creature, this particular mutton at last got the wool out of his eyes, and when JAY lit out he also decamped, in an opposite direction. At this the elder GOULD took a hand in the proceedings. Whether the sheep was the better of the two at lighting out, or whether the old gentleman doubted the efficacy of corporal punishment for a sheep, is not stated, but certain it is that this form of family attention was reserved for JAY, and he was brought back and adjusted on the treed-mill. "I concluded," he adds, "that I didn't care much for farming anyhow, and soon left, and never went back." Of course it is probable that, from a financial point of view, Mr. GOULD did just as well as if he had stuck to the farm—perhaps better—but who can say that it was as well for the other side of his character?

Without going so far as to say that all boys are driven from the farm by the churn, we nevertheless make bold to assert that it was a disagreeable agricultural implement, requiring altogether too much physical exertion to operate it. The old-fashioned up and down kind, in which it took the butter two hours and a half to "come," was the worst, but the more recent revolving variety was bad enough. Mr. WARNER speaks of the calm joy of "setting" the milk in the old way and waiting "through the still hours of night" for the cream to rise. This was pleasant if the mosquitoes were not so bad that you couldn't sleep; but is there no joy in operating a machine so ingenious and complicated as the detested "separator" must be? For there must be a man somewhere back of your most modern and obnoxious machine. The farmer cannot desert his new-fangled machinery and go away to the World's Fair with the reasonable hope that the cow will adjust herself to the milking machine, that the rest of the apparatus will buze out the butter, and that the horse will trot away to market with it and collect the money. If the plan worked up to this point it would still fail, because the horse would spend the money in a riotous round of oats and extravagant purchases of first quality hay. It is true that the man back of such a machine usually is a man, since its complexity is probably such that it cannot appeal to the unmechanical mind of woman; but Mr. WARNER himself admits that the dairymaid is already away in college, and as for the farmer's wife, her time is fully taken up in looking after the dish washing machine and the electric baby tender.

After all, is it not largely a matter of degree? There is undeniably a subtle and beneficial influence on the character in hand-work; but who shall say where hand-work ends and machine work begins? The churn was a palpable machine, and the butter-ladle an unmistakable tool. They may not have been as "machiny" as the "separator," but barring the latter's greater facilities for snipping off the fingers of the hired man, has it a worse effect on the character of the operator? As a race, here not we reached a point where we have sufficient strength of character to withstand more of the alleged deleterious effects of machinery than formerly? Is it not once more a question of degree, and that we shall soon adjust ourselves to the greater prevalence of machinery? No doubt machinery has been crowding in upon us very rapidly the last few years, but perhaps we can digest it if given a little time. Latter day machinery suffers from standing too close to us. Poetry refuses to attach itself to an article on which the patent has not expired. Odes to arc-light and sonnets on separators will come in good time; and a half-century from now may find some man writing a thoughtful "Study" article in deplore the passing away of the good old days of the hand-work separator, and seriously questioning the influence on character of this new patent machine run by an interstellar-ether engine, to which the grass is pitched into the hopper and firkins of butter roll out at the other end.

ENGLISH SUICIDES.

So sober a paper as the *Spectator* of London recently remarked that there was an "epidemic of suicides" in England. Now "epidemic," in any such sense as this, is, we have been often assured, an Americanism, and an Americanism is a sort of *lèse majesté* against the English language as used by the small fraction of English-speaking people who write for English journals. The offender in this case, as a feeble mitigation of this particular lesion to the majesty of the English tongue, ascribed the prevalence of suicide in the British Islands, in a half hearted way, to the weather, which had been very dry for a very long time. We do not believe he really thought that the weather had anything to do with the matter, for he straightway advanced the theory that it was due to the excessive love of pleasure and fear of pain which are rapidly relaxing the fibre of the English nature.

For our part we suspect that suicides here not been much more frequent this summer in England than usual, and that what makes them seem so is simply the eagerness with which the newspapers have recorded and discussed them as a relief to the eternal Irish question. Or if there are actually more persons who have their quietus made, it is just as likely to have been from disgust with politics as from the weather. What is noteworthy, though, is that there has raged in the British papers a wild debate over the right and wrong of suicide, in which a considerable number of writers, quite above the average—as their letters show—in education, or at least in familiarity with books and ability to write, have strongly sustained the right of any one in a desperate condition as to health, wealth, or happiness to destroy his own life.

The fatal weakness in this argument is the assumption that suicide is necessarily the destruction of life. It is the end of this life, and the fact of another life after this is not demonstrable to persons who reject the authority of Christian teaching; but to any one capable of reasoning on the subject at all, the assumption that life ends with the close of the form of it known to us is, to say the least, quite as tremendous as the opposite, so that the mere shuffling off this coil cannot with any sense be regarded as a finality. Apart from this, the very common explanation of suicide by "temporary insanity" is founded on a wide range of known facts, and though it is not an explicit and perfectly trustworthy explanation, it comes as near to one as we are likely to get. In any case, all our reasoning about the abstract question will probably neither hinder nor cause a single suicide, but it is just as well, in questions of this sort, to give some rein to common sense, and not to discard the long teachings of the experience of the race. In the great mass of cases suicide may be taken as due to insanity or something worse.

ORLANDO, SEPTEMBER 14TH.—SELLING WATER AT THE RAILROAD STATION: "ONLY FIVE CENTS FOR A BIG CANFUL."

WICHITA, SEPTEMBER 13TH.—SELLING WATER TO "STRIPPERS" ON THE TRAIN, FIFTY CENTS A CANTEEN.

ORLANDO, SEPTEMBER 14TH.—"COME ON, YOU THIRSTY PEOPLE, FIVE CENTS FOR ALL YOU CAN DRINK. PURE CRYSTAL COOL WATER."

TEN MINUTES BEFORE THE GREAT RUSH—ON THE SOUTH LINE OF THE INDIAN SCHOOL RESERVE, NEAR ARKANSAS CITY.

SITE OF THE FUTURE CITY OF PERRY, SHOWING UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE. POPULATION SEPTEMBER 16TH, 0; SEPTEMBER 16TH ABOUT 20,000.

REGISTRATION BOOTHS ON THE "LINE," SOUTH OF ARKANSAS CITY, SEPTEMBER 15TH.

ON THE "REGISTRATION STOOLS" AT THE END OF THE LINE, ARKANSAS CITY, SEPTEMBER 15TH.

THE GRAND RUSH AT NOON OF SEPTEMBER 16TH—LOOKING EAST ALONG THE SOUTH LINE OF INDIAN SCHOOL RESERVE.

THE OPENING OF THE CHEROKEE STRIP, SEPTEMBER 16, 1893.
FROM SKETCHES MADE ON THE SPOT BY H. WORRALL.

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The Casino

At The Morning Concert

A Dilemma

At the Polo Grounds

FASHIONABLE life in America is subject to quick and sudden changes. For this reason to speak of society as it was a few years ago in Newport may not be to represent it as it is now. There was a time, for instance, when hotel life prevailed there over cottage life. Hotels were made attractive by the leading ladies of fashion. Once, as we all know, a rivalry existed in Catherine Street between the Fillmore House and the Bellevue, because Mrs. Pringle of South Carolina stopped at the one, and Mrs. Pell of New York stopped at the other.

It was not an uncommon thing when you arrived at Newport, cold and dejected, at three o'clock in the morning, to hear a hackman calling in a cheery voice: "Are you for Mrs. Pell of New York, or for Mrs. Pringle of South Carolina? Here I am for either!" He knew that those who heard him, being friends of both, would understand his joke and forgive him his staleness.

There are many persons who, remembering these things, will say, with a sigh, "Those were really the exclusive days of Newport, her most aristocratic times." None believe this more than some of the old tradespeople, who look with the eyes of aliens upon the loud and showy life of the present day of fashion, although in matters of business this life is vastly better for them. These people, by the way, with their old traditions of Revolutionary glory, are a most exclusive set. As Colonel Higginson once wittily said, "A baby born on board a ship in the harbor of Newport could never rightly be called a Newporter, but must always be a foreigner."

Until within quite a late date in its cottage life the world dined at three o'clock in the afternoon, the drive following later. Even dinner parties were given at that early hour. Those were the days of high tea, with veritable hot cakes and waffles. Now every one dines between eight and nine, but what they have for dinner will be served to us later on.

It is by no means an easy affair, being asked to those dinners. They who go to Newport now, stopping at hotels and expecting to enter society, will not do it. Neither will they who go there taking cottages. One is admitted to society in Newport, indeed, only after the continued effort of many summers, after patient yearly comings, always with a paraphernalia that would pass as *en règle* were admission granted. Frequently, however, much more has to be done before the existence of the devotee is even recognized. All aspirants, indeed, are ignored until a certain time of probation has been passed. Then they may never be admitted into society.

Who has not seen the vacant stare which passes from the indifferent eye of an habitué over the contour of a newcomer? Many a stout heart must quail under it. To those who understand the subject, just to watch the passers by on Bellevue Avenue is like watching a play; to read the names of new comers on the real-estate list, like reading a romance. For many an aspirant one summer with its disappointments suffices. Hope ever rises in the hearts of

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others. They come again and yet again, and then—sometimes suddenly they find themselves in.

Do you ask what can and what cannot admit one? The answer is, "No one can tell." You might think that money could do it. 'Twas money once everywhere but it is not all money any longer anywhere. We are used now to our millions and even to our billions. Those who have money and have failed know this to be true. Yet, to do money full justice, it is not always found that society at Newport is hardened against it. Yet it is not money alone which admits the outsider, for money is very plentiful there, and has ceased to cause surprise. It would show great ignorance to think that cleverness could admit one. I mean that cleverness which disturbs you while it makes you admire, applaud, and appreciate.

Such cleverness calls for too much exertion and exacts too much attention. It is not cleverness, therefore, nor is it beauty for the women, nor a good tailor for the men, for beauty and good dressing are to be found without stint both in and out of society—they have become professions. Then if it is not money alone, nor cleverness, nor beauty, nor good dressing, what is it?

It seems to me in one word—*conventionality*.

Society does not like to be startled or surprised. It can only let itself be agitated along well established, long-approved of lines. Conventionality may be described as a monotony of conduct, a conformity to outward appearances. This conformity in one set of society and in one place may not suit another set nor another place, although broadly speaking it is everywhere about the same. The conventionality which belongs to Newport is entirely its own. It has some points which have grown out of circumstances. To preserve them, is to secure its own peace and comfort. For instance, society in Newport has certain things to do and certain places to frequent. It sees no object in any change of custom. It does not boat, it seldom fishes (only the men ever fish), and it bathes in the sea *sub rosa*.

In speaking of society one refers, of course, to the occupants of those beautiful carriages and turnouts which one sees dashing in and out of the grounds of their own cottages as they pay visits to each other, and who, after that, drive at stated times up and down the Avenue or around the Ocean Drive, when the huge red watering-cart has gone before. Society means those persons who are known by sight to every one, and for whom most curiosity is felt. Of course there are many who are well ensconced within the pale who do not answer to this description, but they are not so conspicuous, and therefore are shielded from too much observation and criticism.

One of the curious and interesting conventionalities of Newport is how and when to bow. When you meet an acquaintance for the first time that day you bow pleasantly and satisfactorily. After that you must not show even by the flutter of an eyelash that you see them again. If your eyes should meet, they must each glance apart with a leaden and most non-committal stare. Should the encounter be with a friend, a slight gleam of recognition may be admitted, but with this protest in your expression: "This is all very well for once, but you know it can't go on, for we have done it before." It is admissible to bow in the afternoon, even though you have bowed in the morning, because you are now performing a separate function. In the morning you were shopping or calling, now you are engaged in driving.

There was once an effort made to induce the townspeople of Newport to widen Thames Street for shopping purposes. It is now a narrow picturesque relic of colonial times, but most inconvenient for modern carriages and vehicles. The scheme involved more expense and discussion than was expected. Over and above the expense, however, there was discovered an obstinate affection on the part of the townspeople for things as they were. What was good enough for Washington, Lafayette, Rochambeau, Chastellux, etc., who were entertained by those men whose descendants now own the shops, was good enough for these degenerate days and for the people who want to meddle and alter. So nothing was ever done. The fashionable and enterprising element was baffled in its effort to have its shopping district made more comfortable and commodious.

Another bone of contention has come up of late. To touch upon it is to touch upon a very delicate subject.

There is at present a certain friction between the towns-people and the summer people on the hill or, as they are familiarly called, the "townies" and the "hillers." The trouble has been caused by the running of electric cars across the daily haunts of the summer people. This may seem a small matter, but it has struck its roots of discontent deep into fashionable life, therefore it is necessary to speak of it, and also to say that the things that are disliked in Newport are disliked in communities and the things that are approved of are also approved of in communities.

A company from Providence started the idea of an excursion line to Newport. Strange to say, this pleased the "townies," but the "hillers" strongly contested the bill. There were meetings and offers of compromise, but the company was obdurate. The summer people fought it and lost it. This line brings the people from the small manufacturing towns in the neighborhood, and also from Providence, for fresh air upon the beach. Electric cars meet them at the wharf and carry them across the town to this beach. If this tramway had been carried through the meadows below Ayrault Street all might have gone well, but the persistent little thing puts in an impertinent appearance and crosses Bellevue Avenue just where it isn't wanted, and where it is impossible to endure it and keep your temper. This also makes a very different place of Newport from the time when it had both exclusion and seclusion and could only be reached by boat at three o'clock in the morning. A sufficient concession had been made to the outside world when some of the wealthy men of Newport secured a special communication between her and the regular New York and Boston trains.

This would have been sufficient as a means of communication if the "townies" had seen their interest to be one with the "hillers"—the hillers who brought untold wealth into the town to spend on enormous butchers' bills and on all that goes toward extravagant living. It is easy to see that this trolley could not please the summer people. There is cause for annoyance to those who have spirited horses. Possible runaways, broken backs, or occasional accidents are always before her. For this reason the fashionables require that a quiet horse and a quiet frown shall go out together for their morning's shopping. There is to be no lingering in Thames Street, no pleasure in it. You are there on business, and you must let the inhabitants feel it. You are to wear your simplest gowns, and your livery is to be absent or quite shorn of its glory. No longer are spirited horses brought to be tangled up in Thames Street with trucks and lumber carts or to be frightened with the tramways. Once it was suggested that Spring Street should carry off these carts and trucks, so leaving Thames Street to the pleasure-seekers; but now these saucy little electric cars have laid hold of Spring Street and there is no place for the trucks but just to tie themselves up with the ladies' carriages, and to jostle everybody and everything. It is certainly in Thames Street now as Mother Goose expresses it,

"In and out, in and out,
On shop none day."

A geographical change at Newport is now in preparation. On that breezy old farm at Bateman's Point the Golf Club is located. Around it are superb sites for building, and grand views enough to inspire fashion to erecting her palaces in a regular line around the Ocean Drive. Soon it will have a kingdom of its own away from Newport town, with its own avenues, its own roads. Then, if it imports its own marketing, as I have heard many families are doing, and it shops only at Collamore's, at Syphet's, and at Howard's, who are on the hill, and if it has its own milliners' and other shops, and even its Casino Club, there too, what need is there ever to meet the tramway and its excursionists, or even to remember their existence? This, at least, is what some of them say and think. "All that is on the other side of that saucy intrusion, which Newport may have and be welcome." But presto! here is a change. Rumor says that one or two of the rich cottagers have just bought the electric cars and company out. Will they change it?

The Casino is a place of public amusement. It is not the cottagers' very own, for they share it with the outside world, and this makes them somewhat lukewarm about it. The Casino in itself is the prettiest, the daintiest, the most picturesque and refined of spots. Just to walk through the grounds sets one to dreaming of gallantry and chivalry, of romantic encounters, of beginnings and endings of life-long loves, of everything that is romantic, that is beautiful and gentle and true. There plays the Hungarian band. It sobs and moans and wails in its own queer music till it breaks the heart, then it gathers up everything in a frenzy, and dashes it wildly to the winds, as it wails on, sobbing out its notes while the people stroll and listen and wonder.

Then there is the Casino ballroom—a white room which calls for turquoise silk hangings and other decorations, but which it will never have, for fashion does not honor it enough to pay for them. Twice a week this ballroom is opened, and tickets are sold generally. A crowd sits in the gallery to see the élite of swelldom arrive, and twice a week the élite fail to arrive. The room fills up, dancing goes on, and many think they have seen society, and go away pleased having enjoyed the sight.

One evening of the week, for no known reason, has more of a chance than the others. Society comes then, and this is the way it is done:

After the evening is far spent, a flutter is seen about the large entrance door, and as many as twenty or more people will suddenly confront the public. They move in a solid phalanx across the floor and take seats, then they float out together in long waltzes. They skirmish up and down in hopping polkas, they even dance quadrilles of their own forming. The floor now being greatly relieved of a promiscuous crowd, they give themselves up to enjoyment, and the eye is delighted with the beauty of form and dress.

This sudden and solid arrival of so many at once is the outcome of dinner parties—society has come with one accord to have a good last dance before the music stops.

As for the off night, it is entirely snubbed, and if any of the grand ladies are going to give a dance, they are almost certain to choose one of these nights, thereby drawing away all possible chance of a success from the Casino. Yet at times these women have a sort of conscience toward the Casino, for their husbands are stockholders and managers, and have money at stake in its success, so they rally at times, and turn out for subscription balls, dazzling the public with beautiful toilets, superb jewels, and their own graciousness. Great punctilio is observed, however, in stated plans, as to how each shall go in to supper, so that no intruders shall find their way among them. Certain tables are set apart to receive them. After that, *sauve qui peut*, and the crowd eaters.

Cottage life is the centre and core of Newport society. It aims at the exclusion of publicity, at the seclusion of home life, with every inch of its grounds open to view. It is about as secluded as the cups and saucers at an afternoon tea. It is no effort, however, to maintain this ostrich view of things, for everything is arranged to preserve it. They all think they live secluded lives, for there is nothing to bring them in contact with any one but themselves. They all do about the same things. They go to the same places. Their belongings are bought from the same shops. Their clothes come from the same tailors and well known modistes. They buy the same flowers to decorate their tables. They have the same dishes. They drink the same wines. They have the same plans for their children. Their children drive the same little pony carts. They have the same sort of servants, the same grooms, the same harness, and the same sameness about everything. Yet, with it all, it is so refined, so well appointed, so luxurious, so beautiful, that any one might envy the possession and enjoyment of it all.

Take their luncheons and dinners, for instance. Look around at the beautiful and refined appointments, at the well bred faces, the well-dressed women. Look at the glass and silver and gold. The flunkies bearing aloft the salvers of fruits, as if at Belshazzar's feast. Every conceivable dish is there, either in or out of season. As a wit has said, "Everything, even from the apples of Sodom to English grapes at six dollars a pound." Then hear the talk, for it can hardly be called conversation. It scarcely comes up to the standard of the grapes, though it is often equal to the apples of Sodom.

When the women are intimate their talk is a little risqué. They often speak as if on the edge of a precipice, but fortunately the waiters now are either French or Italian, and do not understand. "There is nothing that the virtuous worldly woman knows so well as the vices of others." Nothing is more entertaining than to discuss them.

As for the household appointments, think of satin sheets—of blue and pink and black and white satin! Think of $2000 for four pairs of sheets! Think of embroidered sheets trimmed with lace at $500 a pair, with night-dresses to match! Think of turquoise and diamond necklaces to wear with them, of bracelets to match! One has even heard of solitaire rings for those poor little things that are one day to be turned up to the daisies.

What do you think of one hundred and fifty rods in a room, with one hundred and fifty gowns hanging thereon? What think you of costly lace toilet covers? of tortoise-shell jewel boxes? of enameled brushes? of moonstones in coffee spoons? of diamonds in *boni-soils*? and of dozens and dozens of other astonishing things? Then the society girl (God love her!). Perhaps there have been moments in her life when she has wished that things were different with her. I hope so, because I like her. But she will have a hard time of it until she has been pruned and trimmed to suit her surroundings. Mrs. Grundy stands sponsor for her. She is absolutely under the control of conformity, and Mrs. Grundy has done it. I hope she has never had any very great longings outside of her possibilities, for there is no one to match her with, if she becomes original. Yet, there is a good deal in her, and she might enlarge her life. The society man is not her equal. Then why should she *not* marry a foreigner? Englishmen can hardly be called that who are of our own race and language. These men seem much more impressed with her loveliness than our own young men are, nor are they one whit more married for their money than our society men stand ready to be. Alas! the truth is this about our young men of swelldom: they have all so recently sworn to lead club lives that they are entirely occupied with the effort to join all the clubs. They have to work as hard to get initials after their names, which will give them prestige among their associates, as has an artist, a literary or scientific man. So it happens that the large fortunes which they really covet escape them and go out of the country; then they grumble that our girls of the world have chosen their fate away from their own country and from them. As the American does not always make the better husband of the two, perhaps he is too new to the occupation of idleness. He can't escape from himself yet into paths of ambition or of public usefulness.

IN THE JAVA VILLAGE.

When one tires of the constant stream of humanity that surges up and down the Midway Plaisance at the World's Fair, let him turn into the little stockaded Java village on the right soon after entering the avenue. The odd little houses of bamboo and palm leaves line both sides of their neatly kept thoroughfares. So neat are they that a piece of stray paper blowing across one of their streets will attract the attention of the Javanese street-cleaning bureau, *i.e.*, an old fellow with a palm-leaf basket. Chase is immediately given, and the culprit is seized bodily and carried off to the refuse pile.

First of all seat yourself at one of the many little tables on the coffee-house veranda and order coffee or tea from one of the turbaned attendants. Having tasted their coffee, I venture to say that your estimation of these swart little people will go up a hundred per cent. Nowhere on the grounds can you get coffee to equal it. Now beckon to one of the natives, put a nickel in his hand, and he will in return place before you two curiously wrapped cigarettes. At first they will seem a bit odd, but after two or three puffs you will find that you fancy them. Should you happen to take your rest and coffee at the close of the day, you probably will hear at the other end of the village street a strange weird strain of music. It comes steadily nearer and nearer, and before you file past six or eight musicians keeping time on curious instruments. They form in a circle at the door of their theatre, still keeping up their music, and having played or serenaded the people who gather about them, they file slowly into the theatre. Buy a ticket and pass in if you would enjoy one of the most interesting and artistic exhibitions of the sort on the ground. The play lasts about forty-five minutes.

The musicians, some thirty in number, are seated on raised benches at the back of the stage, facing the audience. They enter into the spirit of the play, and at times burst out in loud laughter at the antics of the light comedian as he romps about the stage. At the rear and highest row of the orchestra swing two heavy bronze gongs. An old man sits between them, and ever and anon gives one a sustained bang. The larger gong of the two is said by experts to utter as deep a tone as it is possible to get from metal. To the right and left of the stage are the entrances and exits. The players usually enter masked. The costumes are rich and harmonious in color. The dialogue is carried on by a prompter who sits behind a screen in the centre of the stage just in front of the musicians, and the movements of the actors fit so nicely to the speaker's words that you are carried well on into the play before you are aware of the counterfeit.

At the end of the play the orchestra suddenly strikes up "Yankee Doodle," and before you have time to straighten out the smile on your face, "America" bursts forth to an accompaniment of gongs, bells, drums, and reed instruments. The audience applaud, and seek the open air and more coffee.

The entire village was built by these people. When the electric-light poles were put in, they were so offensive to the artistic eyes of the Javanese that they spent nearly the whole night in covering them with a matted grass. One of their first acts was to erect a watch-tower where their lookout could warn them of the approach of tigers, and it took nearly a week of persuasion to convince them of the uselessness of the tower.

E. W. Kemble.

A FLORAL CARNIVAL.

When a game of polo which he witnessed at Colorado Springs was described by Richard Harding Davis, under the title of "Polo in the Clouds," and the absolutely unique and individualized population of Colorado Springs was brought into prominence, the credulity of some readers was tested.

Mr. Davis's description was accurate, since the polo grounds and Colorado Springs are at least 6500 feet above sea-level. The latest doing of these people, whose amusements are carried on at a cloud height, was a great floral carnival, held September 9th, which bade fair to warrant the speculation that the famous triumvirate of Bethlehem, Newport, and Santa Barbara would have to look alive or have the honor wrested from them of holding the most unique mountain coach, tally-ho, and floral fêtes.

Colorado Springs is individualized, even though it is more cosmopolitan than important Atlantic seaboard cities. Many of its present inhabitants have participated in the annual carnivals at Newport, the White Mountains, and those of southern California, and with a seeming indifference to the silver wall with which they were surrounded, they conceived and successfully carried through a wild-flower fête of extraordinary beauty and magnitude.

Colorado Springs is situated at the gateway to the Rockies, and at its wide doors wild flowers grow in profusion, including the small variety of the sunflower known as "Black-eyed Susan."

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The sunflower ruled the day. The line of procession was formed by mounted police, followed by a Ute in full war-paint and regalia. Then came the decorated bicycles, whose transit conveyed the idea of a moving field of flowers. Following the wheels came the tally-ho's, brakes, tandems, wagonettes, and an authentic jinrikisha.

The most interesting feature of the entire carnival was the display of originality, which ranged from wild flowers frozen in huge blocks of ice to a little darky around whose bared head mammoth sunflower petals extended and almost hid the little mountain burro who carried this extraordinary artificial flower.

Every vehicle in the line was profusely decorated with mountain-ash, the sunflower, wild clematis, and the beautiful purple flower known as the knight's plume. The four-in-hand prize was taken by Mr. T. G. Condon of New York. The brake prize was taken by Mr. T. C. Parrish, the artist, driving Mrs. Parrish, Miss Dahlgre, and Mr. Nelson H. Partridge, of Brooklyn. Other New Yorkers participating were Mr. and Mrs. Mason Dardige, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hayes (née Miss Davis, daughter of Jefferson Davis), Mr. and Mrs. Walter Crosby, Mr. W. H. Leonard, Misses Higginson, Mr. and Miss Raney, W. F. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Edsall, Godfrey Kissell, and Count Pourtales.

Flowers dominated the day, and the prospective value of a silver dollar was drowned, for the hour at least, at Colorado Springs.

HENRY RUSSELL WEBB.

THE MEISTERSINGER.

This magic moment of the eve has come,
When keen behind the hill the after-glow
Makes gold and flame of heaven, too soon to change
To mother-of-pearl, and lark's the bird thrush sings
His master-song, wee Walter of the wood,
So silvery and sweet that one is sure
He'll win his Eva, put to shame fo aye
All rivals, prove himself a knight indeed
At minstrelsy, and live by music's might
So long as men have ears and Time a tongue.

RICHARD BURTON.

JUST as in this country the popular practice and appreciation of music have developed and expanded from the minstrel show to the Sunday popular concert, so on the stage has a similar tendency been exhibited a similar movement taken place. The lurid "backwoods" drama, the conventional melodrama, the sentimental claptrap of such plays as *Tea Nights in a Bar Room*, and the now somewhat superannuated methods and conventions of the so-called legitimate drama have given way to something more nearly attune to the life, habits, and thought of the time, and therefore infinitely more true to nature, and, it must be confessed, on the whole, infinitely more artistic. In this development of native dramatic art, Mr. Hoyt, and in a less degree Mr. Harrigan have taken no small part, and for the reason of the widespread and almost unprecedented popularity of their pieces one has not far to look. When a people, after the toils of subduing a new country, and creating, so to speak, a new society, first have the leisure to turn from the consideration of the purely material concerns which have hitherto absorbed them, they begin to look at the personal aspect of life, and after the fashion of youth the personalities which attract them most are their own. All mankind is vain enough to like to look in the glass, and in the plays of Mr. Hoyt and Mr. Harrigan the American people have had, as to speak, for the first time the opportunity to see themselves, their habits and characteristics, displayed before them, and have, as Mr. Hoyt's bank account will show, enjoyed and appreciated the experience and opportunity vastly.

One is quite ready to believe, as has been said, that Mr. Hoyt himself considers the play *A Temperance Town*, produced for the first time in New York at the Madison Square Theatre last week, his best work. Mr. Hoyt is certainly a very clever man; he has the perception to recognize what the public wanted, and the ability to give it to them, and being thus necessarily in touch with popular taste and opinion, probably realized that as that taste and opinion was constantly developing, to retain the place in their affections he had won he must himself develop with or even ahead of it. Hence one would think that in *A Temperance Town*, which is its way is as truly a "drama of character" and a picture of national life as are *Alabama* and *In Missouri*, and from which have been excluded the acrobatic and variety-show methods of the form of farce-comedy which he himself may be said to have originated Mr. Hoyt should have made a distinct and welcome artistic advance. That *A Temperance Town*, even from its author's stand point, is a perfect play or even perhaps as good of its kind as were some of Mr. Hoyt's earlier pieces in their kinds, can hardly be said. As a play, *A Temperance Town* has too much incident and too little plot and action. What plot there is gives us little that is original to him or situation. The first three acts are decidedly talky and long drawn out and the whole piece has a conventionally melodramatic flavor which is hardly consistent with what the strongly drawn characters either do or say. At times one feels as if one were listening to a sermon, and again one hardly knows whether Mr. Hoyt is sincere in his intention, or is by turns quizzing himself and his audience. There is, too, a maudlin sentimentality about many of the scenes and incidents which creates a decidedly disagreeable impression.

On the other hand, the piece fairly teems with bright and unexpected quips and turns in the dialogue, and genuinely humorous incidents and situations, while the delineation of character is markedly clear, forcible, and individual, making the character types strikingly natural and true to life. Mr. Hoyt's feeling for and appreciation of both character and caricature are delightful and recalled one not infrequently of Dickens; his development of the humorous possibilities of characters, which one cannot help feeling are national types, is as genuinely humorous as it is artistic and interesting. His faculty also for really telling dialogue is as unusual as it is enjoyable.

A Temperance Town is supposed to represent various aspects of life in a Vermont village where prohibition holds sway, and the various injustices and inconsistencies, prejudice and bigotry, of the upholders of that system, as well as the pleasant vices, the humor and inconsequential good-heartedness of its opponents, are graphically, and, one can hardly but believe, truthfully portrayed. The feeling of doubt and uncertainty as to the author's real intention in writing the piece, noted above, interferes, however, with both the consistency and the effect of the play as a whole. If Mr Hoyt wished to argue in favor of intemperance, he hardly succeeded in making out his case, as the saloon is referred to throughout the piece with such irritating reiteration and persistency that one wishes that no such place ever existed. While any fair minded man would hardly sympathize with the temperance crowd as depicted by Mr Hoyt, one is equally unable to sympathize with his rum drinkers and sellers, who, while more amusing than their opponents and persecutors, are clearly as far from the right as are their opponents. For all however, that *A Temperance Town* lacks, to a certain extent, homogeneousness and consistency in conception and development, it is a clever and ingenious piece of dramatic work, which will doubtless amuse, and which is well worth seeing. It is perhaps because New York is a little further away from its scenes of action than is Boston that the piece does not come home to us as forcibly as, from all accounts, it did to the dwellers in the "Hub." One can hardly feel that it will enjoy the same remarkable lease of popular life as did its immediate predecessor, *A Trip to Chinatown*; yet it is a play for which Mr Hoyt is to be commended for his evident artistic purpose in writing, and one which gives ample promise of what he can and will do in the future in the way of legitimate dramatic work.

A Temperance Town is well staged, and, on the whole, sufficiently well acted, the men of the cast being decidedly better than the women. As the village drunkard, always jolly and never sober, Mr George Richards was consistent, natural, and dirty humorous in a part which in less skilful hands might have been coarse and obtrusive. Hardly less good was Mr Canfield as his son, with leanings towards respectability, funny and quaintly original. Mr Dillon, too, made the most of his opportunities as a rabid prohibitionist clergyman, his success being in inverse proportion to those opportunities. Miss Meskel, the heroine, is certainly beautiful in an impassive pink and white fashion, but the roll of her R's excites combative feelings in regard to her ability as an actress. Mr Ober as the oldest inhabitant, a nonagenarian low comedy part, was somewhat objectionably senile—the vagaries of extreme old age are surely a fit subject for tears rather than laughter—but still undeniably clever. Other smaller bits of character both in the "Temperance" and "Rum" crowds were well handled, and the entire performance moved briskly and smoothly.

In musical circles the calm and absence of event has thus far been unbroken and absolute. As to the coming season, the New York Symphony, Philharmonic, and Oratorio societies and the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give series of concerts much as usual. In the way of solo artists, De Pachman, Marteau, and probably others, though not, alas! Paderewski, will be with us again. But the principal interest should, and probably will, be centred in Mr Abbey's operatic season, of which the promise, in view of the exceptional number of great artists who are engaged, is of exceeding brilliancy. It is to be hoped that the opening of the season will not, owing to the non completion of the remodelled Metropolitan Opera house, be delayed until January, though this is unfortunately by no means improbable. In the way of Italian music, the season in comic opera was opened this week by the first production in New York of *The Rain-Maker of Syria*, an opera bouffe from the pens of Messrs. Sydney Rosefeld and Rudolph Aronson, to which occasion will be taken to refer later. A piece of similar type, entitled *Vesta*, written and composed respectively by Messrs. C. A. Byrne and Gustav Kerker, seems to have met with decided success in Boston on its production there recently. In the way of more legitimate effort in the field of genuine light opera, however, but little is promised. Abroad, too, there is but little promise in the way of operatic novelties. Mascagni's latest effort, *I Rantzau*, made a complete failure in London this season having been performed but once. Of recent operatic works by modern composers, an opera, *Manon*, by Puccini, a young Italian composer of the modern type, has been the most successful, and seems to offer the most promise in the way of future development. One hopes that Mr. Abbey will afford us an opportunity of hearing this work.

The idea of a prolonged dramatic entertainment as exemplified in this city at the present time by the performances given at Proctor's Theatre and at the successfully reopened Union Square Theatre, is by no means a novel one. More than twenty-five years ago dramatic performances of various kinds which lasted practically all day were given at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, near London, while the London Aquarium, intended to be a metropolitan imitation of the above, has given practically continuous dramatic performances at popular prices for years. The success attending the first trial of the idea made in this country at Proctor's Theatre seemed to warrant the reopening of the Union Square Theatre on a similar plan, which was successfully accomplished last week. While one is inclined to doubt the benefit accruing to dramatic art as a whole from such places of amusement, one can easily understand how they should be attractive to country and suburban visitors to town with spare time on their hands during the day, our museums and art galleries being limited in number and comparatively inaccessible. The performance given at the Union Square Theatre is of the usual kind, and is probably quite as well worth the price of admission as the others of its class.

Miss Harriet Vernon, a "Queen of Beauty" of the London music halls, made her first appearance at the new Koster & Bial's last week. She is certainly a beautiful and graceful young woman, not undeserving the title which has been bestowed upon her, and sings and, he is especially remarked, pantomimes well enough to do something better in the way of music than she does. Her costumes are all bewildering and picturesque. Her songs are simply atrocious. There is certainly a very strenuous effort being made just now to thoroughly acclimatize the London music hall in New York, and while the tendency to greater respectability and decorum evidenced by the present management of the Manhattan Opera house is a hopeful sign, one hardly knows whether to wish that the attempt may be successful or the reverse. That success one hardly feels that Miss Harriet Vernon and others of her class will do much to assist.

The next important event in the dramatic season will be the first production by the Kendals at Fifth Avenue Theatre, October 9th, of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, by all odds the most subtle and artistic English play written in our times. A good deal of comment was made when the fact was announced that Mrs. Kendal, who has hitherto made the fact of her being not only the representative but almost the incarnation of morality and good behavior on the stage her stock in trade, would play the part of the heroine, who, though perhaps more sinned against than sinning, is anything but representation of Mrs. Kendal's hitherto carefully maintained attitude. Reports, however, from England say that on her first appearance in the character recently in the provinces Mrs. Kendal made a most emphatic and legitimate success, and American play-goers may therefore look forward to seeing a thoroughly good presentation of a play which may, one would think, be relied upon to give them the strongest dramatic sensation that they have had in some years.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

IN PACE.

SUMMER is dead. Come now her shroud,
Nor choose it of hue all ashen,
Nor dim and cold as a rainy cloud,
Nor mark as the soul of passion.

Take thou instead June's rosiest red,
The yellow of August shining,
Laced through and through with the tender blue
Of heaven at the day's declining.

MARTHA MCCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

THE CASTLE GARDEN AQUARIUM.

IT is expected that by the time the snow falls the conversion of Castle Garden into an aquarium will have been accomplished, and thereafter the roof that rang with Jenny Lind's score, and shook with the booming of the guns that welcomed Lafayette as he walked up the carpeted way into the old fortress, will hear no sound more interesting than the grunt of the sea lion or the admiring exclamations of rural visitors. It is a remarkable transformation, but one in keeping with the change that has made the land on which squatters pitched their shanties a residence quarter for the fashionables whose ancestors thronged the antiquated fortification to applaud Grisi and Alboni, and has metamorphosed into an elevated railway "yard" the park that was one of the show places of the town when Monroe was President.

The task of remodelling the old fortress for use as an aquarium was intrusted by the Board of Public Parks to Mr. H. T. Woodman, a specialist in such lines of work, and to J. P. Mundewitz, Jun., the architect. They have found the appropriation of $150,000 made by the Legislature for the purpose none too large, but the money has been satisfactorily spent, for it has transformed the dilapidated structure into an aquarium that will surpass all others in the world in size and attractiveness, and in the superior excellence of the marine menagerie to be exhibited there. Probably nowhere else are fish and sea animals in confinement housed so attractively or with so much regard for their physical comfort as those will be that are to disport in the tanks and pools Mr. Woodman has constructed for their habitation in Castle Garden Aquarium. They will bump their noses against costly plate glass so transparent that fine print can be read through twenty sheets of it laid together, and they will swim about over glistening porcelain tiles in water from which all impurities have been removed by filtering, and which will be in constant process of renewal from the big pump in the engine-room. Their quarters will be roomy, and even the whale, who might be expected to be somewhat cramped, will have in the central pool a playground more than forty feet in diameter, and deep enough to drown a tall man unlaught to swim.

A great deal of taste and a nice appreciation of the limitations of the space at command have been shown in providing suitable accommodations for the various members of the marine colony. Around the big central pool, in which the whale will have a dolphin or two for company, and partly depressed like it in the floor are grouped six smaller pools, elliptical in form and about sixteen feet by twelve in size, which will be tenanted by seals, sharks, porpoises, sword fish, alligators, and turtles. Each of these pools will be lined with white tiles and covered with white sand up the bottom to aid the eye of the spectator, while the rays from the skylights in the roof will be so conveyed on the pools as to make even minute objects in them visible from the gallery.

The thirty-six tanks in which the smaller fish are to be housed have been built in unbroken line along the circular walls of the old fortress. Each of these tanks is 4 by 8 by 10 feet in dimensions, and they look now in their incomplete state like rude stalls of unadorned brick; but when the finishing touches have been put on them they will be a sight to please the most critical eye. Each tank, lined with white tiles, faced with plate glass, and filled with moving fish, will be incased with an ornamental iron frame, so that to the visitor entering the aquarium its walls will appear at first view to be hung with a fine display of marine paintings. In effecting this result the designers have accomplished a unique artistic triumph. Some of the tanks will contain fresh water fish, for which carefully filtered Croton will be provided, and with them Mr. Woodman expects to make profitable experiments in pisciculture. But perhaps the most interesting experiment he is likely to undertake will be that of restoring sight to the blind fish, of which several varieties, procured in caverns and subterranean streams, are to be exhibited in one of the tanks along the gallery above the main floor. In these gallery tanks, of which there will be about eighty, the "small deer" of the marine kingdom—clams, oysters, and mollusks of all kinds, crustaceans, corals, etc.—will be seen in extensive display.

Altogether there will be 125 separate compartments in the entire aquarium, containing specimens of marine life ranging from minute water crabs to a whale. It will be a long time, perhaps several years, before they can all be procured; but Mr. Woodman hopes that by the time the aquarium is formally opened the tanks will be well enough stocked to make them worth inspection. Certainly a visit will be a revelation to any one who has not entered the old fortress since the days when it was an untidy depot for newly arrived immigrants. Apart from the sea curiosities on exhibition, there will be much to interest the spectator in the lofty interior the new café, the neat lecture room communicating with the gallery on the east, and the steam plant and elaborate filtering machinery on the side toward the river, while the small boy will find that the Central Park "zoo" is tame in comparison with the sights to be seen in the tanks.

Great Britain. Spain Germany. Ceylon. France. Iowa Spectatorium.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—LAKE SHORE LOOKING NORTH.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM
Foreign Buildings, Iowa State Building, and the unfinished Spectatorium.

THE HAY WAGON.
A Merry Party

FIRST PRIZE—HELIOTROPE AND WHITE DECORATION.
T. C. Parrish, Whip.

TWO OF THE FOUR-IN-HANDS
W. H. Leonard, of New York, Whip. J. G. Condon, of New York, Whip.

AN ARTIFICIAL FLOWER.
Took a Novelty Prize.

FLORAL CARNIVAL AT COLORADO SPRINGS.—[SEE PAGE 930.]

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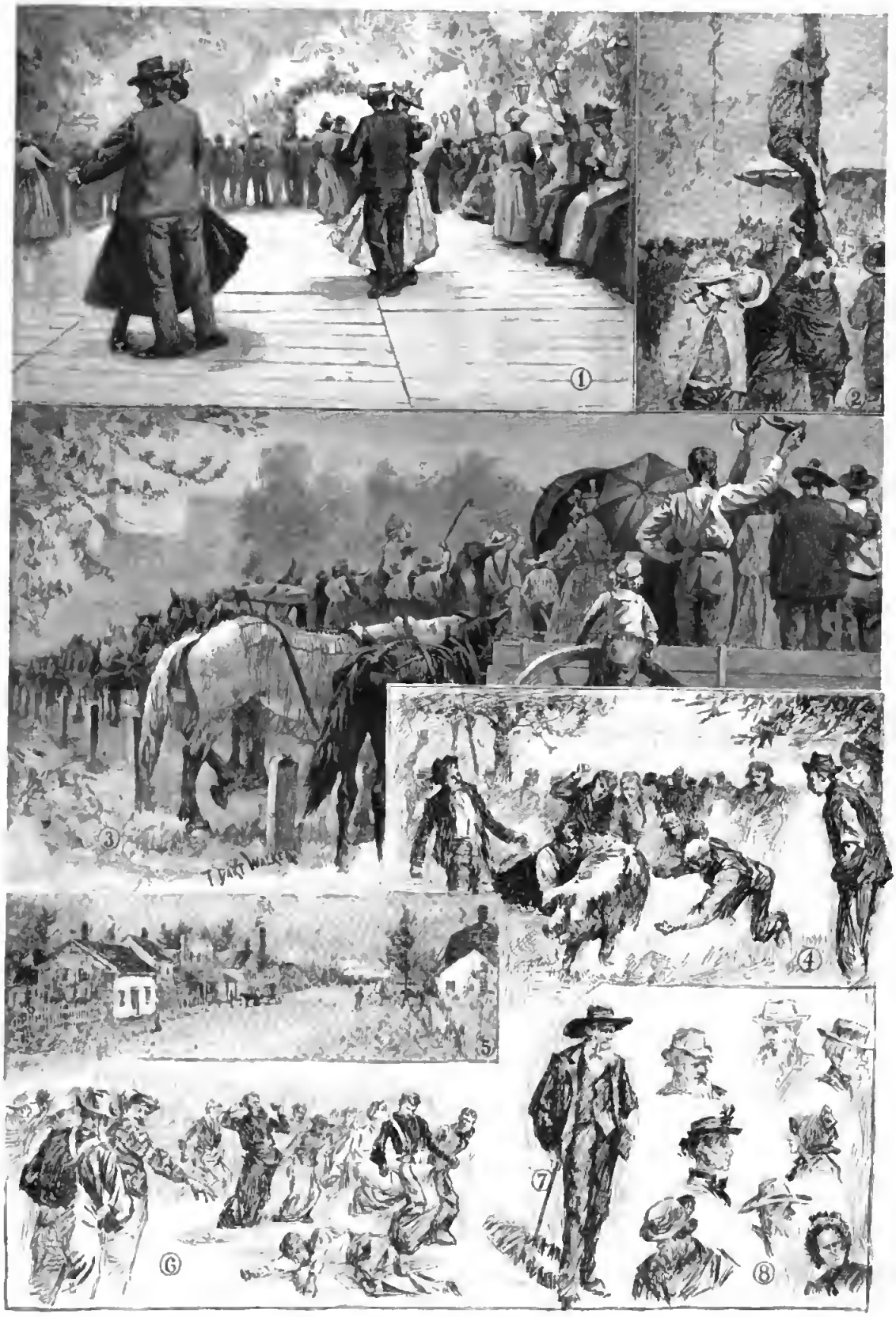

A HOOSIER HARVEST JUBILEE.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.—[SEE PAGE 943]

1. A Bowery Dance—Under the Leaves. 2. Climbing the greasy Pole. 3. Around the Public Square—Viewing the Races from a Grand Stand of Wagon Boxes. 4. Catching a Pig which has been shaved and covered with Soap, Grease, or Lard. 5. A typical Hoosier Village. 6. A Sack Race. 7. The Orator of the Day. 8. Some Jubilee Types.

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THE MOONSHINERS AT HOHO-HEBEE FALLS.

BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

PART II

THE ordering of events is an intricate process, and to its successful exploitation a certain degree of sagacious prescience is a prerequisite, as well as a thorough mastery of the lessons of experience.

For a day or so all went well in the inner consciousness of Nehemiah Yerby. The letter had satisfied his restless craving for some action toward the consummation of his ambition, and he had not the foresight to realize how soon the necessity of following it up would supervene. He first grew uneasy lest his letter had not reached its destination, then, when the illimitable field of speculation was thus opened out, he developed an ingenuity of imagination in projecting possible disaster. Day after day passed and he heard naught of his cherished scheme. The revenuers—craven wretches! he ground his teeth with rage because of their laggard cowardice in their duty, since their duty could serve his interests—might not have felt exactly disposed to risk their lives in these sweet spring days, when perhaps even a man whose life belongs to the government might be presumed to take some pleasure in it, by attempting to raid the den of a gang of moonshiners on the scanty faith of an informer's word—tenuous guaranty at best, and now couched in an anonymous letter, itself synonyme for a lie. Oh, what fine eulogies rose in his mind upon the manly virtue of courage! How enthusing it is at all times to contemplate the courage of others!—and how safe!

Then a revulsion of belief ensued and he began to fear that they might already have descended upon their quarry, and with all their captives have returned to the county town by the road by which they came—nearer than the route through the cross-roads, though far more rugged. Why had not this possibility before occurred to him? He had so often prefigured their triumphant advent into the hamlet with all their guarded and shackled prisoners, the callow Leander in their midst, and his own gracefully enacted rôle of virtuous, grief-stricken, pleading relative, that it seemed a recollection—something that had really happened—rather than the figment of anticipation. But no word, no breath of intimation, had ruffled the serenity of the cross-roads. The calm, still, yellow sunshine day by day suffused the land like the benignities of a dream—almost too good to be true. Every man with the heart of a farmer within him was at the plough-handles, and making the most of the fair weather; the cloudless sky and the auspicious forecast of fine days still to come did more to prove to the farmer the existence of an all-wise, overruling Providence than all the polemics of the world might accomplish. The furrows multiplied everywhere save in Nehemiah's own fields, where he often stood so long in the lines row that the old horse would desist from twisting his head backward in surprise and start at last of his own motion, dragging the plough, the share still unanchored in the ground, half across the field before he could be stopped. The vagaries of these "lands" that the absent-minded Nehemiah laid off attracted some attention.

"What ails yer furrows ter run so crooked, Nehemiah?" observed a passer-by, a neighbor who had been to the blacksmith shop to get his plough-point sharpened; he looked over the fence critically. "Yer eyesight mus' be fallin' some."

"I dun'no'," rejoined Nehemiah, hastily. Then reverting to his own absorption, "War it you-uns ez I hearn say thar war word kem ter the cross-roads 'bout some revenuers raidin' 'round somewhar in the woods?"

The look of surprise cast upon him seemed to his alert anxiety to betoken suspicion. "Laws-a-massy, naw!" exclaimed his interlocutor. "Ye air the fust one that hev named sech ez that in these diggin's, fur I'd hev hearn tell on it, sure, ef thar hed been enny sech word goin' the rounds."

Nehemiah recoiled into silence, and presently his neighbor went whistling on his way. He stood motionless for a time, until the man was well out of sight, then he began to hastily unhitch the plough gear. His resolution was taken. He could wait no longer. For aught he knew the raiders might have come and gone, and be now a hundred miles away with their prisoners to stand their trial in the Federal court. His schemes might have all gone amiss, leaving him in naught the gainer. He could rest in uncertainty no more. He feared to venture further questions when no rumor stirred the air. They rendered him doubly liable to suspicion—to the law-abiding as a possible moonshiner; to any sympathizer with the distillers as a probable informer. He determined to visit the spot and there judge how the enterprise had fared.

When next he heard that fine sylvan symphony of the sound of the falling water—the tinkling bell-like tremors of its lighter tones mingling with the sonorous, continuous, deeper theme rising from its weight and volume and movement; with the surging of the wind in the pines, with the occasional cry of a wild bird deep in the new verdure of the forests striking through the whole with a brilliant, incidental, detached effect—no faint vibration was in its midst of the violin's string, listen as he might. More than once he sought to assure himself that he heard it, but his fancy failed to respond to his bidding, although again and again he took up his position where it had before struck his ear. The wild minstrelsy of the woods felt no lack, and stream and wind and harping pine and vagrant bird lifted their voices in their wonted strains. He could hardly accept the fact; he would verify anew the landmarks he had made and again return to the spot, his hat in his hand, his head bent low, his face lined with anxiety and suspense. No sound, no word, no intimation of human presence. The moonshiners were doubtless all gone long ago, betrayed into captivity, and Leander with them. He had so hardened his heart toward his recalcitrant young kinsman and his Sudley friends, he felt so entirely that in being among the moonshiners Leander had met only his deserts in coming to the bar of Federal justice that he would have experienced scant sorrow if the nephew had not carried off with his own personality his uncle's bookkeeper and postmaster's clerk. And so—alas, for Leander! As he meditated on the untoward manner in which he had overshot his target, this marksman of fate forgot the caution which had distinguished his approach, for it had been as heedful as if he fully believed the lion still in his den. He slowly patrolled the bank below the broad thin crystal sheet, seeing naught but its rainbow hovering elusively in the sun, and its green and white skeinlike draperies pendulous before the great dark arch over which the cataract fell. The fog caught amongst the rocks in the spray at the base was still there, seeming always to rise while the restless water seemed motionless.

No trace that human beings had ever invaded these solitudes could he discover. No vague, faint intimation of the well-hidden lair of the moonshiners did the wild covert show forth. "The revenuers was smarter'n me, I'll say that fur 'em," he muttered at last as he came to a standstill, his chin in his hand, his perplexed eyes on the ground. And suddenly—a footprint on a marshy spot; only the heel of a boot, for the rocky ledges hid all the ground but this, a mere sediment of sand in a tiny hollow in the rock from which the water had evaporated. It was a key to the mystery. Instantly the cragged edges of the cliff took on the similitude of a path. Once furnished with this idea, he could perceive adequate footing all adown the precipitous way. He was not young; his habits had been inactive, and were older even than his age. He could not account for it afterward, but he followed for a few paces this suggestion of a path down the precipitous sides of the stream. He had a sort of triumph in finding it so practicable, and he essayed it still further, although the sound of the water had grown tumultuous at closer approach, and seemed to foster a sort of responsive turmoil of the senses; he felt his head whirl as he looked down at the long swirls of the current at the base of the fall as they swept on their way down the gorge, and at the bounding, frothing spray. As he sought to lift his fascinated eyes, the smooth glitter of the crystal sheet of falling water so close before him dazzled his sight. He wondered afterward how his confused senses and trembling limbs sustained him down the narrow rugged path, here and there covered with oozing green moss, and slippery with the continual moisture. It evidently was wending to a ledge. All at once the contour of the place was plain to him; the ledge led behind the cataract that fell from the beetling heights above. And within were doubtless further recesses, where perchance the moonshiners had worked their still. As he reached the ledge he could see behind the falling water and into the great concave space which it screened beneath the beetling cliff. It was as he had expected—an arched portal of jagged brown rocks, all dripping with moisture and oozing moss, behind the semitranslucent green and white drapery of the cascade.

But he had not expected to see, standing quietly in the great vaulted entrance, a man with his left hand on the butt of a pistol in his belt, the mate of which his more formidable right hand held up with a steady finger on the trigger.

This much Nehemiah beheld, and naught else, for the glittering profile of the falls, visible now only aslant, the dark cool recess beyond, that menacing motionless figure at the vanishing point of the perspective all blended together in an indistinguishable whirl as his senses reeled. He barely retained consciousness enough to throw up both his hands in token of complete submission. And then for a moment he knew no more. He was still leaning motionless against the wall of rock when he became aware that the man was sternly beckoning to him to continue his approach. His dumb lips moved mechanically in response, but any sound must needs have been futile indeed in the pervasive roar of the waters. He felt that he had hardly strength for another step along the precipitous way, but there is much tonic influence in a beckoning revolver, and few men are so weak as to be unable to obey its behests. Poor Nehemiah tottered along as behooved him, leaving all the world, liberty, volition, behind him as the descending sheet of water fell between him and the rest of life and shut him off.

"That's it, my leetle man! I thought you could make it!" were the first words he could distinguish as he joined the mountaineer beneath the crag.

Nehemiah Yerby had never before seen this man. That in itself was alarming, since in the scanty population of the region few of its denizens are unknown to each other, at least by sight. The tone of satire, the gleam of enjoyment in his keen blue eye, were not reassuring to the object of his ridicule. He was tall and somewhat portly, bluff and offhand of manner, which, however, seemed not so much to assure you of his good-will toward you as his abounding good-humor with himself. He was a man of most arbitrary temper, one could readily judge not only from his own aspect and manner, but from the docile, reliant, approving cast of countenance of his reserve force—a half-dozen men, who were somewhat in the background, lounging on the rocks about a huge copper still. They wore an attentive aspect, but offered to take no active part in the scene enacted before them. One of them—even at this crucial moment Yerby noticed it with a pang of regretful despair—held noiseless on his knee a violin and more than once addressed himself seriously to rubbing rosin over the strings of the bow. There was scant music in his face—a square physiognomy, with thick features, and a shock of hay-colored hair, striped somehow with an effect of darker shades like a weathering stack. He handled the bow with a blunt, clumsy hand that augured little of delicate skill, and he seemed from his diligence to think that resin is what makes a fiddle play. He was evidently one of those unhappy creatures furnished with some vague inner attraction to the charms of music, with no gift, no sentiment, no discrimination. Something faintly sonorous there was in his soul, and it vibrated to the twanging of the strings. He was far less alert to the conversation than the others, whose listening attitudes attested their appreciation of the importance of the moment.

"Waal," observed the moonshiner, impatiently eying the tremulous and tongue-tied Yerby, "hev ye fund what ye war a-huntin' fur?"

So tenacious of impressions was Nehemiah that it was the violin in those alien hands which still focussed his attention as he stared gaspingly about. Leander was not here, probably had never been here, and the twanging of those strings had lured him to his fate. Well might he contemn the festive malevolence of the violin's influence! His letter had failed, no raider had intimidated these bluff, unafraid, burly law-breakers, and he had put his life in jeopardy in his persistent prosecution of his scheme. He gasped again at the thought.

"*Waal*," said the mountaineer, evidently a man of short patience, and with a definite air of spurring on the visitor's account of himself, "we 'ain't been lookin' fur any spy lately, but I'm 'lowin' ez we hev fund him."

His fear thus put into words so served to realize to Yerby his immediate danger that it stood him in the stead of courage, of brains, of invention; his flaccid muscles were suddenly again under control, he wreathed his features with his smug artificial smile, that was like a grimace in its best estate, and now hardly seemed more than a contortion. But beauty in any sense was not what the observer was prepared to expect in Nehemiah, and the moonshiner seemed to accept the smile at its face value, and to respect its intention.

"Spies don't kem climbin' down that thar path o' yourn in full view through the water"—for the landscape was as visible through the thin falling sheet as if it had been the slightly corrugated glass of a window—"do they?" Yerby asked, with a jocose intonation. "That thar shootin'-iron o' youen liked ter hev skeered me ter death whenst I fust seen it."

The man pondered on this answer for a moment. He had an adviser among his corps whose opinion he evidently valued; he exchanged a quick glance with one of the men who was but dimly visible in the shadows beyond the still, where there seemed to be a series of troughs leading a rill of running water down from some further spring through the tub in which the spiral worm was coiled. He had a keen, white, lean face, with an ascetic, abstemious expression, and he looked less like a distiller than some sort of divine—some rustic pietist, with strange theories and unhappy speculations and unsettled mind. It was a face of subtle influences, and the very sight of it roused in Nehemiah a more heedful fear than the "shootin'-iron" in the bluff moonshiner's hand had induced. He was silent, while the other resumed the office of spokesman.

"Ye ain't 'quainted hyar,"—he waved his hand with the pistol in it around at the circle of uncowering men, although the mere movement made Nehemiah cringe with the thought that an accidental discharge might as effectually settle his case as premeditated and deliberate murder. "Ye dun'no' none o' us. What air ye a-doin' hyar?"

"Why, that thar war the very trouble," Yerby hastily explained. "*I didn't know none o' ye!* I hed hearn ez thar war a still somewhars on Hide an' Seek Creek"—once more there ensued a swift exchange of glances amongst the party—"but nobody knew who run it nor whar 'twar. An' one day, consider'ble time ago, I war a-passin' nigh 'bouts an' I hearn that fiddle an' that revealed the spot ter me. An' I kem ter-day 'lowin' ye an' me could strike a trade."

Once more the bluff man of force turned an anxious look of inquiry to the pale, thoughtful face in the brown and dark green shadows beyond the copper gleam of the still. If public policy had required that Nehemiah should be despatched, his was the hand to do the deed, and his the stomach to support his conscience afterward. But his brains revolted from the discriminating analysis of Nehemiah's discourse and a decision on its merits.

"Trade fur what?" he demanded at last, on his own responsibility, for no aid had radiated from the face which his looks had interrogated.

"For whiskey, o' course." Nehemiah made the final plunge boldly. "I be goin' ter open a store at the cross-roads, an' I 'lowed I could git cheaper whiskey untaxed than taxed. I 'lowed ye wouldn't make it ef ye didn't expec' ter sell it. I didn't know none o' you-uns, an' none o' yer customers. An' ez I expec' ter git mo' profit on sellin' whiskey 'n enny thing else in the store, I jes took foot in hand an' kem ter see 'bouts it myself. I never 'lowed, though, ez it mought look cur'ous ter you-uns or like a spy, ter kem ez bold ez brass down the path in full sight."

The logic of the seeming security of his approach and the apparent value of his scheme, had their full weight. He saw credulity gradually overpowering doubt and distrust, and his heart grew light with relief. Even their cautious demur intimating a reserve of opinion that they would think about it, did not daunt him now. He believed, in the simplicity of his faith in his own craft, now once more in the ascendant, that if they accepted his proposition he would be free to go without further complication of his relations with wild-cat whiskey. He could not sufficiently applaud his wits for the happy termination of the adventure to which they had led him. He had gone no further in the matter than he had always intended. Brush whiskey was the commodity that addressed itself most to his sense of speculation. For this he had always expected to ferret out some way of safely negotiating. He had gone no further than he should have done, at all events, a little later. He even began mentally to "figger on the price" down to which he should be able to bring the distillers as he accepted a proffered seat in the circle about the still. He could neither divide nor subtract nor multiply by fractions, and it is not too much to say that he might have been throttled on the spot if the moonshiners could have had a mental vision of the liberties the stalwart integers were taking with their price-current, so to speak, and the preternatural discount that was making so free with their profits. So absorbed in this pleasing intellectual exercise was Nehemiah that he did not observe that any one had left the coterie, but when a stir without on the rocks intimated an approach he was suddenly ill at ease, and this discomfort increased when the new-comer proved to be a man who knew him.

"Waal, Nehemiah Yerby!" he exclaimed, shaking his friend's hand, "I never knowed you-uns ter be consarned in sech ez moonshinin'. I hev been a-neighborin' Isham hyar," he laid his heavy hand on the tall moonshiner's shoulder, "fur ten year an' better, but I won't hev nuthin' ter do with bresh whiskey nor aidin' or abettin' in illicit 'stillin'. I like Isham, an' Isham he likes me, an' we hev jes agreed ter disagree."

Nehemiah dared not protest nor seek to explain. He could invent no story that would not give the lie direct to his representations to the moonshiners. He felt that their eyes were upon him. He could only hope that his silence did not seem to them like denial—was not tantamount to confession in the esteem of his upbraider.

"Yes, sir," his interlocutor continued, "it's a mighty bad government ter run agin." Then he turned to the moonshiner, evidently taking up the business that had brought him here. "Lemme see what sorter brand ye hev registered for yer cattle, Isham."

Yerby's heart sank when the suspicion percolated through his brain that this man had been induced to come here for the purpose of recognizing him. More fixed in this belief was he when no description of the brand of the cattle could be found, and the visitor finally went away, his errand bootless.

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"'LOOK OUT! SOMEBODY'S THAR!'"

From time to time during the afternoon other men went out and returned with recruits on various pretexts, but all of which Nehemiah believed masked the marshalling of witnesses to incriminate him as one of themselves, in order to better secure his constancy to the common interests, and in case he was playing false to put others into possession of the facts as to the identity of the informer. His liability to the law for aiding and abetting in moonshining was very complete before the day darkened, and his jeopardy as to the information he had given made him shake in his shoes.

For at any moment, he reflected, in despair, the laggard raiders might swoop down upon them, and the choice of rôles offered to him was to seem to them a moonshiner, or to the moonshiners an informer. The first was far the safer, for the clutches of the law were indeed feeble as contrasted with the popular fury that would pursue him unwearied for years until its vengeance was accomplished. From the one, escape was to the last degree improbable; from the other, impossible.

Any pretext to seek to quit the place before the definite arrangements of his negotiation were consummated seemed even to him, despite his eagerness to be off, too tenuous, too transparent, to be essayed, although he devised several as he sat meditative and silent amongst the group about the still. The prospect grew less and less inviting as the lingering day waned, and the evening shadows, dank and chill, perceptibly approached. The brown and green recesses of the grotto were at once murkier, and yet more distinctly visible, for the glow of the fire, flickering through the crevices of the metal door of the furnace, had begun to assert its luminous quality, which was hardly perceptible in the full light of day, and brought out the depth of the shadows. The figures and faces of the moonshiners showed against the deepening gloom. The sunset clouds were still red without; a vague roseate suffusion was visible through the falling water. The sun itself was not yet sunk, for an oblique and almost level ray, piercing the cataract, painted a series of faint prismatic tints on one side of the rugged arch. But while the outer world was still in touch with the clear-eyed day, night was presently here, with mystery and doubt and dark presage. The voice of Holo hebee Falls seemed to him louder, full of strange, uncomprehended meanings, and insistent iteration. Vague echoes were elicited. Sometimes in a seeming pause he could catch their lisping sibilant tones repeating, repeating—what? He knew no more than they. As the darkness encroached yet more heavily upon the cataract, the sense of its unseen motion so close at hand oppressed his very soul. It gave an idea of the swift gathering of shifting invisible multitudes, coming and going—who could say whence or whither? So did this impression master his nerves that he was glad indeed when the furnace door was opened for fuel, and he could see only the inanimate, ever-descending sheet of water—the reverse interior aspect of Holo hebee Falls—all suffused with the uncanny tawny light, but showing white and green tints like its diurnal outer aspect, instead of the colorless outlines, resembling a drawing of a cataract, which the cave knew by day. He did not pause to wonder whether the sudden transient illumination was visible without, or how it might mystify the untutored denizens of the woods, bear, or deer, or wolf, perceiving it aglow in the midst of the waters like a great topaz, and anon lost in the gloom. He pined to see it; the momentary cessation of darkness, of the effect of the sounds, so strange in the obscurity, and of the chill pervasive mystery of the invisible, was so grateful that its influence was tonic to his nerves, and he came to watch for its occasion and to welcome it. He did not grudge it even when it gave the opportunity for a close, unfriendly, calculating scrutiny of his face by the latest comer to the still. This was the neighboring miller, also liable to the revenue laws, the distillers being valued patrons of the mill, and since he ground the corn for the mash he thereby aided and abetted in the illicit manufacture of the whiskey. His life was more out in the world than that of his underground *confrères*, and perhaps, as he had a thriving legitimate business, and did not live by brush whiskey, he had more to lose by detection than they, and deprecated even more any unnecessary risk. He evidently took great umbrage at the introduction of Nehemiah amongst them.

"Oh yes," he observed, in response to the cordial greeting which he met; "an' I'm glad ter see ye too. I'm powerful glad ter kem ter the still eny time. It's chief ter goin' ter the settlemint, or plumb ter town on a County Court day. Ye see *everybody*, an' hear *all* the news, an' meet up with *interestin' strangers*. I tell ye, now, the mill's plumb lonesome compared ter the still, an' the mill's always hed the name of a place whar a heap o' cronies gathered ter swap lies, an' sech."

The irony of this description of the social delights and hospitable accessibilities of a place esteemed the very stronghold of secrecy itself, the liberty of every man in it jeopardized by the slightest lapse of vigilance or judgment, was very readily to be appreciated by the group, who were invited by this fair show of words to look down the vista of the future to possible years of captivity in the jails of faraway States as Federal prisoners. They gazed heavily and anxiously from one to another as the visitor sank down on the rocks in a relaxed attitude, his elbow on a higher ledge behind him, supporting his head on his hand; his other hand was on his hip, his arm stiffly akimbo, while he looked with an expression of lowering exasperation at Yerby. It was impossible to distinguish the color of his garb, so beflowered was he from head to foot; but his long boots drawn over his trousers to the knee, and his great Mexican spurs, and a brace of pistols in his belt, seemed incongruous accessories to the habiliments of a miller. His large dark hat was thrust far back on his head; his hair, rising straight in a sort of elastic wave from his brow, was powdered white; his florid color and his dark eyes were accented by the contrast, his pointed beard revealed its natural tints because of his habit of frequently brushing his hand over it, and showed itself distinctly red. He was lithe and lean and nervous, and had the impatient temper characteristic of mercurial natures. It mattered not to him what was the coercion of the circumstances which had led to the reception of the stranger here, nor what was the will of the majority, he disapproved of the step, he feared it; he esteemed it a grievance done him in his absence, and he could not conceal his feelings nor wait a more fitting time to express them in private. His irritation and objection evidently caused some solicitude amongst them. He was important to them, and they deprecated his displeasure. Isham Beaton listened to the half-covert sneers of his words with perturbation plainly depicted on his face, and the man whom Nehemiah had at first noticed as one whose character seemed that of adviser, and whose opinion was valued, now spoke for the first time. He handed over a broken nosed pitcher with the remark, "Try the flavor of this hyar peach brandy, Alfred; 'pears like ter me the bes' we uns hev ever hed."

His voice was singularly smooth; it had all the qualities of culture; every syllable, every lapse of his rude dialect, was as distinct as if he had been taught to speak in this way; his tones were low and even, and modulated to suave cadences; the ear experienced a sense of relief after the loud strident voice of the miller, poignantly penetrating and pitched high.

"Naw, Hilary, I don't want nuthin' ter drink. 'Bleeged ter ye, but I ain't wantin' nuthin' ter drink," reiterated the miller, plaintively.

Isham Beaton cast a glance of alarm at the dimly seen, monastic face of his adviser in the gloom. It was unchanged. Its pallor and its keen outline enabled its expression to be discerned as he himself went through the motions of sampling the rejected liquor, shook his head discerningly, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and deposited the pitcher near by on a shelf of the rock.

A pause ensued. Nehemiah, with every desire to be agreeable, hardly knew how to commend himself to the irate miller, who would have none of his very existence. No one could more eagerly desire him to be away than he himself. But his absence would not satisfy the miller; nothing less than that the intruder should never have been here. Every perceptible lapse of the moonshiners into anxiety, every recurrent intimation of their most pertinent reason for this anxiety, set Nehemiah a-shaking in his shoes. It might be esteemed the greatest good to the greatest number to make safely away with him, and his fate would for ever remain unknown, so cautious had he been to leave no trace by which he might be followed. He gazed with deprecating urbanity, and with his lips distended into a propitiating smile, at the troubled face powdered so white and with its lowering eyes so dark and petulant. He noted that the small-talk amongst the others, mere unindividualized lumpish fellows with scant voice in the government of their common enterprise, had ceased, and that they no longer busied themselves with the necessary work about the still, nor with the snickering interludes and horse-play with which they beguiled their labors. They had all seated themselves, and were looking from one to the other of the more important members of the guild with an air which betokened the momentary expectation of a crisis. Only the man who had the violin, with the persistent, untimely industry of incapacity, twanged the strings, and tuned and retuned the instrument, each time producing a result more astonishingly off the key than before. He was evidently unaware of this till some one with sense ajar suggested that all was not as it should be in the drunken reeling catch he sought to play, when he would desist in surprise and once more diligently rub the bow with resin, as if that

(Continued on page 938.)

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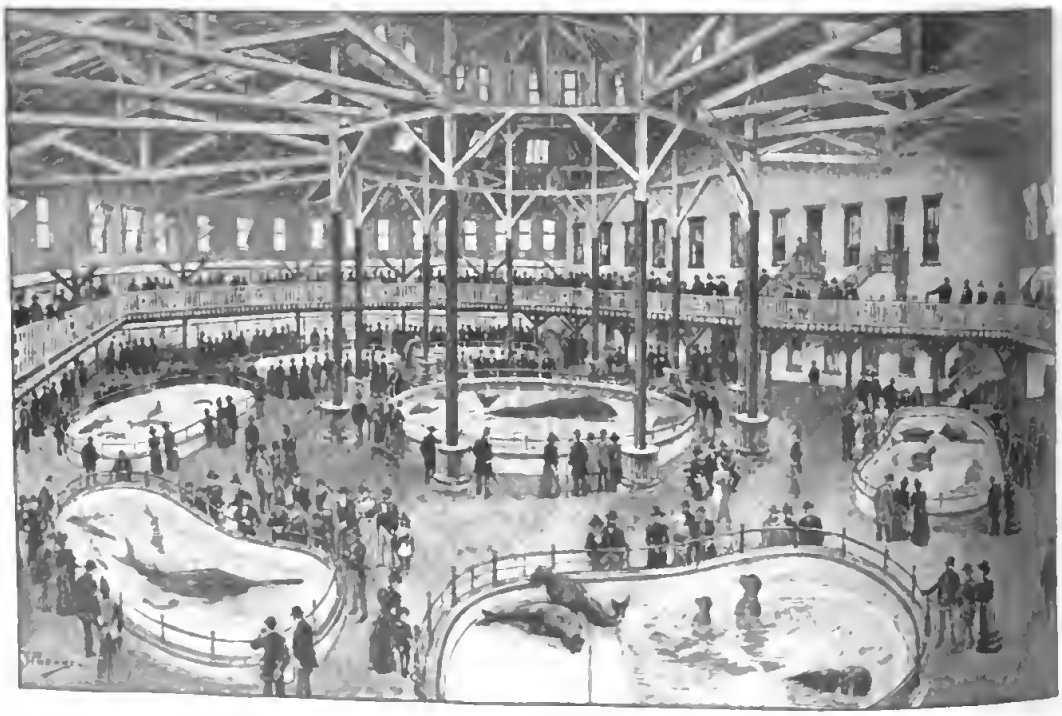
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—AT THE JAVANESE THEATRE IN THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.—[See Page 930.]
DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.



THE AQUARIUM IN OLD CASTLE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—[See Page 933.]
DRAWN BY VICTOR PERARD

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE RUSSIAN HORSE EXHIBIT.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

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(Continued from page 935.)

mended the matter. The miller's lowering eyes rested on his shadowy outline as he sat thus engaged for a moment, and then he broke out suddenly.

"Yes, this hyar still is the place fur news, an' the place ter look out fur what ye don't expec' ter happen. It's powerful pleasant ter be a-meetin' of folks hyar—this hyar stranger this evenin'"—his gleaming teeth in the semi-obscurity notified Yerby that a mode of spurious politeness was bent upon him, and he made haste to grin very widely in response—"an' that thar fiddle 'minds me o' how onexpected 'twar whenst I met up with Lee-yander hyar—'pears ter me, Bob, ez ye air goin' ter diddle the life outn his fiddle—an' Hilary jes begged an' beseeched me ter take the boy with me ter help 'round the mill, ez he war a-runnin' away. Ye want me ter 'commodate this stranger too, ez mebbe air runnin' from them ez wants him, hey Hilary?"

The grin was petrified on Nehemiah's face. He felt his blood rush quickly to his head in the excitement of the moment. So here was the bird very close at hand! And here was his enterprise complete and successful. He could go away after the cowardly caution of the moonshiners should have expended itself in dallying and delay, with his negotiation for the wild cat ended, and his accomplished young relative in charge. He drew himself erect with a sense of power. The moonshiners, the miller, would not dare to make an objection. He knew too much! he knew far too much!

The door of the furnace was suddenly flung ajar, but he was too much absorbed to perceive the keen face of Hilary Tarbetts beside it as he knelt, or the change that came upon it as the guest's portentous triumphant smile was fully revealed. Yerby did not lose, however, the glance of reproach which the moonshiner cast upon the miller, nor the miller's air at once triumphant, ashamed, and regretful. He had in petulant pique disclosed the circumstance which he had pledged himself not to disclose.

"This man's name is Yerby too," Hilary said, significantly, gazing steadily at the miller.

The miller looked dumfounded for a moment. He stared from one to the other in silence. His conscious expression changed to obvious discomfiture. He had expected no such result as this. He had merely given way to a momentary spite in the disclosure, thinking it entirely insignificant, only calculated to slightly annoy Hilary, who had made the affair his own. He would not in any essential have thwarted his comrade's plans, nor in his habitual adherence to the principles of fair play would he have assisted in the boy's capture. He drew himself up from his relaxed posture; his spurred feet shuffled heavily on the stone floor of the grotto. Two bright red spots appeared on either cheek; his eyes had become anxious and subdued in the quick shiftings of temper of the red haired gentry; his face of helpless appeal was bent on Hilary Tarbetts, as if relying on his resources to mend the matter, but ever and anon he turned his eyes, animated with a suspicious dislike, on Yerby, who, however, could have snapped his fingers in the faces of them all, so confident, so gloriously triumphant was he.

"Yerby, I b'lieve ye said yer name war, an' so did Peter Green," said Tarbetts, still kneeling by the open furnace door, his pale cheek reddening in the glow of the fire.

Thus reminded of the testimony of his acquaintance, Yerby did not venture to repudiate his cognomen.

"An' what did ye kem hyar fur?" blustered the miller. "A-surchin' fur the boy?"

Yerby's lips had parted to acknowledge this fact, but Tarbetts suddenly anticipated his response, and answered for him:

"Oh no, Alfred. Nobody ain't sech a fool ez ter kem hyar ter this hyar still, a stranger an' mebbe suspected ez a spy, ter hunt up stray chilldren, an' git thar heads shot off, or mebbe drownded in a mighty handy waterfall, or sech. This hyar man air one o' we uns. He air a-tradin' fur our liquor, an' he'll kerry a barrel away whenst he goes."

Yerby winced at the suggestion conveyed so definitely in this crafty speech; he was glad when the door of the furnace clashed, so that his face might not tell too much of the shifting thoughts and fears that possessed him.

The miller's fickle mind wavered once more. If Yerby had not come for the boy, he himself had done no damage in disclosing Leander's whereabouts. Once more his quickly illumined anger was kindled against Tarbetts, who had caused him a passing but poignant self reproach. "Waal, then," he demanded, "what air ye a-raisin' sech a row fur? Lee-yander ain't noways so special precious ez I knows on. Toler'ble lazy an' triflin', an' mightily gi'n over ter droolin' over a readin' book he hev got. Thar that mill war a-grindin' o' nuthin' at all more'n haffen ter day, through me bein' a-nappin', and Lee-yander plumb demented by his book so ez he furgot ter pour enny grist inter the hopper. Shucks! his kin is welcome ter enny sech critter ez that, though I ain't denyin' ez he'd be toler'ble spry ef he could keep his nose outn his book," he qualified, relenting, "or his fiddle outn his hands. I made him leave his fiddle hyar ter the still, an' I be goin' ter hide his book."

"No need," thought Nehemiah, scornfully. Book and scholar and it might be fiddle too, so indulgent had the prospect of success made him, would by to-morrow be on the return route to the cross roads. He even ventured to differ with the overbearing miller.

"I dun'no' 'bout that; books an' edication in gin'ral air toler'ble useful wunst in a while." He was thinking of the dark art of dividing and multiplying by fractions. "The Yerbys hev always hed the name o' bein' quick at thar book."

Now the democratic sentiment in this country is bred in the bone, and few of its denizens have so diluted it with Christian grace as to willingly acknowledge a superior. In such a coterie as this "eating humble pie" is done only at the muzzle of a "shootin'-iron."

"Never heard afore ez enny o' the Yerbys knowed B from bull foot," remarked one of the unindividualized lumpish moonshiners, shadowy, indistinguishable in the circle about the rotund figure of the still. He yet retained acrid recollections of unavailing struggles with the alphabet, and was secretly of the opinion that education was a painful thing, and, like the yellow fever or other deadly disease, not worth having. Nevertheless, since it was valued by others, the Yerbys should scathless make no unfounded claims. "Ef the truth war knowed nare one of 'em afore could tell a book from a bear trap."

Nehemiah's flush the darkness concealed; he moistened his thin lips, and then gave a little cackling laugh, as if he regarded this as pleasantry. But the demolition of the literary pretensions of his family once begun went bravely on.

"Abner Todd larnt this hyar boy all he knows," another voice took up the testimony. "Ah 'lows ez his mother war quick at school, but his dad—lan'! I knowed Ebenezer Yerby! He war a frien'ly sorter cuss, good-nachured an' kind spoken, but ye could put all the larnin' he hed in the corner o' yer eye."

"An' Lee-yander don't favor none o' ye," observed another of the undiscriminated, unimportant members of the group, who seemed to the groping scrutiny of Nehemiah to be only endowed with sufficient identity to do the rough work of the still, and to become liable to the Federal law. "That's Hil'ry—he sees it right off. Hil'ry he tuk a look at Lee-yander whenst he wanted ter kem an' work along o' we uns, 'kase his folks wanted ter take him away from the Sulleys. Hil'ry opened the furnace door—jes so; an' he cotch the boy by the arm"—the great brawny fellow, unconsciously dramatic, suited the action to the word, his face and figure illumined by the sudden red glow—"an' Hil'ry, he say, 'Now, by God—ye hev got yer mother's eyes in yer head, an' I'll swear ye shan't larn ter be a sot.' An' that's how kem Hil'ry made Alf Bixby take Lee-yander ter work in the mill. Ef ennybody tuk arter him he war convenient ter disappear down hyar with we-uns. So he went ter the mill."

"An' I wisht I hed put him in the hopper an' ground him up," said the miller, in a blood-curdling tone, but with a look of plaintive anxiety in his eyes. "He hev made a heap o' trouble 'twixt Hil'ry an' me fust an' last. Whar's Hil'ry disappeared to, ennyways?"

For the flare from the furnace showed that this leading spirit among the moonshiners had gone softly out. Nehemiah, whose courage was dissipated by some subtle influence of his presence, now made bold to ask, "An' what made him ter set store on Lee-yander's mother's eyes—or hisn, either?" His tone was as bluffly sarcastic as he dared.

"Shucks—ye mus' hev heern that old tale," said the miller, cavalierly. "This hyar Malviny Hixon—ez lived down in Tanglefoot Cove then—her an' Hil'ry war promised ter marry, but the revenuers captured him—he war a-runnin' a still in Tanglefoot then—an' they kep' him in jail somewhar in the North—Albany, I b'lieve—fur five year. Waal, she waited toler'ble constant fur two or three year, but Ebenezer Yerby he kem a-visitin' his kin down in Tanglefoot Cove, an' she an' him met at a bran dance, an' the fust thing I heern they war merried, an' 'fore Hil'ry got back she war dead an' buried, an' so war Ebenezer."

There was a pause while the flames roared in the furnace, and the falling water desperately dashed upon the rocks, and its tumultuous voice continuously pervaded the silent void wildernesses without, and the sibilant undertone, the lisping whisperings, smote the senses anew.

"He met up with consider'ble changes fur five year," remarked one of the men, regarding the matter in its chronological aspect.

Nehemiah said nothing. He had heard the story before, but it had been forgotten. A worldly mind like his is not apt to burden itself with the sentimental details of an antenuptial romance of the woman whom his half brother had married some sixteen years ago.

A persuasion that it was somewhat unduly long lived impressed others of the party.

"It's plumb cur'us Hil'ry 'ain't never furgot her," observed one of them. "He hev never merried at all. My wife says it's jes contrariousness. Ef Malviny hed been his wife an' died, he'd hev merried agin 'fore the year war out. An' I tell my wife that he'd hev been better acquainted with her then, an' would hev fund out ez no woman war wuth mournin' 'bout fur nigh twenty year. My wife says she can't make out ez how Hil'ry 'ain't got pride enough not ter furgive her fur givin' him the mitten like she done. An' I tell my wife that holdin' a grudge agin a woman fur bein' fickle is like holdin' a grudge agin her fur bein' a woman."

He paused with an air, perceived somehow in the brown dusk, of having made a very neat point. A stir of assent was vaguely suggested when some chivalric impulse roused a champion at the further side of the worm, whose voice rang out brusquely.

"Jes listen at Tom! A body ter hear them tales he tells 'bout argufyin' with his wife would 'low he war a mighty smart apt man, an' the pore foolish 'oman skeercely hed a sensible word ter bless herself with. When everybody that knows Tom knows he sings mighty small round home. Ye stopped too soon, Tom. Tell what yer wife said to that."

Tom's embarrassed feet shuffled heavily on the rocks, apparently in search of subterfuge. The dazzling glintings from the crevices of the furnace door showed here and there gleaming teeth broadly agrin.

"Jes called me a fool in gineral," admitted the man skilled in argument.

"An' didn't she 'low ez men folks war fickle too, an' remind ye o' yer young days whenst ye went a-courtin' hyar an' thar, an' tell over a string o' gals names till she sounded like an off'cer o' the day callin' the roll?"

"Ye-es," admitted Tom, thrown off his balance by this preternatural insight, "but all them gals war a-tryin' ter marry me—not me tryin' ter marry them."

There was a guffaw at this modest assertion, but the disaffected miller's tones dominated the rude merriment.

"Whenst a feller takes ter drink folks kin spell out a heap o' reasons but the true one—an' that's 'kase he likes it. Hil'ry 'ain't never named that 'oman's name ter me an' I hev knowed him ez well ez ennybody hyar. Jes t'other day whenst that boy kem, bein' foolish an' maudlin, he seen sutkin' oncommon in Lee-yander's eyes—they'll be mighty oncommon ef he keeps on readin' his tomfool book, ez he knows by heart, by the firelight when it's dim. Ef folks air so sot agin strong drink, let 'em drink less tharselfs. Hear Brother Peter Pendergast preach agin liquor, an' ye'd know ez all wine bibbers air bound fur hell."

"But the Bible don't name 'whiskey' once," said the man called Tom, in an argumentative tone. "High wines I'll gin ye up;" he made the discrimination in accents betokening much reasonable submission; "but whenst rectified an' kem ter be whiskey nare time does the Bible name whiskey, nor yit peach brandy, nor apple jack."

"Nor singlings, nor doublin's, nor beer," put in an unexpected recruit from the darkness.

The miller was silent for a moment, and gave token of succumbing to this unexpected polemic strength. Then, taking thought and courage together, "Ye can't say the Bible ain't down on 'strong drink'?" There was no answer from the vanquished, and he went on in the overwhelming miller's voice. "Hil'ry hed better be purtectin' hisself from strong drink 'stiddier the boy—by makin' him stay up thar at the mill whar he knows thar's no drinkin' goin' on—ez will git chances at it other ways, ef not through him, in the long life he hev got ter live. The las' time the revenuers got Hil'ry 'twar through bein' ez drunk ez a fuish-biled owl. It makes me powerful oneasy whenever I know ye air all drunk an' a-gallopadin' down hyar, an' no mo' able to act reasonable in case o' need an' purtect yerselfs agin spies an' revenuers an' sech 'n nuthin' in this worl'. The las' raid, ye 'member, we hed the still over yander;" he jerked his thumb in the direction present to his thoughts, but unseen by his coadjutors; "a man war wounded, as we dun'no' but what killed in the scuffle, an' 'twould be a long-lastin' matter ter git caught now. Ye oughter keep sober so ye know, Isham, ye oughter keep Hil'ry sober. I dun'no' why ye can't. I never could abide the nasty stuff—as enough ter turn a bull-frog's stomach. Whiskey is good ter sell—not ter drink. Let them cornfed idjits in the flat woods buy it, an' drink it. Whiskey is good ter sell—not ter drink."

This peculiar temperance argument was received in thoughtful silence, the reason of all the mountaineers commending it, while certain of them knew themselves and were known to be incapable of profiting by it.

Nehemiah had scant interest in this conversation. He was conscious of the strain on his attention as he followed it, that no point of the situation should escape unnoted and its utility canvassed at a leisure moment. He marked the allusion to the man supposed to have been killed in the skirmish with the raiders, and he appraised its value as coercion in any altercation that he might have in seeking to take Leander from his present guardians. But he felt in elation that that was likely to be of the slightest; the miller evidently found himself hampered rather than helped by the employment of the boy, and as to the moonshiner's sentimental partisanship, for the sake of an old attachment to the dead and gone mountain girl, there was hardly anything in the universe so tenuous as to bear comparison with its fragility. "A few drinks ahead," he said to himself with a sneer, "an' he won't remember who Malviny Hixon was, ef thar is ennything in the old tale—which it's more'n apt thar ain't."

He began, after the fashion of successful people, to cavil because his success was not more complete. How the time was wasting here in this uncomfortable interlude! Why could he not have discovered Leander's whereabouts earlier and by now be jogging along the road home with the boy by his side? Why had he not bethought himself of the mill in the first instance—that focus of gossip where all the news of the country side is mysteriously garnered and thence dispensed bounteously to all comers? It was useless, as he fretted and chafed at these untoward omissions, to urge in his own behalf that he did not know of the existence of the mill, and that the miller, being an ungenial and choleric man, might have perversely bent himself to resisting his demand for the custody of the young runaway. No, he told himself emphatically, and with good logic, too, the miller's acrimony rose from his discovery of the still and the danger of his introduction into its charmed circle. And that reflection reminded him anew of his own danger here—not from the lawless denizens of the place, but from the forces which he himself had evoked, and again he glanced out toward the waterfall as fearful of the raiders as any moonshiner of them all.

But what sudden glory was on the waters, mystic, white, an opaque brilliance upon the swirling foam and the bounding spray, a crystalline glitter upon the smooth expanse of the swift cataract! The moon was in the sky, and its light, with noiseless tread, sought out strange lonely places, and illusions were astir in the solitudes. Pensive peace, thoughts too subtle for speech to shape, spiritual yearnings, were familiars of the hour and of this melancholy splendor; but he knew none of them, and the sight gave him no joy. He only thought that this was a night for the saddle, for the quick invasion of the woods, when the few dwellers by the wayside were lost in slumber. He trembled anew at the thought of the raiders whom he himself had summoned; he forgot his curses on their laggard service; he upbraided himself anew that he had not earlier made shift to depart by some means—by any means—before the night came with the great emblazoning bold-faced moon that but prolonged the day; and he started to his feet with a galvanic jerk and a sharp exclamation when swift steps were heard on the rocks outside, and a man with the lightness of a deer sprang down the ledge and into the great arched opening of the place.

"'Tain't nobody but Hil'ry," observed Isham Beaton, half in reproach, half in remonstrance.

The pervasive light without dissipated in some degree the gloom within the grotto; a sort of gray visibility was on the appurtenances and the figures about the still, not strong enough to suggest color, but giving contour. His fright had been marked, he knew; a sort of surprised reflectiveness was in the manner of several of the moonshiners, and Nehemiah, with his ready fears, fancied that this inopportune show of terror had revived their suspicions of him. It required some effort to steady his nerves after this, and when footfalls were again audible without, and all the denizens of the place sat calmly smoking their pipes without so much as a movement toward investigating the sound, he, knowing whose steps he had invited thither, had great ado with the coward within to keep still, as if he had no more reason to fear an approach than they.

A great jargon in the tone of ecstasy broke suddenly upon the air upon this new entrance, shattering what little composure Nehemiah had been able to muster; a wide-mouthed exaggeration of welcome in superlative phrases and ready chorus. Swiftly turning he saw nothing for a moment, for he looked at the height which a man's head might reach, and the new comer measured hardly two feet high, waddled in a very uncertain gait, and although he bore himself with manifest complacence, he had heard the like before, as he was jovially hailed by every ingratiating epithet presumed to be acceptable to his infant mind. He was attended by a tall gaunt boy of fifteen, barefooted, with snaggled teeth and a shock of tow hair, wearing a shirt of unbleached cotton, and a pair of trousers supported by a single suspender across a sharp protuberant shoulder blade behind and a very narrow chest in front. But his face was proud and happy and gleeful, as if he occupied some post of honor and worldly emolument in attending upon the waddling wonder on the floor in front of him, instead of being assigned the ungrateful task of seeing to it that a very ugly baby closely related to him did not, with the wiliness and ingenuity of infant nature, invent some method of making away with himself. For he was an ugly baby as he stood revealed in the flare of the furnace door, thrown open that his admirers and friends might feast their eyes upon him. His short wisps of red hair stood straight up in front; his cheeks were puffy and round, but very rosy; his eyes were small and dark but blandly roguish; his mouth was wide and damp, and had in it a small selection of sample teeth, as it were; he wore a blue checked homespun dress gracelessly down the back with big horn buttons sparsely set on; he clasped his chubby hands upon a somewhat pompous stomach; he sidled first to the right, then to the left, in doubt as to which of the various invitations he should accept.

"Kem hyar, Snooks!" "Right hyar, Toodles!" "Me

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hyar, Monkey Doodle!" "Hurrah fur the leetle-est moonshiner on record!" resounded fulsomely about him. Many were the compliments showered upon him, and if his flatterers told lies, they had told more wicked ones. The pipes all went out, and the broken-nosed pitcher languished in disuse as he trotted from one pair of outstretched arms to another to give an exhibition of his progress in the noble art of locomotion, and if he now and again sat down, unexpectedly to himself and to the spectator, he was set upon his feet again with spurious applause and encouragement. He gave an exhibition of his dancing—a funny little shuffle of exceeding temerity, considering the facilities at his command for that agile amusement, but he was made reckless by praise—and they all lied valiantly in chorus. He repeated all the words he knew, which were few, and for the most part unintelligible, crowed like a cock, barked like a dog, mewed like a cat, and finally went away, his red cheeks yet more ruddily aglow, grave and excited and with quickly beating pulses, like one who has achieved some great public success and led captive the hearts of thousands.

The turmoils of his visit and his departure were great indeed. It all irked Nehemiah Yerby, who had scant affiliations with infancy and little perception of the jocosity of the aspect of callow human nature, and it seemed strange to him that these men, all with their liberty, even their existence, jeopardized upon the chances that a moment might bring forth, could so relax their sense of danger, so disregard the mandates of stolid common-sense, and give themselves over to the puerile beguilements of the visitor. The little animal was the son of one of them, he knew, but he hardly guessed whom until he marked the paternal pride and content that had made unwontedly placid the brow of the irate miller while the ovation was in progress. Nehemiah greatly preferred the adult specimen of the race, and looked upon youth as an infirmity which would mend only with time. He was easily confused by a stir, the gurglings, the ticklings, the loud laughter both in the deep bass of the hosts and the keen treble of the guest, had a befuddling effect upon him; his powers of observation were numbed. As the great burly forms shifted to and fro resuming their former places, the red light from the open door of the furnace illumining their laughing bearded countenances, casting a roseate suffusion upon the white turmoils of the cataract, and showing the rugged interior of the place with its damp and dripping ledges, he saw for the first time among them Leander's slight figure and smiling face; the violin was in his hand, one end resting on a rock as he tightened a string; his eyes were bent upon the instrument, while his every motion was earnestly watched by the would-be fiddler.

Nehemiah started hastily to his feet. He had not expected that the boy would see him here. To divide a secret like this of aiding in illicit distilling with one of his own household was more than his hardihood could well contemplate. As once more the contemned "ping-pang" of the process of tuning fell upon the air, Leander chanced to lift his eyes. They smilingly swept the circle until they rested upon his uncle. They suddenly dilated with astonishment, and the violin fell from his nerveless hand upon the floor. The surprise, the fear, the repulsion his face expressed suddenly emboldened Nehemiah. The boy evidently had not been prepared for the encounter with his relative here. Its only significance in his mind was the imminence of capture and being constrained to accompany his uncle home. He cast a glance of indignant reproach upon Hilary Tarbetts, who was not even looking at him. The moonshiner stood filling his pipe with tobacco, and as he deftly extracted a coal from the furnace to set it alight, he shut the door with a clash, and for a moment the whole place sank into invisibility, the vague radiance vouchsafed to the recesses of the grotto by the moonbeams on the water without annihilated for the time by the contrast with the red furnace glare. Nehemiah had a swift fear that in this sudden eclipse Leander might slip softly out and thus be again lost to him, but as the dull gray light gradually reasserted itself, and the figures and surroundings emerged from the gloom, resuming shape and consistency, he saw Leander still standing where he had disappeared in the darkness, he could even distinguish his pale face and lustrous eyes. Leander at least had no intention to shirk explanations.

"Why, Uncle Nehemiah!" he said, his boyish voice ringing out tense and excited above the tones of the men, once more absorbed in their wonted interests. A sudden silence ensued amongst them. "What air ye a-doin' hyar?"

"Waal, uh, Lee-yander, boy—" Nehemiah hesitated. A half-suppressed chuckle among the men, whom he had observed to be addicted to horse-play, attested their relish of the situation. Ridicule is always of unfriendly intimations, and the sound served to put Nehemiah on his guard anew. He noticed that the glow in Tarbetts' pipe was still and dull; the smoker did not even draw his breath as he looked and listened. Yerby did not dare avow the true purpose of his presence after his representations to the moonshiners, and yet he could not, he would not in set phrase align himself with the illicit vocation. The boy was too young, too irresponsible, too inimical to himself he reflected in a sudden panic, to be intrusted with this secret. If in his haphazard callow folly he should turn informer, he was almost too young to be amenable to the popular sense of justice. He might, by some accident rather than intention, divulge the important knowledge so unsuitable to his years and his capacity for guarding it. He began to share the miller's aversion to the introduction of outsiders to the still. He felt a glow of indignation as if he had always been a party in interest, that the common safety should not be more jealously guarded. The danger which Leander's youth and inexperience threatened had not been so apparent to him when he first heard that the boy had been here, and the menace was merely for the others. As he felt the young fellow's eyes upon him he recalled, too, the effusive piety of his conversation at Tyler Sudley's house, his animadversions on violin-playing and liquor-drinking, and Brother Peter Pendergast's mild and merciful attitude toward sinners in those unspiced sermons of his, that held out such affluence of hope to the repentant rather than to the self-righteous. The blood surged unseen into Nehemiah's face. For shame, for very shame he could not confess himself one with these outcasts. He made a feint of searching in the semi-obscurity for the rickety chair on which he had been seated, and resumed his former attitude as Leander's voice once more rang out.

"What air ye a-doin' hyar, Uncle Nehemiah?"

"Jes a-visitin', sonny; jes a-visitin'."

There was a momentary pause, and the felicity of the answer was demonstrated by another chuckle from the group. His senses, alert to the emergency, discriminated a difference in the tone. This time the laugh was with him rather than at him. He noted too, Leander's dumfounded pause, and the suggestion of discomfiture in the boy's lustrous eyes, still widely fixed upon him. As Leander stooped to pick up the violin he remarked with an incidental accent, and evidently in default of retort, "I be powerful s'prised ter view ye hyar."

Nehemiah smarted under the sense of unmerited reproach; so definitely aware was he of being out of the character which he had assumed and worn until it seemed even to him his own, that he felt as if he were constrained to some ghastly masquerade. Even the society of the moonshiners as their guest was a reproach to one who had always piously, and in such involuted and redundant verbiage, spurned the ways and haunts of the evil-doer. According to the dictates of policy he should have rested content with his advantage over the silenced lad. But his sense of injury engendered a desire of reprisal, and he impulsively carried the war into the enemy's country.

"I ain't in no ways s'prised ter view you-uns hyar, Lee-yander," he said. "From the ways, Lee-yander, ez ye hev been brung up by them slack-twisted Sudleys—ungodly folks 'ceptin' what little regeneration they kin git from the sermons of Brother Peter Pendergast, who air onsartain in his mind whether folks ez ain't church members air goin' ter be damned or no—I ain't s'prised none ter view ye hyar." He suddenly remembered poor Laurelia's arrogations of special piety, and it was with exceeding ill will that he added: "An' Mis' Sudley in partic'lar. Ty ain't no great shakes ez a shoutin' Christian. I dun'no' ez I ever heard him shout once, but his wife air one o' the reg'lar mournful, onrejicing members, always questioning the decrees of Providence, an' what ain't no nigher salvation, ef the truth war knowed, 'n a sinner with the throne o' grace yit ter find."

Leander had not picked up the violin; this disquisition had arrested the hand until his intention was forgotten. He came slowly to the perpendicular, and his eyes gleamed in the dusk. A vibration of anger was in his voice as he retorted:

"Mebbe so—mebbe they air sinners; but they'd look powerful comical 'visitin'' hyar!"

"Ty Sudley ain't one o' the drinkin' kind," interpolated the miller, who evidently had the makings of a temperance man. "He never sot foot hyar in his life."

"Them ez kem a-visitin' hyar," blustered the boy, full of the significance of his observations and experience, "air either wantin' a drink or two 'thout payin' fur it, or else air tradin' fur liquor ter sell, an' that's the same ez moonshinin' in the law."

There was a roar of delight from the circle of lumpish figures about the still which told the boy that he had hit very near to the mark. Nehemiah hardly waited for it to subside before he made an effort to divert Leander's attention.

"An' what air you-uns doin' hyar?" he demanded. "Tit for tat."

"Why," bluffly declared Leander, "I be a-runnin' away from you-uns. An' I 'lowed the still war one place whar I'll be sure o' not meetin' ye. Not ez I hev got ennything agin moonshinin' nuther," he added, hastily mindful of a seeming reflection on his refuge. "Moonshinin' *is business*, though the United States don't seem ter know it. But I hev heard ye kerry on so pious 'bout not lookin' on the wine whenst it be red, that I 'lowed ye wouldn't like ter look on the still whenst—whenst it's yaller." He pointed with a burst of callow merriment at the big copper vessel, and once more the easily excited mirth of the circle burst forth irrepressibly.

Encouraged by this applause, Leander resumed: "Why, *I* even turns my back on the still myself outo respec' ter the family—Cap'n an' Neighbor bein' so set agin liquor, Cap'n's ekal ter preachin' on it ef ennything onexpected was ter happen ter Brother Pendergast. An' when I *hev* ter view it, I look at it sorter cross-eyed." The flickering line of light from the crevice of the furnace door showed that he was squinting frightfully, with the much-admired eyes his mother had bequeathed to him, at the rotund shadow, with the yellow gleam of the metal barely suggested in the brown dusk. "So I tuk ter workin' at the mill. An' *I* hev got nuthin' ter do with the still." There was a pause. Then, with a strained tone of appeal in his voice, for a future with Uncle Nehemiah had seemed very terrible to him, "So ye warn't a-sarchin' hyar fur me, war ye, Uncle Nehemiah?"

Nehemiah hesitated. There is a peculiar glutinous quality in the resolve of a certain type of character which is not allied to steadfastness of purpose, nor has it the enlightened persistency of obstinacy. In view of his earlier account of his purpose he could not avow his errand; it bereft him of naught to disavow it, for Uncle Nehemiah was one of those gifted people who, in common parlance, do not mind what they say. Yet his reluctance to assure Leander that he was not the quarry that had led him into these wildness mastered him; the spurious relinquishment had so the aspect of renunciation, that he hesitated, started to speak, again hesitated, so palpably that Hilary Tarbetts felt impelled to take a hand in the game.

"Why don't ye satisfy the boy, Yerby?" he said, brusquely. He took his pipe out of his mouth and turned to Leander. "Naw, bub. He's jes tradin' fur fresh whiskey, that's all; he's sorter skeery 'bout bein' a wild-catter, an' he didn't want ye ter know it."

The point of red light, the glow of his pipe, the only exponent of his presence in the dusky recess where he sat, shifted with a quick, decisive motion as he restored it to his lips.

The blood rushed to Nehemiah's head, he was dizzy for a moment, he heard his heart thump heavily; he saw, or he fancied he saw, the luminous distention of Leander's eyes as this Goliath of his battles was thus delivered into his hands. To meet him here proved nothing; the law was not violated in the mere knowledge that illicit whiskey was in process of manufacture; a dozen different errands might have brought him. But this statement put a sword, as it were, into the boy's hands, and he dared not deny it.

"Pears ter me," he blurted out at last, "ez ye air powerful slack with yer jaw."

"Lee-yander ain't," coolly returned Tarbetts. "He knows all thar is ter know 'bout we-uns—an' why air ye not ter share our per'ls?"

"I ain't likely ter tell," Leander jocosely reassured him. "But I can't help thinkin' how it would rejice that good Christian 'oman, Cap'n Sudley, ez war made ter set on sech a low stool 'bout my pore ole fiddle."

And thus reminded of the instrument, he picked it up, and once more, with the bow held aloft in his hand, he dexterously twanged the strings, and with his deft fingers rapidly and discriminatingly turned the screws, this one up and that one down. The earnest would-be musician, who had languished while the discussion was in progress, now plucked up a freshened interest, and begged that the furnace door might be set ajar to enable him to watch the process and perchance to detect its subtle secret. No objection was made, for the still was nearly empty, and arrangements tending to replenishment were beginning to be inaugurated by several of the men, who were examining the mash in tubs in the further recesses of the place. They were lighted by a lantern which, swinging to and fro as they moved, sometimes so swiftly as to induce a temporary fluctuation threatening eclipse, suggested in the dusk the erratic orbit of an abnormally magnified fire-fly. It barely glimmered, the dullest point of white light, when the rich flare from the opening door of the furnace gushed forth and the whole cragged interior was illumined with its color. The inadequate moonlight fell away; the chastened white splendor on the foam of the cataract, the crystalline glitter, tremulously and elusively shifting, was annihilated; the swiftly descending water showed from within only a continuously moving glow of yellow light, all the brighter from the dark-seeming background of the world glimpsed without. A wind had risen, unfelt in these recesses and on the weighty volume of the main sheet of descending water, but at its verge the fitful gusts diverted its downward course, tossing slender jets aslant, and sending now and again a shower of spray into the cavern. Nehemiah remembered his rheumatism with a shiver. The shadows of the men, instead of an unintelligible commingling with the dusk, were now sharp and distinct, and the light grotesquely duplicated them till the cave seemed full of beings who were not there a moment before—strange troglodytes, clumsy and burly, slow of movement, but swift and mysterious of appearance and disappearance. The beetling ledges here and there imprinted strong black similitudes of their jagged contours on the floor; with the glowing weird illumination the place seemed far more uncanny than before, and Leander, with his face pensive once more in response to the gentle strains slowly elicited by the bow trembling with responsive ecstasy, his large eyes full of dreamy lights, his curling hair falling about his cheek as it rested upon the violin, his figure, tall and slender and of an adolescent grace, might have suggested to the imagination a reminiscence of Orpheus in Plutonian depths. They all listened in languid pleasure, without the effort to appraise the music or to compare it with other performances—the bane of more cultured audiences; only the ardent amateur, seated close at hand on a box tier, watched the bowing with a scrutiny which betokened earnest anxiety that no mechanical trick might elude him. The miller's half-grown son, whose ear for any fine distinctions in sound might be presumed to have been destroyed by the clamors of the mill, sat a trifle in the background and sawed away on an imaginary violin with many flourishes and all the exaggerations of mimicry, thus furnishing the zest of burlesque relished by the devotees of horse-play and simple jests, and altogether unaware that he had a caricature in his shadow just behind him, and was thus doing double duty in making both Leander and himself ridiculous. Sometimes he paused in excess of interest when the music elicited an amusement more to his mind than the long-drawn, pathetic cadences which the violinist so much affected. For in sudden changes of mood and in effective contrast the tones came showering forth in keen quick staccato, every one as round and distinct as a globule, but as unindividualized in the swift exuberance of the whole as a drop in a summer's rain, the bow but a glancing line of light in its rapidity, and the bounding movement of the theme set many a foot astir marking time. At last one young fellow, an artist too in his way, laid aside his pipe and came out to dance. A queer *pas seul* it might have been esteemed, but he was light and agile and not ungraceful, and he danced with an air of elation—albeit with a grave face—which added to the enjoyment of the spectator, for it seemed so slight an effort. He was long-winded, and was still bounding about in the double shuffle and the pigeon wing, his shadow on the wall nimbly following every motion, when the violin's cadence quavered off to a discordant wail, and Leander, the bow pointed at the waterfall, exclaimed: "Look out! Somebody's thar! Out thar on the rocks!"

It was upon the instant, with the evident intention of a surprise, that a half-dozen armed men rushed precipitately into the place. Nehemiah, his head awhirl, hardly distinguished the events as they were confusedly enacted before him. There were loud excited calls, unintelligible, mouthing back to the turbulent echoes of the place, the repeated word "Surrender!" alone conveying meaning to his mind. The sharp succinct note of a pistol-shot was a short answer. Some quick hand closed the door of the furnace and threw the place into protective gloom. He was vaguely aware that a prolonged struggle that took place amongst half a dozen men near him was the effort of the intruders to reopen it. All unavailing. He presently saw figures drawing back to the doorway out of the *mêlée*, for moonshiner and raider were alike indistinguishable, and he became aware that both parties were equally desirous to gain the outer air. Once more pistol-shots—outside this time—then a tumult of frenzied voices. Struck by a pistol-ball, Tarbetts had fallen from the ledge under the weight of the cataract and into the deep abysses below. The raiders were swiftly getting to saddle again. Now and then a crack mountain shot drew a bead upon them from the bushes, but mists were gathering, the moon was uncertain, and the flickering beams deflected the deadly aim. Two or three of the horses lay dead on the river bank, and others carried double, ridden by men with riddled hats. They were in full retreat, for the catastrophe on the ledge of the cliff struck dismay to their hearts. Had the man been shot, according to the expectation of those who resist arrest, this would be merely the logical sequence of events. But to be hurled from a crag into a cataract savored of atrocity, and they dreaded the reprisals of capture.

It was soon over. The whole occurrence, charged with all the definitiveness of fate, was scant ten minutes in transaction. A laggard hoof-beat, a faint echo amidst the silent gathering of the moonlit mists, and the loud plaint of Ho-ho-hebee Falls were the only sounds that caught Nehemiah's anxious ear when he crept out from behind the empty barrels and tremulously took his way along the solitary ledges, ever and anon looking askance at his shadow, that more than once startled him with a sense of unwelcome companionship. The mists, ever thickening, received him into their midst. However threatening to the retreat of the raiders, they were friendly to him. Once, indeed, they parted, showing through the gauzy involutions of their illumined folds the pale moon high in the sky and close at hand in their midst a horse's head just above his own, with wild dilated eyes and quivering nostrils. Its effect was as detached as if it were only drawn upon a canvas; the mists rolled over anew, and but that he heard the subdued

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voice of the rider urging the animal on, and the thud of the hoofs further away, he might have thought this straggler from the revenue party some wild illusion born of his terrors.

The fate of Hilary Tarbetts remained a mystery. When the stream was dragged for his body it was thought strange that it should not be found, since the bowlders that lay all adown the rocky channel so interrupted the sweep of the current that so heavy a weight seemed likely to be caught amongst them. Others commented on the strength and great momentum of the flow, and for this reason it was thought that in some dark underground channel of Hide-and-Seek Creek the moonshiner had found his sepulchre. A story of his capture was circulated after a time; it was supposed that he dived and swam ashore after his fall, and that the raiders overtook him on their retreat, and that he was now immured, a Federal prisoner. The still and all the effects of the brush whiskey trade disappeared as mysteriously, and doubtless this silent flitting gave rise to the hopeful rumor that Tarbetts had been seen alive and well since that fateful night, and that in some further recesses of the wilderness, undiscovered by the law, he and like comrades continue their chosen vocation. However that may be, the vicinity of Hohohebee Falls, always a lonely place, is now even a deeper solitude. The beavers, unmolested, haunt the ledges; along their precipitous ways the deer come down to drink; on bright days the rainbow hovers about the falls, on bright nights they glimmer in the moon; but never again have they glowed with the shoaling orange light of the furnace, intensifying to the deep tawny tints of its hot heart, like the rich glamours of some great topaz.

This alien glow it was thought had betrayed the place to the raiders, and Nehemiah's treachery was never discovered. The post office appointment was bestowed upon his rival for the position, and it was thought somewhat strange that he should endure the defeat with such exemplary resignation to the will of the department. No one seemed to connect his candidacy with his hootless search for his nephew. When Leander chanced to be mentioned, however, he observed with some rancor that he reckoned it was just as well he didn't come up with Lee-yander; there was generally mighty little good in a runaway boy, and Lee yander had the name of being disobejent an' turr'ble bad.

Leander found a warm welcome at home. His violin had been broken in the *melée*, and the *rallier*, though ardently urged, never could remember the spot where he had hidden the book—such havoc had the confusion of that momentous night wrought in his mental processes. Therefore, unhampered by music or literature, Leander addressed himself to the plough handles, and together that season he and "Neighbor" made the best crop of their lives.

Laurella sighed for the violin and Leander's ravishe, though, as she always made haste to say, some pious people misdoubted whether it were not a sinful pastime. On such occasions it went hard with Leander not to divulge his late experiences and the connection of the pious Uncle Nehemiah therewith. But he always remembered in time Laurella's disability to receive confidences, being a woman, and consequently unable to keep a secret, and he desisted.

One day, however, when he and Ty Sudley, ploughing the corn, now knee high, were pausing to rest in the turn row, a few furrows apart, in an ebullition of filial feeling he told all that had befallen him in his absence. Ty Sudley, divided between wrath toward Nehemiah and quaking anxiety for

W. B. HORNBLOWER,
Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

the dangers that Leander had been constrained to run—*ex post facto* tremors, but none the less acute—felt moved now and then to complacence in his prodigy.

"So 'twur *you* was ez war smart enough ter slam the furnace door an' throw the whole place inter darkness! That saved every one o' them moonshiners from bein' captured, ez sure ez shootin'. 'Twur mighty smart in ye. But — suddenly bethinking himself of sundry unfilial gibes at Uncle Nehemiah and the facetious account of his plight—"Lee yander, yu mustn't be so turr'ble bad, sooey; ye *mustn't* be so *turr'ble* bad."

"Naw, ma'am, Neighbor, I won't," Leander protested.

And he went on following the plough down the furrow and singing loud and clear.

A NEW JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

It was a foregone conclusion that Mr Cleveland would select in the stead of the late Mr Justice Blatchford some member of the New York bar for the vacant seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. Upon whom the choice would fall has been a question over which the lawyers have pondered much. Men fit to hold so exalted a judicial position do not seek advancement, but wait for it, but fortunately positions on this bench have usually been given to men entirely worthy. Besides this, Mr Cleveland has personal knowledge of the New York bar, and did not need advice. His choice has fallen upon William B. Hornblower, one of the busiest and most successful lawyers at the New York bar. There was no general expectation that Mr. Hornblower would be selected, but when his name was sent into the Senate no surprise was expressed. Lawyers recognized in Mr Hornblower one of the ablest men in the profession, and litigants who had had to do with him as clients or in opposition were sure of both his ability and his zeal. Mr Hornblower is a young man—only forty-two. Indeed, with the exception of four other justices, he is the youngest man ever named for place on the Supreme Court. Of these the most notable were Bushrod Washington and Joseph Story. But in these days forty two is younger form man to be distinguished in a learned profession than thirty two was at the beginning of the century. Men begin later, and after a severer preparation, and the competition is much closer. But Mr Hornblower has been a man of mark for fifteen years past. His opportunity came quickly, and he took full advantage of it.

He was born in Paterson, New Jersey, his father being a Presbyterian clergyman, who studied law before entering the church. His grandfather was Chief Justice of New Jersey, and his great grandfather a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He is a nephew of the late Mr Justice Joseph P Bradley, and also a nephew of the late Judge Woodruff, of the United States Circuit Court. It will therefore be seen that he comes of a family of judges. Mr Hornblower is an alumnus of Princeton, being graduated with the class of '73. He studied law at Columbia, and was admitted to the bar in 1875. It is not likely that any one dreamed when the members of this class from the law school received their diplomas that in less than twenty years one of them would be called to a seat on the bench of that court which has the largest jurisdiction of any tribunal in the world. After Mr Hornblower had been graduated, he entered the law firm of Carter & Eaton as a clerk. Two years later he was a partner. The senior members of the firm had a distaste for appearance in court, and so the young partner of twenty six was soon busy in the public forum of litigation. This gave him his early opportunity, to which allusion has been made. From then till now he has risen rapidly, always gaining in power, always adding to his reputation for learning in the law, skill in its practice, and painstaking accuracy in the study of his cases.

Among the clients that Mr Hornblower has had may be included some of the largest of the corporations, such, for instance, as the New York Central Railway, the New York Life Insurance Company, and the New York Security and Trust Company. Such corporations have the means to pay for the best legal services, and they usually manage to get them. It has often been said in derogation of a man, "He is a corporation lawyer." But to be a corporation lawyer really means that the lawyer is unusually well equipped with learning, skill, and experience. Mr Hornblower has also won distinction as a writer on law topics. His only public position was as a member of the State Commission created in 1890 to propose amendments to the judiciary section of the State Constitution.

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THE OYSTER INDUSTRY ON THE CHESAPEAKE.—[See Page 944.]

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—AT THE ARAB FANTASÍYA.—DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

MR. PETERS, OF SCHOHARIE, ON THE CHEROKEE OPENING.

When Tompkins heard them acres of the Cherokees was free,
He thought he'd like to go an' git a farm for him and me,
But I had no ambition for to "boom" when I could set
In comfort on my old place here, an' keep out o' the wet.
So Bill he started out alone to join the boomin' herd,
He got a front seat on the line, an' waited for the word;
An' when the Gov'ment hollered "Go!" the feller got a start
That would ha' gave a man like me a palpitatin' heart.

He lit across the country like a streak o' lightnin' greased,
But not an acre did he find that wa'n't already seized;
For where the "Sooners" wasn't camped in numbers mighty strong,
The "Laters" with their cowhide boots and pistols, came along,
An' Bill he thought that 'tween 'em both—the Sooners an' the Lates—
Life held a better show for him back in the Eastern States.
An' so he started home again upon the old Shanks mare,
With two black eyes, no cash, an' clo'es made out o' bage o' jute.

The neighbors think it's funny, but it seems to me to be
A most disgraceful business for a nation rich and free;
An' 'tain't for us to call the man from China barbarous
When plans like that them Cherokee one's good enough for us.
A plan that carries ruin for the weak ones ain't the plan
That should commend itself to one that calls himself a man,
An' seems to me in lettin' mobs like that begin the run,
The Gov'ment is a party to the murder that is done.

Especially when it's easy to avoid all such mishaps,
By stakin' out the strip in lots, an' showin' 'em on maps;
By lettin' all the scrambling that is done come through the post,
An' givin' out the farms to them that really needs 'em most,
That there's the plan, unless of course we want the world to see
A lawless mob a-fightin' in this land of Liberty,
An' all the prizes won by those who, with their boots 'n' shot,
Would kick or kill a woman just to get a corner lot.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

It seems a cruel thought that a bullet hole through a good man's shoulder should be a source of comfort and satisfaction to his fellow-countrymen, but it may be said, and without any implication of unkind sentiments either, that a multitude of good Americans have found a certain solace in the ragged hole in the shoulder of engineer James F. Knapp, the driver of the Lake Shore train that was waylaid by bandits on the night of September 11th. It is a considerable mortification that a train should have been held up and robbed on one of the great iron highways between Chicago and New York, but it helps matters a good deal to know that the man who had the train in charge was faithful to his trust, and had his courage with him on the trip. It is due perhaps to the spirit with which the engineer met the robbers, and to the resistance made by Express-messenger Weidt, that only one car on the train was looted. It is to be hoped that the robbers may be caught and dealt with in such a way as to help make train robbing unfashionable. Meanwhile, people will be glad to see the accompanying portrait of the plucky engineer who was not afraid of guns, and thought more about his duty than his personal comfort.

Not the least interesting matter in the London *Times* last month was a discussion of misused words. It started with a letter about "a few misused words" from Professor Beesly, and prevailed actively for a fortnight. Among the words from which relief was most vociferously demanded were "morale," "locale," "menu," "exposé," "chaperone," and "function." For "function" used in the sense of "entertainment" the Spanish spelling—"function"—was demanded. The final *e* in "chaperone" was decided to an attempt to give a feminine appearance to the French word "chaperon," which means by rights "hood," and is used by a figure of speech only to signify a duenna. Over "menu" there was a lively dispute. Mr. Hugh Robson wrote from the Reform Club to say that it was not a substantive, but an adjective meaning "detail," and was never used in France in the sense of bill of fare except "in huge polyglot caravansaries, which thrive only when fertilized by liberal supplies of English sovereigns and American dollars." But the weight of testimony was against this view, and favored the opinion that "menu" is justifiably used in and out of France to mean an assortment of dishes selected from the *carte du jour*, and arranged in the order in which they are to be served. The fault found with "morale" and "locale" was that they are misused to express ideas that are really represented by the French words *moral* and *local*. One complainant grumbled about the prevailing substitution of "employe" for "servant," and affected to wonder whether the next revision of the Bible will bow to popular sentiment and speak of "Paul, an *employe* of God." Almost all the words complained of were French. The familiar objection to the expression "mutual friend" was recited again, and one objector declared that any use of "preposterous" except in the sense of "hindside foremost" was wrong. But that was too posterous an assertion to pass, and the *Times* itself rebuked it.

It is satisfying to the soul to contemplate the careers of those occasional men who really succeed in life. They are not very common. A great many persons worry along through existence in a respectable manner, and leave behind mourners and an honorable record behind them. But of course it takes more than that to make a distinguished success. To achieve that one must have a high aim and actually realize at least a reasonable part of it. It must be an aim too, in which his fellow men have an interest, and be the accomplishment of which they are benefited. The man who merely manages to rake an excessive share of valuables into his pile does not succeed in a way that it is any particular solace in think about. The men whose careers are satisfactory to dwell upon are those who have developed great value out of themselves—out of their own hearts and intellects.

That is the sort of success that has been won by Mr. Francis Parkman whose neighbors have been celebrating his seventy-first birthday. Mr. Parkman has spent his seventy years to very great purpose. Nearly fifty years ago he set out to write the history of the French in America, and the result of that undertaking there is a shelful of books in every good American library upon which all intelligent readers look either with eagerness or with complacency. The readers who are eager are those who have not yet read the books, and the complacent ones are those who have read them. It was a very great achievement to get so much sound history between covers and admit so astonishingly small a proportion of weariness. Mr. Parkman has taken all the pains and the reader gets the pleasure without any of the alloy of toil.

There is reason to believe that Mr. Parkman has enjoyed doing the great work that he has done. As is well known he has had a vocation and an avocation, and when he has not been writing history he has been growing roses. His roses are almost as renowned as his books, for he succeeds famously with them too. What a serene person he must be and in spite of the inevitable trials and drawbacks of living what an enviable experience of life he seems to have managed thus far to achieve! It is a very great accomplishment

ment to know how to get the best out of life that it has for you, and no less than that is what Mr. Parkman appears to have done.

Dr. Charcot was a successful man too. He did not invent a new thing, but he did the next thing—he induced people to recognize that one of the old things that had been under the sun these many centuries was a fact and not a mere bogus appearance. The Paris *Temps* spoke of him as "the first of the orthodox *savants* who dared to cross the threshold of mystery, and who succeeded in making simple and comprehensible certain mysterious phenomena which are for the most part the natural consequences of affections having to do with nervous or mental pathology"—which is the long way of saying that he forced the French doctors to recognize the phenomena of hypnotism as scientific truths. Great is the achievement of the man who brings knowledge to the ignorant, but far greater the exploit of the forceful being who can bring his wisdom home to those who know better. Charcot did that, and it will be remembered to his credit.

A reckless person is the eminent Goldwin Smith, the erudite Canadian. In this Columbian year, with the fair under fullest headway at Chicago, he has brought out a new history of the United States in which he describes Columbus as "morally a type of the age which....had for its head Alexander VI., the moral monster of the Papacy." He finds the discoverer to have been a pirate, a kidnapper, a slave-trader, and always greedy for gold, but he does not deny that he was a competent discoverer, which is the main point after all.

The bicycle is gaining in dignity as well as in use. A French contemporary declares that at the coming military funeral it will not be a charger that will lead the procession, but a bicycle of battle. In support of this bold assertion it says that the generals in the French army are applying themselves zealously to the use of bicycles, and it gives a long list of officers of distinction who have felt it incumbent upon them to bestride these useful and popular machines, and have become skilful and enthusiastic performers thereon. Certainly if the bicycle can be reconciled with the pomp and panoply of mimic war, it were vain to hope any longer that derision will avail to check its intrusion upon the paths of peace. If its enemies are not even to be allowed the meagre solace of calling it absurd, they might as well give up the fight. When the Populists elect their candidate for President it is entirely reasonable to expect that he will outdo Jefferson by riding a bicycle from the White House to the Capitol when he goes to be inaugurated, and we may be thankful if he even condescends to take the spring clasps off from the bottoms of his trousers before he stands up to read his speech.

The work of writing poems for occasions might be a more satisfying form of labor if a competent jury could be annually convened to sit on the more notable productions of that sort of the year, and render a verdict upon their literary merit. As it is, it is a job of very doubtful remuneration to be the poet of most occasions. It is hard work to produce even reasonably good poetry, and when the bard who has been prevailed upon to contribute the verse for any public festivity has done his work, there is a painful uncertainty about his getting even the reasonable appreciation that his efforts deserve.

If there were to be such a jury as is above suggested, it would be interesting to learn its verdict on the poem read by editor Joseph O'Connor on New York State day at Chicago. How Mr. O'Connor fared at the hands of his audience we have not learned. The newspapers said that Mr. Depew's oration was cut short by the operations of a propinquitous brass band. The poem may have had a better hearing, and we trust it did, for it seems too meritorious a lay to be drowned out by brass horns at its official hearing, and then to be heard no more. Beginning,

"It happens oftener than we deem
That we should do the good unsought, unknown,
Of which we did not dream;
That from the good we aimed at we should swerve,
And in our dear delusion, so subserve
God's purposes, as we defeat our own."

Mr. O'Connor goes on to tell how much better was the land that Columbus and Hendrick Hudson found than the land they were looking for. And telling wherein its excellence has lain, he suggests some demoralizing tendencies that threaten it, but which he does not overmuch fear, for he says:

"But out on dreams of dread!
In him I put my abiding faith and trust,
A king in heart and head,
Who masters forces, shapes material things,
Who loves mankind, a hero-commoner-more than a kings,
The true American, the kindly just,
Full prompt in word and deed,
And ready to make good some heroic hope
In time of utter need."

The lines suggest Lowell's tribute to Lincoln in the "Commemoration Ode," and the reader will possibly connect them with that distinguished son of New York who dwells just now in the White House. The better opinion, however, would seem to be that they are impersonal.

The Wells Memorial Institute of Boston claims that its membership of over 2000 makes it the largest working-men's club in this country. The working-man who takes advantage of all the chances of improvement that the Wells Memorial offers is a working-man indeed. He learns drawing, music, elocution, dancing, and deportment, hears lectures on electricity, steam, building construction, and many other subjects, goes to a dance, a concert, or other entertainment three times a month, gets a trade discount on all his household purchases, is insured against sickness, and is doctored if necessary on the co-operative plan. In addition he has the use of the library and club-rooms in the Wells Memorial Building. It seems not too much to say of the Wells Memorial Institute that it aims to be the Boston working-man's Oliver Sumner Teall. The small pamphlet in which it sets forth its advantages must impress every reader anew with the consciousness that Boston is a town of great opportunities. It admits women as well as men to everything, and has a number of special classes expressly for them, while its fee for them is one dollar—half the rate for men. Robert Treat Paine is its president.

E. S. Martin.

REVISITED.

Nope, I never was an advercate fer clearin' up
the lan',
An' I never was in favor of these medders
made by han';
If them folks 'at live back yander air an bent
on raisin' hay,
They hed better sell an' come out West is all
I've got to say;
An' they'd better move to Kansas, where there's
miles of verdant sod,
Than to waste the'r time a-tryin' to improve
the works o' God.

Why, las' fall I went to Hampshire, just to see
the brook agin
Where I use' to fish in boyhood's days—'twas
night when I got in—
An' I hadn't seen ol' Hampshire's hills fer forty
years or more
So I riz at day nex' mornin' and surveyed the
lan'scape o'er;
An' I looked across the valley jes as fur as I
c'u'd see,
An' I see the *grass a-wavin' wher' the timber
use' to be.*

An' when I went down to the brook the water
wasn't there,
An' the music of its meller voice hed vanished
in the air;
Fer they've cut off all the ellums, jes to put
the lan' in hay,
An' the sun hes burnt the water tell it's all
b'iled away;
An' when I see the pore ol' brook, I set down
by its side,
An' I guess I couldn't help it, *fer* I jes broke
down an' cried.

Nope, I never was an advercate of clearin' up
the lan',
An' I never was in favor of these medders
made by han';
So I guess I'll stay in Kansas jes a-turnin'
up the sod,
Where the sun-flowers air a-bloomin' i[illegible]
medder-lands o' God.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

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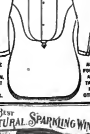

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THE travelling circus is not an annual visitor in such localities as southeastern Indiana, the Ozark regions of Missouri and Arkansas, and eastern Kentucky. In its absence, the amusement loving natives have circuses of their own. The harvest home or jubilee of Indiana, the gander pulling of eastern Kentucky, and the barbecues of Missouri and Arkansas take the place of the gorgeous glittering aggregation of tented wonders.

Splendid is the circus, but it isn't any better than the home made show that comes in the full moon of August down in the southern part of Indiana. Sometimes the harvest home has its occurrence in the latter part of July, and sometimes one may be found well along in September or early in October,

"When the frost is on the punkin, and the fodder's in the shock."

But the real harvest home should occur when the days and nights are warm but, when the most inviting thing about the grounds is the big vinegar barrel of water with a chunk of ice in it, and with little feat tin cups hanging around by wet strings, all "perviled by the committee on arrangements."

It is not necessary to go down into Hoop pole Township, Posey County, to see the harvest jubilee in all its fulness. Close to nearly every village in the southern part of Indiana one is held at least once in two or three years, quite frequently they are encountered in the northern end of the State. The jubilee is advertised either by word of mouth, or by poorly executed handbills printed by the *Weekly Farmer's Advocate* or some other organ of the agriculturist. A list of the committees always appears. Of these the committee on arrangements gets the bulk of the work. Its members must find the grounds, sell the privileges secure attractions, talk the jubilee up among the neighbors, arrange prizes, and be sure that the financial ends will meet.

I have in mind an occasion in which every form of entertainment known to jubilee managers was introduced. The grounds selected were in the edge of town, there was a splendid woodland with clean short grass, and two or three wagon roads crossing the place, and a big open spot for games and contests. This jubilee took place in the full moon of August. The barbecue was the most important event on the programme. Six beeves and fifteen sheep were roasted whole. Long tables were erected, made of boards laid upon driven stakes. Seats were made in the same manner with shorter supports. Hundreds of the visitors brought baskets of provisions. Let the country editor speak of tables that groan with loads of delicacies, but none ever suffered as did those jubilee tables. At least two thousand people sat down at each of the changes, while hundreds were contented to eat their noonday meal seated on the grass.

Shortly after twelve o'clock the actual entertainment got under way. All morning the members of the important committees were racing about, here, there, and everywhere, their red sashes flying, and streams of perspiration making yellow streaks on their all too stiff shirt fronts. Before the feast was half over an announcement was made that the entertainment of the afternoon was about to begin.

There was no public statement of the various events of the programme, although it sometimes happens that a sort of master of ceremonies performs this duty. Before I knew what was going to happen I saw three boys and two grown men standing at the base of a pole about thirty-five feet in height. At the top there was nailed a little bag of money—ten dollars. What a fortune did it seem to the youngsters who looked up at it—and how far away!

One after another the contestants strove to climb to the top. The pole was round, smooth, and covered with grease. Occasionally a climber would get up to the height of a dozen feet, only to slide to the ground like a fireman on a midnight alarm, but in greater disorder. A young, rawboned, barefooted boy, Bill Shearer, got the prize. He dug his toes in the pole and went to the top on the second trial.

A sack race followed the pole-climbing. Six boys went twenty unsteady yards, each with a burlap about him from the waist down. They stumbled, fell, and laughed through the performance. Next on the programme was a pig race, in which fifteen farmer boys ran after one frightened and speedy shoat that was greased from head to tail with soap grease. The boy who caught the animal grasped it by the leg and fell on it. It was hard to say which was the greasier.

Such are some of the amusements of a harvest home. While the rougher sports are in progress many of the boys and girls indulge in May-day frolics, with singing and dancing under an arbor constructed of twigs and flowers. I recall a horse race, too, that occurred at the jubilee here described. It took place on a back street of the near-by town. The course was less than a quarter of a mile straight away, and on either side for the entire distance were gathered the spectators, all of whom had some sort of acquaintance with the horses or their owners. The animals were ridden without saddles. The young fellows who rode them wore nothing but long shirts and their rough shoes. Such a race is worth going half a thousand miles to see. The Suburban never developed more excitement or a higher grade of enthusiasm.

The harvest jubilee seldom escapes the political speaker, who gets before the people in the guise of the orator of the day. In ten minutes he announces his claims for office, and metaphorically belabors every other candidate in the adjoining townships. The harvest home is usually good natured, however, winding up at night with a dance under the trees, with a few lanterns and torches here and there to aid the splendid August moon. Country fiddlers furnish the music. The arrangement is not artistic, measured by our end-of-the-century standards, but there is genuine enjoyment to be got out of it. Thousands of Indiana boys and girls scattered to the ends of the earth, with boys and girls of their own, now look back in happy remembrance of those day frolics and night dances, when only the moon watched as the hours sped away to the tune of the rare old musician of the backwoods.

HOMER HAMFORD.

THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY AND THE SHIP-CANAL.

THE interesting and instructive article in the September number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE on the "Diplomacy and Law of the Isthmian Canals," by Mr Sidney Webster shows very conclusively the importance of abrogating the obsolete and obstructive Clayton Bulwer treaty before our government can in a satisfactory manner undertake the construction of a ship-canal by Nicaragua, Panama, or elsewhere.

In connection with this there is a bit of past history which I do not believe is well known by our people, and perhaps never attracted the attention it certainly merited. It is taken from the memoir of Hon. Abbott Lawrence prepared for the Massachusetts Historical Society by my father, and printed in 1856.

"Speaking of Mr Lawrence's career while United States Minister to the Court of St. James, he says, 'One of the first objects requiring his attention was the project of a ship-canal from the Caribbean Sea to the Pacific Ocean, which had been brought forward by his predecessor, Mr. Bancroft. The assent and guarantee of both the United States and Great Britain were necessary to effect this object. An obstacle existed in the claim set up by Great Britain to the protectorate of the Mosquito Territory, on a part of which the eastern terminus of the canal must be made. This subject was one which received his immediate attention, and as early as December, 1849, he obtained from Lord Palmerston a disavowal on the part of Great Britain of any intention "to occupy or colonize Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America." His mind was very much occupied with this matter, in the expectation that it would devolve on him to negotiate a treaty with the British government. In a letter of December 14 1849, to Lord Palmerston, he presents a view of the important advantages to result from such a canal, and of the obstacle interposed by the claim in behalf of the Mosquito Indians as an independent sovereignty. In the mean time he set himself to work in collecting information in illustration of the connection of the British government with the Mosquito Indians, out of which their claim to certain peculiar rights as their protectors was founded. In this he was entirely successful. He became possessed of some very important manuscript documents which had never been published, consisting of the Vernon and Wager manuscripts, which he characterizes as "a collection embodying, in the original, official as well as private letters of the Duke of Newcastle, of Sir Charles Wager, of Admiral Vernon, of Sir William Pulteney, of Governor Trelawney, of Mr Robert Hodgson, and many others, a mass of authentic information never published, and not existing anywhere else, unless in her Majesty's State Paper Office."

"He was arranging all these matters into legal argument and historical document, when, in April, 1850 he received notice from Mr Clayton, Secretary of State, that "these negotiations were entirely transferred to Washington, and that he was to cease altogether to press them in London." This was naturally a severe disappointment, but he at once set about changing the character of this document from a letter to Lord Palmerston to a despatch to our own Secretary of State. It bears date 19th April, 1850. It covers eighty five folio pages of manuscript. It discusses the question of the title of the Mosquito Indians to the sovereignty of the country claimed for them by Great Britain. It states very clearly the law established by the different nations of Europe in reference to their own rights, and that of the savages inhabiting the continent and islands of America. "The Christian world have agreed in recognizing the Indians as occupants only of the lands, without a right of possession, without domain, the sovereignty being determined by priority of discovery and occupation."

"In the historical review of the question, he states that Spain established her rights on the Mosquito Territory in the fifteenth century, which were recognized in the treaty of 1672 by Sir Sidney Godolphin. He quotes from the documents before mentioned abundant evidence of the tampering of the Governor of Jamaica and of the Admiral in that station with the Mosquitoes during the war which broke out with Spain in 1739. The treaty of 1763, as well as that of 1783, would seem to admit the sovereignty of Spain in the fullest degree. This whole question is argued with great ability. It is unfortunate that whilst this document was on its passage to Washington a treaty was actually signed by Mr Clayton and Sir Henry L. Bulwer, out of which a serious misunderstanding has arisen. This could hardly have happened had this document been communicated to the British government as the American view of the question.

'Mr Lawrence's own view of the subject was, "that whenever the history of the conduct of Great Britain shall be published to the world, it will not stand one hour before the bar of public opinion without universal condemnation."'

"This document was published on a call from the Senate, February 9, 1853. Senate Doc. 32d Congress, 2d Session, No. 27."

Has not the time arrived for our government to put this matter in order before work is resumed either at Panama or Nicaragua?

NATHAN APPLETON.

THE CHESAPEAKE OYSTER INDUSTRY.

THE oyster industry is a very important one in Maryland in the neighborhood of the waters of the Chesapeake Bay. Indeed, it has been said that this industry was more fruitful and important than any other, because by it more people were directly and indirectly supported. It is possible that, leaving out agriculture, this may be so, as in the industry more than 30,000 men, women, and children are employed. Of these persons about 12,000 men are engaged in catching, while the remaining 18,000 are kept at work at shelling grouping, packing, and so on. The boats that are used in the oyster industry must be licensed by the State of Maryland, and the licenses yield to the State $70,000 a year. This sum is used to support an oyster police navy, which tries to maintain the laws and preserve the peace. The navy is composed of two steam-vessels and about twenty schooners and sloops. It is officered by a navy commander and about twenty deputy commanders, with headquarters at Annapolis. The Chesapeake Bay oysters are superior in quality, and the waters of the bay and its tributaries are impregnated with the ingredients upon which the oyster feeds and fattens.

Though the Chesapeake Bay is the natural home of the oyster, the beds have been so seriously depleted within the last few years that fears were entertained that the industry might be very considerably curtailed. Accordingly, very stringent laws were passed by the Legislature of Maryland to protect the beds and regulate the taking of the oysters. One of the new regulations is to the effect that oysters of a less size than two and a half inches must be returned to the rock or bed from which they have been taken. This was a wise regulation, and the good effects of the practice under it are already noticeable. Among these recent laws was one permitting a lease of barren bottoms for oyster culture. Although there are more than forty five hundred of such leases recorded, each lease being for five acres, there is no oyster farming to any extent carried on. The residents of those counties bordering on the waters and interested in the industry have been so determined in their opposition to the culture of oysters that so far the enterprise has not amounted to much.

There are two ways of taking oysters, dredging and tonging, and in the season of '92-3 there were over 900 vessels engaged in dredging, and a great many more than this in tonging. The crews of dredging vessels vary with the capacity of the boats, and range from a captain and five men to a captain and twelve men. These men, by-the-way, though they must work hard, and are exposed to great hardship and frequently to danger, are not well paid. Therefore a good class of labor is not attracted. A Maryland State officer who recently investigated the oystermen of the Chesapeake said that the dredging crews were made up from "the lowest stratum of nearly all nations on earth." The tongers are of a better class, and are usually natives of the Chesapeake counties. The life of the oyster-catcher is hard and thankless, as he can scarcely ever hope to earn more than enough to sustain himself meagrely. They are out in the severest winter weather, and not infrequently they are very unsuitably clad for such work. Many of the men so employed go out in the coldest weather, with no heavier body covering than half worn flannel shirts. Last winter vessels were frozen up out in the bay, while the crews were without either food or water. The officer before alluded to has expressed the opinion that if the tender hearted among the oyster-consumers knew with how much pain and suffering these bivalves were brought from their salt water homes to the dining table, they would not eat them in the happy frame of mind necessary to a full appreciation of this finest of all sea foods.

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AMATEUR SPORT

The National Lawn-Tennis Association officials will have a most excellent opportunity during the next year of play to convince us that they fully comprehend the exigencies of the present tennis situation. We are willing to accept their explanation of past indifference, viz., that the success of the few tournaments under their immediate supervision, and especially of the national tournament at Newport, blinded them more or less when they came to look off into the general tennis horizon. We are impressible to almost any reasonable extent in the matter of claims that the country away from the Atlantic seaboard has been, so far as lawn-tennis is concerned, one desolate waste insensible to cultivation. But the most self satisfied official could hardly fail to note the lessons that the past two seasons have taught over and again. There is no longer an excuse for believing the beginning and end of the game to be within a small and chosen Eastern territory; there is no longer sense in assuming the West to be one howling wilderness of sterility, and there is every reason for knowing that lawn-tennis has been at ebb-tide a couple of seasons, and stands to-day in a peculiarly sensitive position, where it will take very little to start it on one course or the other, either for better or for worse. It is high time, therefore, for the national officials to give evidence that they appreciate the responsibilities of their trust, and ready to give us an association that is national in its jurisprudence as well as in its assumption.

To hold the fate of lawn-tennis in one hand, and a schedule which gives no encouragement to seven-eighths of the players in the country in the other, is hardly the course of the country, have not received the encouragement, and consequently failed in the development, to keep up the standard of the first class. When players like Campbell, Hobart, and Hovey retire from the game, the complement of the "ten leaders" must be filled by men who are only good second class.

The one way to improve the average standard is to create interest among individuals by sectional championships which shall be regarded as tentative in choosing a representative for the national championships held annually at Newport. The town clubs will hold their tournaments to decide on a representative for the sectional championship, and the latter, which may be divided into six great divisions taking in the entire country, will send as many champions to the national event. The work of the Association to carry out this plan is so slight one wonders it has never been done. The officers need but to publish such a scheme to the tennis players from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, to give the sectional tournaments official recognition, and to formulate a few wise rules to cover the departure—one of which should be that entries to a sectional championship must be limited strictly to the winners of the club tournaments, and no entry received for the latter except from a player who belonged to the club and whose residence was actually in that locality.

This doctrine has been preached by the writer until he has wellnigh worn the subject threadbare. That it is a sound one, however, his trip of three months last winter over the United States and Canada convinces him.

And by way of peroration to this little sermon, let him, too, sound a warning against these hotel tournaments that have gradually been creeping into vogue and attaining a quasi-official recognition from the National Association. Lawn-tennis is not in so desperate a strait that it need succumb to the blandishments of hotel-keepers. With possibly one or two exceptions, these hotel tournaments are nothing more nor less than an advertising dodge on the part of "mine host" to fill vacant rooms or by using well-known players as attractions to draw the public eye to some budding resort. Some excuse might be found if these affairs were for the general good of tennis, but they are not, since naturally only the best-known and most skilful players are "engaged." It gives them a good time possibly, but is beginning to hurt the game. It is putting the amateur in a light we do not wish to view him, and the National Association should formulate some ruling governing the matter at its next meeting.

It is with the hope that the national tennis board will have facts brought home to them that we print this full letter from the West. It is written by a man who is thoroughly informed on the subject, and is a specimen of what could be written from the other sections with equal application.

"Kansas City, Missouri, *September* 14, 1893.

"Dear Sir,—I have read your articles on lawn-tennis in Harper's with much interest, and believe that some of the plans you suggest relative to placing tennis upon a more popular basis are not only feasible but necessary, in order that tennis secure a strong hold on the public. Tennis here in the West, as in the East, has been losing ground this summer. Acting on your suggestions, we are now trying to organize a Southwestern Association, composed of clubs from Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha, St. Louis, Topeka, Leavenworth, Denver, and other Western cities, whose object will be to hold one large tournament each year and send the winners in both singles and doubles to the tournaments of the United States National Association for the championships of the United States. We propose to organize this fall, if possible, and locate our tournament for next summer, in order to insure more early spring practice and interest. It is also our plan to have the different clubs in our association hold tournaments covering their respective territories, and send their representatives, paying expenses, to our tournament, and thus establishing an unbroken chain between the clubs of this section of the country and the U. S. N. L. T. A. This plan, if carried out, will be mutually beneficial to both I feel sure. We think that, in order to have this association firmly established, the National Association should not only recognize its representatives as the champions of this section, but should at first provide part of the expenses incurred in sending them to the national tournaments. Last year we wrote to Mr. Whittlesey in reference to having the representatives of such an association officially recognized as the champions of this section, but received no reply. During the course of a conversation at Chicago one of the Association officers made the statement that 'the West knew no more about tennis than cats did about climbing trees'; so probably he thinks it of small import to the Association what we do out here. If this is the sentiment of others of the Association and East a people generally, then it is small wonder that tennis is losing its popularity. If the tournaments of the N. L. T. A. are to mean anything at all they must be national and not sectional, in character; and the same remark applies to the Association itself. The West does not claim to have developed as fine tennis as the East, for the simple reason that it has not had the opportunity and leisure for steady and systematic practice. It does not like to be entirely ignored, however. If you can do anything in the columns of Harper's, or in conversation or correspondence with the officers of the N. L. T. A. to make that organization a potent power for good in American tennis and place tennis upon a deservedly popular basis, the West will be profoundly grateful to you. The N. L. T. A. is simply a name with no force, not a power. If sectional championships could be established all over the country, and the holders meet once a year at the national tournament, it seems to me a big step would have been taken toward placing tennis upon a popular basis. This country is too large for one association to cover it all. It must delegate a great deal of the work to sub-organizations which can make themselves powers in their immediate vicinities. I don't know as this letter will be of particular interest to you, but I thought you might like to hear from this section of the country."

ALDEN POLO CUP

Won by Newport Team, Westchester Club, in '91; won by Second Rockaway Club in '92; won by Country Club, Westchester, in '93

best suited to the needs of the game. It is by no means expected that the National Association can mesmerize each locality where the game is played, and whirl it into enthusiastic life, nor that the officers of the Association should set out upon a journey of enlightenment, preaching lawn-tennis unto the benighted, and wooing the "duffers" into championship form. But it is expected, and it is their business as sponsors for the American game to give encouragement to clubs and players throughout the country, and to bend every energy to the higher development of our national standard.

So often this department has pointed out the fallacy of forsaking the substance for the shadow, of resting all hopes upon some two or three men whose skill has won them the ephemeral glories of a championship, and ignoring the development of the ranks from which these champions have sprung. It is so short sighted a policy that it seems almost like returning to one's A B C's to hold up such a truism as a warning, and yet as a result of shutting our ears to it we shall find ourselves on the opening of the next tennis season, if Hobart, Campbell, and Hovey retire, with not over three of our ten leading players who can conscientiously be called first-class. Nor is it necessary to await the coming year to emphasize our tennis defects. Of the ten leading men this season only half of them have shown first-class form. And still further, O. S. Campbell, who won the championship of America three successive years, and defaulted to R. D. Wrenn this year, has always been considered the most skilful exponent of the American game, and yet Mr. Campbell while abroad was unable to get half way through the English championship tournament.

Every one of these statements contains a moral easily recognized and far reaching in its application. The second-class players, the lesser clubs, the widely separated sections

The Southern California Tennis Championship told again the story we have been hearing over the country the last two years, viz., that the game is waning rather than waxing, and associations must institute active measures ere the present lull becomes a genuine set-back. Although the standard of play was higher than usual, the interest was less than for several years past and the entries fewer. The tournament (the ninth) was held on the Casino Courts, at Santa Monica, as it has been for six years. The courts (three of them) are of asphaltum, and rather inferior, the surface being somewhat uneven and consequently untrue, and the asphalt too short in length, which causes a working of the surrounding dirt into dust, the result being dirty balls and courts. By far the best player that has appeared thus far is Mr. R. P. Carter, an Englishman, who has won the championship singles every time that he has played, which was on four separate occasions. He plays a steady certain stroke, not particularly fast, but sure and always well placed, is equally good back as fore hand, and is a fine volleyer. He plays, as a rule, a steady back-line game, killing the ball on a volley to finish the rally.

POLO CUP PRESENTED BY C. HARTMEN KUHN TO THE PHILADELPHIA COUNTRY CLUB.

To be Property of Club winning three times. Won by Country Club of Westchester in '91 and '92, and Independence Team in '93.

Mr. Martin Chase, who won the All Comers, is seventeen years old, and was certainly the hero of the tournament until he met Mr. Carter for the championship. He plays in excellent form and has a very taking drive, which he uses constantly, and oftener with success than not. He is also a good volleyer, but his back-hand might be better. He seemed quite unbeatable in the preliminary rounds, but Carter played all round him, winning the necessary three sets with apparent ease.

The Chase brothers, seventeen and nineteen years of age (champions), successfully defended the title in the open doubles against the Carter brothers by three sets to one. Until the Chase brothers appeared on the scene, the Carters, who are Englishmen, and have played here and at home from sixteen to seventeen years, were invincible in southern California. Mr. L. N. Chase, who plays left handed, did most of the work, being exceedingly sure but not very severe.

Mr. R. P. Carter and Miss Carter won the mixed doubles without difficulty. Miss Carter and Miss Shoemaker won the women's doubles with equal ease, and Miss Carter is the champion in open singles. So that the tournament seemed to consist chiefly of Carters and Chases, with the exception of Mr. Alexander's (of Santa Barbara) win of the Association singles over L. N. Chase.

The Australian cricketers that are about to play a series of matches with the leading clubs of the United States are George and Walter Blackham, Giffen, Turner, Bruce, Lyons, Graham, Trott, Gregory, Trumble, A. Bannerman, McLeod, Jarvis, and Coyningham. Critically running over their achievements as a team during their recent tour of England it is necessary to take into consideration the quality of the opponents they have faced, and while it is true that in a majority of cases the full strength of the

CUP PRESENTED TO H. L. HERBERT, ESQ., BY THE CLUBS OF THE POLO ASSOCIATION.

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county elevens was pitted against them, still in several cases their victories were over comparatively weak teams. Some stress in American circles has been laid upon the overwhelming defeat administered to the Notts County Eleven, but everybody who has followed the record of English county cricket at all closely must be aware of the great decline in Nottingham cricket. The county which once was the leading one is now the last but one among the first-class county elevens. This victory, therefore, is of little importance in determining the playing strength of the Australians.

NOR ARE THE VISITORS TO BE JUDGED by their equally easy victory over Oxford and Cambridge, past and present, as the 'varsities were never able to form any but a weak team, and consequently received a sound drubbing for their temerity. Of the matches played against All England, two were drawn and one lost, the last being anyone's game when stumps were drawn. The general work of the Australians in England, once they had got into form, was consistently good, and although the record made by the present team will not compare favorably with that of Murdoch's celebrated eleven, it was sufficiently creditable in all departments to stamp them as a good lot.

The strength of the team undoubtedly lies in its all round excellence, most of the men being able to take a hand at bowling if necessary, while all, with the exceptions of Jarvis and Conyngham, can bat. In Blackham and Jarvis they possess a pair of capital knights of the mittens, although the former has lost somewhat of his ancient cunning, as a glance at the "extras" column will show.

GEORGE GIFFEN WE BELIEVE to be one of if not the very best of the all round men that Australia has produced. He has made an enviable record through a term of years, both with the bat and ball, and his powers show no signs of waning. Little behind him in all-round excellence is Trumble, a capital batsman and a magnificent bowler. Lyons is a terrific punisher of most any kind of bowling, a little over-anxious at times, perhaps, but a good man to get rid of so far as his opponents are concerned. Graham and Gregory, the youngsters of the team, have made brilliant debuts in the mother country, the former particularly distinguishing himself by heading the list with an average of 29.4 per innings. Bruce is another good all round man, and so is Trott. Bannerman is a batsman of the poky and patient order, very annoying to the bowlers, and infinitely more tiresome to the spectator. He has developed an unfortunate habit of never believing he is fairly out when given so by the umpire, a habit, I may add, by no means new to Australian cricketers.

THE TEAM IS REMARKABLY STRONG in the bowling department, Turner, Trumble, and Giffen being among the best in the world, while Trott, McLeod, Bruce, and Conyngham can be relied upon in an emergency.

Taking it altogether it is a strong team, infinitely more so than our last visitors, Lord Hawke's second class eleven, and one that will be hard to defeat. It seems scarcely fair to expect our best native elevens, which are in effect county teams, to win from the visitors, who are really an "All Australia team." All we can ask of them is to profit by the mistakes of selections in past international matches, to make a creditable showing at the bat, and to lose no runs through carelessness in the field, as was the case when playing Lord Hawke's team. The Australians have placed themselves at a great disadvantage by arriving here on the very eve of the first match, thus being compelled to play before they have actually got off their sea legs. This, however, is their own affair. Later advices say Turner and Bannerman will not come over.

CLASS B, THE *pons asinorum* of bicycle-racing legislation, is once again to be brought before the L.A.W. for action. If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed will go to the mountain; the Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen being Mohammed for sake of simile, and the racers the mountain. Having failed ignobly to perform the duty imposed upon it, this Board now proposes to have the entire League join it in the corner under the Fool's Cap it has worn since it went into power. There are one or two honorable exceptions on the Board, but we must include them unless they publicly renounce acquiescence in the buffoonish legislation that has stamped the Board's handling of the amateur question.

The Racing Board was organized for the express purpose of watching over the racing cyclers, of formulating rules, and punishing all transgressors; it was authorized by the L.A.W. to legislate on riders whose amateur status was questioned, and, later on, when the class of racers increased in numbers and in their indifference to the qualifications of an amateur, the L.A.W. empowered the Board to suspend racers on "circumstantial evidence" pending an investigation into their standing. But this power was taken advantage of only once, and then the two Western members joined hands with the masquerading wheelmen, and defeated about the only praiseworthy deed the Board had attempted.

The course of the Board has been so indifferent that one is almost persuaded to believe the members to be in sympathy with the racers, or puppets in the hands of some powerful manipulator behind the scenes.

IF IT IS ANY SATISFACTION to this Racing Board to know that they have actually aided in corrupting to the core a sport they might have purified, they are certainly entitled to it. They have done more harm than had there been no Board whatever, since then there would have been none to abuse our confidence.

After the very remarkable statements of the Chairman of the Racing Board in a cycling paper recently one hardly wonders at the present situation. This chairman declares he will not act hereafter except on "direct evidence," that it is no longer a crime to accept expenses and what not from a manufacturer so long as no direct evidence of it can be obtained, and that the only solution of the amateur question he can see is in the division of the men into two classes.

HE ACKNOWLEDGES, AS HAS NEARLY EVERY OTHER MAN in the L.A.W. official circles, that the racers are hired by the manufacturers and paid by them to ride their wheels; but this is not enough for the Racing Board to suspend on. It is not enough for this Board that these men devote their entire time to racing, that they are travelling from one end of the country to the other continuously, that they have no private means to warrant their spending their time in this manner. It is not enough that, with a few exceptions, every one of these racers may be proved to have literally no means of support, and as they do live and travel, and live well, it is evident some one is providing for them, and that some one is the one who is being benefited, who is getting value received by the advertising of the wheel the man is riding. All this is not enough for this chairman to debar these men; he must see the money pass from one to the other; he must set up a new code for the particular and peculiar use of the L.A.W. Racing Board. He fails evidently to appreciate how ridiculously he writes down his Board, since of what use is it to the L.A.W. if it waits, before acting, for the palpable evidence that would convict on its face? Of what use would be a jury composed of men holding the ideas expressed by this chairman; they would require to see the defendant in the very act of what he stood accused before convicting him. Men are often hanged on merely "circumstantial evidence."

ALL THIS GROUND HAS BEEN GONE OVER before, however, in this department, and the standing of the racing bicyclist thoroughly ventilated. Without intimate acquaintance with every one of the members of this Board, one hardly knows what to say of their miserable failure to do their duty, and keep the sport honest and clean. The sentiment the chairman has gone to the pains of making public from time to time would lead us to believe he had got out beyond his depth, and that his conception of an amateur must be rather crude. For the others we can only judge by the Board's public acts, and they have, with the single exception of the Philadelphia member, Mr. Gideon, (who secured the evidence which made the only two permanent suspensions of the year), consisted entirely in button-holing every hapless reporter, and pouring a tale of woe into his ear over the unfairness of the popular verdict. It is a puzzle why this chairman and his entire Board do not resign, since through him they have declared themselves incapable of doing what they were elected to do.

THE HUE-AND-CRY THE BOARD makes about lacking power is simply an attempt to divert attention from the real cause. The Racing Board, if it can be made to work as a unit, *has the power to expel on circumstantial evidence*. But unfortunately there are two men on the Board—Mr. Raymond and Mr. Miller—who will see nothing but direct evidence, and why they should not choose to use the authority given them by the L.A.W. may probably be explained by the dominant power of the trade in League politics. While the trade may not elect an official, for which they are commonly given credit, at the same time they can everlastingly knock a candidate's chances. All the politicians of the League appreciate this fact, though they say nothing of it, and as a consequence you will find that there is always a man or two on every committee who does not like to take decided action on any subject that interferes with trade projects. I don't assert this to be the case with this particular Board, but when I recall that the present political fight in the organization, being conducted by Mr. Post against Colonel Burdett, originated in the latter's refusal to appoint on the Racing Board any one connected with the trade, and that Mr. Post wanted a trade man appointed, and that Mr. Miller, who has been the principal mover in the objection to the circumstantial evidence, is very close to Mr. Post, I have my suspicions, so to speak. But enough of this, it is a tiresome subject; the Board, as every one knows, has simply made a fiasco of its essays at the amateur question.

THE POINT TO CONSIDER FOR A FEW LINES now is this dividing the cyclers into two classes. Class A, in which riders will pay their own expenses, and where the value of prizes will be limited, and class B, which will include those who are employed and whose expenses are paid by the manufacturers of the wheels they ride.

In other words, class A is amateur, class B professional—just as much professional as the members of the New York professional baseball nine, who are paid salaries and expenses to play ball. If there is any difference, insomuch as it touches a man's amateur standing, between playing ball and riding a bicycle for money I should like to have it explained to me.

The absurdities of this proposition are: First, by forming class B the Racing Board tacitly acknowledges that there are men now riding who are paid; if there were not, why such a class? and if the Board knows it, why does it not expel all the suspects? Second, how are the candidates for class B to be known more than now (if circumstantial evidence is to be ignored), unless they make application?

If these men get all they want now in the way of salaries and expenses from the manufacturer, and a Racing Board whose chairman publicly acknowledges he is not smart enough to catch them, why should they apply for membership in class B, and thereby acknowledge themselves the professionals which the chairman of the Racing Board and his *confrères* have failed to declare them? The racing class would be very foolish, from their stand-point, to do anything of the sort, for it is the amateur whitewashing the Racing Board has kindly bestowed upon them that makes them valuable to the manufacturer. If this were not the case, some of the other professionals who race openly for cash, and are not fortunate enough to have an L.A.W. Board to protect them from the jeers of the dear public, would also find employment from the manufacturers. But they have lost their value—because they are honest.

As for making two classes of amateurs, it is as utterly absurd as it is wrong. An amateur goes into sport for sport's sake only, and not for gain, directly or indirectly. All the others are professionals, whether declared so or not. There are no degrees in amateurs.

If Mr. Chairman Raymond really wants to do something for the good of bicycling he should suspend about all the so-called racers on "circumstantial evidence." Otherwise we would advise him to resign, and make way for some incumbent with more independence.

IN A PARAGRAPH ON POLO last week the compositor made "talked of" read "taken up," and somewhat changed the sense intended: "It would have been natural to expect polo men generally would applaud," etc., etc.; "but instead of applause . . . . a strong movement set in that even went so far as to be talked of [*taken up*] in a meeting of the Polo Association," etc.

We are promised a match next week between a New York team, captained by Mr. Keene on one side, and a Boston team, captained by Mr. Agassiz on the other. The first will probably include Messrs. Cowdin, Bird and Nicoll, while

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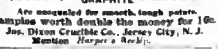
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It is not improbable that with the three Eustis brothers abroad this winter Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., may conclude to make a fourth, and the result will be some international polo at Pau, France.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON OF '93 promises to show greatly improved play over the country generally, judged only by the quality of the college men who have been engaged to coach. In the far West, Laurie Bliss has already given the Olympic Athletic Club in San Francisco a preparatory drilling; his brother will coach Leland Stanford University, and Heffelfinger, the greatest guard we ever had, will take care of the other California university at Berkeley. There are enough old college players at Seattle to look after the extreme Northwest. The Denver Athletic Club will have Walter Cash, one of the strongest players at tackle in Princeton's football history. S. Morrison lives at Minneapolis, and we shall undoubtedly hear of a team in that part of the country. There are Nate Williams to look after Detroit's football interests, and Rhoades at Cleveland, while in the extreme South are the Baynes at New Orleans.

ON THE HARVARD, YALE, AND PRINCETON football teams so far we are sure of two of the old centres of last year, Lewis of Harvard and Stillman of Yale. These two were a good match last autumn at Springfield, Lewis making up in cunning and agility what he lacked in weight and strength. But Lewis was at his best; his long experience at Amherst and the hard work to win the place on the Harvard team brought him up to his very limit in the season of 1892. He had reached the maximum of his weight and strength as well as the height of skill. He will undoubtedly play as strong a game this year, but no better. Stillman was much younger, and lacked the experience and maturity of his opponent, and in both these respects should show marked improvement. If he receives the same amount of coaching that was bestowed upon him last year by Corbin, Lewis will be kept busy all the time. Either of these men ought to make it very unpleasant for any green centres they are in the way of meeting, Lewis having the better of it in this respect because he is quicker to note and profit by the weakness of an adversary.

In tacklers we shall see new blood, both from the loss of such veterans as Winter, Wallis, and Harold, as well as the possible transference of Upton to a place back of the line. If these changes come off, it will leave us with Newell and Lea the sole veterans. Newell's best game was played three years ago, and for two seasons he has not advanced with the improvement noted in the position. He was almost an ideal tackle his first year, facing Wallis and outplaying him. The next season Winter, a green man, held him well in hand, and last year Winter was the choice. It was not that Newell had materially fallen off in play so much as the game had gone ahead and the younger men kept up with it.

TO TAKE SUCH A PROMISING MAN as Lea from a position he filled so well seems unwise, but it may be the exigencies of the case at Princeton demand his transfer to the half-back line. His play warranted a strong prediction that he would be this season the best tackle of them all if in good condition, and if he be put back it may spoil a good tackle for a middle-rate half. Upton is an old-timer, and the interference game has come in since he played at his best, so that his relegation to another place may be more advisable.

On the ends we shall see more experience; Hinkey, Emmons, Greenway, Trenchard, and Vincent, all but one of the six that played last year. But Hallowell, whom we have lost, will be greatly missed, as he came the nearest to perfection in his position. He never let the game get beyond him, he learned to face interference, and in that respect kept far more nearly abreast of the times than did his companion Newell during their years of play. Of these five veterans, Hinkey, with the captaincy to weigh him down, will without doubt fall off from his old standard. Trenchard, likewise a captain, but a man who had by no means reached his limit, because last year was his first, ought to improve. Emmons should come out rapidly. Greenway is hardly fast enough naturally for the place, and will be hard pushed by other Yale candidates. Vincent should be in better physical condition than he was, and hence should come up in his play.

OF THE OLD GUARDS there will be Mackie, Hickok, Wheeler, Hall, and McCrea. Here, again, we miss but one of the men of last season, Waters, who seems anxious to try the more showy position of half-back. "Anxious" is really not the word, as Waters certainly wishes to go where he can do the most for his team, but the old theory that there must be a heavy plunging half-back has prevailed at Cambridge

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for so long that his advisers urge him to fill Lake's place. In connection with this it is something more than singular that Yale, by all odds the greatest winner of football championships, has never had a heavy half-back on her winning teams. Last year the two Blisses, the year before McClung and Bliss, the year before that, McClung, and in the Harvard game, Williams, who was above the average weight, and replaced by Bliss later in the game, and entirely for the Princeton match.

EVER SINCE THE DAYS WHEN NED PEACE, the big Princeton forward, went into the half-back line as captain and his team lost the game to Harvard on Holmes Field, the mania of rush-line captains for making half-backs of themselves has gone on wrecking the hopes of their elevens. Not that a rusher may not make a half-back of himself to advantage. Perhaps he may, but football history is against it. The transposition from half to rusher has been more successful, although Flint of Princeton failed at it last year. S. Morrison, of Yale, made it most successfully. King's change from half to quarter and Trafford's from full back to quarter could not be counted as advantageous, while McCormick from full back to quarter was a fair exchange. If, then, Captain Waters goes into the half-back line, even though he was when at school a good man in the place, he will be undertaking something at which few captains have been able to succeed. Gill tried it for a very short time, and although a wonderful line-breaker, he abandoned it and went to the front again. Waters would be an ideal running half had he not put on weight so fast, but he will be badly missed in the line, where Harvard can find no man whose experience or whose play is as valuable to the forwards. The reason why captains are so anxious to get back of the line is that a rusher can never gauge the play of his team, nor, in fact, do satisfactory coaching while playing his own position, hence the great temptation to drop back and fill another place. Waters, like others, will probably get over it before November's games come on.

But to return to the guards. Wheeler and Mackie are the veterans, and the game each put up last year presages good work. Mackie exhibited better points last season than was ever expected of him; he attained quite a degree of quickness and played a brainy game. Wheeler's chief fault has always been heaviness of play; inability to alter his position suddenly enough to meet unusual demands. He improved in this respect during the latter part of the season, and may be counted upon to more than hold his own. Hickok and McCrea are younger men, but built upon lines of strength that should promise even more for their work. They were green last year, but easily demonstrated the wisdom of their selection. Hickok has the more dash and is the faster, but his companion when worked up to the proper pitch is hard to hold.

OF QUARTERS, TRAFFORD AND McCORMICK are gone, but King is a probable player, although he may, and, indeed, should, go back to his original position of half. As a quarter he had plenty of chance to distinguish himself, but only in defensive work. His tackling was simply marvellous, and saved many and many a yard for Princeton. But he had to do work that his line ought to have done, and he left his team with no offensive game. The strongest defence cannot make up for a lack in this respect, and King found it so in the end. Of half-backs, Morse has not yet appeared, and the two Blisses, Poe, and Lake are out of it. This leaves Gray the only veteran of Harvard, Yale and Princeton. He is light, but plucky, strong and fast, and his game is one of dash rather than endurance. His team must help him. If plays are planned with him in mind, some good ones could be executed. If he be sent bucking a line without interference he will be too badly bruised before November to be in shape.

Of full-backs, Butterworth and Brewer are the survivors, and a good pair they are. The former is the better distance punter, and the latter the stronger on catching. Both will be carefully coached upon their special weaknesses, and better backs we are not likely to see for many a day.

NO ONE WOULD BE GREATLY SURPRISED if at the October meeting of the Intercollegiate Association the undergraduate clause in the eligibility rule were replaced by something less stringent, or some interpretation officially placed upon that clause that will modify the strict letter of its meaning. Such interpretations are, however, never so valuable as well-worded laws, and it is better to face the situation squarely than to shy at it. A "one-year residence" rule is more than likely to obtain everywhere among the better grade of universities and colleges before another season, and there is no reason why such a rule should not receive the sanction of the Intercollegiate Association now.

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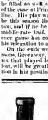

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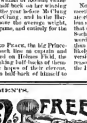

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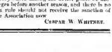

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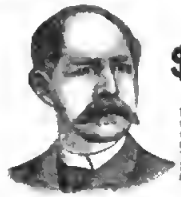

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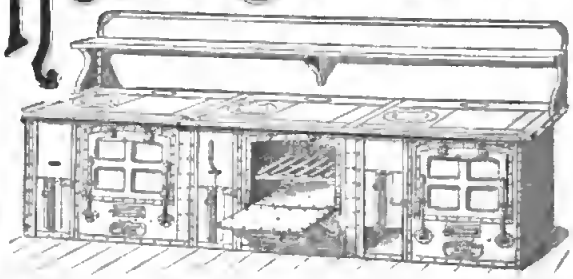

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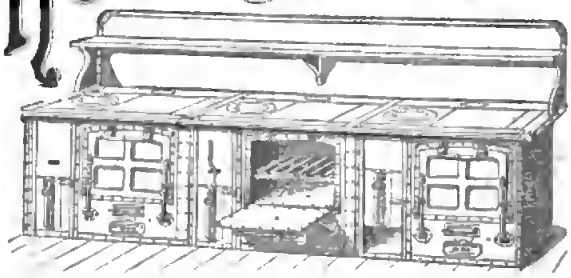

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVII.—No. 1928.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1893

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 7, 1893

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Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

MACHINE-MADE SENATORS.

THAT the Senate of the United States has lost much of the high standing it once had in popular estimation is a fact universally recognized and as universally deplored. This decline may be ascribed to various causes. One is the invasion of the Senate by rich men who would never have been thought of for high public positions but for their wealth, and some of whom got their seats in the Senate by means that will not bear investigation. But while this is one of the causes, it is not the principal one. Of farther reaching effect has been the spoils system, which, by throwing the control of party organizations into the hands of self-seeking politicians, by promoting the building up of mercenary party machines, and by substituting in the leadership of parties for public-spirited leaders of opinion the chiefs of bands of place hunters, has driven out of active public life a large proportion of the best statesmanlike ability and self-respecting patriotism of the country. This effect is most strikingly illustrated in the Senate of the United States.

The greatest States of this Union, in point of population and wealth, are New York and Pennsylvania. Their industrial and commercial interests are immense in magnitude and variety. In their great cities are the financial headquarters of a majority of one most important corporate enterprises. More than any others they are interested in a national economic policy, and especially in a sound monetary system. Their spokesmen in the highest law-making body of the national government should be men of such ability, character, knowledge, and statesmanlike views that their fellow Senators would instinctively look to them to such things for advice and guidance. But what do we behold? It is no exaggeration to say that neither New York nor Pennsylvania has a single Senator whose opinions, if he has any, on economic or financial subjects, or, for that matter, on any other problem of statesmanship, carry the slightest weight with the legislative body in which he sits, or with the community at large, except as the vote he casts counts one this way or the other. As to the intellectual business of law-making, the four Senators are absolute nonentities.

The oldest of them in years of service is Senator CAMERON, from Pennsylvania. He speaks very rarely, and when he does break his habitual silence it becomes at once apparent that he has nothing to say that would be missed if it had not been said. He recently read to the Senate some remarks against the repeal of the SHERMAN law so full of absurdly incongruous propositions that those who listened to them must have marvelled how a sane man could have jumbled them together. They may have excited some speculation as to the motives which had prompted them and induced him to set himself so cynically against the interests of his constituency. Thus his utterances may be taken notice of as curiosities. Beyond this they will not be considered as of any importance whatever, for he has neither any influence to risk nor any reputation for statesmanship to lose.

His colleague, "MATT" QUAY, is well known to the country. As nobody expects from him any opinion of value on any question of public concern, nobody is disappointed when he fails to express any. Even if he did say anything sensible on matters of that kind, nobody would, on account of his reputation as a wire-puller, take it as an honest argument, because everybody would instinctively inquire what sort of political jugglery there might be at the bottom of it. Of course Mr. QUAY'S vote counts one; but that is all. Whether he will cast that vote one way or the other will always wholly depend upon his view as to how it will affect the fortunes of his party in his State, or rather his own fortunes as the manager of his party in his State.

The senior Senator from New York, Mr. DAVID B. HILL, possesses a certain kind of mental agility, and also some fluency of speech. But he is an incurable victim of the idea that he ought to be President of the United States, and that he would have been nominated and elected to that high office had not the "better element," embodied in the person of Mr. CLEVELAND, robbed him of his dues. The whole activity of his intellect revolves around this one subject, and, unfortunately for him, this is universally known. Mr. HILL'S doings and sayings with regard to public questions have, therefore, to the Senate and to the general public only a pathological interest. When, for instance, Mr. HILL recently made a speech on the repeal of the SHERMAN act, nobody expected from him any argument of value, for he had on a former occasion, by uttering some borrowed phrases of occult meaning, sufficiently demonstrated that the monetary question was entirely beyond his mental range. There was, indeed, some curiosity to see how he would manage to infuse into his speech on silver the accustomed devilry against Mr. CLEVELAND, and to balance his imaginary Presidential possibilities between the free silver coinage men of the West and the "gold-bugs" of the East. As his attacks on Mr. CLEVELAND as well as his strategic manœuvrings for the Presidency have become wholly innocuous, they serve to afford some melancholy entertainment, like the pranks of a maniac who is full of sinister purposes and making savage faces while really incapable of doing much harm: but a man so situated before the public cannot exercise any influence whatever upon the opinions of Congress or of the country.

As to our junior Senator, Mr. MURPHY, the story was told that when, at the beginning of the present special session of Congress, he was asked what he thought of President CLEVELAND'S message on the silver question, he answered he had not read the message and did not care much to read it. We will not vouch for the truth of this story, but it will be generally admitted that if it were found to be true it would create no surprise. Whenever Senator MURPHY says that he does not care to read a state paper, ever so important, everybody will believe him at once. Among the men in the Senate as to whom it is completely indifferent what opinions they hold, except as to their votes, Mr. MURPHY stands in the very first rank. He is the ideal zero.

Such are the representatives of New York and Pennsylvania, the most important States of this Union, in the Senate of the United States. Every self-respecting citizen of those great commonwealths must hang his head in shame when he thinks of it. How did CAMERON and QUAY, HILL and MURPHY, ever get into the Senate? They would certainly not be there had the intelligence and patriotism of either party in Pennsylvania and New York been permitted to cast the decisive vote. The party machines put them where they are, to the disgrace of their States, and in defiance of public sentiment. The Republican machine in Pennsylvania, the Democratic machine in New York, one as bad as the other, both drawing their vital force and sustenance from the same source—the spoils system. Break down the spoils system in Federal, State, and municipal government, and the machine will have lost its power. When will the people of New York and Pennsylvania, who, as they are represented in the highest law-making body of the republic, have become objects of pity and derision, become alive to the necessity of throwing off a yoke which is so derogatory to their honor and so hurtful to their interests?

THE REPEAL BILL IN THE SENATE.

THE repeal bill will probably pass the Senate. There is hardly any doubt that a vote will be taken, and a majority of the Senators are known to favor repeal. The attitude of the minority of the Senate is perplexing and discouraging. It shows a distinct and extensive degradation. The Senate has been looked upon as a body of great dignity. It has been regarded by political philosophers, at home and abroad, as one of the finest legislative organizations in the world. It is evident, however, to observers of its present attitude that it is living on its traditions. Until recent years the rule of courtesy which required that every Senator should be heard as often as he desired to speak was not abused. The rule put Senators upon their honor, and they were governed by their self-respect and their regard for the rights of their fellow Senators. The Senators of the elder day did not resort to obstruction, because obstruction ought to be reserved as the resort of a minority whose rights are so threatened that they are ready to go to the verge of rebellion and revolution.

Times have changed. The Senators who threaten to defeat the repeal bill by filibustering are angrily protesting against what they call the oppression of the mild leadership of Mr. VOORHEES, who simply asks them to fix a day when they will be ready to take a vote. Relying on traditional courtesy, they decline to permit the Senate to vote on the pending bill. They have asserted on the floor that, rather than permit a vote, they will put the majority to the inconvenience and to the danger to health and life of continuous and all-night sessions. The traditional courtesy of the Senate protected Mr. STEWART in a ruffianly attack on the President, which was an insult to the country and degrading to the body by which the assault was tolerated. Apparently the absence of restraint no longer puts Senators on their honor. Once the rule illustrated the conscience and dignified self-respect of Senators; now it seems to furnish an opportunity for Senators to defy the majority and the desires and commands of the country.

The history of the relations of the Senate to the bill does not end here. It is all a tale of petty politics that raises a serious question as to the constitution of the body. Tricks have been proposed with the election bill; reprisals have been urged by the protected interests; bargains have been suggested by which the country's distress might be relieved for a price. All this goes to the character of the Senate and the inquiry is raised as to its value—as to whether after all, the system that places the small States on a level with the large States is not wrong; as to the wisdom of preserving the existing methods of electing Senators.

It is because the Senate appears to have fallen so low that repeal may be confidently expected. The logical outcome of the position taken by the obstructionists has been stated on the floor by several Senators. It is that no vote can be taken except by unanimous consent. The absurdity and imbecility of this position is sure to dawn upon the minds of those whose words and conduct at present seem to indicate that they are reckless and blinded by fury. Senators, as the WEEKLY is in a position to know, are beginning to realize that the abuse of the rule of courtesy must result either in making the Senate useless and hateful to the country or in the change of the rule, the non-abuse of which heretofore has marked the Senate as the most dignified and independent legislative body in the world. This being so, it is inevitable that obstruction should cease in time and the bill pass. But, meanwhile, the Senate's reputation has suffered serious damage, from which it may never recover.

THE VAN ALEN CASE.

THE appointment of Mr. J. J. VAN ALEN as Ambassador to Italy has been received with a good deal of adverse, even indignant, criticism. If the principal charge were true, not only would the indignation be justified, but the Senate ought to refuse its sanction to the corrupt bargain by rejecting the nomination. The charge is that Mr. VAN ALEN contributed $40,000 or $50,000—the amount is thus variously stated—to the Democratic campaign fund in 1892, in consideration that if Mr. CLEVELAND were elected he would appoint Mr. VAN ALEN as Minister to Rome. This is the only serious and credible charge that has been made against the appointee. The other accusations against him do not rise to the dignity of demanding a refutation.

The untruthfulness of the main charge has been shown by Mr. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY in a calm and convincing letter to the newspaper which has been most active in spreading it abroad. Mr. WHITNEY was said to have made the corrupt bargain, but he proves that there was no bargain at all. As for the President, the WEEKLY is in a position to state that he was ignorant that Mr. VAN ALEN'S "claims" to the appointment rested upon any other basis than his fitness for the place, and that he was the almost if not quite unanimous choice of the Democrats of Rhode Island.

Mr. VAN ALEN is a Harvard graduate and a gentleman of wealth and leisure who has lived in England and Newport. He is devoted to society and sports. Very recently he took an interest in the politics of his native country. His father was a New York merchant, and Mr. VAN ALEN himself married a Miss ASTOR. His entrance into politics was inspired by his admiration for Mr. CLEVELAND. Beyond this, he preferred the Democratic party because he did not like the protective tariff. Mr. VAN ALEN contributed liberally to the Democratic campaign fund, but not as largely as is reported, and not more in proportion to his wealth than many others. Afterwards he was asked by Mr. WHITNEY if he would like to be Minister to Italy. After a long delay, and after Italy had raised its mission to this country to an embassy, Mr. VAN ALEN was appointed. He was recommended and urged by the Democrats of Rhode Island, who asked for no other diplomatic appointment.

This is the simple story of a matter that has filled the daily press with many and loud outcries and with much coarse personal abuse. Unfortunately, diplomatic appointments in the United States are made on partisan grounds. Untried men, without diplomatic training or experience, are sent abroad as representatives of this government. So inevitable are wholesale changes at the incoming of a new administration that it has come to be the rule that all ministers resign on the inauguration of a new President. Mr. VAN ALEN'S appointment is no worse and no better than hundreds of others that excited no comment. The assumption that Mr. CLEVELAND ratified a corrupt bargain is a baseless slander from which his official conduct should have protected him. He appointed a Democratic partisan, whom he found not unworthy, on the recommendation of other Democratic partisans. Whatever odium attaches to the selection rests on the system, not on the President.

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POLITICS IN NEW YORK.

THE Democratic primaries in the State have been generally carried by the machine, and have plainly indicated that the leadership of MURPHY, HILL, CROKER, and SHEEHAN is not to be disputed. There was no organized and serious opposition. The anti-snappers and other friends of the administration have made no effort to save their party and the State from the disgrace which the bosses have decreed. The Republicans seem to be like-minded. What organization they once had appears to be gone. PLATT alone remains as the embodiment of the Republican machine. He has found difficulty in obtaining a proper candidate. One after another well equipped Republican lawyer declined to contest MAYNARD'S election.

It is easy to explain this state of things in both parties as general apathy, but there is a deeper cause than indifference. The politicians are waiting for next year. Then there will be a Governor and Congressional delegation to elect, and that to them is a matter of some importance. The election of a judge for the highest tribunal in the State does not greatly interest these people. A judge of the Court of Appeals has no patronage, no receiverships, refereeships, commissionerships, or other valuable gifts to bestow upon favorites and workers. Therefore the nomination for the position does not greatly concern the "boys." They often permit it to go to a good man, so careless are they on this point. This year the Democratic nomination goes to one for whose defeat good citizens of all parties should array themselves.

The Democratic friends of the administration and the anti-snappers, who happen also to be politicians, were willing that MURPHY should be chosen Senator, because such a selection would make the machine the easier to defeat. Democrats, they said, would not tolerate a machine that would produce such Senatorial material. But the machine still continues to grind out its unworthy candidates, and now the same good Democrats are willing that MAYNARD should be nominated for judge because he will be defeated at the polls, and his defeat will be a needed lesson to the bosses. Will he be defeated? Will these good Democrats help to defeat him? Will they not cast their ballots for him!

As for the Republican bosses, they probably would like MAYNARD to be elected, on the theory that the triumph of such a man would arouse the people of the State to revolt against the Democratic party. Such is the state of politics in New York this year. The court of last resort is threatened with defilement in order that the politicians in and out of the Democratic party who are opposed to the machine may gain an advantage in the struggle for Governor and Congressmen in 1894, and among those who are engaged in the pitiable and corrupt struggle are men who have heretofore seemed to deserve well of their countrymen.

ABUSE OF CROSS-EXAMINATION.

A RECENT trial in one of our criminal courts has called the attention of the public to the great license which is permitted in the cross-examination of witnesses. The subject is not new, and our people have become so thoroughly accustomed to the explorations of lawyers into the private lives of men and women, under pretence of cross-examination, that it is only when the accustomed line is crossed that the public sentiment is, or professes to be, deeply shocked.

Nothing illustrates the difference between the practice of the continental nations of Europe and our own so deeply as this very subject of cross-examination. Indeed, cross-examination, as we understand the expression, is scarcely known in those countries. There is none at all in civil trials, and the utmost that the French barrister, in criminal cases, is permitted to do is to suggest that certain questions be asked by the presiding justice, but that official generally looks with suspicion upon any such interference with his own functions, and is apt to shrug his shoulders politely, and to suggest that such a question is entirely irrelevant. After this, belonging as he does to a courteous race, he sometimes does address himself to the witness in the manner suggested; but he does it in such a way that the counsel is not encouraged to renew the attempt. This, of course, is a peculiarity of the system, and is accepted as the proper method of conducting such controversies. It certainly has the advantage of keeping the floodgates of scandal closed, and permitting an important criminal trial to be completed without dragging innocent persons into its publicity, without blasting reputations, and without inflicting deep distress upon parties not directly connected with the alleged offence. But, whether good or bad, the system is a logical and coherent one. Cross-examination has for its object to elicit facts which the other side has not cared to elicit. It presupposes an antagonist in the one who conducts the direct examination. But this theory wisely falls where, as under the system of the Code Napoleon the presiding magistrate, who has already studied the case, examines the witnesses himself. The presumption is that he seeks, without bias or prejudice, to draw out all the facts and that he will do so even without the aid of counsel. It need hardly be said here that our people would not consent to vest the judges with such extensive powers. They may not be excessive when wisely exercised, but the liability to abuse is manifest.

The Anglo-Saxon system is entirely different, and there is practically no limit to cross-examination, either in its general scope or in its duration. The discretion of the judge is sometimes exercised to prevent the introduction of what is flagrantly improper; but he is constantly under the dread of an appellate court which watches the exclusion of testimony with zealous care, and reverses the verdict whenever it appears that the over-cautious magistrate has prevented the admission of something which, under some plea or other, might possibly tend to shed a minute ray of light upon the controversy. One of the reasons most generally alleged to justify the invasion of a witness's private affairs, and to compel him or her to unlock the closet and bring out the family skeleton, is the right of a party to test the credibility of such witness. As much depends upon the amount of credit which the jury shall give to testimony, it is not illogical to say that the person upon the stand should be compelled to disclose his or her own turpitude where that may affect the value of the evidence. In Great Britain the same latitude is given as with us. In fact, it is perhaps even less controlled by judicial discretion than in our own courts. The TICHBORNE case is a standing monument of the latitude which an English judge will extend to counsel in the way of cross-examination.

Grave as the inconveniences and disadvantages of this almost uncontrolled freedom of search may be, it cannot be denied that we have in all the arsenal of our procedure no instrument so admirably adapted to the extraction of the truth from false or reluctant witnesses as cross-examination. Nowhere does the skill of the advocate show itself as efficiently as here, and many a case, starting with brilliant promise and every appearance in its favor, has come to wreck through the probing processes of this surgical operation. If the attainment of justice and the development of the facts are the only desiderata in a trial, then must it be confessed that the license of cross-examination, cruel, brutal, and savage as it often is, should not be lightly interfered with. Its abuses are undoubtedly great and its mischiefs glaring, but these can only be mitigated and minimized by the good sense and courtesy of counsel and the judicious supervision of the courts. So long as we have jury trials and strict rules of evidence, so long will the cross-examination of witnesses from time to time shock our propriety. We are apt to put ourselves in the witness's place, and to feel a very uncomfortable sensation akin to sympathy, but not untinctured with self love.

As the motive of the witness is also of importance in dealing with and weighing his testimony, his conscience may be probed to draw from his breast the passion which animates and colors his narrative. Cross-examination only will do this, and laying bare his real self enable the jury to decide how far he may be trusted.

Then, too, the perjurer's work would be too easy but for the vigilant eye and quick wit of the cross-examiner. To conceal one lie he is apt to tell another, then another, until finally, wound up in the meshes of his own fabrication, he stands out the self-revealed falsifier, unworthy, on his own showing, to stand in the presence of justice.

As a stimulant to a sluggish memory, cross-examination is without an equal. Many a witness leaves the stand marvelling at the extent of his own knowledge, and conscious for the first time of the stores of information that lay concealed in his own breast.

On the whole, no one can fairly doubt the great importance of this aid to justice. It is invaluable, but it is responsible for so much that is wrong, and so often lends a helping hand to chicanery and fraud, that we endure its abuses with justifiable impatience, and sometimes wonder if they do not outweigh the good which we know that the practice produces.

A MISSIONARY FIELD.

IT seems deplorably desirable that our contemporaries in the South should invent new methods of dealing with negro criminals. The negro question in the far South has for years been a most perplexing problem. The generation of black men that has grown up since the war in the Southern States, and especially in such States as Mississippi and Alabama, contains an ominous percentage of negroes in whom the power of self-restraint is so imperfectly developed that they readily turn into dangerous ruffians. The percentage of criminals among these blacks is three or four times as great as among Northern populations. Mere equality of opportunity is not enough for such people. They require the firmest and wisest sort of control, the most watchful oversight, and the restitution of their criminal propensities by the sure and swift administration of legal justice. But the atrocity of the crimes committed by some of this class seems to drive their white neighbors absolutely out of their senses, and we read of a succession of lynchings and burnings and torturings in which the behavior of the self-constituted executioners is hardly less revolting than that of the criminals with whom they deal. The idea of the lowest grade of Southern whites is to make the retribution for negro crimes so horrible as to keep all negroes, good or bad, in a state of timid and servile apprehension.

It cannot be said that the results justify the method. Torture and mob violence breed crime instead of discouraging it. The more intelligent Southern whites recognize that, and struggle bravely to secure the administration of justice by law. The sympathy of the North is with them. They are the hope of their section of the land, but their task is so formidable that in some parts of the South it seems an open question whether they are equal to it. Anarchy, or a condition approaching it, cannot long be tolerated in any part of the United States. Means will be found, because they must be found, to keep the Southern blacks in a progressive state. There seems to be a tendency among the negroes of "the black belt" to lapse back into barbarism, and to carry their white neighbors with them. It is intolerable that such a tendency should prevail in any part of the United States, and yet a government that was formed for the co-operation of self-governing communities is enviously ill-constituted to interfere.

For devoted people who think they have a call to missionary labor there would seem to be a great opportunity in the far South. If they can avail at all to Christianize and civilize savages, the lowest classes both of blacks and whites in parts of the Southern States invite their efforts. Where black criminals and white avengers rival Apache Indians in their atrocities, no American missionary need go beyond the sea in search of a field.

MOVABLE FIRES.

THERE are things stationary and things movable, or there are supposed to be at least. But in these latter days of marvels who can divide with any degree of certainty the permanent from the transitory, the fixed from the portable? The small boy was long supposed to be the most movable of objects, but we find the messenger boy stationary, the Historic Spot was long conceived to be rooted, now we find it snatched up and taken to the World's Fair.

These abstract thoughts are called out by a letter from a valued St. Louis correspondent describing a recent most extraordinary occurrence in that city. But before wholly quitting the plane of abstract observation we ought to say that a fire—the "conflagration" of the older reporter, and the "blaze" of the younger journalist—has always been supposed to be a stationary thing. Fire in its nature is volatile and consuming enough, but a particular concrete fire was thought to be something you could depend on. If you had a fire you counted on being able to put your thumb on it. It has not been a common spectacle to see an excited man chasing about town trying to put salt on the tail of a fire. But now it seems that the revised rules for firemen must begin thus: First catch your fire.

It appears that in some sort of civic demonstration in St. Louis the other day—perhaps the celebration of the founding of Chicago, or something of that sort—two immense floats, representing respectively the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, were in the procession. It was an evening parade, and in some way while passing down Grand Avenue the unfortunate *Monitor* caught fire. A thoughtful citizen turned in an alarm, and the fire department responded with prompt ness. It happened that the captain of the *Monitor* was a new man in the navy, having before been in the merchant service as commander of a truck, and, hearing the noise of the engines behind him, he was impressed with the notion that the whole Confederate Navy was coming down upon him. He concluded that the time for flight had come, so hitting the mules a crack with his whip he went tearing away at the rate of some twenty knots an hour, with his craft blazing fiercely. The astonished firemen at first paused, but soon saw where duty lay, cracked their whips, and tore away after the fire. Interested citizens followed on foot, and small boys brought up the rear.

How long this thing kept up we are not told, but we are assured that Hampton Roads on the last day's fighting was a quiet place compared with Grand Avenue. It was evidently the object of the crafty *Monitor* commander either to get out to sea or to run in under the guns of some friendly fort. But the St. Louis fire department, though accustomed to lying in wait and springing upon its victims with a single bound, showed that it could course a fire when necessary. It was used to old-fashioned fires, but if a fire was skittish and got up and ran, the department was willing to do what it could to catch it and hold it still while it put it out. So while the *Monitor* stood out to sea, carrying every possible pound of mule, the engines and hose carts followed close in her wake. Finally, the ill-starred craft being burst to the water's edge, the fire went out, and the hulk drifted down a side street with the noble commander clinging to a floating mule. The fire department returned to headquarters.

This is probably the first time that firemen were ever baffled by having the fire take flight, and if we could be assured that it would be the last we should not feel justified in devoting space to it, but such cannot be the case. In these days of pageants and celebrations runaway fires may become common. A plan for dealing with them must be devised. Our sagacious correspondent cleverly suggests a travelling fire plug, to progress at the same rate as the engine, to which the hose can be attached. This is ingenious in theory, but in practice it would certainly fail. Either the fire plug would get ahead of the engine or the engine would get ahead of the fire plug, or the fire plug itself might catch the infection and bolt around the corner. The problem must be approached differently. It seems to us that more caution in creeping up on the fire might produce good results. A wild and fleet fire must be stalked with great care. Pneumatic tires on the engines and felt shoes on the horses would probably be helpful. Perhaps a good pointer dog could assist. But after all we can only be sure of success by having something which can take the fire on the wing. It was a guileless old lady in Boston who, after watching a fire-engine operate an hour or two, remarked, "My, it doesn't seem possible that anything so small could hold so much water!" Here is the idea; there must be devised an engine which can carry enough water to extinguish a frightened fire while it is running for cover.

We are glad that we have been enabled to sound this note of warning about movable fires. The St. Louis occurrence is useful, too, in impressing upon all the fact that we live in a wonderful age. These are, indeed, uncertain days; the Catskill Mountains may yet line up and dance the Virginia reel, while all the comets in the solar system put their heads together in some quiet corner of space and stand like cab horses on a rainy night.

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CORNELL'S TWENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY.

On a morning in early October, 1868, three hundred young men scrambled down and up the banks of Cascadilla Ravine in Ithaca, crossed a corn field to an ugly stone building on a bleak hill-side, and Cornell University was opened. This week, at the beginning of Cornell's twenty sixth year, seventeen hundred students walked or rode through a park which Edward Freeman declared the most beautiful campus in the world, and scattered among the twenty three buildings devoted to instruction, which are the outward and visible signs of the university's growth. Cornell is no longer an experiment in education. To adopt the classification of a Boston newspaper, it is merely "one of the three or four American colleges from which great things are expected."

The first "Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Cornell University" was published in 1869, and shows that 26 resident professors and instructors were engaged that year in teaching 398 young men, of whom 251 pursued courses in arts, letters, and science, and 150 courses in technology, the apparent discrepancy in addition being due to the fact that 22 young men followed courses both in arts and technology. The latest register of the university shows the division of undergraduates, according to schools, to have been last year, Arts, 199, Philosophy, 109; Letters, 80, Science, 89; Agriculture, 22, Architecture, 77; Civil Engineering, 120, Electrical Engineering, 257; Mechanical Engineering, 289; Medical Preparatory, 11; Optional, 46. In addition to these there were 192 graduate students, 18 fellows, and 203 students in the school of law. Among these advanced students were graduates of Harvard, Yale, Johns Hopkins, Columbia, Williams, Lehigh, Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, and of the best technical schools. It is an interesting tribute to the breadth of Cornell that last year a graduate of Annapolis studied naval architecture there, and that among its students of philosophy were men from Scotch and German schools. Exclusive of the Law School, the university offered last year 991 courses of instruction, varying all the way from the Rig Veda and Nicomachean ethics to the eradication of weeds.

A large number of distinguished men celebrated Cornell's twenty-fifth birthday. But the gathering for its opening day was even more noteworthy. Probably no other college ever aroused at its foundation the enthusiasm of so many persons. Andrew D. White, author of the present free-school system in the State of New York, was its first president. Goldwin Smith resigned his chair of History at Oxford to give his services to Cornell as professor of English Constitutional History. A paragraph in the first catalogue says that "Professor Smith has kindly offered to deposit in the university his private library for the use of faculty and students." This valuable collection was afterward presented to the institution. Agassiz left his duties at Harvard to lecture six weeks at Cornell during its first year, and the students also had the inspiration of personal contact with George William Curtis and James Russell Lowell. The young university had other friends who gave their money. Gifts amounting to more than a million and a quarter of dollars, and including a college for women, a library building, and the endowment for a school of philosophy, have been received from one man—Henry W. Sage, president of the Board of Trustees. Other large gifts have been the Sibley College of Mechanic Arts, the architectural and historical libraries collected by President White; the Moak law library, given in memory of the first dean of the Law School, the McGraw museum of natural history; the Fayerweather bequest of $200,000 in money; Barnes Hall, the home of the largest college Christian association in the country; and the Dean Sage sermon fund, which brings to the chapel every year twenty or more distinguished preachers of the various denominations.

When Senator Stanford and his commission visited the Eastern universities, they decided to lay the foundations of their own university along Cornell lines, and a majority of its officers of instruction have been trained at Cornell either as students or teachers. A Columbia professor recently said, when asked what college has the best "course," "If you mean the curriculum, it probably is the Indiana University, if you mean the instruction, it probably is Cornell." Much of this breadth and thoroughness of instruction is due to the spirit of the university's founders and of the men who guided it through its first perilous years. But a great deal of personal enthusiasm in both students and faculty is attributable to the third and present president, Jacob Gould Schurman, who came to the university in 1886 as professor of mental and moral philosophy, was made dean of the Susan Linn Sage School of Philosophy in 1891, and succeeded Charles Kendall Adams as president in 1892. President Schurman is not an administrative officer with headquarters in the university business offices. Every student feels the influence of his personality. While he was still a professor he gave a course of lectures introductory to the study of ethics. These lectures were given at the end of the day's recitations, and they did not count as university work. Yet there was not in the university a lecture hall large enough to seat all the students who crowded to hear. It is the influence of men like White, Schurman, Wheeler, Tuttle, and Thurston that has made Cornell more than a collection of books and buildings and apparatus. These men have given the young university a personal force that is being felt in every channel of healthy human activity.

DR. JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN, PRESIDENT OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, NEW YORK, SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS.

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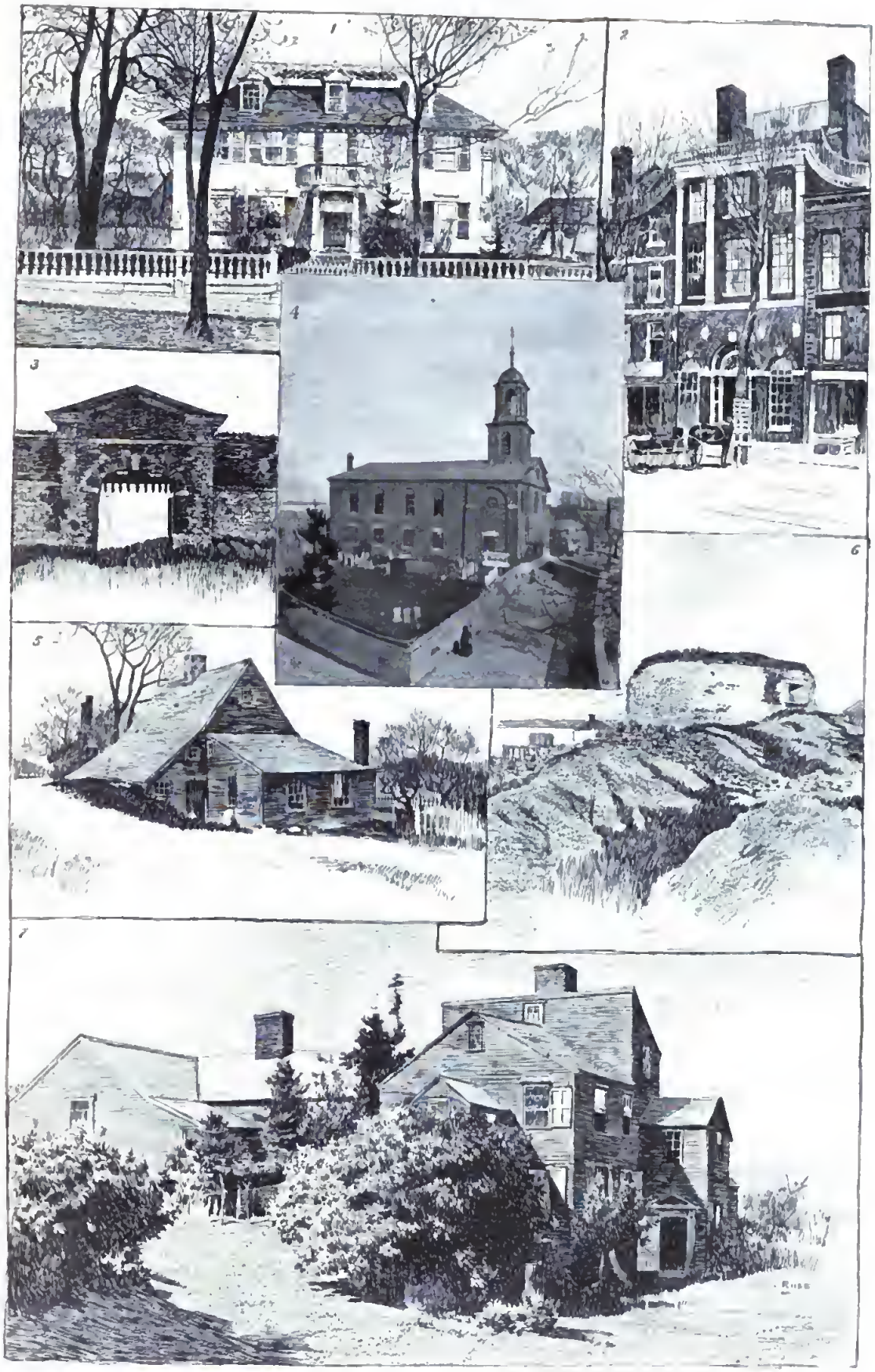

OLD STRAWBERRY BANK—PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE, AND VICINITY.—DRAWN BY GUY ROSE.—[SEE PAGE 958.]

1. Old Governor Langdon House. 2. Portsmouth Athenæum. 3. Portcullis, Fort Constitution, New Castle. 4. St. John's Church. 5. Old Jackson House, Christian Shore. 6. Old Tower, New Castle. 7. Old Governor Wentworth Mansion, Little Harbor.

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CHASING A SLAVER.

BY HOWARD PATTERSON.

Up to the breaking out of our civil war the slave trade was extensively carried on between the west coast of Africa, Brazil, and Cuba, although the United States and England maintained men-of-war on the African station for the purpose of making prizes of slave vessels and breaking up the nefarious traffic.

The profits of a successful slaving voyage were so enormous that large capital was invested in Havana and Rio Janeiro for the promotion of the unholy enterprise, and a number of the fastest sailing vessels ever built were navigated under the slavers' flag.

Speed was the most important factor in this trade, as it lessened the probability of escape from the cruisers and a quick passage after leaving Africa. It occasionally happened that a "cargo" was lost, owing to the final consumption of water and provisions before the run from ports could be accomplished.

The average number of slaves carried was four hundred. If the vessel made a fast run and took the captives into port in fair physical condition, they sold readily in the auction marts at four and five hundred dollars each, while as high as one thousand dollars was paid for an "extra fine nigger." A single cargo has been known to bring a quarter of a million dollars on the slave block in Cuba, yet the blacks were individually purchased from the native African dealers for a musket of somewhat obsolete pattern, a keg of rum, or a small sum of money.

The officers and crew of the slaver received generous wages, and a percentage of the profits accruing from the voyage, the former at times accumulating considerable fortunes and retiring to private life, but commonly it was the old story of the pitcher going once too often to the well, for luck was sure to play into the hands of the naval men at times, making it "eight bells," as Jack says, with the slavers.

A peculiarity of the law regarding the capture of vessels engaged in the slave trade was that unless the negroes were found on board the naval people could exercise no jurisdiction over the captured craft, and were obliged to allow her to depart in peace. The commanding officer of the man of war overhauling the suspect might be morally sure as to her character, but in the absence of "living evidence" he was legally powerless to make prisoners of the ship's company and send a prize crew on board. In other words, the law did not permit him to make a capture on suspicion alone.

The fore and aft rigged schooner *Will-o' the Wisp* had left Gabaon, a notorious slave port on the west coast of Africa, about sundown, bound to Quiteros, on the south side of Cuba. Shackled to iron rods in the hold of the vessel were four hundred and fifty human beings, who had been received on board that day, destined to be held in slavery on the Cuban sugar plantations.

Food and water had been served out to the prisoners, the sails had been trimmed, rigging coiled down, and the watch set. So elated were the men over the prospects of a profitable voyage that, instead of turning in the seamen off duty remained on deck, talking eagerly of the money they expected to receive, and speculating as to the manner of its disposition.

Captain Ludlow and his chief mate, Mr. Lockwood, were indulging in a "sea walk" up and down the weather side of the quarter deck, while they conversed on matters relating to the possibility of capture by the cruisers, and the measures to be adopted for lessening the evil effects which lack of exercise and close confinement were certain to have upon those who were stowed like cattle below.

About ten o'clock the captain halted at the companionway, saying, "Keep a bright lookout for that Yankee relation of ours, Mr. Lockwood, for although the *Dale* has not been seen of late, I believe she's playing possum, and pass the word to the second mate that sail is not to be shortened without my orders. Good night."

At midnight the port watch routed out the starboarders, and went below for four hours. When Mr. Lockwood relieved the second mate at four o'clock the sharp clipper stem of the schooner was ripping through the water under pressure from a large spread of canvas, but the wind had moderated during the mid-watch, and there were evidences that it would die out altogether with the rising of the sun. An hour later the stars were still shining, but beginning to pale in the eastern sky, while the crowing of cocks, confined in the coops lashed on deck amidships, testified that the dawn was not far off.

Shortly after five o'clock, while the watch were rigging the hose for washing down the decks, a subdued cry of "Sail ho!" came from the lookout forward, who pointed off to the north, where an indistinct mass loomed on the starboard beam about a mile away, then as the slaver surged ahead, bringing it on the quarter, it intercepted the growing light, and was silhouetted as a sloop of war standing to the southward and westward on the port tack so as to cross the schooner's wake, her royals and top-gallant sails furled and her courses hauled up.

Captain Ludlow had been called as soon as the sail was reported, and as it was manifest that the schooner had not been observed, the square sail was hauled into the mast, the course changed to north-northeast, and the sheets flattened, so as to offer the edge of the canvas to the cruiser now dead astern.

"Set the large maintopmast stay-sail, Mr. Lockwood," said the captain, "then rig the long hose, and wet the sails from the tracks down."

A few minutes later the big stay-sail had bellied out between the masts, and one of the crew was playing water on the canvas from the fore cross trees, while four brawny seamen plied the brakes of the deck pump, sending a stream aloft which struck the sails and cascaded to the deck through the first yellow beams of the rising sun like a shower of liquid gold.

The sloop of war had drawn a little on the port quarter, about four miles away.

"I'll bet a nigger—" commenced the captain, who stood near the wheel with the mate watching the ship astern, then stopped short, for it suddenly became apparent that the man-of-war had at last detected the slaver.

Her head was observed to fall off from the wind, until her flying jib-boom pointed fair for the schooner. Through the glass the topsail yards were seen to be alive with seamen slinking the reefs out of the sails, while others were casting adrift the gaskets of the royals and top-gallant sails, and when these had been sheeted home and hoisted, studding sails were thrown out with such rapidity that in ten minutes from the time the ship's course had been changed she showed as a great bulkhead of sun kissed canvas sweeping over the early morning sea.

The skipper made no further allusion to his proposed bet, but obtained his sextant, seated himself on the taffrail, and proceeded to ascertain, by a series of mast-head angles, whether the cruiser was gaining on his schooner or falling farther astern.

After a time he swung round and looked at the sails, which were filled with a gentle air, then addressed the mate:

"The sloop is becalmed, up helm and in maintopmast stay-sail, get the square sail and raffee set, and wet them. If we don't widen the water the cruiser will be hoisting out his boats and boarding us."

The schooner rounded on her heel, and under the driving power of the square-sail ran off to the northwest, logging about four knots an hour.

"Blow, good devil, and take the cook," said the captain, making use of an old saying indulged in by sailors as an offer of recompense to Davy Jones for favoring their vessel with a breeze.

For about twenty minutes the slaver held the wind, then the pennant at the truck fell down alongside the mast, the great hollow in the square sail collapsed, the reef points of the fore and aft canvas rattled, and the schooner lost all motion save when she lifted easily to a glassy undulation and sank as gently back to rest again. Davy Jones had evidently considered the inducement insufficient.

"Wet the sails down again, Mr. Lockwood," said the captain, "we mustn't let even a cat's paw of wind escape, and keep your eye on those fellows down there for any devilitry they may be up to."

"Ay, ay, sir, that's the *Dale* and she won't give us up if she has to chase us into the Caribbean. She's been on the station three months now without making a capture, and her officers are likely smacking their lips over the thought of the prize money we'll bring 'em."

The mate turned away with a laugh to execute the captain's orders.

While the master and his officers alternately kept watch on the cruiser, the slaves were fed and watered, and the men sent to breakfast, after which the four carronades were hauled with grape, the boarding netting triced up, and arms served out to the crew.

The *Will-o' the Wisp* was not to be carried without a struggle.

About nine o'clock one of the cruiser's boats was seen to drop into the water, and shortly after she was pulled in the direction of the slaver.

"Here comes a spy," exclaimed the captain, handing the glass to the mate.

The latter kept his eye fixed to the telescope for some little time, then passed it back, remarking:

"By the time the crew of that cutter get through pulling under this broiling sun they'll be like the men the boatswain tells about."

"Let's have the yarn," said the captain.

"Well, you see, some years ago our boatswain was one of the crew of the brig *Snowball* in the African trade, and one day, the vessel lying becalmed in view of the coast, her captain took it into his head that he would row ashore and look for a spring of cool water among the trees that were seen growing near the beach. So the fools stowed two or three empty kegs under the thwarts, but never looked to see if there was any water in the boat's breaker. After they had been pulling about an hour the shore looked no nearer than when they started, and the men were about half dead with rowing the heavy boat under a burning sun without a drop of water to wet their hot throats. The old man, however, encouraged them to bend their backs saying that they would soon be under the shade of the trees thinking their fill, so they laid themselves out and pulled away for another half hour, but the shore looked as far away as ever for it was a kind of mirage they saw, so at last the captain turned the boat's head round for the brig. I'll tell you the rest in the boatswain's words as near as I can remember.

"'Well, sir,' said he to me, 'what with the heaving of rowing three or four hours in hot sun without anything to drink, every drop o' moisture was drawed clean out o' their bodies, so when at last they fetched the brig they was like the Egyptian mummies you reads about, for when they was passed over the rail their blisters was that dry you could 'ear their 'arts an' lungs a rattling again' their ribs like reel parts again' a sail.'"

The hearty laugh which greeted the conclusion of the story furnished no evidence that the two officers were appalled by the near presence of an enemy who was cruising watching his prey with greedy anticipation, and chafing because he could not spring, but ready to creep upon it with the first breath of air that gave him animation.

The man-of-war's cutter came on until she was within half a mile of the schooner, when the crew ceased rowing, and her officer stood up in the stern sheets scrutinizing the slaver through a marine glass.

"That fellow's been sent to find out how sharp our teeth are before they decide on fitting out a boat expedition," observed the captain.

"His report of these big mouthed carronades of ours ought to make that man-o' war skipper think twice before he tries the boarding trick," responded the mate.

"I think it will. I don't believe that they'll sacrifice a lot of their men on the chance of carrying the schooner, when they think their ship able to overhaul any craft in the trade. Why, I was told in Gabaon that some weeks ago one of the *Dale's* cutters came up the river on a tour of inspection, and her lieutenant boasted that there wasn't a man-o'-war or trader on the coast that the Yankee couldn't overhaul in the wind or with yards square."

"That sounds just like those sea dandies," growled the mate, "but I claim that if they had a good ship they wouldn't know how to sail her. Why, just look at it; they go off on what they call a three years' cruise, and two years and a half of it are spent with the mud hook down where the officers can dress up in their cocked hats and swords for the girls to admire, then they go home and get three years' clerking in a navy yard before they go to sea again, so that out of every six years they get only six months' experience in handling ship, yet they have the cheek to call themselves sailors. Ugh!" And a stream of tobacco juice, fully expressive of the mate's contempt, was shot overboard through the meshes of the boarding net.

After remaining at rest for something over half an hour, the cutter pulled away.

"I suppose," observed the master, "that the next move in order would be to set all hands and pull the sloop down as far to get as within range of her batteries, but they know that is a trick that two can play."

For several hours the two vessels remained motionless on the mirrored sea. About four o'clock in the afternoon the mate called attention to a shadow upon the ocean down in the south.

"There comes a breeze," exclaimed the captain, "but it will strike the cruiser first. Secure the guns, and down boarding net. Lively, my lads, and give us a clear deck."

About one bell in the first dog watch the breeze reached the cruiser. Immediately after, she threw out studding sails and bore down on the schooner. Ten, twenty, thirty minutes passed, yet the slaver remained becalmed.

"Are we to rot here like a carcass until that vulture there comes to pick our bones?" roared the captain, tearing off his sombrero and throwing it passionately to the deck.

The cruiser had drawn within three miles of the schooner.

"Out a couple of sweeps forward on the starboard side, and pull her head 'round," he ordered, taking the wheel.

Suddenly the wind vane at the truck lifted, then the raffee filled, and almost immediately a rippling sound under the counter indicated that the vessel was under way. The belly of the square sail grew harder, the great main-boom swung forward, dragging the sheet out of the water, and stretching it to a rope walking tension, the sheaves of the blocks creaked as the running rigging tautened, and the slaver was off before the wind at the rate of seven miles an hour.

"Take the wheel, Mr. Lockwood," called the captain, "and let me find out how we're doing with that fellow."

The breeze continued to freshen as the master sat on the rail with his back against the after shroud, measuring sextant angles of the cruiser's track.

Evidently the observations were unsatisfactory, for he sung out for a bucket gang to keep the tub full of water while the remainder of the crew rigged the hose and wet down the sails.

"She's got the heels of us running," he cried, after a short interval. "Now we'll try the beggar with the wind abeam. Main sheet a few hands; starboard brace; put your wheel down, in main sheet, slack away port brace kindsomely, round in starboard brace, belay port brace, well main-sheet, steady as she goes; set the main-staysail and wet it—she's got to drag what she can't carry," he shouted, as the schooner heeled to the pressure until the water was slopping over the lee bulwark rail.

After everything had been checked and sweated to his satisfaction he went aft with his sextant. A puff of smoke issued from the bow port of the cruiser.

"Fire away, you fool," muttered the captain, "Uncle Sam's got plenty of money to pay for the powder."

"Does she gain on us?" asked the mate, without removing his attention from the work in hand.

"Yes, but so slow is that I'm in hopes of keeping out of gunshot for another hour, when we'll try to give them the slip in the dark."

The captain called the steward to take his sextant below, and paced restlessly up and down the deck, alternately sweeping his anxious eyes over the schooner's sails, then looking out to where the cruiser hung, the white water boiling under her bows, and the black muzzles of her starboard battery growing startlingly distinct as the distance between the two vessels decreased.

The crew were grouped on the port side of the schooner, talking and gesticulating excitedly as they watched the man-of-war steadily growing, while occasionally one of the men would slap his stained unshapely hand upon the breech of the gun beside which he stood, turning his gloomy face as if asking authority to discharge its iron contents at the cloud of canvas on the quarter.

The sun's upper edge touched the horizon, and the cutter now only a mile away, threw a shot that went screaming past, and plumped into the sea just ahead of the schooner. At the sound of the gun shrieks and howls ascended from the hold.

"Quick, men, down among them with the whips, a couple of you, and stop their yells!" cried the captain; then he turned to the mate. "Keep her as she is, we've lost all the tricks but one, now we'll play that. It will be dark in a quarter of an hour, but the sloop is so near that we can't shake her off."

The noise between decks had subsided into moans and sobs, but as he went forward the master called down through the hatch, bidding the men remain and check any threatened outcry; then he called for the carpenter, and disappeared through the fore scuttle with several of the crew.

A few minutes later the men on deck commenced dragging up lengths of heavy anchor chain, and one of these under the direction of the captain, the men ranged fore and aft on the lee bulwark rail outside the rigging, preventing the bars of chain from rolling overboard by stopping them to the lanyards of the fore and main shrouds.

Then the crew followed the captain below.

It was so dark now that details had faded out, but the positions of the two vessels were well defined to one another by the sheen of the canvas and the phosphorescent fire which played in the wake of the slaver and danced merrily in the white water under the cruiser's bow. It would have been a simple thing for the sloop to throw a shot into the dark mass that stubbornly swept on ahead, but the commander of the man-of-war discreetly refrained from injuring what he could already consider his prize, knowing that in an hour's time he could range his vessel alongside and throw his bluejackets on board.

Captain Ludlow emerged from the hatch, followed by the crew and about fifty of the blacks, who were led to leeward and their hand irons seized to the cable resting on the rail. While the women worked about the chain a number of the captives looked curiously around them, but several of the women, apparently sickened by the motion of the vessel, stood with closed eyes, as though to shut out the sight of the reeling decks and the snapping waves that seemed to leap at them from just across the bulwarks.

"Are all secured?" asked the captain, his voice sounding strangely worried above the washing and the seething along the ship.

"All ready, sir!" responded the second mate.

"Then cut away, and may God have mercy on their souls!"

The sailors' knives were slashed across the sinews as the schooner rolled heavily to leeward, and the chain plicked overboard. There was a sudden recognition of their fate in the agonized black faces which were whisked over the rail, but their cry of despair was smothered by the hungry waters and the slaver's keel passed on above the place where the iron weight was dragging them a thousand fathoms deep.

"Rig an extra length this time, from the main rigging to the quarter, we must work off a hundred at once," said the captain.

With bell-inspired regularity the work went on, and the last lot of prisoners stood at the rail waiting for the sentence.

"Cut away!" said the captain for the fifth time.

Once again the same quick sweeping of the knives across

the ropes; the same awful look encountered on the faces of the doomed as they were hurled into eternity, once more a final cry of agony choked by the chwing waters, and all but one of the slaver's cargo had been jettisoned.

A young negress remained by the schooner's rail. She alone had been overlooked by the seamen when her companions had been secured. She had seen their sudden fate, and had been cruelly spared to drink in the full horror of her own. She uttered no cry, she made no motion, but stood there as though every physical faculty had been frozen in that one terrible moment. The boatswain moved a pace toward her with arms outstretched, then halted.

"End it, man, for God's sake!" cried the captain.

He would not look upon the last act of the tragedy, but went aft to the mate.

"Give me the wheel and hurry the cleansing of the 'tween decks—I'm kinder sick after that job—and break open a barrel of flour and scatter it well over the flooring; then unship the steps and put on the sea hatches. Lively's the word."

A roaring and hissing of broken water out to windward, a great rushing shadow preceded by a rolling head of milk-white sea, and the cruiser hung upon the slaver's quarter, the end of her flying jib-boom abreast the main-rigging, less than one hundred feet away.

"Schooner ahoy!" yelled an officer from the top-gallant forecastle of the sloop.

"Hello the ship!" came the response.

"Heave that schooner to, or I'll give you a broadside!"

The man-of-war drew ahead, blanketing the slaver, and causing her to swung suddenly upright, to the accompaniment of thrashing canvas and the slatting of blocks and rigging.

"Ay, ay, we'll heave to!" was shouted back to the cruiser, on board of which could be heard the orders,

"Let go royal sheets and halyards, up courses, stations for stays!"

Under easy sail the man-of-war held her position on the slaver's weather bow until the latter's light canvas came in, then after the schooner had tacked and remained hove to with her head sheets left to windward the cruiser's main-topsail was laid aback, and the boatswain's whistle was heard piping away the cutter.

Captain Ludlow was leaning against the mainmast, apparently enjoying the flavor of an excellent cigar, when an officer from the sloop leaped over the schooner's rail.

"Where's the master of this vessel?" he demanded.

Captain Ludlow tapped the ashes from his cigar. "I'm the master."

"I'll have a look at your papers first, and your hold afterwards," answered the officer.

"Come below, young sam, and I'll try to gratify your curiosity," said the captain.

A few minutes later the naval officer led the way on deck, saying, "Your papers are all right so far as they go, but I'll thank you to lift off the hatches and give me a light."

The lieutenant leaned over the open hatch, holding the lamp down so that its rays illuminated the space directly beneath, then he threw his leg over the coaming, slipped his arm through the handle of the lantern, and descended into the 'tween decks, followed by the captain.

The hold was bare.

Expressions of disappointment and mortification clouded the officer's face.

"I tell you," he said, angrily, "you've had niggers down here, for I smell them!"

The captain smiled. "I understand you now," he replied, "you took us for a slaver, and expected to find an ebony cargo down here to play the good Samaritan over. Am I right?"

"This cargo-of flour yarn would go down better if there wasn't so much nigger in the odor of it," retorted the lieutenant.

"I'm sorry," said the captain, "that my vessel should offend your sense of smell, but I was obliged to hire natives to discharge my cargo, and the hatches being put on yesterday as soon as the hold was clear, the African scent has been kept for the occasion. Had I expected your visit to my 'tween decks I would have perfumed it for you."

The officer bit his lips.

"What the devil did you run away for if you're honest?" he asked, hotly.

"That's an easily answered question, my friend," replied the master. "You chased me all day without making a signal to let me know who or what you were, you fired on me, and, in fact, acted altogether like what I feared you were—a pirate, from whom I tried to escape to the best of my ability."

The lieutenant mounted the pilot ladder dropped the ring handle of the lantern over a belaying-pin in the main rifle rail, directed that the schooner should be kept hove to, and went over the side. "Up oars!" he ordered, in a surly tone.

Fifteen minutes later a hail came from the cruiser—"Schooner ahoy!"

"Hello!"

"You can go about your business!"

"Ease off the main sheet," said Captain Ludlow, as he put the helm up.

THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL.

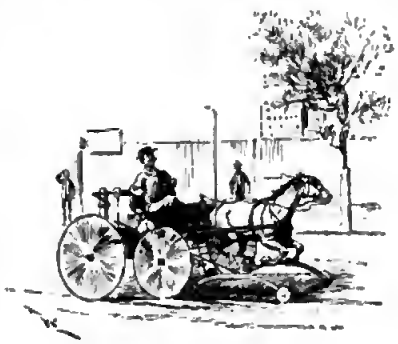
The revolution now in progress in Brazil seems to be wrapt in mystery. Up to the time when this is written no advices have been received by mail. Newspapers of Montevideo, which ought to have some account of the breaking out of the war, have been received bearing date as late as August 24th, but no mention is made in them of the rebellion, which is supposed to have broken out on the 23d.

Minister Mendonca, who is in Washington, knows as little of the cause of the revolution as any one can who is familiar with the politics of Brazil. The telegraphic and cable service in South America and between Buenos Ayres and this country is evidently interfered with, either by the authorities or by the rebels.

Brazil has never been absolutely at peace since the dethronement of Dom Pedro. The republic was proclaimed on the 15th of November, 1889. The political divisions of Brazil have not been changed under the new form of government but instead of Provinces, as they were called under the empire, they are now known as States. The government is a federation, and the Constitution is based upon our own fundamental law. This Constitution was adopted on the 24th of February, 1891. It provides for the election of President and Vice President by the direct suffrage of the people. A Congress is composed of a Senate representing the States and the Federal District, three Senators representing each State and three representing the Federal District. The other House is called the Chamber of Deputies. The States are self governing as to their local affairs, and may make treaties with each other. Certain powers necessary to the preservation of the general government are denied to the States. Fonseca was the first ruler of the republic, and his office was a dictatorship. Subsequently he was made Provisional President, and Peixoto the present President, was the Provisional Vice President. There was also a Provisional Cabinet. Fonseca having got into trouble while he was acting as Dictator, there was some question about the confirmation of his office after the election of Congress, but the first Congress legitimatized all the acts of the Provisional Government, which were necessarily mainly in the form of edicts, and confirmed the election of Fonseca and Peixoto. Something like eighteen months ago there was an insurrection against Fonseca, and he resigned. In doing so he turned over the executive office of the government to Peixoto.

While there has been a minority in the Congress opposed to Peixoto's government, he has been sustained by a large majority. Unfortunately for him, one of the Provisional Cabinet which had served under Fonseca became a leader of the minority in Congress. Only one of the old cabinet, Rosayuva, who had been Provisional Secretary of Foreign Affairs, remained loyal to Peixoto. Not only was the minority of Congress actively and aggressively hostile to Peixoto, but there was trouble with the States, and especially in the State of Rio Grande do Sul, the principal State of the southern part of the republic. The Constitution of Brazil like our own, permits the interference of Federal troops within a State in case of domestic insurrection. Peixoto was constantly being appealed to by the State authorities to preserve peace. Domestic broils were constant. It was charged by the people against whom his troops were called upon to act, who often formed a large minority, and sometimes, it is said, even a majority, of the people of the State invaded, that Peixoto was altogether too quick to send his troops into a State. These are the causes of complaint that were known to have been prevalent. There has been constant effort in certain quarters, and especially in the navy, to instigate rebellion against the republican government. Not long since the head of the navy, Admiral Wandenkolk, instigated a street riot in the capital of Rio, which was finally suppressed. While all these facts indicate that the cause of the present outbreak was the general discontent pervading certain States of the republic, and the opportunity thus afforded to some restless spirits in the navy, the immediate cause of the outbreak is unknown. The navy, it is claimed, is not united against Peixoto, and the army is not supposed to be acting with the navy. It is presumed that the outbreak was begun by Admiral Mello about the 23d of August. The Admiral was designated as leader of the rebel forces by certain deputies who had escaped from Rio and declared war. At that time he was in command of three ships lying in the bay of Rio—the *Aquidabam*, the *Republica*, and another, whose name is not known. The reports that have come from the seat of the trouble have been vague and conflicting. The capital of the country, Rio de Janeiro, is said to have been bombarded more than once, but the reports have been contradicted. It is probably true that shots have been fired into the city, but that the English and other foreign warships have interfered to preserve the capital.

Rio is very beautifully situated, and is a great port. The commerce of this country with it is important, and Americans have some interests in the city, although not nearly so much as has been asserted. The exports from Brazil to the United States aggregate more than $85,000,000. The imports from this country are about $13,000,000. The most important trade between this country and Brazil is in coffee. Brazil furnishes about five eighths of the coffee consumed in the United States. Trade in these articles has been greatly stimulated by the reciprocity treaty made during President Harrison's term of office under the provisions of the McKinley act. At the same time the markets of this country have been practically closed to coffee from other ports of South America by the refusal of the Venezuelans and others to make treaties, whereupon Mr Harrison placed a duty, as permitted by the McKinley act, upon products of the countries so refusing. For the protection of American interests the United States have ordered three war vessels to Rio, but by reason of one accident after another only one has yet reached there, the *Charleston*. The *Newark* is on her way there from New York. The *Detroit* will be ready to proceed after her final acceptance, which will be in a short time, and the *New York* will be ready to go when needed.



THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

XI.—THE PARALYZER AND CONSERVATOR.

The waiter had withdrawn, after pinching out the last imaginary wrinkle in the cloth with the ends of his fingers, and the cigars of the four men around the table were well started, but the usual conversational flow did not begin. Peters was commencing to show signs of nervousness. It was a rainy night outside, and the rounded backs of the pavement stones were clean and sliding under the lights. A cab rattled past, and Peters grasped at the incident eagerly.

"I wonder," he said, in an earnest tone, "why a cab always makes twice as much noise on a rainy night as it does on a dry one?"

"Would not your question come more properly before the National Academy of Sciences?" inquired Robinson.

"Or why not bring the subject before the public in a letter to the editor in the New York *Tribune* or the *Evening Post*, and sign yourself 'Old Subscriber' or 'Pro Bono Publico'?" asked Smith.

"Speaking of driving," went on Peters, not seeming to hear—"speaking of driving—"

"Jackson Jackson," broke in Jones, gently, "nobody said a word about—"

"Speaking of driving," insisted Peters, with unwonted firmness, "I just read a new story about the late William R. Travers. He was one day riding on the box seat of a six-horse Western stage. The driver was extremely drunk, and finally dropped one of the lines, and the horses began to run away. The fellow leaned over and fumbled about for a minute or so, trying to recover the rein, when Travers suddenly said, 'L-l-let it-go, you d-d-ace' fool, you've g-g-got more n you can handle now!'"

"Very good," said Robinson. "Brings to my mind the practice which obtains among English country gentlemen when hiring a new coachman. They do not ask, on such occasions, 'Do you drink?' but 'Can you drive when you are drunk?'"

"Clever idea," assented Jones. "While the subject of stopping runaway horses is up, I might say that I have looked into the matter considerably myself. When I lived at Fostoria, Ohio, I owned the worst runaway horse in the State. Driving him consisted simply of clinging to your seat and letting him run till he was tired. I tried the Griswold Horse-controller, and it worked well. As you may know, this consists of a stout perpendicular timber back of the seat, with a horizontal beam extending out over the horse, precisely like an old-time gibbet. It is fitted with tackle, which is connected with a stout canvas or leather band which goes around the horse's middle. When the animal begins to run, you pull on the rope and raise him about eighteen inches from the ground. When I pulled up my horse, which was named Sir Landslide, after he was well started, his legs would continue fanning the air so rapidly that it was impossible to follow the movements with the eye. It would often take him ten or fifteen minutes to run down, such was his terrific momentum."

"I've heard of that thing," interposed Jackson Peters. "And the other day I read of some sort of an affair called the Talking horse Runaway preventer. It is connected with the bit in some way. A young man at Lansing, Michigan, tried one while taking his girl out riding. They had to ford a considerable stream, and the Preventer went off in some way while they were in the middle of it, and they had to sit there three hours before they were rescued. And now the girl's mother accuses the young man of letting the thing off on purpose, and there is a good prospect that he will lose the girl."

"When you are quite done with this kindergarten business," said Jones, "I will tell of the Centennial Runaway Paralyzer and Conservator of Force. It was a little invention of my own for use in connection with Sir Landslide. The Griswold Controller worked well, but I saw a loss of force which annoyed me, as I did when I conceived my tramp and cut motors, and my Morning Star Milker, operated by the motion of the cow's jaw in chewing her cud. In the Centennial Paralyzer and Conservator I had recourse to a dynamo and storage battery under the carriage seat. Beneath the carriage and near the ground I had swung a tread mill track which could be extended out in front like the gang-plank of a steamboat. Hitching up Sir Landslide, I would start out as usual. At the sight of the first telegraph pole, baby perambulator, umbrella, or other object which in his judgment furnished a sufficient excuse for running, he would start. When he had got well going I would run forward the track under his feet, and he would find himself standing still, though running with all the fierceness of his vicious nature. My dynamo, propelled by the flying track under the feet of Sir Landslide, would revolve with lightning like rapidity, and I would divert a part of the force to propelling the carriage, and would jog along at the rate of six miles an hour with my horse going at the rate of twenty five. The noise of the machinery excited him a good deal, and he would often run for two hours, leaving me to take a quiet morning drive with Sir Landslide and the Paralyzer and Conservator."

"Why did you never put your great invention on the market?" asked Peters.

"Too many other interests, Jackson. But I got it patented, and if you would care for it I'll make you a present of the patent, and you can begin the manufacture of the apparatus along with that of your own ingenious pneumatic galoches for cab-horses, so they won't make so much noise rainy nights."

H. C.

AN OCTOBER DAY.

Through jagged rifts of woodland, sere and red,
The stubble gleams like some rich treasury floor;
There lie the pumpkins' orbs of gold outspread
And husked corn heaped up in goodly store.

Among the stacks a straying moody breeze
Makes music like reverberance of lines—
Faint cymbals smote by nature as she sees
The prophecies of spring-time come to pass.

A film is hung upon the fallow hills,
As amber sea sleeps in the purple noon;
The noise of blackbirds from the distance thrills—
Rude revellers 'mid the autumn's harvest boon.

Bright sumac clumps the dusty road-side deck,
Their leaves like tongues of a devouring flame;
Mixed with dry vestige of the summer's wreck,
Gray ghosts of flowers of sweet familiar name.

There droops the flexile stalk of golden-rod,
Its precious sceptre rusted and grown lean—
As fallen from the hand of prince and
In fairy spell of hundred years or more.

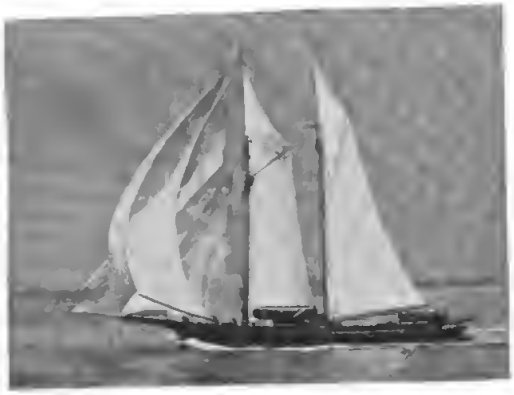
A dampness blurs the stretching meadow sod,
Nipped by the frost to reddish brown and gray—
Where, grazing 'mid the milkweed's frothy pod
And thistles, drearily the cattle stray.

Yet still against the fence's vine wreathed bars
The purple asters glow serenely bright—
Mid autumn's flowers, which, like the evening stars,
Are harbingers of winter's hastening night.

Edward A. Uffington Valentine.

AMERICA

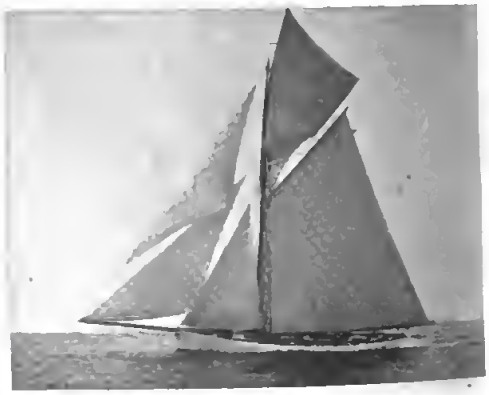
MADELINE.



COLUMBIA.

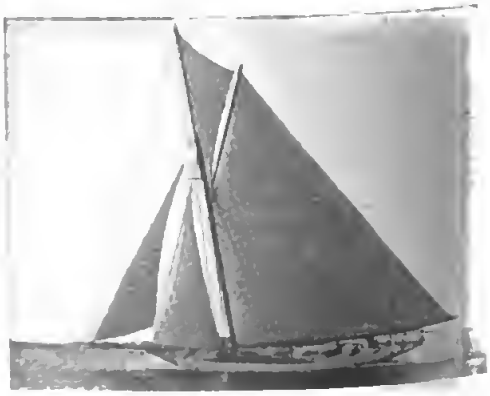
MISCHIEF.

PURITAN



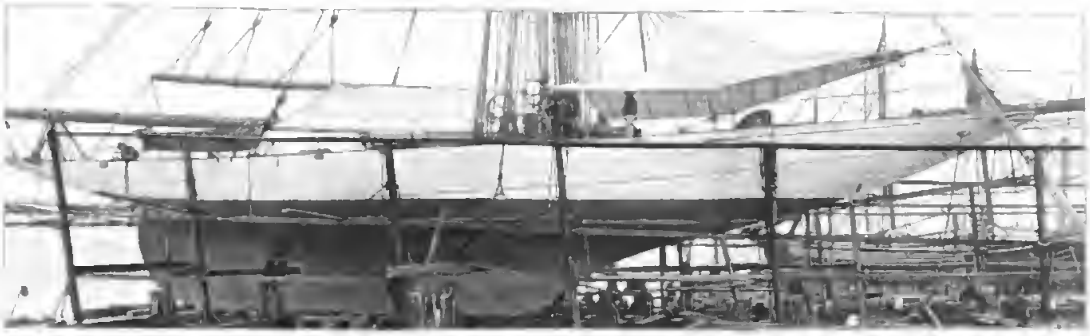
MAYFLOWER.

VOLUNTEER.

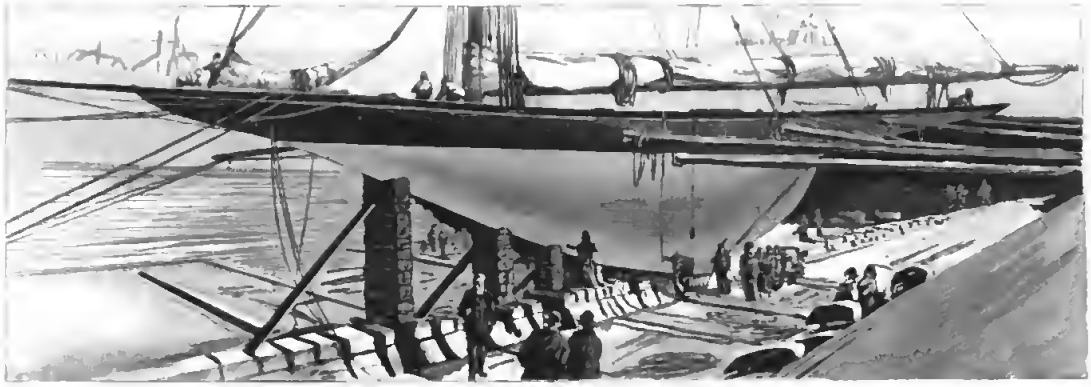


VIGILANT.

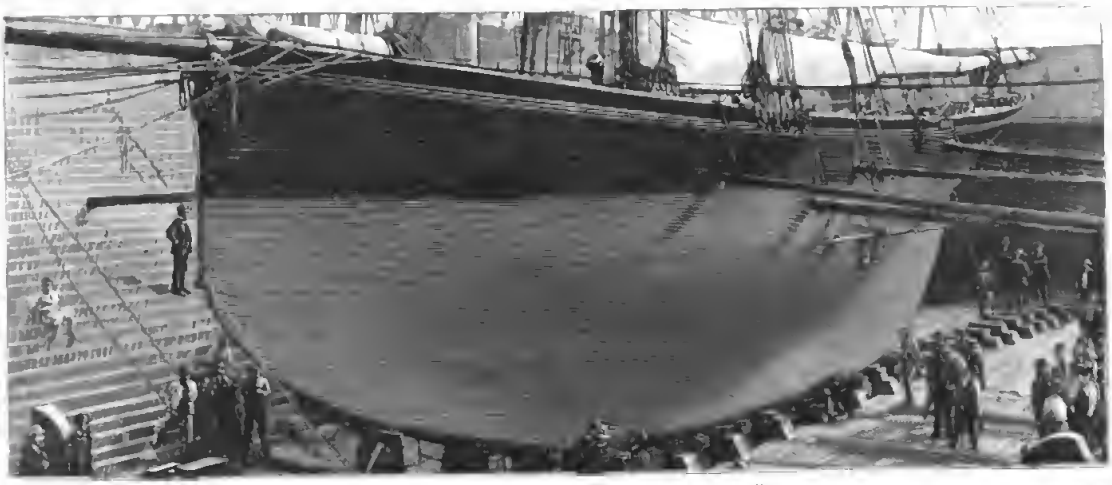
DEFENDERS OF THE "AMERICA'S" CUP, PAST AND PRESENT.—[See Page 966.]



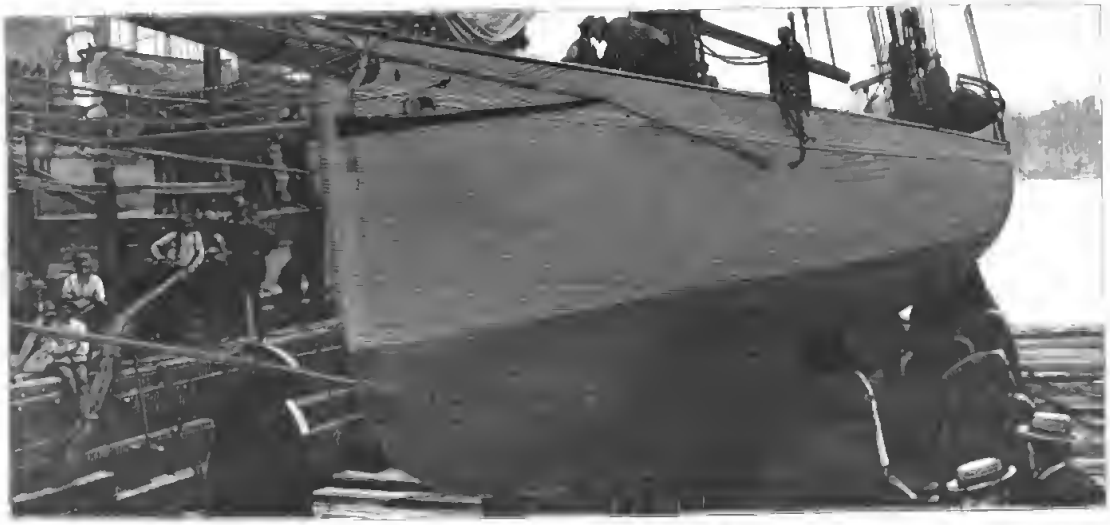
VIGILANT, CUP-DEFENDER OF 1893, ON DRY-DOCK.



VALKYRIE, BRITISH CHALLENGER OF 1893, ON DRY-DOCK.



GENESTA, THE BRITISH CHALLENGER OF 1885, ON DRY-DOCK.



PURITAN, THE AMERICA'S CUP-DEFENDER OF 1885, ON DRY-DOCK.

CUP-DEFENDERS, PAST AND PRESENT.—[See Page 966.]

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OLD STRAWBERRY BANK.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

STRAWBERRY BANK is the quaint, sweet bit of nomenclature which the early Puritans gave to the site of the present city of Portsmouth, in New Hampshire. The name, like the profusion of wild strawberries that suggested it, has vanished. The Puritan hamlet has resolved into a reminiscence, sombre and phantasmal, like a faded family portrait. The few old houses which remain of his immediate descendants are almost without significance. They are merely the crumbling shells of things dead and gone, of persons and manners and customs that have left no very distinct record of themselves, excepting here and there in some sallow manuscript which has luckily escaped the withering breath of fire, for the old town has managed from the earliest moment of its existence to burn itself up periodically. It is only through the scattered memoranda of ancient town-clerks and in the files of worm-eaten and forgotten newspapers that we are enabled to get glimpses of that life which was once so real and positive and has now become an shadowy. I am of course speaking of the early days of the settlement on Strawberry Bank. They were stormy and eventful days. The dense forest which surrounded the clearing was alive with hostile red men. The sturdy pilgrim went to sleep with his firelock at his bedside, not knowing at what moment he might be awakened by the glare of his burning hay-ricks and the piercing war whoop of the Wompanoags. Year after year he saw his harvest reaped by a sickle of flame, as he peered through the loop-holes of the block-house, whither he had flown in hot haste with good wife and little ones. The block-house at Strawberry Bank appears to have been on an extensive scale, with stockades for the shelter of cattle. It held large supplies of stores, and was amply furnished with arquebuses, sakers, and murtherers, a species of naval ordnance which probably did not belie its name. It also boasted, we are told, of two drums for training-days, and no fewer than fifteen hautboys and soft-voiced recorders—all which suggests a mediæval castle, or a giant fortress in the time of Queen Elizabeth. To the younger members of the community glass or crockery-ware was an unknown substance, to the elders it was a memory. An iron pot was the pot of all work, and their table utensils were of beaten pewter. The diet was also of the simplest—pea porridge and corn cake, with a mug of ale or a flagon of Spanish wine, when they could get it.

John Mason, who was never personally in this country, but delegated the management of his plantation at Piscataqua and Newhewannock to stewards, died before realizing any appreciable returns from his enterprise. He spared no endeavor, meanwhile, to further its prosperity. In 1632, three years before his death, Mason sent over from Denmark a number of neat cattle, "of a large breed and yellow colour." The herd thrived and it is said that some of the stock is still extant on farms in the vicinity of Portsmouth. Those old first families had a kind of staying quality!

In May, 1653, the inhabitants of the settlement petitioned the General Court at Boston to grant them a definite township—for the boundaries were doubtful—and the right to give it a proper name. "Whereas the name of this plantation att present being Strabery Banke, accidentally soe called, by reason of a banke whem strawberries was found in this place, now we humbly desire to have it called *Portsmouth*, being a name most suitable for this place, it being the river's mouth, and good as any in this land, and your petit'rs shall humbly pray," *etc.*

Throughout that formative period and during the intermittent French wars, Portsmouth and the outlying districts were the scenes of many bloody Indian massacres. No portion of the New England colony suffered more. Famine, fire, pestilence, and war, each in its turn, and sometimes in conjunction, beleaguered the little stronghold, and threatened to wipe it out. But that was not to be.

The settlement flourished and increased in spite of all, and as soon as it had leisure to draw breath, it bethought itself of the school house and the jail—two incontestable signs of budding civilization. At a town meeting in 1662 it was ordered "that a cage be made of some other meanes invented by the selectmen to punish such as sleepe or take tobacco on the Lord's day out of the meetinge in the time of the publique service." This salutary measure was not for some reason carried into effect until nine years later, when Captain John Pickering, who seems to have had as many professions as Michaelangelo, undertook to construct a cage twelve feet square and seven feet high, with a pillory on top; "the mid Pickering to make a good strong dore and make a substantiall payre of stocks and place the same in said cage." A spot conveniently near the west end of the meeting-house was selected as the site for this ingenious device. It is more than probable that "the said Pickering" indirectly furnished an occasional bird for his cage, for in 1672 we find him and one Edward Westwere authorized by the selectmen to "keepe houses of publique entertainment." He was a versatile individual, this John Pickering—soldier, miller, moderator, carpenter, lawyer, and innkeeper. Mr. Charlangelo need not blush to be bracketed with him. In the course of a long and variegated career he never failed to act according to his lights, which he always kept well trimmed. That Captain Pickering subsequently became the grandfather, at several removes, of the present writer was no fault of the Captain's, and should not be laid up against him.

Down to 1696 the education of the young appears to have been a rather desultory and tentative matter. "The young idea" seems to have been allowed to "shoot" at whatever it wanted to; but in that year it was voted "that care be taken that an abell scollmaster [skullmaster!] be provided for the town as the law directs, *not remote in conversation*." That was perhaps demanding too much; for it was not until "May ye 7" of the following year that the selectmen were fortunate enough to put their finger on this *rara avis* in the person of Mr. Tho. Phippes, who agreed "to be scollmaster for the towen this yr imeswing for teaching the inhabitants children in such manner as other schollmasters youndy doe throughout the countrie, for his wee doinge we the sellectt men in behalfe of ouye towen doe ingage to pay him by way of rate twenty poundes and yt he shall and may reserve from every father or master that sends theyer children to school this yeare after ye rate of 16s for readers, writers and cypherers 20s, Lattiners 24s."

Modern advocates of phonetic spelling need not plume themselves on their originality. The town-clerk who wrote that delicious "youndy doe" settles the question. It is to be hoped that Mr. Tho. Phippes was not only "abell in conversation" but was more conversant in his orthography. He evidently gave satisfaction and clearly exerted no influence on the town-clerk, Mr Samuel Keais, who ever after shown a marked improvement in his own methods. In 1704 the town empowered the selectmen "to call and settell a gramer scoll according to ye best of yowar judgment and for ye advantag [Keais is obviously dead now] of ye youth of ower town to lerne them to read from ye printer, to wright and sypher and to learne ym the toughes and good manners." On this occasion it was Mr. William Allen, of Salisbury, who engaged "diligently to attend ye school for ye present yeare and teach all children yt can read in theim psalters and upward." From such humble beginnings were evolved some of the best public high schools at present in New England.

Portsmouth did not escape the witchcraft delusion, though I believe that no hangings took place within the boundaries of the township. Dwellers by the sea are generally superstitious, sailors always are. There is something in the illimitable expanse of sky and water that dilates the imagination. The folk who live along the coast live on the edge of a perpetual mystery; only a strip of yellow sand or gray rock separates them from the unknown, they hear strange voices in the winds at midnight, they are haunted by the specters of the mirage. Their minds quickly take the impress of uncanny things. The witches therefore found a sympathetic atmosphere in Newcastle, at the mouth of the Piscataqua—that slender paw of land which reaches out into the ocean and terminates in a spread of sharp flat rocks, like the claws of an amorous cat. What happened to the good folk of that picturesque little fishing hamlet is worth retelling in brief. In order properly to retell it, a contemporary witness shall be called upon to testify in the case of the Stone-throwing Devils of Newcastle. It is the Rev. Cotton Mather who addresses you:

"On June 11, 1682 showers of stones were thrown by an invisible hand upon the house of George Walton at Portsmouth [Newcastle was then a part of the town]. Whereupon the people going out found the gate wrung off the hinges, and stones flying and falling thick about them, and striking of them seemingly with *a great force*, but really affecting 'em no more than if *a soft touch* were given them. The glass windows were broken by stones that came not from without, but from within; and other instruments were in a like manner hurled about. Nine of the stones they took up, whereof some were as hot as if they came out of the fire, and marking them they laid them on the table, but in a little while they found some of them again flying about. The spit was carried up the chimney, and coming down with the point forward, stuck in the back log, from whence one of the company removing it, it was by an invisible hand thrown out at the window. This disturbance continued from day to day; and sometimes a dismal hollow *whistling* would be heard, and sometimes the *trotting* and *snorting* of a horse but nothing to be seen. The man went up the Great Bay in a boat into a farm which he had there; but there the stones found him out, and carrying from the house to the boat a *stirrup iron*, the *iron* came jingling after him through the woods as far as his house; and at last went away and was heard no more. The anchor leaped overboard several times and stopt the boat. A cheese was taken out of the press, and crumbled all over the floor, a piece of iron stuck onto the wall, and a bottle hung thereon. Several cocks of hay, mow'd near the house, were taken up and hung upon the trees, and others made into small whisps, and scattered about the house. A man was much hurt by some of the stones. He was a Quaker, and suspected that a woman, who charged him with injustice in detaining some land from her, did by *witchcraft* occasion these preternatural occurrences. However, at last they came to an end."

Now I have done with thee, O credulous and sour Cotton Mather! no yet thee back again to thy tomb in the old burying-ground on Copp's Hill, where, unless thy nature is radically changed, thou makest it uncomfortable for those about thee.

Nearly a hundred years afterward Portsmouth had another witch—a tangible witch in this instance—one Molly Bridget, who cast her malign spell on the aleconomary pigs at the Almshouse, where she chanced to reside at the moment. The pigs were manifestly bewitched, and Mr. Clement March, the superintendent of the institution, saw only one remedy at hand and that was to cut off and burn the tips of their tails. But when the tips were cut off they disappeared, and it was in consequence quite impracticable to burn them. Mr March, who was a gentleman of expedients, ordered that all the chips and underbrush in the yard should be made into heaps and consumed, hoping thus to catch and do away with the mysterious and provoking entremitten. The fires were no sooner lighted than Molly Bridget rushed from room to room in a state of frenzy. With the dying flames her own vitality subsided, and she was dead before the ash-piles were cold. I say it seriously when I say that these are facts of which there is authentic proof.

If the woman had recovered she would have fared badly, even at that late period, had she been in Salem; but the death penalty has never been hastily inflicted in Portsmouth. The first execution that ever took place there was that of Sarah Simpson and Penlope Kenny, for the murder of an infant in 1739. The sheriff was Thomas Packer, the same official who twenty nine years later won unenviable notoriety at the hanging of Ruth Blay. The circumstances are set forth by the late Albert Laighton in a spirited ballad, which is too long to quote in full. The following stanzas, however give the pith of the story:

> "And a voice among them shouted,
> 'Pause before the deed is done;
> We have asked repriev've and pardon
> For the poor misguided one.'
>
> "But these words of Sheriff Packer
> Hung above the swelling crowd:
> 'Miss I wait and lose my dinner?
> Draw away the cart, my boys!'
>
> "Nearer came the sound and louder,
> Till a steed with panting breath,
> From its sides the white foam dripping,
> Halted at the scene of death;
>
> "And a messenger alighted,
> Pushing to the crowd, Make way!
> This I bear to Sheriff Packer;
> 'Tis a pardon for Ruth Blay!'"*

But of course he arrived too late—the Law led Mercy about twenty minutes. The crowd dispersed, horror stricken; but it assembled again that night before the sheriff's domicile and expressed its indignation in groans. His effigy, hanged on a miniature gallows, was afterward paraded through the streets.

> "Be the name of Thomas Packer
> A reproach for evermore!"

Laighton's ballad reminds me that Portsmouth has been prolific in poets, one of whom, at least, has left a mouthful of perennial rhyme for orators—Jonathan Sewell, with his

> "No poet-up Ulica contracts your powers,
> But the whole boundless continent is yours."

I have somewhere seen a volume with the alliterative title of *Poets of Portsmouth*, in which are embalmed no fewer than sixty immortals!

But to drop into prose again, and have done with this third of odds and ends. Portsmouth has the honor, I believe, of establishing the first recorded pauper workhouse—though not in connection with her poets, as might naturally be supposed. The building was completed and tenanted in 1716. Seven years later an act was passed in England authorizing the establishment of parish workhouses there. The first and only keeper of the Portsmouth almshouse up to 1750 was a woman—Rebecca Austin.

Speaking of first things we are told by Mr. Nathaniel Adams, in his *Annals of Portsmouth*, that on the 20th of April, 1761, Mr John Stavers began running a stage from that town to Boston. The carriage was a two horse carricle, wide enough to accommodate three passengers. The fare was thirteen shillings and sixpence sterling per head. The carriage was presently superseded by a series of fat yellow coaches, one of which—nearly a century later, and long after that pleasant mode of travel had fallen obsolete—was the cause of much mental tribulation* to the writer of this chronicle.

The mail and the newspaper are closely associated factors in civilization, so I mention them together, though in this case the newspaper antedated the mail-coach about five years. On October 7, 1756, the first number of *The New Hampshire Gazette and Historical Chronicle* was issued in Portsmouth from the press of Daniel Fowle, who in the previous July had removed from Boston, where he had undergone a brief but uncongenial imprisonment on suspicion of having printed a pamphlet entitled, "The Monster of Monsters, by Tom Thumb, Esq.," an essay that contained some uncomplimentary reflections on several official personages. The *Gazette* was the pioneer journal of the province. It was followed at the close of the same year by *The Mercury and Weekly Advertiser*, published by a former apprentice of Fowle, a certain Thomas Furber, backed by a number of restless Whigs, who considered the *Gazette* not sufficiently outspoken in the cause of liberty. Mr. Fowle, however, contrived to hold his own until the day of his death. Fowle had for pressman a faithful negro named Primus, a full-blooded African. Whether Primus was a freeman or a slave I am unable to state. He lived to a great age, and was a prominent figure among the people of his own color.

Negro slavery was common in New England at that period. In 1767 Portsmouth numbered in its population a hundred and eighty-eight slaves, male and female. Their bondage, happily, was nearly always of a light sort, if any bondage can be light. They were allowed to have a kind of government of their own, indeed were encouraged to do so, and no unreasonable restrictions were placed on their social enjoyment. They annually elected a king and counsellors, and celebrated the event with a procession. The aristocratic feeling was highly developed in them. The rank of the master was the slave's rank. There was a great deal of showy standing around on its dignity in those days. For example, Governor Langdon's manservant, Cyrus Bruce, was a person who insisted on his distinction and it was recognized. His massive gold chain and seals, his cherry colored small-clothes and silk stockings, his ruffles and silver shoe-buckles, were a tradition long after Cyrus himself was pulverized.

In cases of minor misdemeanor among them the negroes themselves were permitted to be judge and jury. Their administration of justice was often characteristically naïve. Mr. Brewster, in his *Rambles about Portsmouth*, gives an amusing sketch of one of their sessions. King Nero is on the bench, and one Cato—we am nothing if not classical—is the prosecuting attorney. The name of the prisoner and the nature of his offence are not disclosed to posterity in the midst of the proceedings the hour of noon is changed from the neighboring belfry of the Old North Church. "The evidence was not gone through with, but the servants could stay no longer from their home duties. They all wanted to see the whipping, but could not conveniently be present again after dinner. Cato ventured to address the King. *Please your Honor, best let the fellow have his whipping now, and finish the trial after dinner.* The request seemed to be the general wish of the company, so Nero ordered ten lashes, for justice so far as the trial went, and ten more at the close of the trial should he be found guilty!"

Slavery in New Hampshire was never legally abolished, unless Abraham Lincoln did it. The State itself has not ever pronounced any emancipation edict. During the Revolutionary war the slaves were gradually emancipated by their masters. That many of the negroes, who had grown gray in service, refused their freedom and elected to spend the rest of their lives as pensioners in the families of their late owners, is a circumstance that illustrates the kindly ties which held between slave and master in the old colonial days in New England.

The institution was accidental and superficial, and never had any real root in the Granite State. If the Puritans could have found in the Scriptures any direct sanction of slavery, perhaps it would have continued a while longer, for the Puritan carried his religion into the business affairs of life, he was not even able to keep it out of his bills of lading. I cannot close this rambling chapter more appropriately and solemnly than by quoting from one of those same pious bills of lading. It is dated June, 1726, and reads: "Shipped by the grace of God in good order and well conditioned, by Wm Pepperells on there own acct and risque in and upon the good Briga called the William, whereof is master under God for this present voyage George King, now riding at anchor in the river Piscataquam and by God's grace bound to Barbadoes." Here follows a catalogue of the miscellaneous cargo, rounded off with "and so God send the good Briga to her desired port in safety. Amen."

* Some idle reader here and there may possibly recall the bursting of the old stage-coach in *The Story of a Bad Boy*.

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F. S. CHURCH IN HIS STUDIO.

F. S. CHURCH.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS

On a low wheeled stand, made for models to pose on, or for a lounge, for over it is thrown a well-worn Turkish rug, there are strewn portfolios and packages of sketches.

Permitted to rummage at will, I lay hands on an etching, and it startles me. By no manner of means is this the first time I have seen this etching. I am not any more impressionable than is my neighbor, but I have never clapped eyes on this etching without its having given me a distinct impression. It shows a mummy's head.

I am positive there must be a mummy's head somewhere in the studio. Such an object as is on this paper never was born from man's inner consciousness. I look around me, and over the gilt frame of a picture ("The Battle of the Sirens") on a shelf I see the head. It wears a coiffe, and those folds of crumbling cloth were the finishing touches of some fashionable Egyptian embalmer. The skin is stretched taut as is a drum across ridges of bone. There are no smooth cheeks; they are tanned leather. Alone on that shelf, the head is typical of dumb death.

But how comes about a marvel when I scan the etching? On the paper the head lingers, as it were, betwixt life and death. Beneath the print the artist has drawn the symbol of Egypt—the globe that flits, upheld by the wings of eternal existence. Does magic hold its sway by means of graven seals?

Poor old parched lips that never will smile again, plugged up nostrils that will never quiver! How comes it that by means of a single adjunct this fancy is born, that did I wait only long enough those eyelids might tremble, and the sealed lips breathe a faint sigh?

It was such a little thing for the artist to have placed close, close to that shrivelled skull a rose. But then came witchery. The girl is no longer a coagulated mass of albumenoids, hard as a boot heel, shrouded in rotting cerements, forlorn, forgotten, unnamed, discredited, repulsive, profaned. She is alive, dainty, alert, perfumed, little eared, full-bosomed, pliant as a lotus stalk. She is not mute, for she ripples over with sweet laughter. She is one of the sisterhood Dr. Holmes remembers and calls "those dear dead girls." It is the rose, with its freshness, that bids the dead to wake and inhale life's delights.

Call the rose, if you will, something done by trick of contrast; but that etching arouses some deep sentiment—unsought less than the expectation of immortality. I write about this etching not as affecting me alone, but others, graver, more callous critics than I presume to be, because it demonstrates better than aught else what is one of the subtleties of Mr. F. S. Church's art.

In the brief sketch of an artist a writer may ask himself which of two things does the public care more to know about, the man or his work? The general reply would be, you must give both, for the man and his work are inseparable, the one the complement of the other. But I do not know that this is always the exact case. When the life history of some great artist is studied, parallelism between the man and his art shows strange divergencies. Ruskin to the contrary, Turner as a man was far below the merit of his work. Between the battery, the human brain, and the mechanism at the end of the wire there flows that electrical fluid which is never to be particularized.

In studying the work of Mr. Church I have yearned to know how he should have selected for his special domain in art the one which was the least materialistic, for if this painter has any marked characteristic, it is his devotion to what is the purely ideal. It is much easier to say than to prove that poetical temperament is hereditary. Still, it is safe to believe that this particular temperament was born in Mr. Church, and that it awaited development. "Repress nature and it returns at full gallop," but with Mr. Church such repression as he went through might have turned an amply winged Pegasus into the spavined horse in the shafts of a junk wagon.

I wanted to go as far back as I could, and so I asked Mr. Church to show me his earliest work. We both laugh as he unrolls a boyish panorama, in which robbers and their victims are roughly drawn and crudely colored. It is a childish performance, and shows nothing, save that the villains scowl in a particularly malignant manner. When the artist was a boy he must have suffered from an indigestion of dime novels. Boys are not sentimentalists if they are healthy, and Mr Church as a lad must have been an uncommonly sound one.

Here are some books Mr. Church gives me to look over. What are these drawings? Save us! Figures copied from *Punch* of thirty odd years ago, the fun of Leech, Doyle, Tenniel, and I find an early squib of Thackeray's. The outlines are fairly vigorous. There is a wash of color, and the tips of noses are painted red. Is Mr. Church to be a caricaturist? Such seemed at first to be his bent. I have due respect for the caricaturist. His power I acknowledge. Only he makes the firework of art. He is scintillating for the nonce, but then he goes out, and he is only *une pièce de circonstance*. The artist that was to be was, however, acquiring manipulative dexterity. He tells me he had no liking then for figure-drawing; he loved animal life. "Ever since I remember," said Mr. Church, "I have watched animals. Birds, insects, and frogs, turtles, rabbits, chickens, grasshoppers, all had so intensely comic side to me."

Long, then, before he held a pencil Mr. Church had commenced his studies, and that intense love of animated life is as strong to-day in the matured man as when he was a child. What I am trying to do is to follow an artist's mental development. He saw, then, at first only the ludicrous side of God's creatures, and had but the faintest glimmer of their adaptability to a higher plane of art. But there must have been an inkling of an opposite sentiment, for, mind you, laughing and crying are not so very far apart. Still, things were inchoate, jumbled, blurred, wanting in clearness; only there was present true artistic aspiration. From the lowest to the highest is the natural process, and there are some men who fight their way from the common plane to the mountaintopeak. No crown of art ever was won at a bound.

Frederick Stuart Church, known in the lists of American

F. S. KING.

art as F. S. Church (for there are other Churches of distinction who are painters, but to these he is not related), was born at Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1842. The father and mother were Americans; their origin, English and Scotch. Leaving school at Grand Rapids when he was thirteen, he went to Chicago and became a money-delivery clerk in an express company. During the war he volunteered, and saw service in Company A, Chicago Light Artillery. He was in the ranks for three years and three months, was present at many a hard fought action, and was honorably discharged. Returning to Chicago, he again took office work in the American Express Company.

I ask Mr Church, "Why is it that you never have put in your work a bayonet or a battery?" His reply is, "I saw then only funny business—that alone occupied my attention."

He was always drawing. He read Ruskin, and that gave him courage, and certainly chastened his ideas. Walter Shirlaw was then teaching at the Chicago Academy of Design, and Mr. Church took lessons in drawing. At Grand Rapids there had been a drawing-master, but that was but a poor start.

Then there came the yearning to become an artist and the necessity to support himself by his work, and so Mr Church took to the most uncongenial of tasks—mechanical drawing. Dealers in stoves, steam engines, patent coffee mills, wanted cuts for catalogues, and Mr Church drew on the block for the wood engravers. It was honest work, but stultifying in an art sense.

In 1868 Mr. Church came to New York. The express business, the mechanical drawing, were his creative hours, but those days were not over. His knowledge of art was limited. It is very old at twenty-six to begin an art career in a great city. For the one man who succeeds when more than a third of a life is spent there are 99,999 who fail or lapse into mediocrity.

The real serious work of his life began when Mr Church studied at the Academy of Design, with L. E. Wilmarth as his teacher. During the day he went to the Park and sketched animals. At night there were lessons at the academy.

"I worked hard then," said Mr. Church. When Mr.

(Continued on page 962.)

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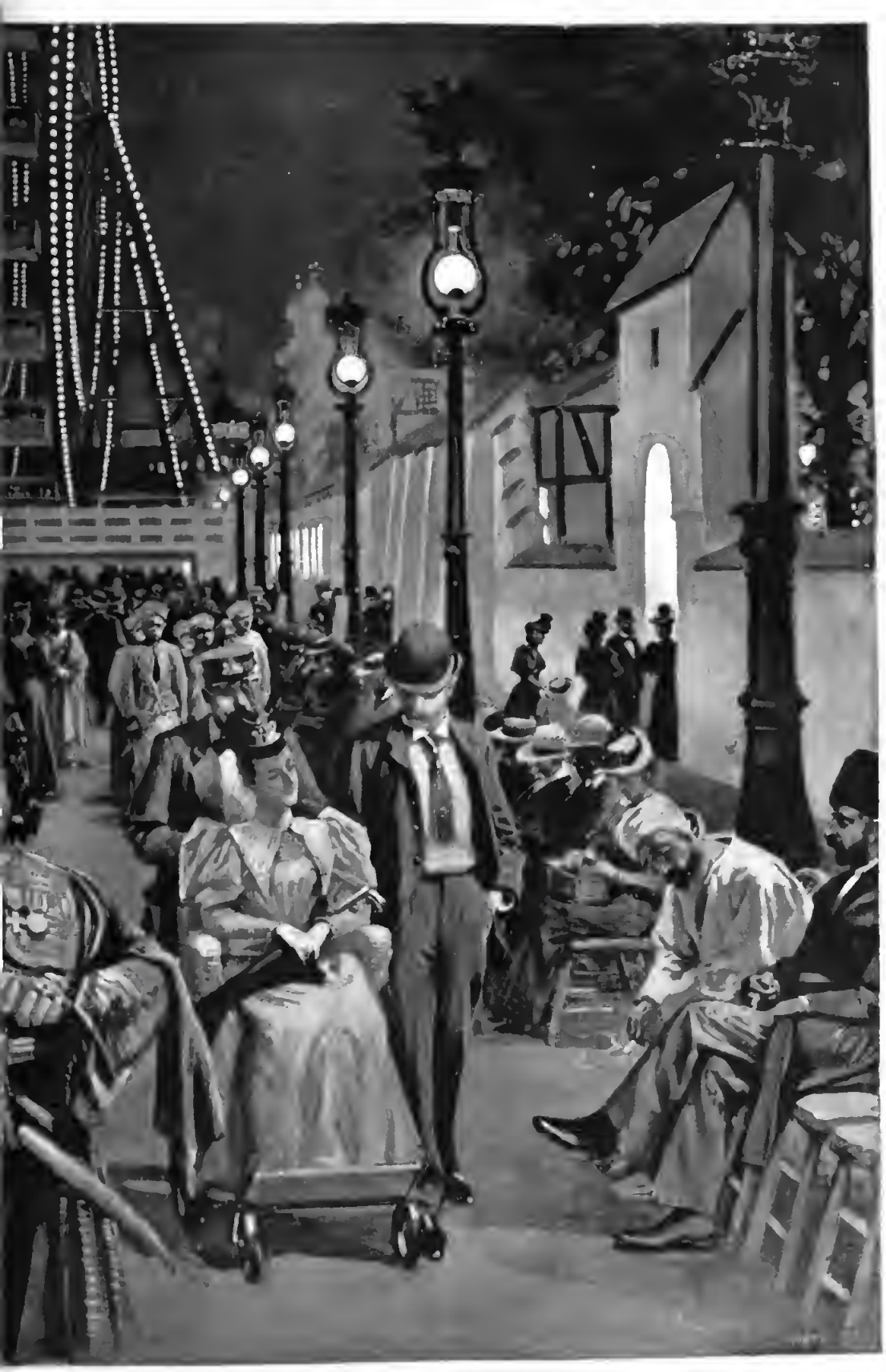
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE MIDWAY



AT NIGHT.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

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(Continued from page 958.)

Church had said that, I knew it meant the case of a man who, save when eating and sleeping never had pencil out of his fingers. I am positive that, with some acquaintance with artists, I never met any one who was such a glutton for work as this Mr. Church. It has been my good fortune, simply as text maker, to have been associated with Mr. Church in the preparation of certain articles for the publications of the Messrs. Harper, and I never saw such intense painstaking displayed as in Mr. Church's studies of animal life. One pose of an animal never sufficed him. There are in Mr. Church's portfolios thousands of sketches of lions, tigers, panthers, pumas, leopards, bears, and the *crème* of birds are countless. One might say that the poses of the flamingo are innumerable, each one modified by twist of neck, stretch of leg, or droop of wing, and yet it may be asserted that no eccentricity of that bird escapes Mr. Church's notice, but has been precised by means of a careful study. I was amazed when I saw Mr. Church's work in other directions, existing to trees and plants. It is permissible for an artist to jot down in his working sketches barely more than the impressions of what he sees. For faithfulness, care of detail, minute handling, truthfulness, elaboration, and high execution, these studies of trees would show a side of art on the part of Mr Church which would astonish those ignorant of his powers.

I must confess to have chuckled with an inward pleasure when I saw these studies for I lugged them in at once as buttressing a certain art theory I had formulated relative to Mr Church. An artist who would walk ten miles to see only a pump in a country farm house, so as to sketch it, must believe that a certain fixed amount of realism is the true foundation for idealism. That sounds paradoxical, but it is not of my invention.

"Here is my first pay work," said Mr. Church exhibited the advertising pamphlet of a watch company. It was an almanac with comic figures. This was the début. Soon followed caricatures of birds and animals, which were used in HARPER'S MONTHLY, in the WEEKLY, in HARPER'S BAZAR. Occasionally a figure was introduced. "And they were very poor," said Mr Church. "I did not know anything about figures then."

Water colors were taken up by Mr. Church, and here then was success. Now see how the flame was burning, and the man forced to keep it smouldering, for want of a proper draught. His chance was work and work. He pounded and he pounded, and by sheer will and pluck, 'twixt anvil and hammer stroke, little by little the metal began to shape itself.

"I do not know whether people did not in time tire of my bird or animal caricatures. One day when I sent a sketch to Harper's it was returned with the message that it was 'not funny enough.' Though this was true, my heart was quite broken. It was a question of existence. It was the best, the sharpest, lesson I ever had. Once determined to be more serious in art, I breathed all the freer. Then I said to myself, 'It shall be figure work, with such attributes as are my own,' and so I set to work and studied harder than ever."

Constant application, close toil, "the infinite capacity of taking pains," brought about their inevitable results. It was the melting process, and the dross was skimmed. Maybap by long vigils there comes something akin to aesthetic ecstasy, but then there must be a goodly modicum of hard common sense left to fall back upon or the man becomes an art fadlist or an eccentric, and not to be understood.

Mr Church's ability to present poetical subjects never, then, came to him at once. His own ideals he strove to reach when he was past thirty. It was a matured will, a dogged persistence, which did it. Hours, months, years, of fagging toil were devoted to one end. Millions of lines were drawn, with millions of touches of brushes before he could arrive at his own particular delicacy of handling the color expression of his deeper sentiments. For years he was tantalized with the subjects which his hands failed of power to put on canvas. Mr. Church's is the sincerest cult of art I know of.

At last came success, recognition, for Mr. Church had touched a new chord. In contrast with the absolute perfection of his animals or birds, there came their consorting with the dainties of human figures.

Mr. Church's work begins with his first picture in oil, "The Witch's Daughter," of 1882, and after that that nobly conceived one, "Pegasus Captured." Then followed "White Swans and Pink Lilies," "The Viking's Daughter," "Beneath the Sea," "The Sibyl," "Knowledge is Power," "The Fog," "The Sorceress," and "The Battle of the Sirens."

Mr Church's etchings have been many. These are highly prized by collectors, not alone because of their rare excellence, but because the artist, apparently indifferent as to their merits after a few impressions had been made, used the plates for new subjects. "The Mummy Head and the Rose" was painted for the National Academy, then etched. This strikingly poetical work has been reproduced in France with such high encomiums as to its quality as few artists, whether native or foreign receive. To paint a picture is an slight work for Mr Church. What to many would seem an easy task is to this artist something requiring long deliberation. The idea has been conceived, but its execution is pondered over. For one of the smallest heads, but an inch long, Mr Church tells me, months may elapse before he can find the exact study he wants. He must assort the model to his picture, not the picture to the model. He is fastidious as to the character of the material, and as to the way the folds of a drapery fall.

It interested me to know why his mermaids, as in that beautiful painting "Beneath the Sea," have their fair backs floating upwards in the water. Generally the sea-woman is conventional, wearing her hair plastered or trailing down her back, as if she were always stranded on terra firma.

"How could mermaids wear their hair under water as in a drawing-room?" asked Mr. Church. "There never is a woman performing in a tank in a circus or side show that I do not see her. Her hair always floats in the water."

The ideal is intangible, it will fly by you, its meaning escape you, if there be not something for it to anchor to. I am sure Mulready felt this. He was criticising somebody's work which was vaporish. The painter of the diaphanous in thought and texture resented Mulready's criticism, and kept repeating, "But, Mr Mulready, my subject is purely ideal."

"Don't you think, though," replied Mr. Mulready, "that the work of those who wish to give life, to impart a real existence, to the ideal must present some matter which has been observed in living organisms? You may consider Paradise as your ideal, but you cannot put imaginary trees in the Garden of Eden."

Mr. Church thus lures your fancy far beyond the canvas, and yet holds you to it by those actualities which you know to exist. It is, then, for poetical sentiment, without anything lackadaisical, that this artist occupies a ground which no one has ever set foot on before, and it is the domain of a wisely tempered idealism.

The former clerk of the Chicago express office is to-day an Academician of the National Academy of Design, a member of the Society of American Artists, of the New York Etching Club, and of the Art Students' League. The dainties of art-workers is fortunate in possessing a fine physique, for Mr. Church is over six feet in height.

Mr. Francis S. King, the wood engraver, whose fine hand is discernible in the translation of Mr. Church's work, furnishes the illustration of Mr. Church's studio, "The Fog," "The Sorceress," published before this in HARPER'S WEEKLY, were engraved by Mr. King. Among the awards given at Chicago, in the Department of Fine Arts, Mr King's name is found joined with Coles, Davis, Kingsley, Aikman Bernstrom, and others. The pen-and-ink portrait on page 959 is an exact likeness of the engraver. "I was born," Mr King writes, "in Maine, with a love for pictures and for a jack knife." He became an illustrator when barely ten years old. The practical side of art being a necessity, Mr King painted banners and chops and puddings on sign-boards." Coming to New York in 1870, he first was taught the use of the graving-tool.

What with the rapid progress photogravure has made, places for the second-class men in wood engraving are lost. It is only the very best artists who have survived, and for these there always will be a demand for their special talents. The ability to master the mechanism of the line does not alone suffice. The wood-engravers, such as have been signally noticed at the Chicago Fair, are artists in the highest sense. They never could cut wood so as to simulate color and effects without a thorough acquaintance with the pictorial part of a painter's art. Mr King is, then, an artist, skilful with brush and palette, and because of that he is the best interpreter of the most sympathetic translator of Mr. Church's pictures.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE JOHNSON FAMILY WITNESS THE DRILL OF THE LIFE-SAVING CREW.

MR. JOHNSON. "DEY'S SHOOTIN' A CLO'HS-LINE OUT TO US NOW."
MRS. JOHNSON. "DEY'S GWINE TO SAVE DEIR CLO'ES FUST, I S'POSE."

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BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

THE MERRY CABLE-CAR.

DREAMED a merry Cable-Car one
night did visit me.
"I've had a hally time," it said, its
face enwreathed with glee.
"I've had a picnic all the day," re-
marked the festive one,
"And here's about the substance of
the things I've been and done:

"I started out at six o'clock. I
clinged and clanged my gong
To wake up all the sleepers as
I swiftly sped along.
I waked up sixty invalids, each
one in need of sleep
Hol ho! These's lots of fun for
those who sow but never
reap!

"I flew as swiftly as a bird
about the city curves.
And joy, O joy! I did destroy
no end of people's nerves
I amputated one man's foot,
upon the western rail,
As round the turn at Union Square I travelled 'neath full
sail

"Then, as I came near Astor Place, a sailman had the
road,
But I cared naught for him and his. I overtaked his
load.
A hundred quarts of milk were lost. Oho! Aha! Hee-
hee!
It is a lovely, lovely thing a cable-car to be!

"At City Hall there was a jam of wagons in my way.
But I went on, 'Cling clang, clang-clang!' I sang my
little lay.
I strewed the street with wheels and things, truck rungs,
and nice fresh eggs,
And if I'm not mistaken, here and there broke several
legs.

"I smashed into another car, and cut a baby's eye;
I overturned a hansom cab—the driver's going to die.
I also killed a dog or two, and three or four I maimed,
But maiming isn't half the fun some other cars have
claimed.

"Oh, I'm a randy danty car! I'll have a record sooo
That can't be equalled on the earth, the sun, the stars, or
moon.
The car of Juggernaut within the consommé will land,
Unless some busybody of the law takes me in hand.

"So come with me to-morrow, come. Nor salud if there
be storm.
Come watch me at my work whilst I am in the best of
form.
I'll show you such a gory sight as Bonaparte ne'er saw,
For I'm a dandy Cable-Car that's not restrained by law."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A GALLOP THROUGH THE MIDWAY.

THE Midway is a rather engaging place. If it were less commercial it would be great. It is not oppressively "tough." It did not shock Mr. Henry Watterson as he himself has assured us, and I found myself sufficiently fibrous to withstand it. One can satiate one's appetite for strange sights and wounds and regale one's self with several hundred distinct and separate odors. He can hear a Viennese girl mix "Larboard Watch, Ahoy!" with twenty glasses of beer, or two Turks swear cheerfully at each other in perfect English. At the door of every building is a man who renders into Chicagoese the attractions within. Or, rather, he did until President Higinbotham put his vocal gymnastics under the ban, and now he earns his salary by exercising his powers of pantomime, inviting the passers by within in an agony of dumb-show, the while violently whacking with his cane a large sign on which is printed the "patter" with which he was wont to assail the ears of the multitude. There is the muffled beating of tomtoms, the shuffling of many feet, the popcorn and lemonade, and thousands of dull, dusty, frowsy folks who stare and gape and imbibe unlike impressions. With these are people of courage and behavior, and professional ladies from Paris with salmon colored hair and black eyebrows. The bulk of the moving throng have "cous field" written all over them, and these children of Egypt (that is, lower Illinois) wear bonnets and costumes founded on Worth but widely at variance. There is much merriment, especially at night but one sees little drunkenness. The Columbian Guards do not stand in the position of a soldier, and if they did, I am not sure it would serve any good purpose beyond pleasing the eye. Strange fierce-looking negroes who have evidently not felt the elevating influence of South Carolina pass you, and Bedouins who are over-conditioned for folks who eat only barley and figs.

With the clank of a crooked sabre a man in blue clothes, turban, and red leather shoes strides down the middle of the street, and you feel with the sense of admiration creeping over you that if you were not an American you would be a savage of that type. One of Diamond Dick's Indians shuffles along in that weak kneed, in toed gait which speaks of the thorough horseman when he "hits the flat." And so they go—humanity in all its diminutitude. A composite photograph might be a goat or something else dear to the Darwinian heart. After the dim wonder inspired by regarding these images of the Creator had palled, along came a polyglot whose friend I was. He was an officer in the United States navy, and this world is a very little pill to him. We did a lunch in the German *schloss* and when the coffee, cigars, and the bill came round, I could feel the "blind *cinche*" tighten. The coffee and cigars were great, but the bill was greater, and the plunking of the buzzard dollars on the table suggested that I was paying off the mortgage on the farm. We walked up and saw the "Wild East," where the Arabs ride at top speed, and throw sticks which represent darts at each other, and catch them at times in mid-air. I can understand why writers and artists have dwelt so long on the Bedouin, for if he is not a dashing fellow, with his color and high-tailed horse, nothing can be. The racing dromedaries, too, fill me with wonder. I can never become used to a camel, he seems so remote, does this great shuffling tortuous beast, and he is forever associating himself with old red sandstone, ichthyosaurus, and jokes from *Punch*.

At the place where the Bedouin women dance, wherever it is, we found a circle of honest Illinois yeomen seated about on chairs, grinning cheerfully as the dancing women whirled. They ruined the environment and consequently the dance. My polyglot friend fired Arabic at the women, close range, and they replied. The audience rewarded us with their attention, and one old lady asked me if I was a Turk—because I looked so intelligent as the conversation proceeded. I suppose—and I said "Si, señora me heap Turk," and she believed me, and we were both happy.

We did all the savages in turn, as every one else must do who goes there, and Buffalo Bill's besides, where I renewed my first love.

In the evening it rained, and the Midway was somewhat gloomy. The torture-dance at the Algerian Theatre was attractive to see, but the bell boy at the Auditorium assured me that it was all a "low fake, see" and would have explained it all if it had not been my bedtime.

Cairo Street contains the theatre where the women dance in such a shockingly interesting way. It is best not to dwell on this thing. It has been sat upon by the people who best know what is proper or not, and one only goes there in order to verify their judgment. It is now a novelty to Americans, but I fear it would not stand the test of time. As I was looking at the sculptured form of a young woman in the Art Building, a rather excited tousel person with a soft hat on the back of his head nudged me, and confided "Say, the people of Kalamazoo are gettin' used to this yer," and I think that after the people of America could adjust their vision to a cubit square gaze at the Cairo girls they would say, "Lole Fuller can win under a pull."

Such were my impressions at the Midway as I crowded into one of those cattle cars which bear the weary sight-seer into the city. It fulfils its mission as a great educator, and the universal Yankee nation has an opportunity to observe that part of the world which does not wear Derby hats and spend its life in a top-and-bottom tussel with a mortgage bearing eight per cent.

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THERE is satisfaction for some of New York in a review in the last number but one of *The Critic*, in which the reviewer takes Professor Goldwin Smith firmly but courteously to task for the inadequacy of the attention paid to New York in the chapter of his new *History of the United States* which treats of the colonies. The reviewer holds that in devoting thirty-nine pages to New England, nine to Virginia, and only a page and a quarter to New York, Professor Smith betrayed a very serious misapprehension of the importance of a colony "which had more to do with the political development of the United States of to-day than any other State in the Union." For from agreeing with the apparent notion of Professor Smith that the Constitution is but an altered form of the English system, this reviewer appeals to Madison's record of the debates on the Constitution to uphold his assertion that Nederland furnished far more precedents to the fathers of our scheme of government than the British monarchy. It is a refreshment to find in any quarter a disposition to claim due appreciation for the sturdy Dutchmen of New York and the principles they represented. The descendants of the Pilgrims have been so industrious with their pens, and have formed such a habit of attributing all that we have that is good to the inherited virtues of their forebears, that it is a particularly good action to jog our elbows now and then and recall to us that the Pilgrims and Puritans were not the only early settlers of the country who were worth having. If only to restrain the self-conceit of New England it were well to retell at least once a year the pleasant narrative of the venerable Albanian whose two foremost holidays annually celebrated, were Christmas and the anniversary of the great storm that blew the Pilgrim fathers off the coast of New York and on to the shores of Massachusetts.

Mr. Walter Besant speaks amiably in the London *Times* of the hall of the Chicago Art Institute, where the Literary Congress was held, as a place where the authors met, "quietly and peacefully," before an audience of Chicago ladies, and where "their proceedings were only interrupted by the bells of the tram and the electric trolly and by *the horn of the railway train*—unless which in an American city must not be considered as any interruption, because they are part and parcel of the city itself." In extenuation of the racket of the Chicago Lake Front he recalls that in mediæval times the roar of London's industries, church bells, and rumbling wheels could be heard as far off as Highgate; which is as kind of him that we may excuse his calling a steam whistle a "horn," though he will only make some suffering Americans wish that their town noises were as far behind them as London's are.

Mr. Besant was greatly impressed with Chicago, and declares that it is, by long odds, the most American of the American cities. "There," he says, "you are in the very heart of the country, at the very centre of everything" and he implresses that "Chicago will be to America what Babylon formerly was to Asia."

It will please Chicago to be likened to so fine a town as Babylon. Mr. Besant must leave an intention of returning there some time. He is a better-natured traveller than Mr. Kipling, and, from an international-copyright stand-point, a thriftier one, since Kipling's hasty condemnation of the big American towns is reported to have done enormous damage to the circulation of his books in America.

Whether or not Chicago is the centre of all things American it is the centre of a vast and rich farming district, the people of which seem to be profiting hugely by their propinquity to the fair. It is the Western farmers who have crowded the fair during the last six weeks. It was expected that they would pour in after harvest was over, and they have. One of them, with whom a contemporary paragrapher talked, said that he lived one hundred and twenty eight miles from Chicago, and added: "All our people have been or was coming to the fair. We don't let such a chance go by for six dollars." If the fair is as great an educator as it is cracked up to be, it is hard to see how the people of the remoter East and the extreme South and West are ever going to catch up in intelligence with this favored population, whose brains can be stored with all the impressions of the fair at a mere cost of some ten dollars a head.

Of all the congresses that have met in the halls of that Chicago Art Institute of which Mr. Besant speaks so politely, none have been anywhere near as popular or have stirred anything like as much public interest as the Religious Congress. There was never before, it would appear, such a dwelling and arguing together of brethren in tolerated diversity. Christians of all stripes—Roman Catholics, Protestants, Greeks, Trinitarians, Unitarians, and Joseph Cook—Buddhists from India, China, and Japan, Shintoists, Zoroastrians, Jews, Mohammedans, Theosophists, and Christian Scientists, all have discoursed together, hearing one another with respect, speaking freely, and listening as freely as they spoke. Much information and many new ideas have been gathered from this remarkable conference, but one important religious question seems to have been left in even greater obscurity than it was found. If, as appears, there is religious truth in all the various creeds and persuasions of the enlightened gentlemen who took part in these recent discussions, when we call upon the heathen to rise and be counted, whom may we expect to see stand up? The only person at the conference who seems to have taken any pains to save some heathen for future missionary use was Mr. Joseph Cook. Even if, as is likely enough, as much effort as ever is made to Christianize Jews, Buddhists, and Mohammedans, it will be hard for any one who followed the proceedings of the Congress ever again to regard there as plain heathen. The available heathen of these days are cannibals and agnostics. Cannibals are getting scarce, but agnostics are plentiful, and the supply of them promises to be equal to all missionary demands for some decades to come.

The colloquialism "What are you going as?" is probably indefensible by grammarians, but wherever people have conspired together to have a fancy ball it gains currency for a time in spite of its conspicuous defects. Everybody gets into the newspapers first or last. That is a public appearance in character. And did it ever occur to you what you will appear as when you make it? What, think you, will the reporter hit upon as your most conspicuous attribute, and the one that identifies you to the most people? Newspaper descriptions are often surprisingly fit to abate the vanity of the person described. A month or two ago there died in a town in Erie County, New York, a certain Mrs. Lavinia Fillmore, who received six lines of gratuitous obituary attention in the New York *Sun*. She possessed one marked distinction in being one hundred and six years old, and with that she was duly credited. She was further identified as "the wife of the clergyman who officiated at the hanging of the three Thayers in Buffalo in 1825" and it was added that her husband was a relative of President Fillmore. To have lived one hundred and six years, to be described at last as the widow of the clergyman who helped at the hanging of the three Thayers in 1825, is a curious instance of the ability of fate to be low and surprise its victims. Who, do you suppose, were the three Thayers, and what had they done to be sent still farther out of the world than Buffalo was in 1825?

How do you imagine Mr. Keene feels when the Boston *Transcript* speaks of his horse Domino as being the property of "Mr. James R. Keene, father of Foxhall Keene, the polo player"? Does it make Mr. Keene proud or humble to be drawn out of the obscurity of private life by his horse Domino and his son Foxhall? Very likely it makes him proud, for both Domino and Mr. Foxhall Keene are distinguished individuals, and a credit to their sires. So it was probably a source of gleeful satisfaction at least, if not of pride, to Professor Charles Eliot Norton to find himself described some years ago in a sporting paper as "the father of Eliot Norton, the bicyclist."

A very recent paragraph in the New York *Times* informs American readers that "Joseph Chamberlain, who married the daughter of W. C. Endicott, who was President Cleveland's first Secretary of War, owns five thousand plants, collected in every country in the world." Here is a most entertaining complication of descriptions: the famous Joseph Chamberlain, over whom blood was so lately shed in the House of Commons, is identified as the son-in-law of Judge Endicott; Judge Endicott, a man of lineage and high personal distinction, is explained as President Cleveland's former Secretary of War, and Mr. Chamberlain's five thousand plants are so disposed as to enslower and adorn Mr. Cleveland's first administration. It only remained to identify Mr. Cleveland as the father of Ruth and Esther, but want of space, perhaps, prevented that.

It was suggested the other day in this department of HARPER'S WEEKLY that the statue of Lincoln recently unveiled at Edinburgh was possibly the first statue of an American to be set up on European soil. A correspondent writes to say that there was erected in Munich in 1867 a colossal bronze statue of Benjamin Thompson—Count Rumford—to commemorate his services as a statesman to Bavaria.

Count Rumford's statue is well worth noting, and yet it is not quite a case in point. Count Rumford was an American by birth, but his statesmanship was wholly European, and was altogether developed after his Tory proclivities had led to his expatriation. He might perhaps, be called an American inventor or scientist or philanthropist, but hardly an American statesman.

He was born in Woburn, Massachusetts, in 1753, and was undoubtedly the most famous son of that place, but when Woburn lately celebrated its two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary she refused to boast of him, and the orator of the day only gave him half a sentence in his speech. It has been proposed to erect in his honor at Woburn a replica of the statue at Munich but Woburn hesitates to permit so much honor to be paid to a Tory who allied himself actively with the British in the Revolution.

The correspondent who calls attention to these facts protests against Count Rumford's Toryism being laid up against him at this late day. The protest seems not altogether unreasonable. He was a Tory, but he was an honorable one, and it seems more his misfortune than his fault that his sympathies should have been on the wrong side in the Revolution. When he was made a Count, he took his title from the town in New Hampshire where he was married, and at his death he left a bequest to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and funds to found a professorship at Harvard showing that his interest in his native country had survived his political differences with his former countrymen. Woburn, it would seem, might properly enough be proud of Count Rumford as a man and a scientist, and condone his Toryism without endorsing it.

E. S. MARTIN.

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A BANANA VENDER.

THE MUNICIPAL CHAMBER.
The Council now meets in the old Palace.

BAHIA WOMAN.

JANAPU'Y INDIAN CHIEF

RUA DO OUVIDOR—THE PRINCIPAL STREET OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

CAYAPÓ INDIAN CHIEF.

THE BUSINESS PORTION OF THE CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO
Showing the Ilha das Cobras (Snake Island).

PRAÇA DOM PEDRO II.

THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL—VIEWS IN RIO DE JANEIRO.—[See Page 965.]

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CUP-DEFENDERS, PAST AND PRESENT.

THE story of the *America's* Cup, how it was won in 1851, and since defended, is an oft-told tale, and no attempt will be made here to go into details that are familiar to every American yachtsman. The tables below have been compiled with the idea of giving at a glance to those interested the history of the cup's defence, and should be valuable as a mere matter of record.

"AMERICA'S" CUP.

Come what may this cup must always remain one most treasured trophy, for all our magnificent development in yacht-designing is directly traceable to the contests to keep it on this side of the Atlantic. Eight times have we accepted challenges for this blue ribbon of the ocean—six from England and two from Canada, and seven times have we successfully defended it—the eighth remains to be decided next week.

The history of these races is the history of marine architecture, and the characteristic progress of the Yankee and the perseverance and sportsmanship of one British cousins are evidenced in every one of the struggles. With each challenge the interest has spread wider and wider, until to-day, it may be said, the eyes of the yachting world will follow the grand struggle between *Valkyrie* and *Vigilant*, which begins on the 8th.

It was vastly different in 1850 when Commodore Stevens, of the New York Yacht Club, then in its infancy, ordered the *America* from George Steers, the first and one of the most famous of American designers. The building of pleasure yachts at that time was a struggling industry, while racing was confined chiefly to the pilot-boats, which were justly renowned. There was, indeed, some desultory yacht racing, and there had been even ten years earlier, but it was only beginning to be recognized as a sport when the *America* was put overboard.

George Steers deserves more than a passing notice; he was of a family of builders, and a designer as independent and original as Edwin Burgess and the Herreshoffs who came after him. His revolutionized yacht-designing in his day, and built many boats that became noted. Besides the *America*, he designed the sloop *Julia* (a cut of her in her original rig is produced in this issue), which in her day was as much of a marvel and as unbeatable as was as *Gloriana* in her first season.

CUP PRESENTED TO THE "MAYFLOWER."

Each of these two famous boats has an interesting history. *America* was sold to an Englishman after her conquest in '51, and for a time did service as a yacht. She was turned into a blockade-runner when the Civil war broke out, but in this rôle she was not a success, and to escape capture was sunk in the St. Johns River, Florida. After the war she was raised by the government, and put into commission as a training school for the naval cadets. When the *Cambria* came over to race for the cup, in '70, she was refitted as a yacht and competed, winning fourth place, while the English yacht got no better than tenth, thus did the old boat, handicapped as she was, show that after twenty years she was still faster than the latest and fastest British creation. Later she became the property of General Benjamin F. Butler, and is still in possession of his son Paul, who should, by all means, bring her down to New York during the International race next week.

"AMERICA'S" CUP RECORD.

This cup was offered for competition by the Royal Yacht Squadron at their regular regatta in 1851, and won by the schooner *America* over the Isle of Wight course against a fleet of fifteen. Having been presented by the owners of the *America* to the New York Yacht Club, to remain a perpetual international challenge trophy, it became known, and properly, as the *America's* Cup. It was not offered by the Queen at the '51 regatta, as many have supposed and has consequently been wrongly called, from time to time in early writings, the Queen's Cup.

CHALLENGERS.

		Type.	L. W. L.	Beam.	Draught.	Owner.
1870.	Cambria*	Keel Sch.	100.	22 9	16 4	James Ashbury.
1871.	Livonia	Keel Sch.	110.	23 7	19 6	James Ashbury.
1876.	Cup of Dufferin	Centreboard	107	24	0 6	C. Gifford.
1881.	Atalanta	Sloop	64.	19	9 0	Alex. Cuthbert.
1885.	Genesta	Cutter	81.	16.	13 6	Sir R. Sutton.
1886.	Galatea	Cutter	70	18.	13 0	Lieut. Henn, R.N.
1887.	Thistle	Cutter	82 61	25 6	13 6	James Bell.
1893.	Valkyrie	Cutter	90 70	23.6	16.6	Lord Dunraven.

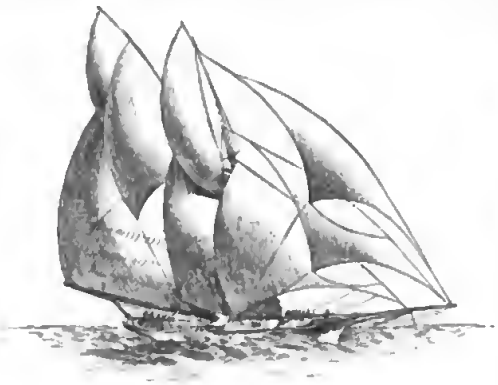
* Against fleet.

DEFENDERS.

		Type.	L. W. L.	Beam.	Draught.	Owner.
1870.	Magic	Centrbd Sch	78 11	23 6	8 1	Franklin Osgood.
1871.	Sappho	Keel Sch	119 4	27 4	16.8	W. P. Douglass.
1872.	Columbia	Centrbd Sch.	70	25 1	6.	Franklin Osgood.
1874.	Madeline	Centrbd Sch.	70 0	24	7 4	J. S. Dickerson.
1881.	Mischief	Sloop	64	16 10	9 4	J. R. Busk
1885.	Puritan	Sloop	90 1/8	23 7	8 6	J. M. Forbes.
1886.	Mayflower	Sloop	85 7	23 8	9 6	C. J. Paine.
1887.	Volunteer	Sloop	85 68	23 6	10	C. J. Paine
1893.	Vigilant	Sloop	90 10	26.	16.	N. Y. Syndicate.

Julia, after a very successful career as a sloop, was sold, and turned into a schooner. Later she became the property of Edward M. Brown, Esq., then Rear-Commodore, and always one of the most prominent members of the New York Yacht Club. Mr. Brown restored the *Julia's* old rig as nearly as possible, and raced her a bit, but her day had gone by, and she became a memory of our first yachting triumphs.

Nor were the winnings of these two wonderful boats, and the success of those chosen to defend the *America's* Cup from time to time in the early races, the only facts to show the marked superiority of our designers. Americans may remember, with pardonable pride, that not only did the *America*, after twenty years of adventure, beat *Cambria* (an especially prepared boat), but all of our defenders in the races of '70, '71, '76 and '81 were yachts built for their owners' pleasure, and with no idea of defending the cup. On the other hand, at least the *Livonia*, *Countess of Dufferin*, and *Atalanta* were designed and built especially to sail for the *America's* Cup, and each represented the best and best skill of English and Canadian designers.



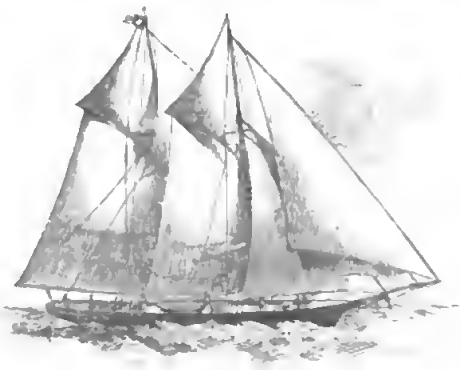
MAGIC.

We held trial races to choose a defender for the first time in '81, and *Gracie*, *Mischief*, and *Hildegarde* were the contestants. Between '81 and '85 the standard of both American and English racing yachts was advanced greatly by the designing of Edwin Burgess and Beaver Webb. The former began the career that gave us three defenders which made a radical change in designing on this side, and Mr. Webb showed lines far in advance of previous British designing in the *Genesta* and *Galatea*. Especially was the awakening noticeable in England, whence *Muriel*, *Oona*, *Bedouin*, *Henn*, and the clever little Scotch cutter *Moody*, followed one another in rapid succession.

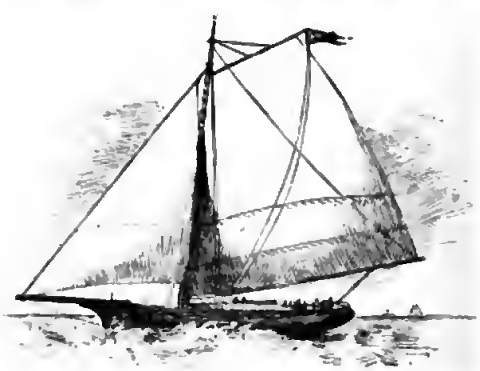
CUP PRESENTED TO THE "PURITAN."

With this evidence of activity in mind, we built two—*Puritan* and *Priscilla*—boats especially to defend the cup when Sir Richard Sutton challenged with the *Genesta* in '85. In '86 we built two more, *Mayflower* and *Atlantic*, and the former was so much better than *Puritan* as to be considered good enough, and in '87 *Volunteer* showed in her turn such an increase of speed over *Mayflower* that we believed the cup safe in her defence. Each one of these successful defenders was presented by the New York Yacht Club with a cup from the Whiting Company's designs. Since the days of the *Volunteer*, American yacht designing has undergone another revolution, brought about by the *Gloriana* in '91, and, compared with the new class, the defenders of the eighties seem as ancient in their lines as at that time those of the seventies must have appeared. This year to defend the *America's* Cup we have built four boats, *Vigilant*, *Jubilee*, *Colonia*, *Pilgrim*, at a gross outlay of over three hundred thousand dollars. England has sent over a boat in the *Valkyrie* infinitely superior to any ever built abroad, and one that shows they have learned well the lessons of their seven

CUP PRESENTED TO THE "VOLUNTEER."



SAPPHO.



JULIA.

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ats. A study of the comparative lines ie *Genesta* and *Puritan*, and *Valkyrie* and *lant*, produced in this issue, tell, with- further comment, the progress of British American designers in the evolution of racer.

In '71 five races were sailed, *Livonia* win ning one. From '76 the series has been best two out of three races, and the challenger has not secured a heat. This year the series is best three out of five. The precise dates, times, and courses are as follows.

Date.	Yacht.	Course.	Time h.	m.	s.
Aug. 22, 1851	America Aurora	From Cowes around Isle of Wight—Aurora second	10 —	37 —	00 —
Aug. 8, 1870	Magic Cambria	New York Yacht Club Course—Cambria tenth	3 4	58 37	21 38
Oct. 16, 1871	Columbia Livonia	New York Yacht Club Course	6 6	18 30	41 30
Oct. 18, 1871	Columbia Livonia	20 miles to windward off Sandy Hook Light-ship and return	3 3	07 18	31 10
Oct. 19, 1871	Livonia Columbia	New York Yacht Club Course—Columbia disabled	4 4	20 17	20 30
Oct. 21, 1871	Sappho Livonia	20 miles to windward off Sandy Hook Light-ship and return	5 6	39 09	02 23
Oct. 23, 1871	Sappho Livonia	New York Yacht Club Course	4 5	46 11	17 30
Aug. 11, 1876	Madeleine Countess of Dufferin	New York Yacht Club Course	5 5	23 34	54 33
Aug. 12, 1876	Madeleine Countess of Dufferin	20 miles to windward off Sandy Hook Light-ship and return	7 7	18 46	46 00
Nov. 9, 1881	Mischief Atalanta	New York Yacht Club Course	4 4	17 45	09 29
Nov. 10, 1881	Mischief Atalanta	16 miles to leeward from Buoy 5, off Sandy Hook and return	4 5	54 33	53 47
Sept. 14, 1885	Puritan Genesta	New York Yacht Club Course	6 6	06 22	05 24
Sept. 16, 1885	Puritan Genesta	20 miles to leeward off Sandy Hook Light-ship and return	5 5	03 04	14 52
Sept. 9, 1886	Mayflower Galatea	New York Yacht Club Course	5 5	26 38	41 43
Sept. 11, 1886	Mayflower Galatea	20 miles to leeward off Sandy Hook Light-ship and return	6 7	49 18	10 09
Sept. 27, 1887	Volunteer Thistle	New York Yacht Club Course	4 5	53 12	18 41
Sept. 30, 1887	Volunteer Thistle	20 miles off Scotland Light-ship and return	5 5	42 54	56 45

BARNUMIZING THE FAIR.

THE question that has of late been agitating gentlemen managers of the World's Columbian Exposition—"Board of Directors," be exact in the designation—is, how shall we make the fair attractive? The question stupendous one indeed. Here these men gone to work, taken off their coats— dress coats, mayhap—it matters not at hour of the morning and worked to duce the greatest exposition that has ever exposed, and have produced it. here it is in Jackson Park, Chicago, Illi-, in all its perfection of magnificence. nk of having worked years to achieve a it like that in your shirt sleeves, and n in freezing weather and after having ved it, to be confronted with the ques , "How shall we make all this attractive?" is a question to make the stoutest heart the tamest June pigeon quail. It is no cult task to make a plain thing attractive. d is within the power of every one. Take man, for example. The veriest tyro of a riter by a few strokes of his pen can turn humblest scrub-lady into a beautiful belle leader of Cohosh society in an ordinary stick account of an elopement, a cake- k, or a ball. And he usually does. ake any other ugly thing that we have wish to make appear beautiful. What ve do? Sew buttons on it, tie ribbons to tick flags in it, paint it red. And people go into raptures over it and give prizes it.

ut it was on such simple problem as this ch presented itself to the Board of Direc- of the World's Columbian Exposition. hey had given the work of designing the into the hands of the ablest men in their pective departments that the country has luced, and the result was beyond the most guine expectations. The press, the pro- who visited it, pronounced it perfect, yet the attendance was not as great as directors needed it to be in order to strike alance between the receipts and the ex- ditures. A deficit loomed in view, and a cit is not a pleasant object for a Board of ectors to contemplate. "What is to be e?" was the question that naturally arose. et more people here!" was the answer that ntaneously burst forth. "How?" demand- he Board of itself. "We must make the attractive," it made reply. And forth they proceeded to do it. It mattered ght to them that times were hard, money t, banks breaking, people timorous, the who could afford to go afraid to leave r business, more people must be attract- and so the fair must be made more at- tive.

he deduction was as obvious as the rem- proved to be simple—to the Board of ectors. Other people might have falter- perhaps given up the fight. Not they! he Midway Plaisance is a straight wide et of moderate length. It is lined on er side with many much advertised thea- , dance houses, cafés, and similar means recreation and entertainment. Every one goes to the fair goes also to the Plaisance; when he gets there, finding that an ad- sion fee is charged to almost every build- , he largely contents himself with walking and down the roadway, and making up mind which he will investigate to-morrow. nsequently, the "Midway" has the ap- ance of being the most popular and large- atronized portion of the entire exposition. Omitting these facts," said the Board of ectors, "that the *danse du ventre*, the Chi- e dragon, the Ferris wheel, draw the peo- who visit the fair to the Midway Plai- ce, scatter similar attractions through the unds—have a torture-dance on a raft in lagoon of the Court of Honor—and you l draw more people to the fair."

uch logic is irrefutable. No sooner said n done. Illinois day, any day, every day, ame a sufficient excuse for processions are, canoe-races on the lake front, swim- ming matches in the lagoons, and even Poets' day was not safe from a night incursion of Thespians in an *al fresco* performance of *As You Like It* in Sylvan Dell, which nestles fondly among the empty lobster-cans in the rearward vicinity of the Marine Café.

Note the immediate and startling result of all these side-show innovations. President Cleveland, seeing the time has come for action, summons an extra session of Congress. His stirring message is succeeded by the prompt and reassuring action of the Lower House. Confidence is restored in business circles. Cool weather subvenes, people realize that the time is drawing near when the fair must close, and that they must see it now if ever.

And so the railroad trains once more are crowded with visitors hastening to Chicago, and the attendance goes up, up, up, nearer and nearer the half million mark, and all on account of the Herculean but successful efforts of the Board of Directors to make the fair attractive.

DON'T LEAVE PORT.

Don't go on a long land journey, don't start as emigrant for the far West, if unprovided with that defender of health and conqueror of sickness, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will defend you from sea-sickness, nullify fatigue the ill-health caused by travel and change of diet, and counteract malaria. Peerless is it for dyspepsia, rheumatism, liver complaint, nervousness, and debility.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

CRYING BABIES.

Some people do not love them. They should use the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, a perfect infant food. A million American babies have been raised to manhood and womanhood on the Eagle brand. Grocers and Druggists.—[*Adv.*]

HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW COMET? No, I have had such a bad headache of late, and been so bilious that I could not go out—remedy, WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.—[*Adv.*]

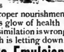
DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS endorsed by physicians and chemists for purity.—[*Adv.*]

AFTER a night with the boys
Yours for a clear head—BROMO-SELTZER.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Ruddy Glow

on cheek and brow is evidence that the body is



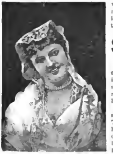
getting proper nourishment. When this glow of health is absent assimilation is wrong, and health is letting down.

Scott's Emulsion

taken immediately arrests waste, regardless of the cause. Consumption must yield to treatment that stops waste and builds flesh anew. *Almost as palatable as milk.*

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Laughter Lends a New Charm to Beauty



when it discloses a pretty set of teeth. Whiteness, when nature has supplied this element of loveliness, may be retained through life by using the fragrant

SOZODONT

This popular dentifrice is now a recognized essential of every toilet table. It is totally innoxious, CONTAINING NO ACID, and for preserving and CLEANSING THE TEETH, and retaining the normal condition of the gums, it has no rival.

More SOZODONT is annually sold than of all other dentifrices and tooth washes combined. There must be a reason for this fact. SOZODONT has been many years before the world, and if it did not fulfil the promises made for it, it would long ago have fallen into oblivion. But the more it is used, the more it becomes in demand. Those who have tried it once, try it again, and then recommend its use to others.

Sold by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers.

ADORN YOUR HOME

with our artistic
Diaphanies
(Colored Transparent Glass Pictures).

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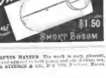

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A NOTABLE EXHIBIT

One of the most striking features of the Fair is the great advance made by American exhibitors in the use of art and artistic advertising for commercial purposes.

There are many tasteful and pretty American booths in the different buildings. One of the most artistic, and at the same time distinctively American, is the exhibit of The American Cereal Company in the gallery of the Agricultural Building, a photo-engraving of which we present to our readers.

The pavilion, which is constructed of oak and plate glass, is quadrilateral in form, with four turreted corner towers shingled with red corn, which contrasts pleasantly with the yellow corn partially covering the main roof of the booth. In each tower is a large decorative vase of terra cotta surmounted by a statue of Ceres. A broad frieze of colored glass decorated with original cereal designs runs round the upper part of the entire booth. On one side is a moving panorama of eleven pictures, with beautiful landscapes, the work of the well-known New York artists, H. Bolton Jones and Francis C. Jones, showing the contrast between the old and new ways of agriculture, and following the course of the grain from the time it enters the ground until the manufactured product leaves the mills of The American Cereal Company. Lithographs of these pictures in twelve colors will be given to visitors, making a charming souvenir of the fair.

On one corner is a new and original brass windmill, which, owing to its peculiar and ingenious mechanism, attracts the attention of all observers.

Every part of the Exhibit to its smallest details was made from special designs by American artists, and American material used throughout.

The whole effect of the booth, the light and graceful architecture, the windmill, the pictures, the statues, and cereal decorations are in the highest degree pleasing, harmonious, and artistic. The architect was E. A. Sargent of New York.

The mills of The American Cereal Company are at Akron, O., Chicago, Ill., and Cedar Rapids, Ia. The Company are the largest manufacturers of Cereal Foods in the world, producing nearly everything that can be made from grain. Some idea of the magnitude of their business can be gained from the fact that on two different occasions they have sent out an entire train load of fourteen cars to the Pacific coast loaded with Quaker Oats alone.

Their products, packed under two principal proprietary brands, the Quaker and F. S. (or F. Schumacher), include most of the standard American Cereal Foods, such as Quaker Oats, Quaker Buckwheat Flour, and Schumacher's (Trade-mark F. S.) Rolled Avena, Rolled Wheat, Oatmeal, Pearl Barley, Corn Meal, and many others.

An attractive little cook book, with an artistic cover, which includes directions for cooking all the products of the Company, is presented to all visitors. The Company are making an especial display of Quaker Oats and Self raising Quaker Buckwheat Flour, and obliging attendants neatly dressed in Quaker costume serve these foods free to all who come. Few realize until they have tasted it properly cooked how delicious a dish of Quaker Oats and cream is.

Quaker Oats is now universally used as a breakfast food all over the United States. It has the largest sale of any cereal food in the world. It is simply the best white oats thoroughly purified and prepared—in fact a perfect oatmeal.

The whole exhibit is thoroughly artistic, and at the same time commercially effective, and undoubtedly places American commercial art advertising in the front rank of the world.

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THE "VALKYRIE" IN THE HURRICANE, SEPTEMBER 11TH.—DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.

AMATEUR SPORT

AFTER LOOKING OVER THE BRITISH CUTTER, American sportsmen are ready to acknowledge that All England is well represented by *Valkyrie*, owner Dunraven, designer Watson, and Captain Crosfield. While it is not true, as asserted in one of the daily papers, that *Valkyrie* is the first really representative yacht sent after the *America's* Cup, it is a fact that she is far and away the fastest one that ever came over here, and brings the best record. If one can depend at all on comparative performances, the international race beginning on the 5th should be the closest of any one of the eight contests. It cannot be denied that British and American yacht designing has been drawing closer and closer together during the last races for the *America's* Cup, and especially so since the *Thistle* came over for a try at the trophy six years ago. That the British designers have profited by their repeated defeats has been plainly shown in the lines of the successive challengers.

THE WONDERFULLY GOOD RECORD *Valkyrie* established before leaving England is peculiarly pleasing to Americans, since it means we shall at length have a challenger which comes to us the undoubted champion of her country, as well as the admittedly most skilful creation of her designer.

Her first two races were rather disappointing, but they really amounted to nothing, since the course was under shelter of the land, with an untrue wind and an unfavorable side. When the racing season actually began, however, and *Valkyrie* had got in condition, she began to show the form which she ever afterwards maintained. Lord Dunraven's boat is no inconsistent performer, and may be counted on to sail her very best race every time she is called upon. The *Valkyrie* and her sister yacht *Britannia* bear a strong resemblance one to the other, so strong, indeed, that, seen apart, the one can only be detected from the other by its owner's private signal. Seen together, however, the *Britannia* appears the more bulky of the two, while the *Valkyrie* has the sleek, rakish look of a thoroughbred. That the Dunraven yacht is the faster in all-round moderate weather her performances on the other side demonstrated, as they did also that she was the equal of the Prince of Wales's yacht in almost any kind of weather, going to windward or running dead to leeward. *Britannia*, on the other hand, showed superiority on a square course in a jib-topsail breeze, her full rounded and shallower body telling on a reach against *Valkyrie's* deeper draught. In other words, the racing of *Valkyrie* on the other side proved that in ordinary weather she is some points better than the *Britannia*, but not so good under conditions that call for plenty of reaching.

THE YACHTS *Iverna* and *Navahoe* have been the only two possible lines through which to attain a suggestion of the English boat's speed in comparison with our cup-defenders; but the deductions have been so fanciful that they have really been worse than useless. There has been nothing tangible, and consequently no basis from which to work. The *Iverna*, it will be remembered, is the boat that last year raced with the *Thistle* in English waters, and ended the season with honors about evenly divided. It has been attempted to draw comparisons through her performances against *Thistle* and *Valkyrie* this year. In the several races in which the *Valkyrie* and *Iverna* met, the former invariably won by from twenty minutes to half an hour. Now, the *Volunteer* was ten minutes faster than the *Thistle* in their races of '87, but she was improved somewhat, and, according to those who follow this line of reasoning would be, say, fifteen minutes faster than *Iverna*; therefore, that makes out the *Valkyrie* about ten minutes better than the *Volunteer*; and the question remains, in order to bring this line up to date, how much faster is *Vigilant* than *Volunteer?*

THE OTHER LINE THROUGH THE *Navahoe* is even more vague, for of Mr Carroll's boat's speed in comparison with the other 85-footers we know literally nothing. Moreover, she has shown herself to be so inconsistent a performer that it would be impossible to depend on what she might furnish. From the time of her launching almost up to the day she sailed for the other side she was being tinkered with, and had no sail with any one of our yachts save the schooner *Iroquois*, which she is said to have left a mile astern in a beat from Bristol to Brenton Reef Light-ship. As the *Iroquois* proceeded at once on a cruise, and has never turned up since any of the other 85-footers were put overboard, it is impossible to say how far astern she would have been left by *Vigilant*, *Colonia*, or *Jubilee*. It is impossible to get any line on the cup-defenders from what *Navahoe* has done against *Britannia*. We may only judge of their relative speed by the progression of her designers as shown in the other two they built. If *Navahoe* is only as much inferior to *Colonia* as the latter is to *Vigilant*, then we get a line through the *Britannia* on the *Valkyrie* that would make her about the equal of the cup-defender *Vigilant*. But there is every good reason for believing that *Navahoe* is very much inferior to the *Colonia*; she was the first effort of the Herreshoffs in her class, and as skilful as they are, it may be taken for granted that their second attempt, in the *Colonia*, would be a great improvement.

It is very pleasing and certainly harmless amusement to build beautiful air castles on these easily drawn lines, but as a matter of fact there are no lines on which it is possible for us to make an accurate comparison of the *Vigilant's* and the *Valkyrie's* speed.

THERE IS ONLY ONE LINE the writer has been able to discover, and that is in the comparison of the designers of the two yachts in question. George L. Watson the *Valkyrie's* designer, has honestly earned the reputation he enjoys of being one of the most skilful in the world, but his contributions to the racing class of England have not made the startling success of those the Herreshoffs have turned out. What is more to the point, however—so far as touching this particular question of speed in tween *Valkyrie* and *Vigilant*—Watson's racing boats have not shown the improvement one over the other that have Herreshoffs'. The Herreshoffs have been builders *par excellence* of the racing craft pure and simple, and each successive type has developed greater speed than the preceding one.

For instance, to go back only a couple of years. When *Gloriana*, the 46-footer made her appearance, she beat every boat of her class so easily that she really out-chased them, the next season the *Wasp*, also from the Herreshoffs, and likewise a 46 footer, beat the *Gloriana* quite as much as she had defeated the others of her class. This year the *Wasp* met the Herreshoff 85 footers on several occasions, and was quite as unable to save her time allowance as though she were a back number. No other designer has created such racers, and it is for that reason, if for no other, that we feel pretty well assured of the success of the *Vigilant*. But after all is said and done, it is the merest speculation, and we only indulge in the luxury because the restless reader wants something to talk about. Personally the writer has faith in the *Vigilant*, in any kind of weather in which she has raced thus far—in pointing, reaching, and running.

THE QUESTION OF THE "VALKYRIE" WINNING three out of the five races we do not consider at all. It is possible she may win one of the five, but it seems as if it could only be done in such a blow and choppy sea as we did not have in any of the trial races. If *Valkyrie* has a chance it certainly will be in the nastiest of seas and heavy weather, where her cutter lines should stand her in good stead. Other than in some such weather as this we don't see how Lord Dunraven's boat can win a single heat from *Vigilant*. Certainly in windward work and running the defender is unbeatable, and she has given a better account of herself than has the challenger in reaching. *Vigilant* has proved to be fast in light, moderate, and fairly heavy weather, to say nothing of her drifting qualities. She is a worthy defender, worthily handled, and should *Valkyrie* beat her, Mr Watson must be credited with turning out the wonder of the yachting age, for never have we had a racer that showed so well on every point of sailing.

ALTHOUGH THE "VALKYRIE'S" SUPPORTERS have had a "pull," to borrow race-track parlance, on his boat in the couple of trial spins she has had before this issue goes to press, he has not been able to entirely disguise her speed. That she is a fast boat those who saw her last Friday in a stiffish sort of breeze and a choppy sea all acknowledge. Her reaching was good enough to set us wondering if *Vigilant* can really beat her on this point, and she went through the water with just a bit of a bone in her teeth, and showed a pair of heels quite as clean as any one of our cup-defenders. *Valkyrie* appeared to make very little fuss, and her appearance at her work was easy personified.

She showed better than the best opinion we had formed of her in advance, and stood up stiffer than has *Vigilant* in a breeze of like strength. The little work on the wind she displayed was just about up to what we had expected, and, compared with *Vigilant* in this particular, she seemed to

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—(WITH CHAPTER ON TEAM-PLAY.)—BY WALTER CAMP.—ILLUSTRATED.—PRICE $1 25.—HARPER & BROTHERS.

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move sluggishly. There was no opportunity to judge her on a run, but all precedents will fail if she should be able to hold her own with the Tobin-bronzed bottom defender, which can hoist up her centreboard and fly before the wind like a tracked deer. Despite some statements to the contrary, *Valkyrie's* canvas certainly set well on last Friday; her head-sails are indeed perfect in their fit, and only the hypercritical could have discovered anything out of the way with her mainsail. Probably it did not look so absolutely smooth as *Vigilant's*, but one does not see such a mainsail as Messrs. Iselin & Morgan have got on their boat more than once in a yachting lifetime.

IT HAS BEEN ASSERTED in some directions that it would be for the good of international yacht-racing if the *America's* Cup went back to England, whence we fetched it forty-two years ago.

We fail to see what ground there is for such belief.

The statement that another defeat may discourage Englishmen and lead to a cessation of international racing for an indefinite period is not warranted by either the history of the *America's* Cup or by the English character.

The English sportsman never knows when he is whipped, and if he is unsuccessful this year he will build again and again, until he does take back the blue ribbon of the ocean, as the cup may be called. There has been greater interest, keener rivalry, and larger expenditure with every contest for the cup, and it will continue to grow, no matter whether the trophy is in the keeping of the Royal Yacht Squadron or the New York Yacht Club. The contests for this cup have been the means of giving us the greatest fleet of yachts in the world. In the last six years the same cause has almost completely revolutionized English yacht-designing. They have not yet forsworn the cutter, to be sure, but they have grown to an appreciation of a little more beam, and used it to good advantage in their latest and best boat. Quite the reverse of expecting defeat to bring about stagnation in international yachting, we expect to see the example of Mr. Royal Carroll followed, and American yachts in British waters during their racing season, and in a few years English private signals flying in some of the races of our own season. And may the best boat win.

WE HAVE GONE TO SOME PAINS in this issue in gathering statistics of the earlier races for the *America's* Cup, showing not only the winners, but giving their water-line length, beam, and draught, that a fair comparison may be drawn. A complete history of the racing yacht's evolution may be had by a study of these figures and the two pages of illustrations. From the *America* (whose original rig we were unable to obtain, and, indeed, we believe there is no existing drawing of her as she was in '51) to the *Vigilant*, and especially in the lines of the *Puritan* and *Genesta* and *Valkyrie* and *Vigilant* as seen in the dry-dock, there is revealed a panorama of the world's progress in yacht-designing.

In commenting on the performance of *Jubilee* in the last trial race for the selection of a cup-defender, the handicap and actual elapsed times were confused, and the *Jubilee* given credit of having been beaten only a little over a minute by *Vigilant*, when she was actually beaten over eight. The same confusion resulted in comparing the time of *Colonia* and *Jubilee* in that race.

NEVER DID THE FOOTBALL SEASON OPEN with such a preponderance of heavy weights as among the candidates who have offered themselves to Captain Hinkey at the Yale Field this week. An average well-built fellow of 170 pounds looks like a child among them. There is the old centre trio of last year, Stillman, McCrea, and Hickok, with an aggregate weight of 625 pounds; and as if that were not enough, Captain Hinkey finds among his new candidates Cross the shot-putter, Cross the oarsman, and Beard—three men who can very nearly balance the regulars in weight, strength, and size. It is certainly not in the line that the weakness of the Yale team may be pointed out at present. If there be a weakness it is most probable behind these formidable forwards. The positions of quarter and the two half-backs are open, and one can as yet tell but little how these places will be filled. Adee, the son of George Adee, is counted upon for quarter, but a sprained ankle keeps him off the field for the time being. He is a good man, was change quarter last season, and, best of all, possesses a cool head. His chief rival thus far is Lilly, the other change quarter of '92. Lilly is heavier and stronger, but has not had so much experience. Morris is the only new man that has thus far turned up to dispute the place with these two.

FOR THE POSITIONS LEFT VACANT by the Bliss boys, candidates are light in weight. Eaton the hurdler, Dyer, substitute last season, Richards, the son of Professor Richards, and a substitute full-back of '92, are all fast men and clever, the last-named a beautiful kicker; but all three are light, Dyer being the heaviest. Unfortunately for Dyer's prospects, his shoulder, which was once thrown out of joint in baseball, has lately been weak and troublesome. Thorne and Hall are not up to the weight either, although the former is a promising man, and played a very fair game last year. It is evident that Captain Hinkey feels the need of greater strength, both in numbers and weight, among his half-back candidates, for he has been trying some of his line men, notably Lyman, a change centre of last season, and Brown, who was looked upon as a more promising tackle or guard. Armstrong has also had a go at it, and with rather better results. Naturally it is too early to criticise the form of the men very much, but one may hazard conjectures as to the general make-up of the team. In the centre, Stillman, although a veteran, has plenty of work cut out for him. There are several men eagerly striving for just that position, and it will be a good man who finally fills it. McCrea, too, will have to reduce his waist measure considerably in keeping trespassers away from the guard's place. Hickok, of the three, seems in the best condition and the most active.

OF ALL THE NEW MEN appearing thus far, Messler stands as fair a chance as any to live through the weeks of hard work and eventually come out in November as one of the tackles. For two seasons he has been trying for the place, was successful on the crew last summer, and has the necessary weight and strength. He is slow at times, and it is only by constant practice that he has overcome the tendency to stand stock-still and let the play go by him. But Wallis was slow too in his earlier days; in fact, it was not until his third year that he really acquired the dash and interference which afterwards made him so valuable. Armstrong is the next choice to Messler at present, but he is so light that some of the heavier but less skilful men may replace him. He rowed on his Freshman crew, and is a stout, plucky fellow. It seemed curious he did not become a candidate for some of the places behind the line where pounds were not so necessary, and it appears he is now having a try at half. For the position of tackle he is likely to have as rivals Lyman or Brown or possibly Cockran, and the first two have the better of him in weight, though the latter is not much heavier.

BEFORE COCKRAN WAS INJURED LAST YEAR he was playing end, and he may stick to that position on the chance of displacing Greenway. He was rather the choice when he met with his accident last autumn. He will be a strong favorite for some vacant place in the line if he returns in anything like good condition, for he has both sand and sense. Greenway at present has the call. Hinkey will naturally fill his old position upon the other end, and thus complete a heavy strong line. Adee is the most likely quarter, and he with two at present unplaced but certainly light men at the halves, and Butterworth at full, make up the team.

Such a team will be massive in front, but if one may be permitted the simile, a little like a kite with too short a tail. It will be hard to make go. If, however, a couple of good halves, or even one good medium-weight half of experience, could be found, the balance would be better. Experience would answer almost as well as weight, and for the Yale style of game probably even more so. But with neither weight nor experience, too much is left to a set of forwards that, although strong, can never be very active, even under the most favorable conditions.

HARVARD, WITH GRAY, BREWER, AND WATERS, or Garfield, has very nearly what she wants, and what Yale lacks, in good balance behind the line. Waters may go back to the forward line again, but that will not alter the conditions greatly, because Garfield is experienced, and could fill the place. But in the line! There, indeed, Harvard has something to worry over. Lewis is good, but light. With two first-class guards he might hold the place, although he ought to have at least ten pounds more weight for the modern style of play. Last year, at Springfield, Yale's less experienced but heavier centre proved how necessary is weight in that most important part of the line. Harvard coaches are reflecting upon this fact. Then, too, a new end tackle must be made or discovered, and—with Waters at half—a new guard. It will certainly take until well into November for Harvard to get a line that can face the present Yale combination. But the compensation lies behind the line, where the superiority of the Harvard material is marked.

AT PRINCETON THE CONDITION is more after the Yale order, the line better than the backs. Moreover, it looks as if the Princeton coaches had seen the error of a light centre and mean to weight up there by placing Balliet at tackle. There is good judgment behind such a move, just as there was reason in the position of the minority of the Harvard coaches last year who would have placed Lewis at tackle. Had Yale played Lyman at centre in Stillman's place last year, because he was the more clever of the two, they would have made the same blunder. But to return to Princeton. With Wheeler, Hall, Lea, Balliet, Trenchard, McCauley or Vincent, and a heavy man like Symmes in the centre the line will be good. Riggs and Crowdis can also be added. Back of the line King is the sole survivor, and he must make the rest out of only half-tried men like Irvine, Alles, Rosengarten, Bartels, and Barnett, and with the best coaching in the country it will be hard to hurry these men up into equal shape with the rugged line of forwards.

PENNSYLVANIA'S TEAM IS THE BEST BALANCED of the four, although not necessarily the strongest team, for the first week in October. Knipe is reliable, strong, and enduring, though a poor man for training. Osgood, if he plays with Pennsylvania, is one of the best men behind any line to-day. Thomas and Gilbert are both promising candidates, and there are old players enough in the team to teach the new ones and steady them, when one considers the material. Mackey, Oliver, Thornton, Reese, and the two Wagenhursts will make a stiff backbone to build upon. At any rate Woodruff has a good football head, is almost a crank upon the subject, perhaps, and he knows how to choose for his team such plays as they are best fitted to make a success.

IN ACCEPTING THE PUBLIC STATEMENT of the chairman of the L.A.W. Racing Board that he would not suspend hereafter on circumstantial evidence (as he is empowered to do by the L.A.W.), but would refuse to act in his official capacity except on direct evidence, we failed to state that the chairman is a late convert, and that he had until recently been willing to expel on circumstantial evidence. It seems that the two original obstructionists to cleansing bicycle racing of the manufacturers' hirelings have been Messrs. Lewis A. Miller, of Meriden, Connecticut, to whom

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this department paid its respects last week, and J. M. Erwin, of Chicago, Illinois, whose light appears to have been hidden from us. These two men have blocked the efforts of Chairman Raymond and the Racing Board in expelling racers on circumstantial evidence. It is necessary that the vote for expulsion be unanimous, and as Messrs. Miller and Erwin have always supported the racers, it has been impossible to live up to the power given by the L. A. W. But while this is certainly most discouraging, it is no reason why the Chairman should stop doing his duty in disgust, and strengthen the position of Miller and Erwin by becoming a convert to their ideas. It is for this we criticise the Chairman. Every recruit to the obstructionists makes the reform harder, and surely, when the Chairman leads the way, how shall we expect the other members of the Board to go on plodding along the proper course.

THE INCUMBENCY OF MILLER AND ERWIN will not last forever, their term of office is not for life. I take it, hence there will come a time when their places can be filled by men who are in sympathy with honest, clean sport. If the chairman gives up the fight now, we fear there is little hope of reclaiming the two seats; if, however, he persists in his duty, he at least will escape going on record as a renegade.

Members of this Racing Board are appointed by the President of the League, and can only be removed by him prior to the expiration of their term of office, and as each member is appointed as the result of suggestion from the politically strong adherents of the administration—usually with the approval of the chairman—in his section, it is practically impossible to make a change during the year.

A LETTER RECEIVED BY THE WRITER, apropos of his criticisms on Class B, shows the unfortunate condition of affairs so clearly we publish it herewith:

"Mr. Raymond endorses the Class B idea, as do I, as a means to an end. The trouble with you, Mr. Whitney, if you will pardon my frankness, is that you are an athlete, college bred, and not a wheelman; you may ride a bicycle, perhaps—that I do not know—but you certainly have not attended any of the big meets and mixed in with the rank and file of the wheelmen, talked to them, and gotten their ideas; this much is merely so from the way you write. The League is some forty thousand strong, and probably comprises one-tenth of the riders in the country (not ever that); of these, a ninety-nine in every hundred would prefer to see the fast men race under the present rotten auspices than either not to see them, and have slower amateurs in their stead, or to see them as professionals. Cycling is peculiar in that it is the only sport in which athletes can be subsidized by manufacturing interests, and it is because the rank and file know that these men—also they at once lose their value to their employers—must ride to win, that, as one prominent wheelman remarked to me only to-day, they are in favor of 'legalized rotten amateurism'—in other words, a Class B. So far as I can learn now it is a question between Class A (amateurs) and Class B (professionals)—with whom the element of distrust of professionals, the divisible cash prize, is missing—and a honest amateur rule which would make a man a professional *only when he raced for a cash prize*. This latter would lead to the same end, as collegians and A. A. U. men would then, of course, flock by themselves."

If it be so that the majority of the 40,000 members of the League of American Wheelmen prefer "legalized rotten amateurism" to a clean honest sport, then indeed is the solicitude of American sportsmen misdirected. A silk purse cannot be made out of a sow's ear, we acknowledge; and if these are the sentiments of the men elected to guard the purity of bicycle-racing, then we may as well give over attempting to reclaim the masquerading cyclers.

AND THE WRITER WANTS EVERY READER of this department to thoroughly understand the point on which all his criticism turns, viz., on the *honesty* of the situation. It is not the professional rider as an individual that the writer criticises; not the mere fact of the bicycler being a professional that is abhorrent, for there are professionals in every line of sport whose integrity is well known, and whose sportsmanship is unquestioned. But it is the fact that the bicycle-racer, while being a professional, poses, and is passed off on the country by the Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen as an amateur. It is the dishonesty of the whole business, and the demoralizing influence it must have on the sport throughout the land, that draw our criticism.

And as to Class B, it is an acknowledgment, corroborated by the letter published above, that this dishonesty does exist, and that not being able to stamp it out, the Racing Board concludes the easiest way around the difficulty is to give it the countersign of honesty.

So far as Class B being "a means to an end," we ask, what is the end? There is only one end for Class B members, and that is professionalism.

And, after all, the most painful conviction which this unhappy state of affairs puts upon us is that there are such men in sport. Is it any wonder we guard college zealously?

IT IS TO BE REGRETTED the polo season will end without the match between a picked New York and Boston team, for which Mr. Eugene Higgins had offered a $500 cup. It seems too bad Mr. Higgins's sportsmanship should not have been more appreciated. The New York team was ready and anxious, but Boston failed to respond.

PHILADELPHIA CRICKETERS TOOK EXCEPTION to the criticisms of this department on their play against Lord Hawke's eleven two years ago, but their form last Friday and Saturday against the Australians, a very much stronger team, shows our comment and good opinion of their capabilities (properly directed) to have been correct. To have made a score of 525 against such good men as the Australians proves that, at our best, we are too good to be beaten by the second-class teams, as has been the case in times past.

At the close of the second day's play four Australian wickets were down for 125 runs, George Giffen and Graham being at the bat, the former with 62 to his credit. As the game stood then the probabilities were all in favor of the local cricketers pulling off the match by a handsome margin; but whatever may be the final outcome, we extend our congratulations to the Philadelphians for their excellent all-round play on the first two days of the match. For the batting in particular we have nothing but commendation. F. H. Bohlen being the hero of the occasion, and distinguishing himself by a capital innings of 118 (the first century, if we mistake not, compiled in this country against a first-class foreign eleven, and a performance of which the brilliant batsman has every reason to feel proud). W. W. Noble, 77; H. I. Brown, "not out," 59, Patterson, 56; F. W. Ralston, 47; A. M. Wood, 40, and J. B. King, 36, also played in capital form. Indeed, the only point which calls for adverse criticism in the innings of the Philadelphians is the running between the wickets. Three good wickets were sacrificed through bad judgment. This is an old failing of the Philadelphians, and one to which they would do well to give some attention in future.

TO FORM A CORRECT ESTIMATE of the relative merits of the rival teams, the evident lack of condition of the visitors must be taken into consideration. They were detained in Quarantine over Thursday night, and consequently unable to leave New York until the morning of the match, arriving at Elmwood, the beautiful ground of the Belmont Cricket Club, shortly before noon. As the match was started early in the afternoon, obviously the visitors had very little time to shake off the effects of an ocean voyage. Add to this the advantage gained by the local cricketers in going to the bat on an absolutely perfect wicket, and it will readily be seen that the Australians were severely handicapped from the very outset. Their lack of condition was only too apparent. It would be unfair, therefore, to judge the Australians by their work in the first match; we must wait until they have got into condition before passing final judgment. If the Philadelphians had run up their enormous total of 525 runs under any other circumstances, their performance would entitle them to a high rank among the first-class elevens of the world. Even as it was, with the conditions all in their favor, it was a notable performance.

THE WORK OF THE PHILADELPHIANS showed great improvement over the slip shod form so often displayed in their matches. They justified the opinion so long held by this department, that, given the proper amount of practice together, they are capable of beating much stronger teams than have been brought over here in recent years. It will not be safe, however, to lay too much stress on the result of the first match. If the native players can duplicate their success in the return match, when the visitors will have attained their true form, they will give their fellow-countrymen just cause for honest pride.

Certain Philadelphians indulged in most unsportsmanlike crowing, prior to the first match, over the advantage gained by the Philadelphians because of the delayed arrival of the visiting cricketers, and the consequent impossibility of their getting either practice or their land-legs. Such crowing is to be deprecated as un-American and unsportsmanlike. We want no victories that are not earned fairly and honestly.

The Belmont Club is to be congratulated on the successful inauguration of its ground as an international arena. The arrangements made for the comfort of the spectators were very satisfactory. A word of praise too is due the club professional Pacey for the excellently prepared wicket.

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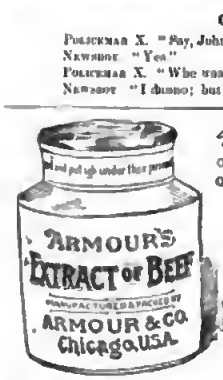

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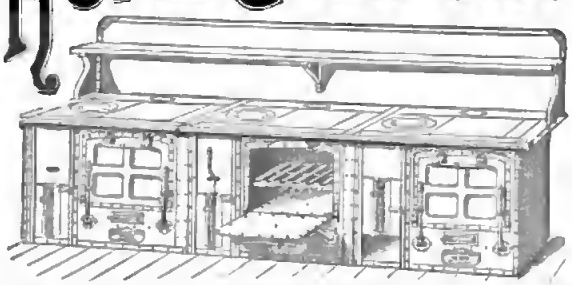

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THE VAN ALEN CASE AGAIN.

IN our last issue we published an article upon this subject which since then we have found to be based upon a very serious misapprehension of an essential circumstance. The moral significance of the matter is determined by the answer to the question whether the fact that Mr. VAN ALEN had during the last Presidential campaign made a large pecuniary contribution to the Democratic campaign fund was known to the President in a manner calculated to have any effect upon his action. That the fact was known to the President we are now certain, for it had been brought to his notice in a very impressive manner not only by one person, but by several. What relation did this circumstance have to the appointment?

If President CLEVELAND is in any doubt as to the light in which the nomination of Mr. VAN ALEN to so important a place as that of American Ambassador in Italy appears to a large portion of the public, that doubt should be solved by the plea brought forward by his principal defenders in the Democratic press, that the Republicans who found President HARRISON blameless in appointing Mr. WANAMAKER to a position in the cabinet are debarred from finding fault with President CLEVELAND for nominating Mr. VAN ALEN. The VAN ALEN case, they say, is certainly no worse than the WANAMAKER case was. This is true; it is no worse. But can Mr CLEVELAND read or hear such an argument in his defence without a bitter feeling of humiliation? Can he fail to remember that the press and the spokesmen of his party had been loud in denouncing the appointment to so high a place of a man who had not in the least distinguished himself as a public character, and had hardly any other title to public preferment than the contribution of a large sum of money in the Republican campaign fund? Can he fail to remember that this act was held up to the eyes of the people as a striking example of Republican profligacy, and formed one of the most prominent counts in the campaign indictment of the HARRISON administration? The mere plea, therefore, that Mr CLEVELAND's act is no worse than Mr HARRISON's was leaves Mr. CLEVELAND in a position which must appear, to say the least, most unsatisfactory to himself, and is certainly unsatisfactory to men to whom proper moral standards in politics are of any importance. They will ask that Mr. CLEVELAND's action in appointing Mr. VAN ALEN be shown to be not only no worse, but far better, than Mr HARRISON's action was in appointing Mr. WANAMAKER

We are certainly not disposed to judge Mr CLEVELAND harshly. We are rather conscious of a leaning in his favor. But we cannot close our eyes to the facts in the case as they have become known to us. At a certain period of the late Presidential campaign the Democratic managers found themselves in great need of money. A large sum, no matter how large, was obtained by Mr. WHITNEY from Mr. VAN ALEN, a rich gentleman living in Rhode Island. Soon after the election it was rumored and this rumor was freely talked of in political circles—that Mr. VAN ALEN was expecting a high diplomatic appointment in consideration of the pecuniary aid he had given toward Mr. CLEVELAND's election. Charges of a well-understood bargain were frequently heard. Mr. VAN ALEN was not in any way distinguished as a public man. He had rendered no public services. He was entirely unknown to the political world. He had never taken any part in politics except by his contribution of money. So far the case of Mr. VAN ALEN corresponds exactly with that of Mr. WANAMAKER, only that Mr. WANAMAKER's was more the subject of public discussion. There was in the two cases the same wonder how such men could suddenly leap up as candidates for high places. The difference was that Mr. HARRISON appointed his man promptly, while Mr. CLEVELAND hesitated more than six months, being in the mean time by several of his friends well advised of all the circumstances of the case, and anxiously warned of the inevitable consequences. But after long hesitation he at last made the appointment. The effect upon public opinion was in the two cases essentially the same, only that with regard to Mr. CLEVELAND the disappointment was greater, because much better things had been expected of him.

In both cases the charge of bargain was denied with equal positiveness, and in both cases probably with equal justice. Men of experience in political life tell us that under such circumstances no formal bargains are ever made. But the permission to expect a favor in consideration of a service rendered is almost as good as a bargain. That such a permission was given neither by Mr. HARRISON nor by Mr. CLEVELAND in person we may take as certain; nor would either of them admit that Mr. WANAMAKER in one case or Mr. VAN ALEN in the other received his appointment only on account of the contribution of money to the respective campaign funds. But the question arises whether Mr. WANAMAKER and Mr. VAN ALEN would have received their appointments *without* their money contributions. Would Mr. WANAMAKER ever have been thought of for a cabinet officer or Mr. VAN ALEN for the American embassy in Italy had they not helped to elect to the Presidency Mr. HARRISON in the one case and Mr. CLEVELAND in the other with their money? We doubt whether anybody in this broad land can be found bold enough to affirm that either of them would, such as they then were, have had the slightest chance of being considered in the course of high political advancement but for the political use they made of their money. Scores of Republicans would unquestionably have been preferred to Mr. WANAMAKER for the Postmaster-Generalship, and scores of Democrats to Mr. VAN ALEN for the Italian embassy. And there is the rub. It will readily be admitted that between appointing to office men who would not have been appointed but for their money contributions, and permitting offices to be bought with money, the difference is not very great. It is certainly not essential.

The question whether the contribution of money to a campaign fund should be absolutely a bar to subsequent appointment to office has received various answers. With it may be argued with a good show of reason that a contributor to a campaign fund who has rendered eminent public services, or whose abilities present uncommon promise of public usefulness, should not be excluded from official employment by the mere fact of his contribution, it is absolutely certain that the appointment to office of persons whose only or whose principal claim to political consideration consists in their having given money for electioneering purposes is utterly indefensible, and cannot fail to be dangerously demoralizing in its effects. In this respect it is of the highest importance that administrations, like judges, should not only avoid the offence against good political morals itself, but also the appearance of an offence. Even if we take ever so favorable a view of Mr. CLEVELAND's motives, we are compelled to say that his action in this instance has dealt a blow to his moral prestige recovery from which is exceedingly questionable. This would be very deplorable in the case of any President. It is especially deplorable in his case, since he had earned the reputation that in such matters he would always instinctively find the right course, and be unbending to the most seductive appeals of friends. His character as a public man of acute moral perceptions and inflexible firmness was an important property of the American people, and the value of that property has by this one conspicuous act in a lamentable manner been put in jeopardy.

THE SURRENDER OF THE ANTI-SNAPPERS.

THE Democratic enemies of the HILL-MURPHY machine have surrendered. They made an opposition to the bosses, but permitted them to capture the State Convention, and to once more lead in his own State the party which nominated GROVER CLEVELAND for President. Even in the city of Buffalo, where Postmaster-General BISSELL lives, and of which Mr. CLEVELAND was once the Mayor, there was no organized opposition to the delegates whom Lieutenant-Governor SHEEHAN selected. The bandits have prevailed in the open field. There has been no occasion for the exercise of cunning, for ambush, for the talents that work best in the dark. They have had no enemy to overcome or to circumvent. The men who might have contended with them, and seized from them the organization of a great party, have not appeared except in a few scattered towns and counties. Where they fought they generally won, but in one county, Tompkins, the CLEVELAND men who composed the county convention deliberately elected HILL delegates to the Saratoga Convention.

It is a sad and humiliating story, a story of weakness, almost of betrayal. There is no doubt of the strength of the Democratic opposition to the State machine. It has been demonstrated. It was sufficient to beat the carefully prepared and strongly fortified purposes of the snap convention. It mustered nearly a quarter of a million voters. It was so formidable as to be able to convince the doubters from other States that Mr. CLEVELAND could carry New York in spite of the prophecies and threats of the machine. That its power is not broken is shown by the triumphs its partisans have recently won in primaries and conventions here and there. And these triumphs were gained without patronage, State or national. Thousands of anti-snappers assert that they could not hope to beat the machine because the President declined to recognize their organization in the distribution of patronage. This contention has been signally disproved in the northern part of the State, in Genesee County, and in Tompkins County. It has been shown in these places that plunder is not the only thing for which men make sacrifices and struggles in politics. The anxiety of the machine to placate the men who had the courage to fight it is an admission by the leaders of their own weakness. By their orders resolutions eulogistic of Mr. CLEVELAND have been passed in all their county conventions, and they preferred to secure the CLEVELAND county convention of Tompkins to refusing admission to the CLEVELAND delegates, who would have been sent to the State Convention but for the successful coujury of the machine.

The machine triumphs against the supine and leaderless majority of the Democrats of the State. This degradation of the party will lead to its defeat if the Republicans conduct a wise campaign. But it is not only the Democratic party that is degraded. The State itself, its Republican as well as its Democratic citizens, also suffers, by reason of the corrupt leadership of a party that has elected its candidate for Governor and has control of its Legislature. The Democrats who have surrendered to the machine are, in other respects, good citizens. Some of them are among the foremost men of the State. They owed a duty to the commonwealth which they declined to discharge. They might have saved the State from the shame of the triumph of the bosses, and in doing that they might have made a brighter future for the politics of New York. All the hopes and ambitions, all the expectations of the better things to come, that were brought into being by the early triumphs of the anti-snappers must now be postponed. There is nothing left for patriotic Democrats but revolt at the polls. If the good men of the party will not reform it, the voters must smash it.

CARLISLE ON BANKING AND CURRENCY.

THE present Secretary of the Treasury is an old-fashioned Democratic statesman. He settles questions in his own mind in accordance with certain well-defined principles. He believes that the powers of the Federal government are limited, and he does not accept loving statutes embodying liberal and more liberal interpretations as establishing precedents against his own view of the character of the Federal government. Therefore he urges an absolute divorce between the general government and the banks.

In a recent statement of his views the Secretary is reported to favor the repeal of the State bank tax, because it is an unjust and unconstitutional attempt of the government to do by indirection what it confessedly has not the power to do directly. He is there reported as expressing the opinion that there should be no national banks, and that the connection between the government and these institutions has resulted to harm to all concerned—to the business community by reason of the inelasticity of the currency, necessitated by its disappearing basis through the payment of the national debt; to the banks themselves for the same reason, and to the government, whose Treasury Department has come to be regarded as a great bank, although it has, and can have, no banking powers. Mr. CARLISLE evidently feels no very great interest, as the finance officer of the government, in the question as to what banking system shall follow after the destruction of the national banks. As he believes that the Treasury should have no connection with banking and currency, but that its functions should be confined to the collection and disbursement of the public revenues, it follows that he has no reform or extension of the national bank system in view.

This is a fresh contribution to the currency and banking discussion, which is important because it comes from the one Democrat now in public life who is best equipped for the discussion. While other and lesser lights in his party are devising means by which the national banks may be more firmly established, and the supervisory powers of the government may be extended over State institutions if their power to issue currency should be revived, Mr. CARLISLE goes to the root of the matter and states that the Federal government should have nothing to do with banking. Incidentally his interpreter states that Mr. CARLISLE does not fear the return of "wild-cat" currency, any more than he fears the return of the conditions that made such a currency possible.

Undoubtedly any proposition concerning this subject which is entertained by Mr. CARLISLE will be discussed in Congress. When the time comes, when the SHERMAN purchasing law is repealed, and when the future monetary system of the country is about to be determined, the Democrats will be forced to decide whether they will follow Mr. CARLISLE and support a scheme which will return the Treasury to the simple state that is Mr. CARLISLE's ideal, which will absolutely free the government from business relations with individuals and banks, which will take

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away the guarantee of circulation which, the Secretary asserts, has also limited it and made it inelastic, and which, so far as the United States are concerned, will leave to business itself the regulation of the medium by which business is transacted. Mr. CARLISLE'S theory involves the turning back to the States of all banking legislation and all governmental control of banks. When it is considered that this proposition comes from the Secretary of the Treasury, whose party is in a majority in both Houses of Congress, its great importance will be recognised. The debate on this question will reveal a strong opposition to Mr. CARLISLE'S views. The national banks are very firmly fixed in the confidence of the people who have been so well served by them.

ARTISTIC EDUCATION.

THE annual revival of activity in the art schools of New York draws attention to something more significant than the mere return of a certain number of youthful and enthusiastic students to their tasks. In bringing up the question as to how far the metropolis is equipped for the training of artists, this awakening of the *ateliers* brings up also the question as to how far the artists need to be trained. Narrowly speaking, those of their educational necessities which should be considered by the art schools refer to technique alone, and in this respect New York occupies, at present, a singularly gratifying position. At the various local sources of artistic instruction, at the Art Students' League, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Academy of Design, and the Brooklyn Art School across the river, the classes are numerous and are in the hands of a thoroughly efficient corps of teachers. Within the limits set by the comparative adolescence of America in such matters, and by the imperfect state of our public collections, New York is capable of grounding the painter, the etcher, the sculptor, the architect, and the industrial artist in the rudiments of their professions.

Thus far we have followed the elementary lines of art education, and have followed them to good purpose. Recently there has been a new development—new to this country—which is perhaps the most encouraging of all. We refer to the establishment of travelling scholarships for painters, and the formation of special classes in which competitors for those prizes might be prepared. In founding travelling scholarships patrons of art have recognized some of the most essential points in the training of an artist—the stimulation of his imagination and the broadening of his outlook upon life. Culture in the highest sense is still far from holding the position it deserves and is destined to obtain in the perspective of the artist, but there is probably no better substitute for it, in his case, than an acquaintance with European galleries and European life, and while we are waiting for the younger generation to learn the value of literature, music, science, and philosophy to their art, we may be glad that their gospel of art for art's sake is being corrected by contact with the great artistic minds of the past. Such a scholarship as that founded in memory of the late JACOB H. LAZARUS at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, for example, comes near to rivalling the beneficent plan of the French government in sending a winner of the *Prix de Rome* to nourish his art upon the inspiration of Italy. According to the terms of the LAZARUS memorial the winner is maintained during two years of study abroad on an income of twelve hundred dollars a year. He is expected to advance himself on the executive side of his art, but the aim of his sojourn is plainly more than a matter of technique, more than a matter of strengthening his wrist.

This broader conception of the requirements of art education is reflected in the programme of a painting class now being organized at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Under the direction of Mr. JOHN LA FARGE, students, and especially those who propose to try for the LAZARUS prize, will exercise their brushes, but will also make *a special study of the collections of the Museum, and such other pictures, public or private property, as may be accessible to them.* This strikes a healthy note. Artists in the critical period of their growth must direct their energies through more channels than those of actual performance. The crying need of modern art is for more thought, for more imagination, for more of the quickening impulse which lifts the instruments of art above the barren level of sheer virtuosity. In every prospectus which reaches us there is a sign that the want is realized. In the scholarships offered by the Academy and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in the lectures given at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, we discern a resolution to supplement the elementary education of an artist by what he needs quite as much—an appeal to his nature on many other sides. This appeal has been made before, but never so systematically as it is being made to-day.

OCTOBER OUTINGS.

OF the four seasons that fill the measure of the year the autumn days are fairest. This is not only so because of the rich coloring of the foliage, the soft and balmy air, that is at once a recollection of the summer heat and a realization of the better things hoped for when the dog star was raging, but it is true because carefully kept statistics for more than a half-century past proclaim the fact. Poets and painters, who love so well the cool and soft October days, might be deceived, and perpetuate in their song and on their canvas the rare days the exceptional days, the days that come so seldom that they will not be forgot. But the statistician, the careful measurer of the sunshine and the rainfall, tells us that during fifty years in the Septembers and Octobers in the neighborhood of New York there have been more fair days than in any other two months. This seems astonishing when one recalls the droughty Julys and Augusts, but it is a fact that cannot be disputed. But even though it were not quite a fact, the glorious month of October would still be the best of all months for those outings that are dear to healthy men. There is a richness in the woods and the fields that appeals to all save the confirmed cockney, and will not be denied. We take our vacations quite generally in July and August, not because that is the best time to be in the country, but because it is the worst time to be in town. But there are some fortunate men who can take vacations whenever they choose, and some more fortunate who live in the country all the year round, and know nature's changing moods from month to month. Such as these are generally wise enough to get from ripe October as much as possible.

Whether the outing be by water, by road, or afield, there is a greater promise of enjoyment in the autumn than earlier in the year. A horseback excursion in midsummer is more frequently than not a hardship both to man and beast. But in the shorter days, even at mid-day, it is not too warm to canter over the level stretches and up the hills, even though the distance should be several miles. On the water there is surer promise of a breeze to fill the sails, and a better prospect that the wary fish will bite. In the woods the nuts are ripe, and in the fields the timid quail, grown bold from long immunity from peril, pipes its little rallying call, all ignorant of the fact that the careful sportsman is marking its presence in this place, and that with the idea of later trying his marksmanship on that particular bird and its brood. And even for those industrious excursionists the bicycle-riders—men and women who will not be cheated of their outings whatever the month, whatever the season—October has in it more of joy than any other time. On their wheels they can sit with heads erect without fear of a too caressing sun spoiling their complexion. This regard for the complexion, it has been said, is why the wheelmen stoop over in such ungraceful fashion, and bend their backs like badly warped bows. The roads being at their best in October, the wheelmen are for a little while off duty as inspectors, and can therefore devote some time to a study of the unfolding landscape, and ponder on the problem why it is ten times as far up a hill as it is down. But to those who only care for the country to escape the city's summer heat, October offers nothing specially attractive to call them from the crowded pavements and busy haunts of men. The restfulness of the red-besprinkled October landscape would suggest to them only a sad loneliness, and they would not like it. But, as DRYDEN sung,

"For active sports, for pleasing rest,
This is the time to be possess'd."

A LUXURY THAT POSES AS A VIRTUE.

YOU may think it is the Bible that says that "cleanliness is next to godliness"; but no, it was merely JOHN WESLEY. BARTLETT attributes it to him, and records that he said it in a sermon on dress. Personal cleanliness is all very well, and no doubt the congregations that JOHN WESLEY was in the habit of addressing stood in some need of having the merits of it expounded to them. But it can be run into the ground. If it is a virtue at all, it is one that is easily exaggerated into a vicious excess. It is a luxury, and, like all the other luxuries, it is more or less enervating. People who have formed the habit of keeping clean and living in clean houses are not happy unless they and their surroundings are neat and tidy. They dislike work that soils their hands or musses their clothes, and consequently are much less ready to take hold and help when occasion offers than their less fastidious fellows. Moreover, like the other luxuries, cleanliness is costly. To live in a clean house, especially if it is a large one, is a very serious expense. To have windows washed once a week, and carpets swept and rugs shaken, and paint washed now and then, and ceilings whitened once a year, and to have clean table linen and bright silver, are all luxuries that eat up the incomes of families and divert expenditures from other fields. It does not do a family any real good to be so desperately clean. Its hospitality is not more gracious or its benevolence truer because of it. Indeed, it often works directly against these attributes. Who has not known housekeepers to whom guests were not welcome because of the trouble of putting things to rights after they had gone? and who does not know families whose incomes are so taxed by the care and cost of fine clothes and a fine dwelling kept in perfect order that they can seldom afford to have any one in their houses except themselves, and can seldom spare either time or money for their spiritual or intellectual advancement? Cases have been known where mothers of families, who were harassed almost to sleeplessness by the disparity between income and expenses, have still put two clean dresses a day upon each of their children, not in conscious defiance of fiscal laws, but out of helpless inability to see anything but good in clean clothes.

It is undeniably nice to be clean and to live in a clean house, but it is dear, and it may easily cost more than it is worth. Up to a certain point it is a great thing not to be afraid of dirt. Dirt is somewhat uncomfortable, unless you are used to it, but there are worse things. It is not so bad as debt, or meanness, or that poverty of the soul which possesses nothing that it can share. The very rich may be as clean as they can, but the poor and the people in moderate circumstances should be only so clean as they can afford to be. If it costs too much to wash the windows twice a month, wash them once a quarter. If it is too great a strain to keep the children clean all day, be satisfied with having them go clean to bed. Some very nice children get their clothes dirty, and children may have spick-and-span dresses on and not be nice at all. Grimy or stuffy dwellings are not pleasant, but it is by no means in the most immaculate houses that the most comfort is found. Oftentimes there is more present satisfaction and more future benefit to be had with a book in a spare hour by a dingy window than where the window glass is bright, but as a consequence there is no book and no spare hour to read it in.

It is generally conceded that if the man in the house has a fair chance he will make himself comfortable. His lair may not be exceptionally neat or particularly pretty, but it will be a good place to sit down in and a good place to work in. Does he ever complain that it is not kept clean enough? No, never. When he grumbles it is because the carpet has been taken up, and all the books turned out, and the curtains carried off, and the windows washed. Men are tolerably clean animals, but they do not make such a fetich of cleanliness as some women do who know no better. To be comfortably clean is good, but to be extravagantly and inconveniently clean is a greater mistake than to go dirty.

THE POSTER OF BILLS.

AS a race we are burdened with misfit maxims and aphorisms which are behind the times. There should be a committee appointed to bring our proverbs up to date. Take the antiquated adage which implies that the bee is an industrious insect; modern scientific research has shown that the bee is nothing of the kind, spending half of its time buzzing up and down picket fences and lying in wait to sting small boys—operations good, perhaps, considered as field sports, but which cannot be looked upon in the light of commendable industries. If the old aboriginal philosopher could have known something about the modern bill-poster, let us say, it is altogether probable that he would have given him serious consideration before he put forth his monograph to prove that the bee is a busy creature.

We take it that in the matter of plain industry the bill-poster stands alone, with no man worthy to be second. The bill-poster is busy the year round, and rejoices in leap-years; but he seems to make an especially violent effort at about this season. He sleeps a little, we fancy, at other times, but now he scorns any such display of weakness, and sticks bills through the long night as well as through the hurrying day. We mentioned recently, in speaking of the opening of the theatrical season, the awakening among the bill boards, remarking how they now cry out and refuse to be comforted. At this season, in fact, we live amid the thunders of bills, when bill board calls unto bill-board, and the raucous roar of three-sheet posters reverberates along the startled streets. It is surmised that possibly the bill-poster is kept awake by the noisy demonstration of his own bills. But it is not likely that he wants to sleep. A building might burn down somewhere, and if he were asleep he would not get the hot and tottering walls covered with posters in time to catch the eye of the man running to get the 5 A.M. train. If he were at home in bed he could not crowd through the fire lines and post bills on the top story while the firemen were fighting the flames on the floor below. He loves to be out on the street at night, when, should he discover a fire, he can bill the front of the building and then turn in an alarm.

If the spirit of restless industry which pervades the ranks of the bill-posters could be made to permeate the rest of the community, who dare say how much it would add to the national wealth? If, for instance, the bill-posting zeal could take hold upon the messenger-boy, the change which would be wrought in the social and business world is scarcely conceivable. It seems hardly probable, however, that it will become epidemic among the messenger-boys. But, on the other hand, there appears to be no danger that the idea of the messenger-boy will infect the bill-poster. Fire nor water nor night nor storm nor policeman can stop him. The only thing which ever gives him pause is the dreaded and hated sign of Post no Bills.

It must not be supposed by the unobserving that pasting up the gigantic bills which cover fences and sides of houses is the bill-poster's only work. These, to be sure, are his great works, the ones which call forth his genius; but his long, steady, untiring, day-in-and-day-out labors are directed at the humble ash can. The pile of bricks, the dry-goods box, the new building, all attract him, but none of them give him that pure tranquil joy which he feels when a new ash-can swims into his ken. He loves to bill and rebill an ash-barrel, every morning a new bill, whether or not the old one has been damaged, till the barrel is padded with paste and paper, upholstered in bills, takes on an obese aspect, becomes broader than it is long, and looks as if it were wearing extremely pronounced crinoline. But it is when rival bill-stickers descend upon the ash-cans of a given street, one detachment waiting around the corner till the other has affixed its loathed bills, and then swooping around and sticking its own over the others with a slap of wet brushes and a swirl of paste around each like red fire around a pin-wheel—then it is that an ash can grows a bark like a cork tree—layers of rind enswathing strata of paste and paper. It is related of an ingenious citizen living on Eighth Avenue that he baits his sidewalk regularly each morning with ten alleged ash-cans, around which the bill-workers clash and rally all day. At night the citizen slips off the accumulated cylinders (by a process which he keeps secret), and sells them as a cheap quality of paper barrel in which to ship potatoes to Europe. As to the strict morality of this way of obtaining a livelihood, we leave it to other and subtler casuists.

We must also leave to other investigators the discovery of the reason for this awe-inspiring industry among them that post bills—a phenomenon which must be studied in the light of the no less wonder-compelling stagnation existing in the ranks of them that carry messages. Is it possible that bill-posters, paradoxical as it seems at first sight, are messenger-boys of a larger growth? that all of the vast oceans of energy conserved and stored up while in the larva state of messenger-boy bursts forth in riotous profusion in the perfect condition of bill-poster? There are whole intellectual restaurants of food for thought in this idea; but we leave it to some professional essayist. Properly worked out, he can make of it a bright, snappy paper for some live and breezy quarterly review.

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MERION CRICKET CLUB'S COUNTRY HOUSE

MERION CRICKET CLUB HOUSE.

BELMONT CRICKET CLUB'S NEW HOUSE—REAR VIEW.

BELMONT CRICKET CLUB'S NEW HOUSE—FRONT VIEW.

TWO OF PHILADELPHIA'S CRICKET CLUBS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM H. RAU, PHILADELPHIA.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE JOHNSON FAMILY VISIT THE LAPLAND VILLAGE.

MRS. JOHNSON. "DE BABY SEEM TER BE CONTENTED."
MR. JOHNSON (*in a facetious mood*). "YEH, HIT'S IN LAPLAN'."

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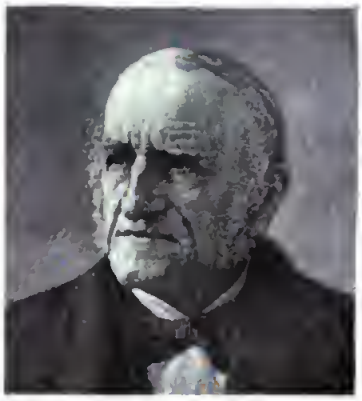
FRANKLIN CARTER,
President of Williams College.



REV. MARK HOPKINS,
President 1836-1872.

F. F. THOMPSON,
Donor of the Thompson Laboratories.

VIEW OF WILLIAMSTOWN IN 1836.

THE CENTENARY OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE.—[See Page 992.]

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THIS BUSY WORLD

MEASURES suited to save a man's life are often taken too late but if means are not absolutely lacking, they can usually be made available in time to give him a proper funeral. The death of Professor Richard A. Proctor from yellow fever in a New York hospital in 1888 has not yet been forgotten. He died far from his family and friends, and was buried without formal ceremonies of any kind in the family lot of Stephen Merritt, in Greenwood Cemetery. It was obviously desirable that so distinguished a man should rest in a separate enclosure and beneath a proper monument; but his wife had died before him and his children were scattered, and nothing was done until, the attention of Mr. George W. Childs being called to the case, he offered to pay for a lot and a monument. At Mr. Childs's desire, Mr. William J. Bok, with the co-operation of Mr. Proctor's eldest daughter, Miss Mary Proctor, bought a lot at Greenwood, had a monument made and inscribed, and arranged for the removal and reinterment of the body, with proper ceremonies, which took place on Tuesday, October 31. Thanks to Mr. Childs, Miss Mary Proctor, and Mr. Bok, the lamented astronomer now rests in a grave of his own, which is marked by a handsome monument. Dr. Talmage has pronounced his eulogy, and his monument is inscribed with an epitaph composed by Herbert Spencer. Nothing would seem now to be lacking for his comfortable repose, unless, possibly, to have Mr. Spencer's inscription taken off and rewritten, since, though sound in substance, it is very far from satisfactory in form.

The person who finds mistakes has read the first chapter of the *Prince of India*, and writes from Michigan to a Chicago paper disclosing some errors in English that, he says, have rewarded his search. He finds a "which" which ought to be "that," and oars that knocked against "each other" instead of "one another," and "scarce" that he thinks should be "scarcely," and "plunder" that he condemns as slang and "leather" that should be "leathern," and an "item" that should be an "article," and divers other words and phrases that should, in his opinion, be something else.

This brother evidently gets his money's worth when he buys a book. One is bound to envy him the satisfaction he will take in passing General Wallace's romance under his microscope, and making marginal emendations from page to page. To critics of his sort language seems not an appeal as a vehicle of thought, but rather as a legitimate and authorized hinderance to expression. To him and his like the rules of grammar are not so much the guide posts on the road as the hurdles across the track. His interest is less in knowing whither his author is bound, and going with him, than in watching the details of his performance and noting whether he touches the bars as he goes over.

Usually such critics have eyes, but no eyes. They do oftentimes detect verbal errors that are blemishes, but they rarely know a sentence that stands on its legs from one that crawls on its stomach. They seldom have much notion of the balance of syllables, or of the choice and arrangement of words. They sometimes know when a sentence is incorrect, but to recognize its merit when it is good is usually beyond them. They have their uses, and all writers should profit when they can by their discoveries, but when they learned grammar and rhetoric they should have learned at the same time that faulty writing may have imperishable qualities, and that writing which is perfectly correct may also be absolutely commonplace. It would be a good exercise for such critics to read the extracts from the writings of Lincoln which are quoted in the *Life of Lincoln* by John T. Morse, and observe how many errors Mr. Morse detects in some of Lincoln's most remarkable deliverances. There are corrections that improve and corrections that detract. Probably Lincoln's speeches and writings would lose nothing if their "woulds" and "shoulds" and "wills" and "shalls" were all straightened out by some judicious hand. But more than one reader has regretted that the writings of Washington have not come down to us (in print) as they were written, and are only accessible to readers as polished and amended by Jared Sparks.

Deprecating the dissatisfaction of some of the Boston papers with the late Mr. Frederick Ames because he left no public bequests, the Boston *Transcript* points out such extenuating circumstances in Mr. Ames's favor as that he gave very freely indeed during his lifetime, and used his great capital in such a way that it kept a great amount of labor usefully employed. But the best excuse for Mr. Ames, if any excuse is needed, was that his death was premature and wholly unexpected. His will was a natural enough will for a man of his age and his habits. It simply contained directions for the distribution of the income of his estate among his family as his children came to a proper age. If he had intended to leave bequests he might reasonably have put off indicating them until later. A man who is in the habit of giving very large sums from year to year would naturally want to consider what sums, and to what uses he had already given, before arranging his final bequests. To have had to overhaul his will every time he gave away a hundred thousand dollars would have put Mr. Ames to continual trouble and legal expense. He had promised, for example, a very large sum to Harvard College but died before the gift was complete. Probably he would have provided for it in his will if he had anticipated the need of doing so, but probably also he preferred to defer his final testamentary settlement with Harvard College until he could form a better notion of how his running account with that institution was going to stand. Viewed in the light of his habits, Mr. Ames's will seems the testament of a man who expected to give largely as long as he lived, and possibly of one to whom the wise and liberal distribution of funds was a privilege so highly appreciated that he desired that his children too should enjoy it in large measure after he had finished.

In a contemporary magazine article about "The Man of Letters as a Man of Business," Mr. Howells discusses for one thing the power of newspapers to make or mar an author. He questions whether they avail much to do either, and is pretty sure at least that they cannot mistake him after he is once made. Mr. Howells ought certainly to know, as, indeed he himself suggests when he tells of how a writer who once possessed the favor of the press may be denounced by it for five or six years with unanimity and inclusive vigor, and still survive, and even live to see the clamor die away, and himself return to a measure to the old kindness.

Mr. Howells has been one of the best scolded men of his time, but it has often seemed a pretty question whether he was being thumped for sentiments that he had really expressed, or for those that had been forced upon him. The other day, in the article mentioned above, he said that he did not think a man ought to live by an art, or take money for a statue, a poem, or a picture. It is amusing to find a Western newspaper pointing out to him the absurd position in which he puts himself by such a remark, quite oblivious to his qualifying admission, a little further on, that "as yet there is no means of the artist's living otherwise and continuing an artist." The secret of very much of the newspaper objurgation that Mr. Howells has enjoyed has in his sound literary habit of ranking his more startling remarks or assertions in such phrase that the scissors man is compelled to cut them out and print them, while the qualifying sequence in which he takes it all back never feels the shears, and never reaches the eye of the editor. They don't read whole articles in newspaper offices, but merely paragraphs, and any one who covets a just newspaper rating of his utterances must practice the art of giving full expression to his sentiments all at once.

When Mr. Howells's wish comes true, and writers do not have to live by their art, but are all provided for as they should be, we may get rid of one objectionable practice of story-writers. Is it not true that when the ordinary story-writers have told all the truly pleasant and profitable tales that they know, they are constantly driven, by sheer dearth of wholesome matter and the need of something to sell, to invent disagreeable fictions that do nobody any good and are a sorrow and a hardship to readers? To the author who is writing novels by the day for his support, the obligation to make his stories different becomes paramount over other considerations. When the mind is somewhat fagged, the easiest way to make a new and wholly different tale is to take the last one and locate it in a new place, and make it turn out the other way. Hence the too prevalent practice of authors to alternate their pleasant tales with nightmares of disaster.

E. S. MARVIN.

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE REFUGEES," "THE GREAT SHADOW," "MICAH CLARKE," ETC.

THE NAVAL TREATY.

I

THE July which immediately succeeded my marriage was made memorable by three cases of interest in which I had the privilege of being associated with Sherlock Holmes, and of studying his methods. I find that I have recorded in my notes under the headings of "The Adventure of the Second Stain," "The Adventure of the Naval Treaty," and "The Adventure of the Tired Captain." The first of these, however, deals with interests of such importance and implicates so many of the first families in the kingdom that for many years it will be impossible to make it public. No case, however, in which Holmes was engaged has ever illustrated the value of his analytical methods so clearly or has impressed those who were associated with him so deeply. I will retain an almost verbatim report of the interview in which he demonstrated the true facts of the case to Monsieur Dubugue of the Paris police and Fritz von Waldbaum, the well known specialist of Danzig, both of whom had wasted their energies upon what proved to be sole issues. The new century will have come, however, before the story can be safely told. Meanwhile I pass on to the second on my list, which promised also at one time to be of national importance, and was marked by several incidents which give it a quite unique character.

During my school days I had been intimately associated with a lad named Percy Phelps who was of much the same age as myself, though he was two classes ahead of me. He was a very brilliant boy, and carried away every prize which the school had to offer, finishing his exploits by winning a scholarship which sent him on to continue his triumphant career at Cambridge. He was, I remember, extremely well connected, and even when we were all little boys together we knew that his mother's brother was Lord Holdhurst, the great conservative politician. This family relationship did him little good at school. On the contrary, it seemed rather a piquant thing to us to chevy him about the play ground and hit him over the shins with a wicket. But it was another thing when he came out into the world. I heard vaguely that his abilities and the influences which he commanded had won him a good position at the Foreign Office, and then he passed completely out of my mind until the following letter recalled his existence.

"BRIARBRAE, WOKING.

"MY DEAR WATSON,—I have no doubt that you can remember 'Tadpole' Phelps who was in the fifth form when you were in the third. It is possible even that you may have heard that through my uncle's influence I obtained a good appointment at the Foreign Office, and that I was in a situation of trust and honor until a horrible misfortune came suddenly to blast my career.

"There is no use writing the details of that dreadful event. In the event of you acceding to my request it is probable that I shall have to narrate them to you. I have only just recovered from nine weeks of brain fever and am still exceedingly weak. Do you think that you could bring your friend Mr. Holmes down to see me? I should like to have his opinion of the case, though the authorities assure me that nothing more can be done. He try to bring him down, and as soon as possible. Every minute seems an hour while I live in this state of horrible suspense. Assure him that if I have not asked his advice sooner it was not because I did not appreciate his talents, but because I have been off my head ever since the blow fell. Now I am clear again, though I dare not think of it too much for fear of a relapse. I am still so weak that I have to write, as you see, by dictating. Do try to bring him.

"Your old school fellow,

"PERCY PHELPS."

There was something that touched me as I read this letter, something pitiable in the reiterated appeals to bring Holmes. So moved was I that even had it been a difficult matter I should have tried it, but of course I knew well that Holmes loved his art so that he was ever as ready to bring his aid as his client could be to receive it. My wife agreed with me that not a moment should be lost in laying the matter before him, and so within an hour of breakfast time I found myself back once more in the old rooms in Baker Street.

Holmes was seated at his side table clad in his dressing gown, and working hard over a chemical investigation. A large curved retort was boiling furiously in the bluish flame of a Bunsen burner, and the distilled drops were condensing into a two-litre measure. My friend hardly glanced up as I entered, and I, seeing that his investigation must be of importance, seated myself in an arm chair and waited. He dipped into this bottle or that, drawing out a few drops of each with his glass pipette, and finally brought a test tube containing a solution over to the table. In his right hand he held a slip of litmus paper.

"You come at a crisis, Watson," said he. "If this paper remains blue, all is well. If it turns red, it means a man's life." He dipped it into the test tube, and it flushed at once into a dull dirty crimson. "Hum! I thought so much," he cried. "I will be at your service in an instant, Watson. You will find tobacco in the Persian slipper." He turned to his desk and scribbled off several telegrams, which were handed over to the page-boy. Then he threw himself down into the chair opposite, and drew up his knees until his fingers clasped round his long thin shins.

"A very commonplace little murder," said he. "You've got something better, I fancy. You are the stormy petrel of crime, Watson. What is it?"

I handed him the letter, which he read with the most concentrated attention.

"It does not tell us very much, does it?" he remarked, as he handed it back to me.

"Hardly anything."

"And yet the writing is of interest."

"But the writing is not his own."

"Precisely. It is a woman's."

"A man's surely," I cried.

"No, a woman's, and a woman of rare character. You see, at the commencement of an investigation it is something to know that your client is in close contact with some one who, for good or evil, has an exceptional nature. My interest is already awakened in the case. If you are ready we will start at once for Woking, and see this diplomatist who is in such evil case, and the lady to whom he dictates his letters."

We were fortunate enough to catch an early train at Waterloo, and in a little under an hour we found ourselves among the fir woods and the heather of Woking. Briarbrae proved to be a large detached house standing in extensive grounds within a few minutes' walk of the station. On sending in our cards we were shown into an elegantly appointed drawing room, where we were joined in a few minutes by a rather stout man, who received us with much hospitality. His age may have been nearer forty than thirty, but his cheeks were so ruddy and his eyes so merry that he still conveyed the impression of a plump and mischievous boy.

"I am so glad that you have come," said he, shaking our hands with effusion. "Percy has been inquiring for you all morning. Ah, poor old chap, he clings to any straw." His father and his mother asked me to see you, for the mere mention of the subject is very painful to them."

"We have had no details yet," observed Holmes. "I perceive that you are not yourself a member of the family."

Our acquaintance looked surprised, and then glancing down, he began to laugh. "Of course you saw the J. H. monogram on my locket," said he. "For a moment I thought you had done something clever. Joseph Harrison is my name, and as Percy is to marry my sister Annie, I shall at least be a relation by marriage. You will find my sister in his room, for she has nursed him hand and foot this two months back. Perhaps we'd better go in at once, for I know how impatient he is."

The chamber in which we were shown was on the same floor as the drawing room. It was furnished partly as a sitting and partly as a bed room, with flowers arranged daintily in every nook and corner. A young man, very pale and worn, was lying upon a sofa near the open window, through which came the rich scent of the garden and the balmy summer air. A woman was sitting beside him, and rose as we entered. "Shall I leave, Percy?" she asked.

He clutched her hand to detain her. "How are you, Watson?" said he, cordially. "I should never have known you under that sunstache, and I dare say you would not be prepared to swear to me. This, I presume, is your celebrated friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

I introduced him in a few words, and we both sat down. The stout young man had left us, but his sister still remained with her hand in that of the invalid. She was a striking looking woman, a little short and thick for symmetry, but with a beautiful olive complexion, large dark Italian eyes, and a wealth of deep black hair. Her rich tints made the white face of her companion the more worn and haggard by the contrast.

"I won't waste your time," said he, raising himself upon the sofa. "I'll plunge into the matter without further preamble. I was a happy and successful man, Mr. Holmes, and on the eve of being married, when a sudden and dreadful misfortune wrecked all my prospects in life.

"I was, as Watson may have told you, in the Foreign Office, and through the influence of my uncle, Lord Holdhurst, I rose rapidly to a responsible position. When my uncle became Foreign Minister in this administration he gave me several missions of trust, and as I always brought them to a successful conclusion he came at last to have the utmost confidence in my ability and tact.

"Nearly ten weeks ago—to be more accurate, on the 23d of May—he called me into his private room, and after complimenting me on the good work which I had done, he informed me that he had a new commission of trust for me to execute.

"'This,' said he, taking a gray roll of paper from his be-

tran, 'is the original of that secret treaty between England and Italy of which, I regret to say, some rumors have already got into the public press. It is of enormous importance that nothing further should leak out. The French or Russian embassy would pay an immense sum to learn the contents of these papers. They should not leave my bureau were it not that it is absolutely necessary to have them copied. You have a desk in your office?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Then take the treaty and lock it up there. I shall give directions that you may remain behind when the others go, so that you may copy it at your leisure without fear of being overlooked. When you have finished, relock both the original and the draft in the desk, and hand them over to me personally to-morrow morning.'

"'I took the papers and—'

"'Excuse me an instant,' said Holmes. 'Were you alone during this conversation?'

"'Absolutely.'

"'In a large room?'

"'Thirty feet each way.'

"'In the centre?'

"'Yes, about it.'

"'And speaking low?'

"'My modest voice is always remarkably low. I hardly spoke at all.'

"'Thank you,' said Holmes, shutting his eyes; 'pray go on.'

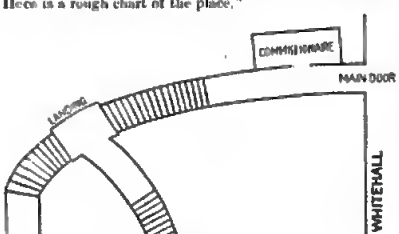
"'I did exactly what he indicated, and waited until the other clerks had departed. One of them in my room, Charles Gorot, had some arrears of work to make up, so I left him there and went out to dine. When I returned he was gone. I was anxious to hurry my work, for I knew that Joseph, the Mr. Harrison whom you saw just now, was in town, and that he would travel down to Woking by the eleven-o'clock train, and I wanted, if possible, to catch it.

"'When I came to examine the treaty I saw at once that it was of such importance that my uncle had been guilty of no exaggeration in what he had said. Without going into details, I may say that it defined the position of Great Britain towards the Triple Alliance, and foreshadowed the policy which this country would pursue in the event of the French fleet gaining a complete ascendency over that of Italy in the Mediterranean. The questions treated in it were purely naval. At the end were the signatures of the high dignitaries who had signed it. I glanced my eyes over it, and then settled down to my task of copying.

"'It was a long document, written in the French language, and containing twenty-six separate articles. I copied as quickly as I could, but at nine o'clock I had only done nine articles, and it seemed hopeless for me to attempt to catch my train. I was feeling drowsy and stupid, partly from my dinner and also from the effects of a long day's work. A cup of coffee would clear my brain. A commissionaire remains all night in a little lodge at the foot of the stairs, and he is in the habit of making coffee at his spirit-lamp for any of the officials who may be working overtime. I rang the bell, therefore, to summon him.

"'To my surprise it was a woman who answered the summons—a large coarse faced, elderly woman in an apron. She explained that she was the commissionaire's wife, who had the charing and I gave her the order for the coffee.

"'I wrote two more articles, and then, feeling more drowsy than ever, I rose and walked up and down the room to stretch my legs. My coffee had not yet come, and I wondered what the cause of the delay could be. Opening the door, I started down the corridor to find out. There was a straight passage dimly lighted, which led from the room in which I had been working, and was the only exit from it. It ended in a curving staircase, with the commissionaire's lodge in the passage at the bottom. Half way down this staircase is a small landing, with another passage running into it at right angles. This second one leads, by means of a second small stair, to a side door used by servants, and also as a short-cut by clerks when coming from Charles Street. Here is a rough chart of the place."



"'Thank you. I think that I quite follow you,' said Sherlock Holmes.

"'It is of the utmost importance that you should notice this point. I went down the stairs and into the hall, where I found the commissionaire fast asleep in his box, with the kettle boiling furiously upon the spirit lamp. I took off the kettle and blew out the lamp, for the water was spurting over the floor. Then I put out my hand and was about to shake the man, who was still sleeping soundly, when a bell over his head rang loudly, and he woke with a start.

"'Mr. Phelps, sir!' said he, looking at me in bewilderment.

"'I came down to see if my coffee was ready.'

"'I was boiling the kettle when I fell asleep, sir.' He looked at me and then up at the still quivering bell, with an ever growing astonishment upon his face.

"'If you was here, sir, then who rang the bell?' he asked.

"'The bell!' I cried. 'What bell is it?'

"'It's the bell of the room you were working in.'

"A cold hand seemed to close round my heart. Some one, then was in that room where my precious treaty lay upon the table. I ran frantically up the stair and along the passage. There was no one in the corridors, Mr. Holmes. There was no one in the room. All was exactly as I left it, save only that the papers which had been committed to my care had been taken from the desk on which they lay. The copy was there and the original was gone."

Holmes sat up in his chair and rubbed his hands. I could see that the problem was entirely to his heart. "Pray what did you do then?" he murmured.

"I recognized in an instant that the thief must have come up the stair from the side door. Of course I must have met him if he had come the other way."

"You were satisfied that he could not have been concealed in the room all the time, or in the corridor which you have just described as dimly lighted?"

"It is absolutely impossible. A rat could not conceal himself either in the room or the corridor. There is no cover at all."

"Thank you. Pray proceed."

"The commissionaire, seeing by my pale face that something was to be feared, had followed me up stairs. Now we both rushed along the corridor and down the steep steps which led to Charles Street. The door at the bottom was closed, but unlocked. We flung it open and rushed out. I can distinctly remember that as we did so there came three chimes from a neighboring clock. It was a quarter to ten."

"That is of enormous importance," said Holmes, making a note upon his shirt cuff.

"The night was very dark and a thin warm rain was falling. There was no one in Charles Street, but a great traffic was going on, as usual, in Whitehall at the extremity. We rushed along the pavement, bareheaded as we were, and at the far corner we found a policeman standing.

"'A robbery has been committed,' I gasped. 'A document of immense value has been stolen from the Foreign Office. Has any one passed this way?'

"'I have been standing here for a quarter of an hour, sir,' said he, 'only one person has passed during that time—a woman, tall and elderly, with a Paisley shawl.'

"'Ah, that is only my wife!' cried the commissionaire. 'Has no one else passed?'

"'No one.'

"'Then it must be the other way that the thief took,' cried the fellow, tugging at my sleeve.

"'But I was not satisfied, and the attempts which he made to draw me away increased my suspicions.

"'Which way did the woman go?' I cried.

"'I don't know, sir. I noticed her pass, but I had no special reason for watching her. She seemed to be in a hurry.'

"'How long ago was it?'

"'Oh, not very many minutes.'

"'Within the last five?'

"'Well, it could not be more than five.'

"'You're only wasting your time, sir, and every minute now is of importance,' cried the commissionaire. 'Take my word for it that my old woman has nothing to do with it, and come down to the other end of the street. Well, if you won't, I will.' And with that he rushed off in the other direction.

"'But I was after him in an instant, and caught him by the sleeve.

"'Where do you live?' said I.

"'Sixteen Ivy Lane, Brixton,' he answered. 'But don't let yourself be drawn away upon a false scent, Mr. Phelps. Come to the other end of the street, and let us see if we can hear of anything.'

"Nothing was to be lost by following his advice. With the policeman we both hurried down, but only to find the street full of traffic, many people coming and going, but all only too eager to get to a place of safety upon so wet a night. There was no longer any chance of tracking any one who had passed.

"Then we returned to the office, and searched the stairs and the passage without result. The corridor which led to the room was laid down with a kind of creamy linoleum, which shows an impression very easily. We examined it very carefully, but found no outline of any footmark.

"'Had it been raining all evening?'

"'Since about seven.'

"'How is it, then, that the woman who came into the room about nine left no traces with her muddy boots?'

"'I am glad you raised the point. It occurred to me at the time. The charwomen are in the habit of taking off their boots at the commissionaire's office, and putting on list slippers.'

"'That is very clear. There were no marks, then, though the night was a wet one. The chain of events is certainly one of extraordinary interest. What did you do next?'

"'We examined the room also. There is no possibility of a secret door, and the windows are quite thirty feet from the ground. Both of them were fastened on the inside. The carpet prevents any possibility of a trap-door, and the ceiling is of the ordinary white washed kind. I will pledge my life that whoever stole my papers could only have come through the door.'

"'How about the fireplace?'

"'They use none. There is a stove. The bell rope hangs from the wire just to the right of my desk. Whoever rang it must have come right up to the desk to do it. But why should any criminal wish to ring the bell? It is a most insoluble mystery.'

"'Certainly the incident was unusual. What were your next steps? You examined the room, I presume, to see if the intruder had left any traces—any cigar end, or dropped glove or hair pin or other trifle?'

"'There was nothing of the sort.'

"'No smell?'

"'Well, we never thought of that.'

"'Ah, a scent of tobacco would have been worth a great deal to us in such an investigation.'

"'I never smoke myself, so I think I should have observed it if there had been any smell of tobacco. There was absolutely no clew of any kind. The only tangible fact was that the commissionaire's wife—Mrs. Tangey was the name—had hurried out of the place. He could give no explanation, save that it was about the time when the woman always went home. The policeman and I agreed that our best plan would be to seize the woman before she could get rid of the papers, presuming that she had them.

"'The alarm had reached Scotland Yard by this time, and Mr. Forbes the detective came round at once and took up the case with a great deal of energy. We hired a hansom, and in half an hour we were at the address which had been given to us. A young woman opened the door who proved to be Mrs. Tangey's eldest daughter. Her mother had not come back yet, and we were shown into the front room to wait.

"'About ten minutes later a knock came at the door, and here we made the one serious mistake for which I blame myself. Instead of opening the door ourselves we allowed the girl to do so. We heard her say, 'Mother, there are two men in the house waiting to see you,' and an instant afterwards we heard the patter of feet rushing down the passage. Forbes flung open the door, and we both ran into the back room or kitchen, but the woman had got there before us. She stared at us with defiant eyes, and then, suddenly recognizing me, an expression of absolute astonishment came over her face.

"'Why, if it isn't Mr. Phelps of the office!' she cried.

"'Come, come, who did you think we were when you ran away from us?' asked my companion.

"'I thought you were the bailiffs,' said she; 'we have had some trouble with a tradesman.'

"'That's not quite good enough,' answered Forbes. 'We have reason to believe that you have taken a paper of importance from the Foreign Office, and that you ran in here to dispose of it. You must come back with us to Scotland Yard to be searched.'

"It was in vain that she protested and resisted. A four-wheeler was brought and we all three drove back in it. We had first made an examination of the kitchen, and especially of the kitchen fire, to see whether she might have made away with the papers during the instant that she was alone. There were no signs, however, of any ashes or scraps. When we reached Scotland Yard she was handed over at once to the female searcher. I waited in an agony of suspense until she came back with her report. There were no signs of the papers.

"'Then, for the first time, the horror of my situation came to its full force. Hitherto I had been acting, and action had numbed thought. I had been so confident of regaining the treaty at once that I had not dared to think of what would be the consequence if I failed to do so. But now there was nothing more to be done, and I had leisure to realize my position. It was horrible. Watson there would tell you that I was a nervous, sensitive boy at school. It is my nature, I thought of my uncle and of his colleagues in the cabinet, of the shame which I had brought upon him, upon myself, upon everyone connected with me. What though I was the victim of an extraordinary accident? No allowance is made for accidents where diplomatic interests are at stake. I was ruined—shamefully, hopelessly ruined. I don't know what I did. I fancy I must have made a scene. I have a dim recollection of a group of officials who crowded round me endeavoring to soothe me. One of them drove down with me to Waterloo, and saw me into the Woking train. I believe that he would have come all the way had it not been that Dr. Ferrier, who lives near me, was going down by that very train. The doctor most kindly took charge of me, and it was well he did so, for I had a fit in the station, and before we reached home I was practically a raving maniac.

"'You can imagine the state of things here when they were roused from their beds by the doctor's ringing, and found me in this condition. Poor Annie here and my mother were broken-hearted. Dr. Ferrier had just heard enough from the detective at the station to be able to give an idea of what had happened, and his story did not mend matters. It was evident to all that I was in for a long illness, so Joseph was hundled out of this cheery bachelor's bedroom, and it was turned into a sick room for me. Here I have lain, Mr. Holmes, for over nine weeks, unconscious, and raving with brain-fever. If it had not been for Miss Harrison here, and for the doctor's care, I should not be speaking to you now. She has nursed me by day, and a hired nurse has looked after me by night, for in my mad fits I was capable of anything. Slowly my reason has cleared, but it is only during the last three days that my memory has quite returned. Sometimes I wish that it never had. The first thing that I did was to wire to Mr. Forbes, who had the case in hand. He came out, and assures me that though everything has been done no trace of a clew has been discovered. The commissionaire and his wife have been examined in every way without any light being thrown upon the matter. The suspicions of the police then rested upon young Gorot, who, as you may remember, staid over time in the office that night. His remaining behind and his French name were really the only two points which could suggest suspicion, but as a matter of fact I did not begin work until he had gone, and his people are of Huguenot extraction, but as English in sympathy and tradition as you and I are. Nothing was found to implicate him in any way, and there the matter dropped. I turn to you, Mr. Holmes, as absolutely my last hope. If you fail me, then my honor as well as my position are forever forfeited."

The invalid sank back upon his cushions, tired out by this long recital, while his nurse poured him out a glass of some stimulating medicine. Holmes sat silently with his head thrown back and his eyes closed, in an attitude which might seem listless in a stranger, but which I knew betokened the most intense self-absorption.

"'Your statement has been so explicit,' said he at last, 'that you have really left me very few questions to ask. There is one of the very utmost importance, however. Did you tell any one that you had this special task to perform?'

"'No one.'

"'Not Miss Harrison here, for example?'

"'No. I had not been back to Woking between getting the order and executing the commission.'

"'And none of your people had by chance been to see you?'

"'None.'

"'Did any of them know their way about in the office?'

"'Oh yes, all of them had been shown over it.'

"'Still, of course, if you said nothing to any one about the treaty these inquiries are irrelevant.'

"'I said nothing.'

"'Do you know anything of the commissionaire?'

"'Nothing except that he is an old soldier.'

"'What regiment?'

"'Oh, I have heard—Coldstream Guards.'

"'Thank you. I have no doubt I can get details from Forbes. The authorities are excellent at manning facts, though they do not always use them to advantage. What a lovely thing a rose is!'

He walked past the couch to the open window, and held up the drooping stalk of a moss-rose, looking down at the dainty blend of crimson and green. It was a new phase of his character to me, for I had never before seen him show any keen interest in natural objects.

"There is nothing in which deduction is as necessary as in religion," said he, leaning with his back against the shutters. "It can be built up as an exact science by the reasoner. Our highest assurance of the goodness of Providence seems to me to rest in the flowers. All other things, our powers, our desires, our food, are all really necessary for our existence in the first instance. But this rose is an extra. Its smell and its color are an embellishment of life, not a condition of it. It is only goodness which gives extras, and so, I say again, that we have much to hope from the flowers."

Percy Phelps and his nurse looked at Holmes during this demonstration with surprise and a good deal of disappointment written upon their faces. He had fallen into a reverie with the moss rose between his fingers. It had lasted some minutes before the young lady broke in upon it.

"'Do you see any prospect of solving this mystery, Mr. Holmes?' she asked, with a touch of asperity in her voice.

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"Oh, the mystery!" he answered, coming back with a start to the realities of life. "Well, it would be absurd to deny that the case is a very abstruse and complicated one, but I can promise you that I will look into the matter and let you know any points which may strike me."

"Do you see any clew?"

"You have furnished me with seven, but of course I must test them before I can pronounce upon their value."

"You suspect some one?"

"I suspect myself—"

"What?"

"Of coming to conclusions too rapidly."

"Then go to London and test your conclusions."

"Your advice is very excellent, Miss Harrison," said Holmes, rising. "I think Watson, we cannot do better. Do not allow yourself to indulge in false hopes, Mr Phelps. The affair is a very tangled one."

"I shall be in a fever until I see you again," cried the diplomatist.

"Well, I'll come out by the same train to-morrow, though it's more than likely that my report will be a negative one."

"God bless you for promising to come!" cried our client. "It gives me fresh life to know that something is being done. By the way, I have had a letter from Lord Holdhurst."

"Ha! what did he say?"

"He was cold, but not harsh. I dare say my severe illness prevented him from being that. He repeated that the matter was of the utmost importance, and added that no steps would be taken about my future—by which he means of course my dismissal—until my health was restored and I had an opportunity of repairing my misfortune."

"Well, that was reasonable and considerate," said Holmes. "Come, Watson, for we have a good day's work before us in town."

Mr Joseph Harrison drove us down to the station, and we were soon whirling up in a Portsmouth train. Holmes was sunk in profound thought, and hardly opened his mouth until we had passed Clapham Junction.

"It's a very cheery thing to come into London by any of these lines which run high and allow you to look down upon the houses like this."

I thought he was joking, for the view was sordid enough, but he soon explained himself.

"Look at those big isolated clumps of building rising up above the slates, like brick islands in a lead colored sea."

"The board schools."

"Light-houses, my boy! Beacons of the future! Capsules with hundreds of bright little seeds in each, out of which will spring the wiser, better England of the future. I suppose that man Phelps does not drink?"

"I should not think so."

"Nor should I, but we are bound to take every possibility into account. The poor devil has certainly got himself into very deep water, and it's a question whether we shall ever be able to get him ashore. What did you think of Miss Harrison?"

"A girl of strong character."

"Yes, but she is a good sort, or I am mistaken. She and her brother are the only children of an iron master somewhere up Northumberland way. He got engaged to her when travelling last winter, and she came down to be introduced to his people, with her brother as escort. Then came the smash, and she stuck on to nurse her lover, while brother Joseph, finding himself pretty snug, stuck on too. I've been making a few independent inquiries, you see. But to-day must be a day of inquiries."

"My practice—" I began.

"Oh, if you find your own cases more interesting than mine—" said Holmes, with some asperity.

"I was going to say that my practice could get along very well for a day or two, since it is the slackest time in the year."

"Excellent," said he, recovering his good-humor. "Then we'll look into this matter together. I think that we should begin by seeing Forbes. He can probably tell us all the details we want until we know from what side the case is to be approached."

"You said you had a clew?"

"Well, we have several, but we can only test their value by further inquiry. The most difficult crime to track is the one which is purposeless. Now this is not purposeless. Who is it who profits by it? There is the French ambassador, there is the Russian, there is whoever might sell it to either of these, and there is Lord Holdhurst."

"Lord Holdhurst!"

"Well, it is just conceivable that a statesman might find himself in a position where he was not sorry to have such a document accidentally destroyed."

"Not a statesman with the honorable record of Lord Holdhurst."

"It is a possibility, and we cannot afford to disregard it. We shall see the noble lord to-day, and find out if he can tell us anything. Meanwhile I have already set inquiries on foot."

"Already?"

"Yes; I sent wires from Woking station to every evening paper in London. This advertisement will appear in each of them."

He handed over a sheet torn from a note-book. On it was scribbled in pencil: "£10 reward. The number of the cab which dropped a fare at or about the door of the Foreign Office in Charles Street at quarter to ten in the evening of May 23d. Apply 221B Baker Street."

"You are confident that the thief came in a cab?"

"If not there is no harm done. But if Mr. Phelps is correct in stating that there is no hiding-place either in the room or the corridors, then the person must have come from outside. If he came from outside on so wet a night and yet left no trace of damp upon the linoleum, which was examined within a few minutes of his passing, then it is exceedingly probable that he came in a cab. Yes, I think that we may safely deduce a cab."

"It sounds plausible."

"That is one of the clews of which I spoke. It may lead us to something. And then, of course, there is the bell, which is the most distinctive feature of the case. Why should the bell ring? Was it the thief who did it out of bravado? Or was it some one who was with the thief, who did it in order to prevent the crime? Or was it an accident? Or was it—?" he sank back into the state of intense and silent thought from which he had emerged, but it seemed to me, accustomed as I was to his every mood, that some new possibility had dawned suddenly upon him.

It was twenty past three when we reached our terminus, and after a hasty luncheon at the buffet we pushed on at once to Scotland Yard. Holmes had already wired to Forbes, and we found him waiting to receive us—a small fuzzy man with a sharp but by no means unkindly expression. He was decidedly frigid in his manner to us, especially when he heard the errand upon which we had come.

"I've heard of your methods before now, Mr Holmes," said he, tartly. "You are ready enough to use all the information that the police can lay at your disposal, and then you try to finish the case yourself and bring discredit on them."

"On the contrary," said Holmes, "out of my last fifty-three cases my name has only appeared in four, and the police have had all the credit in forty-nine. I don't blame you for not knowing this, for you are young and inexperienced, but if you wish to get on in your new duties you will work with me and not against me."

"I'd be very glad of a hint or two," said the detective, changing his manner. "I've certainly had no credit from the case so far."

"What steps have you taken?"

"Tangey the commissionnaire has been shadowed. He left the Guards with a good character, and we can find nothing against him. His wife is a bad lot, though. I fancy she knows more about this than appears."

"Have you shadowed her?"

"We have set one of our women on to her. Mrs. Tangey drinks, and our woman has been with her twice when she was well on, but she could get nothing out of her."

"I understand that they have had brokers in the house."

"Yes, but they were paid off."

"Where did the money come from?"

"That was all right. His pension was due. They have not shown any sign of being in funds."

"What explanation did she give of having answered the bell when Mr. Phelps rang for the coffee?"

"She said that her husband was very tired and she wished to relieve him."

"Well, certainly, that would agree with his being found a little later asleep in his chair. There is nothing against them then, but the woman's character. Did you ask her why she hurried away that night? Her haste attracted the attention of the police constable."

"She was later than usual, and wanted to get home."

"Did you point out to her that you and Mr. Phelps, who started at least twenty minutes after her, got home before her?"

"She explained that by the difference between a 'bus and a hansom."

"Did she make it clear why, on reaching her house, she ran into the back kitchen?"

"Because she had the money there with which to pay off the brokers."

"She has at least an answer for everything. Did you ask her whether in leaving she met any one or saw any one loitering about Charles Street?"

"She saw no one but the constable."

"Well, you seem to have cross-examined her pretty thoroughly. What else have you done?"

"The clerk Gorot has been shadowed all these nine weeks, but without result. We can show nothing against him."

"Anything else?"

"Well, we have nothing else to go upon—no evidence of any kind."

"Have you formed any theory about how that bell rang?"

"Well, I must confess that it beats me. It was a cool hand, whoever it was, to go and give the alarm like that."

"Yes, it was a queer thing to do. Many thanks to you for what you have told me. If I can put the man into your hands you shall hear from me. Come along, Watson."

"Where are we going to now?" I asked as we left the office.

"We are now going to interview Lord Holdhurst, the cabinet minister and future Premier of England."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THE PAPERS HAD BEEN TAKEN FROM THE DESK."

"A YOUNG MAN VERY PALE AND WORN."

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last hour as the first. Any sign of fatigue would be met with renewed vigor of the chanting chorus, while the drummer would reverse his drum and thump harder on the other head. The chorus huddled closer together, gesticulating seriously with their hands, as though to emphasize the meaning of their songs.

At sundown they all filed solemnly into the church yard, and kneeled down while the image of the saint was carried inside. A volley from the guns, then the Indian character asserted itself in a wild race of men and women to the estufa, where they indulged in their first refreshment of the day. Feasting was kept up far into the night, as were bonfires throughout the Pueblo and on the church towers and walls.

J. H. SHARP.

NEW YORK TO PHILADELPHIA—1723.

THE man who, after running madly down Cortlandt Street, colliding with half a dozen shoestring-peddlers, stepping on a small boy, and narrowly missing being run over by a truck, finds his boat for the Philadelphia train just gone, thinks that fate has indeed used him hard. He mops his brow, and the world looks very dark to him. Had he got his train, he would have been whisked to Philadelphia in two hours. Now he must wait forty minutes, and take a slow and beggarly train which consumes two hours and a half in making the trip. To ease this man a little, and provide him suitable reading matter while he waits, let us glance at the first trip made by Benjamin Franklin from New York to Philadelphia, with his thrilling and diverting adventures by the way, as told in that most admirable of biographies, *The Life of Dr. Benjamin Franklin*, written by himself.

It was in the year 1723—a long time ago from one point of view; not so long from another. For it had been one hundred and fourteen years since the brave Henry Hudson had, in his high-heeled ship the *Half Moon*, cruised about in these parts and it lacked but three years of a century since the open-handed Peter Minuit had bought this fair oblong island from the crafty Indian for $24—payable in trade, the sagacious Peter not seeing enough in the transaction to warrant his putting good money into it. Indeed, if there is anything in history, the financial stringency and tightness of money in those early days was something awe-inspiring, and the amount of business which was done without a circulating medium coming into evidence is calculated to drive a free-silver advocate mad. Another point which serves to make one realize that Franklin's trip was not so extremely long ago is the fact that he lived till within ten years of the beginning of this century.

But though the guileless Dutch and the artful English had been lumbering about in this neighborhood for a century, young Franklin missed no train to Philadelphia, nor yet a stage—for there was neither train nor stage. He made no wild run down Cortlandt Street, or Corlaers Street, as a contemporaneous map seems to call it. But nevertheless he appears to have hurried in his early day deliberate manner. "I hesitated not to embark in a boat," he says, with a wealth of old-fashioned S's, "in order to repair, by the shortest cut of the sea, to Amboy, leaving my trunk and effects to come after me by the usual and more tedious conveyance." What was this usual way of going to Philadelphia? It comes out further on in the volume that it was a sailing sloop down the coast—and not a limited one either, but one which took a fortnight to make the passage between Philadelphia and Boston. Indeed, young Benjamin had just reached Newyork (as he loves to write it) from Boston by sloop in the record-breaking time of three days, accomplished "by favour of a good wind."

Benjamin was at this time seventeen years old, and he had decamped from Boston and an uncongenial brother to look for work in New York. It would be simple tomfoolery to say that his statue had not yet been set up in Printing House Square, but it would be stating a fact, and facts are never to be despised. He had little money, and on arriving instantly offered his services to Mr. William Bradford, the printer. This was two years before Bradford issued the first newspaper in this city, the New York *Gazette*. Bradford had no work for the young man, but held out hopes of his getting employment with his son Andrew, who had a printing office in Philadelphia, and whose principal workman, Aquila Rose, had recently died. It was then that Benjamin began to hurry to reach the City of Brotherly Love. There was no time to be lost, as the position might be filled at any hour. So he "hesitated not to embark" on the fastest thing visible, and New York just missed becoming the proud foster parent of one of the greatest men America has produced. Alas, that Bradford did not have at least a case which Benjamin could have "thrown in"!

The journey was fruitful of difficulties from the first. His object was to reach Amboy, apparently the present Perth Amboy, and he may have embarked from the neighborhood of the Battery. "In crossing the bay," he writes—and here let the man who has missed the Philadelphia limited take heart—"we met with a squall, which shattered to pieces our rotten sails, prevented us from entering the Kill, and threw us upon Long Island." This kill was the Kill van Kull, and the squall must have come up from the southwest, rushed across Constable's Hook, and rolled great breakers over Robbins Reef. But this was not all. He goes on:

"During the squall a Drunken Dutchman, who, like myself, was a passenger in the boat, fell into the sea. At the moment when he was sinking I seized him by the foretop, saved him, and drew him on board. This immersion sobered him a little, so that he fell asleep after having taken from his pocket a volume, which he requested me to dry. This volume I found to be my old favourite work, Bunyan's Voyages, in Dutch, a beautiful impression on fine paper, with copperplate engravings, a dress in which I had never seen it in its original language."

But though the drunken Dutchman, sobered and refreshed by his bath, slept on, the danger was far from being past, for, after some critical observations on the ingenious Bunyan, he continues:

"In approaching the island we found that we had made a part of the coast where it was not possible to land on account of the strong breakers produced by the rocky shore. We cast anchor, and veered the cable towards the shore. Some men who stood upon the brink hallooed to us, while we did the same on our part; but the wind was so high and the waves so noisy that we could neither of us hear each other. There were some canoes upon the brink, and we called out to them, and made signs to prevail on them to come and take us up; but either they did not understand us or they deemed our request impracticable, and withdrew. Night came on, and nothing remained for us but to wait quietly the subsiding of the wind; till when we determined, that is, the pilot and I, to sleep if possible. For that purpose we went below the hatches along with the Dutchman, who was drenched with water. The sea broke over the boat and reached us in our retreat, so that we were presently as completely drenched as he."

But they escaped the horrors of the unhospitable coast of Long Island in the neighborhood of Red Hook, and the next day, "the wind abating," they pulled away for Amboy, which, by hard rowing, they reached before dark, "after having passed thirty hours without provisions, and with no other drink than a bottle of bad rum, the water upon which we rowed being salt." Apparently it was not thought advisable to explore either the coast of Staten Island or the Jersey mainland for fresh water. Which thoughtful traveller was provided with the bottle of cheap rum is not stated—possibly the drunken Dutchman. Franklin was extremely temperate in the matter of drinking and afterward in London won from his fellow printers the title of the American Aquatic; but he had ample excuse during this stress of voyage for taking his share of the poor but refreshing rum.

Once in Amboy, after warding off a threatened fever by the use of cold water, he crossed the river (Raritan) and started away over the country on foot for Burlington, fifty miles distant, where he was told he "should find passage boats that would convey" him to Philadelphia. It rained all that day as fast as the clouds knew how to pour down the water, so, after getting "wet to the skin," he stopped about noon at a "paltry inn," and passed the rest of the day and the whole of the night. Here he made "so wretched a figure" that he was "suspected to be some runaway servant," but fortunately was not taken into custody. The next day brought him within eight or ten miles of Burlington, where he found a congenial innkeeper named Dr. Brown, a good fellow but a "sad infidel," who afterward "undertook to travesty the Bible in burlesque verse," exhibiting thereby "many facts in a very ludicrous point of view, which would have given umbrage to weak minds had his work been published, which it never was."

The next morning he reached Burlington, but the fate of the man who runs through Cortlandt Street overtook him at last: the boat was gone. This was Saturday, and there was no other "ordinary passage boat" till the following Tuesday. But a good old woman, who "had sold him some gingerbread to eat on his passage," took him in and offered to keep him till Tuesday, treating him with "true hospitality." "She gave me," he continues, "with the utmost good will, a dinner of beefsteaks, and would accept nothing in return but a pint of ale." The excellent old lady was evidently not the Burlington Aquatic.

But fortune favored him, as it sometimes does the traveller to Philadelphia. He had missed the Royal Blue Limited Flier boat, but he caught an accommodation. He says:

"Walking out in the evening by the river-side, I saw a boat with a number of persons in it approach. It was going to Philadelphia, and the company took me in. As there was no wind, we could only make way with our oars. About midnight not perceiving the town, some of the company were of opinion that we must have passed it, and were unwilling to row any further; the rest not knowing where we were, it was resolved that we should stop. We drew towards the shore, entered a creek, and landed near some old palisades, which served us for fire-wood, it being a cold night in October. Here we stayed till day, when one of the company found the place in which we were to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia; which, in reality, we perceived the moment we were out of the creek. We arrived on Sunday about eight or nine o'clock in the morning, and landed on Market Street Wharf."

Thus, after five days' travel, the future representative of America in Europe reached Philadelphia, one hundred miles distant from New York. Ought the man who merely misses a Cortlandt Street train to complain in the light of this?

H. C.

A PIONEER YACHTSMAN.

IT was in 1801 that Captain George Crowninshield, of Salem, Massachusetts, placed an order for a sloop yacht of about twenty-two tons with his fellow-townsman, Christopher Turner, a famous shipwright of that day. She was named the *Jefferson*, after the newly elected President, and forthwith entered upon a career of pleasure cruising, with no rivals in her class. So far as known she was the first American boat of sea-going dimensions designed and built specially for yachting purposes. Salem was then at the zenith of her maritime prosperity, and the Crowninshields were among her most prosperous and daring sea captains and ship owners.

The peaceful voyages along the picturesque North Shore came to an abrupt end in 1812, when Captain George promptly accepted England's challenge for a series of international races on the high seas. He shipped a crew of twenty men, gave the *Jefferson* as big a gun as she could safely carry, and sent her out as a privateer. Within a few days she won an exciting race with the British schooner *Nymph*, and putting a prize crew on board, sent her home to Salem. Two other captures were the additional rewards of this voyage. Thus early did the one existing Yankee yacht establish a creditable reputation for speed and efficiency.

It is perhaps worth noting that this pioneer yachtsman was the owner of an *America* that long antedated the renowned schooner of the same name, and won a series of races in comparison with which the excitements of a cup contest fade into insignificance. This original *America* made four voyages as a privateer, capturing certainly twenty-six, and probably between thirty and forty British vessels. The total value of her prizes considerably exceeded one million dollars. She was one of the fleetest vessels of her day, and could easily run away from anything that was too big to fight. That was a kind of sailing race to stir a yachtsman's heart. No preliminary correspondence, no deeds of gift, the leading boat on her best point of sailing regardless of time allowance, and the prospect of a fight at close quarters for a finish!

The *Jefferson* was sold in 1815 and turned into a fishing-smack, in which capacity she served for many years in the waters about Nahant and Marblehead. Indeed, it is not beyond the range of possibility that she may be still afloat, for the late B. W. Crowninshield says, in an interesting pamphlet from which many of these facts are gleaned, that he had good reason for believing that she survived only a few years ago. If there is any chance of finding her and preserving her as a relic, the Eastern Yacht Club might well devote some of its surplus funds to refitting her as a permanent annex for the handsome club house on Marblehead Neck.

Hardly was the *Jefferson* disposed of when her former owner longed for something larger and better. Accordingly he soon had on the stocks a craft that was at first named *The Car of Concordia*, but afterward rechristened *Cleopatra's Barge*—of the two names it is hard to decide which is the least admirable.

She was launched in December, 1816. By this time Captain Crowninshield had, through commerce and privateering, accumulated a large fortune. He was an accomplished navigator, and very fond of exploration and adventure. The yacht was rigged as a brigantine, and cost about $50,000 even at that early day. She measured 83 feet on the water-line, was 22 feet 11½ inches wide and 11 feet 5½ inches deep. Curiously enough, these dimensions and proportions are not very different from those of the cup-defender *Mayflower* and her successors. Her tonnage was 191½ tons nearly—almost exactly that of the *Mayflower* under the old rules of measurement.

In spite of her owner's love of seamanship, his taste in the matter of decoration seems to have been, to say the least, eccentric—one side of the yacht was painted in horizontal stripes of many colors, and the other bore a similarly diversified device after the manner of the herring-bone pattern. Her standing rigging was made of ropes laid in different colored strands; huge false windows were painted on the sides of her cabin, and altogether she must have been distinctly at variance with what is considered "shipshape" at the present day. Nevertheless she was very fast, and beat the sailing frigate *United States*, a crack ship of her day, in an all-day race at sea. Shortly after she was launched she sailed for the Mediterranean, visiting Fayal, the Azores, and many of the Mediterranean ports. She aroused everywhere the greatest curiosity, and was visited by the royal families of the different states where she made port. Captain Crowninshield, with true democratic freedom, kept open ship, and welcomed thousands of visitors, who probably had never been on board a yacht before. At Marseilles he shipped a party of musicians, who remained with the vessel as long as she was in the Mediterranean, and discoursed sweet music for the entertainment of visitors on state occasions.

Returning to Salem in 1817, Captain Crowninshield immediately began preparations for another voyage, intending to visit England and cruise as far as St. Petersburg, but shortly afterward he was taken ill, and died very suddenly of heart-disease on board the yacht of which he was so proud, and which had made such a remarkable record as pioneer of the great fleet that has since gone into commission. This famous old vessel was subsequently sold as a merchantman, but eventually became the property of King Kamehameha I. of the Sandwich Islands, and was used by him as a yacht for about one year, when she was stupidly run upon a reef and proved a total loss. Such, in brief, is the eventful history of the first sea-going American yacht of which we have any authentic record.

CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

FOUNDING A NEW EMPIRE.

BY CARL SNYDER.

STRETCHING westward from the one-hundredth meridian, extending from about the middle line of the Dakotas, Kansas, and Nebraska to the shore of the Pacific, lies a vast domain surpassingly rich in every variety of natural wealth, yet populated sparsely and in scattered localities, and for its larger extent but a vast and formidable desert. It comprises two-fifths of the entire area of the country, and of the 568,000,000 acres of remaining public land 542,000,000 are included in this broad expanse. Nature has been lavish in its gifts to the region, withholding but the one thing needful—rain. Give it but this and it will support an agricultural population equal to that now living east of the Mississippi River.

With the magnificent purpose of advancing the reclamation of this arid empire, the National Irrigation Congress meets at Los Angeles, California, this week. It is a notable gathering, one of hardly less importance to the western half of this continent than the assembling of the Federal Congress at Washington this summer. For vital as are the interests of some of the States in the future of the white metal, it is small compared with the entire region's interest in the future of irrigation. Already nearly $400,000,000 of capital is employed in the irrigating systems of the West and farms they have called into existence. That is a sum exceeding the cost of the five Pacific railroads, and equalling the estimated value of all the gold and silver mines of the United States, exclusive of their railway improvements. And irrigation in this country is yet in its infancy. Its development has but just begun. In the fertile valleys of California, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, and others, large systems have been constructed, costing from a million to ten million dollars each, and reclaiming a hundred thousand acres or more at a stroke. But a far broader development, comprising the construction of huge storage reservoirs and the conversion of large rivers into immense irrigating systems, awaits the time when Congress shall give over the keeping of the remaining public lands to the States in which they are found, for use as the needs and limitations of each locality shall direct.

This question of the cession of the arid lands to the States is a chief topic before the congress at Los Angeles, as it was before the former congress, held two years ago at Salt Lake City. The latter, the first of its kind to be held, dealt almost exclusively with this problem and in response to the declaration of the Salt Lake convention, Senator Francis E. Warren, of Wyoming, introduced in the Fifty-second Congress a measure providing for such a cession of the arid lands. But so abrupt a disposal of all that remains of the public domain was not to be effected at once, nor, perhaps, will the nation care to let this vast territory pass from its control without definite guarantees and stipulations that the lands will be rightly employed for the use of the whole people. The gathering at Los Angeles could address itself to no more important end than the presentation of some clear and comprehensive plan which will meet the objections raised.

In its broader aspect the congress will be useful in popularizing and extending the irrigation idea. Comparatively few of the American people have any just conception of its scope and importance. It does not seem at all improbable that the production of the irrigated farms will one day equal in value the product raised under a natural rainfall. Moreover, with the almost complete disappearance of lands available for homestead entry the problem of cheap homes for the westward-rolling millions becomes a serious one. The convention at Los Angeles will invite attention to the fact that irrigation offers almost the only possible solution. Just how much of the arid domain it is possible to reclaim cannot be put in definite terms. The final aggregate will be determined only by the limits of profitable construction of the irrigating systems. But it may be roughly stated as equalling in extent the tillable lands of half a dozen States the size of New York.

This, however, gives but little idea as to the population these lands will one day support. The intensive farming which is the characteristic of irrigation, together with the marvellous fertility of the "desert" land when supplied with water, renders possible a larger return from a farm of ten or twenty acres than the average yield of a hundred-and-sixty-acre farm dependent upon natural rainfall. In other words, under irrigation there is possible a population to the square mile from ten to fifteen times that of the Eastern States. So, too, while the price of irrigated lands is much greater than the prairie lands in their first cost the acreage required to support a family in comfort is relatively

EX-SENATOR FRANCIS E. WARREN.
Cheyenne, Wyoming. Author of Bill in Fifty-second Congress to cede Arid Lands to States.

EX-GOVERNOR ARTHUR L. THOMAS.
Salt Lake City, Utah. Chairman National Executive Committee of Irrigation Congress.

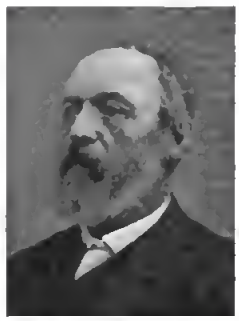
WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.
Editor *Irrigation Age* and Secretary National Executive Committee, Salt Lake City, Utah.

DANIEL FREEMAN
President Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and Chairman Committee on Arrangements.

FRANCIS G. NEWLANDS
Member of Congress from Nevada.

MAJOR J. W. POWELL.
Washington, D. C. Director of United States Geological Survey.

C. C. WRIGHT
Modesto, California. Author of Irrigation District Law of California.



CHARLES W. IRWIN.
Reno, Nevada. Chief of Irrigation Inquiry, Agricultural Department, Washington.

THE IRRIGATION MOVEMENT IN THE FAR WEST.—SOME OF THE LEADERS.

so small that irrigation provides for us an almost indefinite prospect for cheap homes.

Viewed, therefore, in its political aspect the subject is one of national concern. But not alone in its material side does irrigation appeal for popular interest. It opens up new social conditions, and provides the basis for an almost ideal farm life. With each farmer occupying but ten or twenty acres, an irrigated valley becomes one large connected community. The bane of isolation and loneliness, the spectre of farm life, is gone, and in its stead come the club, the library, school, and church, within the easy reach of all. As there is neither drought nor deluge to destroy crops, an element of stability is introduced, while control of the water supply reduces farming to the limits of an exact science. Under irrigation brains are the single factor of success, and the high premium on intelligence attracts an unusually desirable population. Immunity from disaster and the sense of security breed independence, while larger social contact brings refinement. In fine, irrigation makes possible the very highest type of agriculture, and by making farm life one of pleasure and attraction, affords sturdy resistance to that unhealthy drift of population to the cities.

Nor is this all prospect. The beautiful valley surrounding the city in which the Irrigation Congress meets offers a very vivid realization of these ideal conditions. There are wide-stretching avenues bordered by hedges and trees, picturesque homes and cultivated gardens, and farms whose values range from $500 to $3000 an acre, where there is a fine orange grove. And what is true of Los Angeles is true of other portions of Lower California, and favored portions of Utah, Colorado, and Arizona. In this latter much maligned State are some of the most wonderfully fertile valleys in the world, once strewn with sage brush and cacti, now populous and fair to look upon. The valley of the Great Salt Lake is another salient example. When Brigham Young and his followers entered it they found an alkali desert. The Mormons became the most industrious of irrigators, and this valley of to-day is their handiwork. This is beyond the citrus belt, but the average size of these farms is but twenty acres. Many of these are grouped in villages, the farmers having their homes in a cluster, and going out to their fields by day.

Here and there is seen, too, the "colony," the famous Greeley Colony of Colorado being the most notable example. Founded twenty-three years ago, this colony has been developed into one of the model communities of the West. The farmers have built and own their irrigation works, and in a moderate way have realized some of the ideal conditions of Mr Bellamy's dream. They have solved what must always be one of the important problems of this new life—the ownership and control of the main irrigation plant. This latter question is another important topic before the Los Angeles congress. While the Greeley Colony stands apparently as a remarkably forcible demonstration of the better results accruing from public or community ownership, not all the experiments in this direction have been so unqualifiedly a success. California has enacted what is known as the "Wright law," which is a decided step toward nationalism. Under this law the land-owners of a district are to build and operate irrigation works much as the larger cities now deal with their water supply. The law has been in operation about five years, and although many districts have been organized after the direction of the law, bonds issued, and works built, opinion is yet divided on the feasibility of the idea. Hon. C. C. Wright, the author of the law, will be its champion before the congress.

The congress will be in session until October 15th. It is called under the agency of the national executive committee appointed by the Irrigation Congress which met at Salt Lake. Ex-Governor Arthur L. Thomas, of Salt Lake City, is chairman of the committee, and William E. Smythe, editor of the *Irrigation Age*, is secretary. Delegates are present from seventeen States and Territories lying wholly or in part within the arid belt. Eastern capitalists who have become interested in the subject, and the Agricultural Department at Washington, are represented, as well as several foreign countries. Secretary Gresham, some months ago, issued instructions to the diplomatic officers of the United States requesting them to bring the attention of the governments to which they are accredited to the congress, and invite them to send delegates. As several of the countries of Europe have a lively interest in the subject, it is probable that representatives from them will be present, and also from England, whose investing public has taken a far greater interest in the irrigation bond than have the investors of our own country. The city of Los Angeles has made elaborate preparations for the reception of the congress, and will place itself in evidence as among the wonders accomplished by irrigation.

The Los Angeles gathering should command the general attention of the people of the United States, for the subjects and the problems with which it is dealing are of profound and vital interest to the entire country. In the far West, and by the men comprising this congress, the foundations of a new empire are being laid, whose future will be as magnificent as its institutions and its life will be unique. Every one will applaud a project so splendid and fraught with so much of consequence not merely to the West or to the nation, but perhaps to the human race. When, moreover, it is remembered that the States and Territories most directly concerned in irrigation are those upon which the business paralysis attendant upon the closing of the silver mines has fallen, a presentation of the other great underlying industry of this vast section should be heard with deep and widespread interest by the people of the entire country.

AMATEUR SPORT

This department went to press Friday, October 6th.

THE ALL AUSTRALIA-PHILADELPHIA CRICKET MATCH was concluded Monday afternoon (the courtesy of Captain Blackham allowing it to be finished after the time set for drawing stamps had passed), and the home eleven won by the handsome margin of an inning and sixty-eight runs.

SCORE.

Philadelphia,	1st Inning.	.....	325
Australia,	1st "	.....	199
"	2d "	.....	225—424

Although the Australians' lack of condition must be considered a factor in the compilation of the local players' tremendous total, nevertheless Philadelphia's batting was exceptionally good, being hard and well timed, while their defence was wellnigh impregnable. At no time during their long innings did the visitors' bowling give them the slightest trouble. The Australians, on the other hand, did not handle the Philadelphia bowling as if they were entirely at home with it, although A. Bannerman played a sterling inning of 79 "not out," and both George Giffen and Trott batted freely and confidently. Bannerman's batting in the second inning was a sound display of defensive cricket. Indeed, had it not been for his steadiness, his companions would have made but a sorry display.

THE BOWLING AND FIELDING OF Philadelphia showed a very gratifying improvement in these important departments of the game. Among the bowlers, King is perhaps entitled to the highest praise. Muir, who obtained 2 wickets for 13 runs, was not tried often enough, in our opinion. The setting of the Philadelphia field was excellent, resulting in the saving of many boundary hits and in the capture of several Australian wickets in the "country." Certainly the return was not always as sharp nor as accurate as it might have been, the fielders being inclined to hold the ball too long after picking it up; still, the general work was such as we have a right to expect from the centre of American cricket. Wood's work at short slip was, as usual, a feature of the game. But the especial point in which the Philadelphians have shown the most marked improvement is in wicket keeping. The difficult duties of this position were very creditably performed by Mr. Ralston, who stood right up to the wicket, handling thrown balls in capital style, and taking advantage of every opportunity afforded in other directions.

IF THE VICTORY OF THE PHILADELPHIANS is followed, as it doubtless will be, by a creditable display against the same opponents when they play the return match at Manheim, American cricket will be placed on a distinctly higher plane than heretofore, and in its new light entitled to the respect of first-class cricketers throughout the world. There is some talk among Philadelphians of a tour of the British Isles next summer. We heartily endorse such a trip as the best thing that could happen to benefit American cricket, provided the Philadelphians play against the first-class county teams, and only such representative elevens as the Australians encountered on their tour. If, however, the Philadelphians elect to choose their opponents from among the second rateers, they had better remain at home. What they especially need now is practice against the best bowling England can produce. This practice, even if they lose matches in obtaining it, will be of an incalculable advantage, enabling them to familiarize themselves with the most difficult deliveries, and eventually to master them.

As this paragraph is being written, the Australians, thirteen strong, have permitted the All New-York, of eighteen players, to make a score of only 101, 17, 11, in their first inning. The Australians were in a bit better form than at Philadelphia, due very likely to confidence more than anything else, and New York showed up weaker than had been expected. Besides having eighteen men, the New Yorks have at least two professionals on their eleven.

THERE WILL BE MANY A BAD QUARTER OF AN HOUR behind the Yale line this year. Captain Hinkey is on pins and needles to find something promising. He had counted heavily upon De Witt, who was at the end of last season very close to a place on the 'varsity. Adee, De Witt, and Thorne

were the men he expected would fill up the gaps and with a very fair measure of satisfaction too. Dyer was also well thought of, as he is a very clever dodger. The first days of practice broke up this combination most ruthlessly. Adee with a bad ankle, Dyer with a shoulder out, De Witt gone altogether, and Thorne already showing less stamina than is necessary for hard work and consistent performance, has set Hinkey wondering how deep a hole he is getting into. Nothing short of this could have tempted him to try such men as Brown and Lyman as half backs. Brown is a big tall fellow, with no more build for a half back than for a coxswain of an eight-oared shell. Not that a big man cannot sometimes be made a good half, but he must be clever with his hands and feet, which Brown is not. Lyman has the better build, but he certainly cannot play half. He is slow at starting and his speed is not great even when under full headway. A new man, Elliot, may have a fighting chance. He is better than these big fellows now, at any rate. Eaton has the pluck for it, but he looks fragile, and he has not had experience enough to take the roughing scientifically, but bangs himself to pieces. At quarter, Lilly never was as good a man as Adee, but he might make a serviceable change half back, because he is hard and willing. It would not be surprising to see him tried more there after a while, especially if Hinkey can find another change quarter. Richards is a man who can play either at half or full back, I should say, for he is fast and a good kicker. Any man who can come so near even time in a hundred as Richards is always a hard man to catch. Jim Lee's speed did the trick for Harvard at Springfield once not so many years ago as to be forgotten.

Armstrong's lines have evidently fallen in with his wishes. After working hard for the position of change tackle last year, and coming back this year only to find it more than probable that his light weight would keep him again among the substitutes, he suddenly sees two yawning holes at the halves, and drops gracefully into one of them. There never was a time in five years in which a man could with less initial ability secure a place as a Yale half back. Not but Armstrong has ability. He has. He is a clever little player, and will make a good man. But compare him to-day with such men as we are wont to see behind the 'varsity lines—Bliss, McClung, Lake, King, and the like—and he seems outclassed. He has no half back education, but neither has he any bad faults to get rid of. His greatest weakness, and the one hardest to overcome, lies in his lack of sprinting ability. He is not a slow runner, but just slow enough to be caught. He has not the burst of speed necessary for a good half. All his other points may be brushed up, but that one can hardly be made good in only six weeks, so Yale's other half back must have speed. Thorne has a little of it. He gets up steam as he goes for the end, and it is possible that it is in him. He looks like a half occasionally as he comes, but there will have to be days and days of hard work spent upon him. On the whole at this date, he seems rather the best man Yale will have, provided, of course, he doesn't go lame.

A little chap named Morris, who played the position on his class team last autumn, is putting up a very clever game at quarter in Adee's absence. He is quick, passes the ball well, and tackles with that same persistency which makes Adee so good. Lilly must take care if he does not want to be crowded by this new comer.

There has been no farther augmentation of the number of promising full backs for the Yale team. Butterworth is good, but hardly strong enough in these days of line-bucking backs, for Hinkey to rely upon without substitute. Dyer is the only man who seems capable of punting, and it is an acquired art with him. It will be decidedly awkward for Yale if no more men turn out for that position. One wonders why young Richards is not out trying for half or for full back. He can punt with Butterworth, and that is saying a great deal. His reputation is that of a man subject to "rattles," but there is no fault that experience helps so much, and his added season on the track ought to have nearly cured him. Track athletics have made him a better man for football, and football would insure consistency of performance, which he lacks now, when he returns to the track.

As for the University of Pennsylvania, they are at it with a will, and with material that either Yale or Harvard might envy them. Thomas, Gilbert, Osgood, Brooke, and Knipe. What would not Yale give for that assortment from which to recruit her lessened half back forces? Osgood has already been spoken of in these columns, and Knipe showed us what a plunger he was last year. When, therefore, it is said two of the other three are men of exceedingly good promise, no one will think there is any danger of Pennsylvania's being weak behind the line this year. Knipe is weighing over 190 pounds, and although he has not yet got up to his speed, he strikes the line hard as ever. Osgood weighs now 173 pounds, and is just as dashing as he was at Springfield last November, but he is not in as good condition.

Of the new men Brooke is the heaviest, matching with Osgood. He is evidently no greenhorn at the game, but plays as though he had seen a ball before. He does not yet interfere effectively, but his tackling is first class. Gilbert dodges like McClung, but is taller. He weighs 165 pounds, and is fast. Thomas is an old Exeter captain, and a clever player. He is lighter than the rest, but not at all behind them in ability to take ground. In fact, with good interference, he and Gilbert make a hard little pair. Vail at quarter was good enough last year, and in the rush line there are the veterans, Reese, Mackey, Simmons, Thornton, and Oliver. Then add Wharton and Off, both of whom, the former at guard, and the latter at tackle, are going to make players, and, finally, Woodruff, a brother of coach Woodruff, who is going to make a place on the line, and it rather looks as if Philadelphia would be heard from in November.

Is there going to be a large and fatal hole in the Harvard line where Waters has dropped out? There certainly has been thus far, not one of the candidates half filling it in the Dartmouth game, and Lewis being obliged to play two positions. Yet Waters's game at half made it hard to say that Harvard does not need him there, for he did go up into the line with a plunge that was difficult to meet or check, and for a heavy man the way he went between end and tackle was clever. Beal was bowled about a great deal, but he played on the weak side, and was perhaps excusable. Fairchild is playing a better quarter than he showed last year. Mackey's years of experience are also beginning to tell strongly in his favor, and he promises to match his Yale rival.

There was not much, in fact, in the Harvard-Dartmouth game to enthuse over. Dartmouth gained ground by using weight and pushing through the centre, Harvard, by around the end behind interference. The ball was not kicked once during the entire game; it was a poorly played game of scrub football. To be sure it is very early in the season, and too soon to expect any

(Continued on page 986.)

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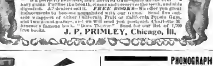

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(Continued from page 955.)

team to show many good points, but it is none the less discouraging to see evidence of the same old fault that has largely contributed to the defeat that has come to Harvard more often than her share.

Harvard's offensive work was fair, the interference good, and the men apparently had some idea how the game should be played. But in all instances where a play had to be met—where it became a question of not how to score, but how to prevent their opponents from scoring—the Harvard men were sadly at fault. The truth of the matter is that Harvard is being coached to play a game in which she has the ball all the time. Very little, if any, attention has apparently been given towards developing any sort of a defensive game. The men have been taught to block, but there the instruction seems to have come to an end. Their playing thus far does not show any evidence of their having been taught to judge what a play is going to be, and to act accordingly. They played blindly against Dartmouth, allowing chance to show the way.

AT THE OPENING OF THE DARTMOUTH game the visitors had the ball, and soon rushed it close to Harvard's five-yard line. Harvard seemed utterly unable to hold them, and emphasized their want of defensive work. So soon as they got possession of the ball they knew better what to do, and before many minutes, by quick rushing and good interference, had scored. In forty minutes' play Harvard succeeded in scoring sixteen points—rather a poor showing even so early in the season, for a team which is expected to defeat Yale.

It is too soon to judge of Harvard's new material. The old men are playing fairly well, and seem to have buckled down to work, but the new candidates are yet to be developed. It looks, however, as though the centre would be weak unless Waters goes back, or some guard as good as he comes up to gladden the coacher's heart. Acton will have to be born again to make so up-to-date guard, all the other candidates for centre positions (except Manahan, the tackle of last year's B. A. A. team, and a good man, but light for guard) are unknown quantities, unless it be Brice, whose chief qualification consists in some two hundred pounds of avoirdupois. Both he and Acton are impossible. There are several other men, but one hardly knows their names, much less their fitness, and it will take a couple of weeks yet before we may say just how good or how bad is Harvard's material to fill the vacancies left by Hallowell, Trafford, and Lake.

FOR THE TACKLE VACANCY fortunately Captain Waters is not put to such extremes. Of the candidates the most promising are Beal and Johnson, the former played tackle at Andover two years ago, and is a hard worker, but rather light for the position. Johnson is the colored man who did so well on the Massachusetts Institute of Technology team last year. He weighs about 170 and is strong and a fast runner. For the right end there are also several good candidates in Stevenson, A. Brewer, Foster, and Bond—the last two being last year's substitutes. Stevenson captained last year's Hopkinson School eleven, and is the best of the lot. A. Brewer, however, will press him hard, with the advantage of a year's experience on the Freshman team. Upton, at this writing, is uncertain. He has not come out, and he might have a try at either end or quarter. For the latter position Fairchild is showing better, getting quicker body movement. Thus far he has no rival, Foster, Gould, and Whitman all being green. Garfield the ex-Williams half-back, and who was to join Gray and Brewer in the strife for positions behind the line, is not out and the chances are he will not become a candidate. Corbett has been on the field recently, and if he could acquire certainty and learn to play less of an individual game, he would make a valuable addition behind the line. He is fast and strong, and at times has played beautifully. He has been so uncertain, however, that it was out of the question to count on him, and unless he improved in this respect he could not with safety be taken on the 'varsity, despite his meteoric brilliancy. Captain Waters certainly has a couple of difficult vacancies to fill, and his candidates are of a puzzling sort. Moreover, the second eleven for practice does not materialize in very formidable shape.

THERE IS NO SURER SIGN of the steady advancement of the standard of play in football than the continuous and wide-spread demand for coaches who are known to combine the highest theory with the most skilful practice. Comment was made recently in this direction touching the Western colleges and athletic clubs, and showing how great had been the results in their improved form. The trip made by the writer last winter convinced him of the value of this missionary work, and he again gladly offers to aid any and all Western and Southern colleges in securing an efficient coach. The demand for instruction in football is as gratifying as it is remarkable. All the smaller Eastern and Western colleges will be provided with the best available coaches, and their season's work is certain to show an improvement. Charles Gill, the famous rusher of Yale, '89 will coach Amherst; Norton (Yale), Dartmouth; Harmon Graves, Lehigh, and later, possibly Trinity. Eugene Richards may coach Williams. A. A. Stagg is at the Chicago University, Frank Barbour at University of Michigan, Ann Arbor; Noyes at Northwestern, Evanston, Illinois. This only covers a comparatively few, but shows how the smaller colleges are taking up the game earnestly.

Our two national academies are making more preparation for their match than in any previous year. Laurie Bliss will coach the West Point cadets, and J. A. Hartwell will do the same for Annapolis. In this connection it is gratifying to learn that the annual match between the army and navy cadets has finally become a recognized fixture. It is safe to say no one course in their curriculum is more peculiarly suited to aid to the preparation of these young men for the work of their after-life.

PRINCETON MADE A SMALL SCORE (20) against Lafayette in their first game of the season, but it brought out the fact that they are strongest where Harvard is weakest, *i. e.*, in defensive play. It cannot be denied their playing was disappointing, the playing of the larger teams usually is, for so much is expected of them, and spectators rarely consider that the games are used for practice and to drill the men on certain plays. Nevertheless, Princeton's work was disappointing, largely accounted for by the wretched fumbling of all the backs, especially by Nelson Poe and Rosengarten. Allen also inexcusably muffed two punts. The determination of Captain Trenchard to develop interference was evident by the style of play he persisted in, and his plan seemed a good one, for the new men did better toward the end of the game. They had difficulty in getting around the right end, because of the excellent tackling of Captain Edwards on Lafayette's left end. The tackling of Wheeler and Trenchard was tip-top, and Allen made one tackle in the first half that reminded one of "Snake" Ames—a long run down the field to meet the man and a dive straight for the knees. He did not have much of an opportunity to show how well he can kick outside of a couple of long punts, but he did show that he runs well and fast, is a good dodger, and so makes ground in a scattered field and after his interference is broken up.

IT IS TOO SOON TO PASS JUDGMENT on the new material, but it seems as if some better disposition could be made of the old. Balliet, Hall, Wheeler, and Trenchard are the veterans of the line, and with the men Princeton has to complete it, they ought to develop as strong a line as any on the field. Balliet and Trenchard are the same as last year, except the former seems to lack his usual snap, while the latter has more life. Wheeler and Hall are both better than last year; both have taken a lesson from Heffelfinger, the former getting into interference and assisting his man by taking his hand while Hall has the ex-Yale guard's old game of throwing himself at a man and completely knocking him over. Yet Hall shows his inexperience constantly. When Lafayette several times put their quarter-back up in the line opposite him, Hall did not know what to do, apparently thinking the quarter-back too insignificant to waste all his strength on, he tried to take care of two, and thereby often ended in letting both through.

PRINCETON CANNOT BETTER THESE FOUR MEN: but if past lessons go for anything, it looks as if the services of two promising men, Lea and Holly, are being lost; the former ought to make a good end, and Holly a tackle. Of those now playing, Church promises well, he has the proper spirit, is a hard player, but should be broken his predilection for roughing. Unless McCauley develops unexpectedly, Captain Trenchard will find that end weak, and it seems as if Church and Lea would make as good a combination on one side as Holly and Trenchard on the other. The new quarter is Nelson Poe, a combination of his two brothers "Peter" and Johnny; in both face and figure he is unmistakably a Poe, and it would not be surprising if he made a better player than either, with Edgar's (Peter's) brain and Johnny's grit and speed. He is very light, and can only try for quarter, if he does not prove too light even for that. This suggests the thought that Princeton seems wedded to the idea of light quarters. Heavy men are not lacking; why would it not be wise to try some of them? A little beef

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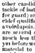

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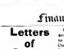

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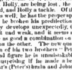

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stands a quarter well in hand, especially behind a Princeton line where he has been called upon the last few years to do an unusual amount of tackling and, as it has happened, of very heavy men.

OF THE NEW BACKS, ROSENGARTEN PLAYED on the Lawrenceville eleven, and promises well, he runs hard, but does not follow his interference, and therefore fails to make the ground he might. Altman has the ideal build for a back, short, stocky, and strong, he is new at the game, but if appearances count for anything, he should make a good line-breaker. It seems a mistake, in Princeton's more or less unsettled state, to depend entirely on the quarter back for signals. A new man is likely to fill the place from time to time, and it seems thrusting responsibilities of too great a nature upon him. Captain Trenchard plays back when Princeton has the ball, and seems the man to give signals from his vantage-ground, which enables him to see the field and take advantage of his opponents' position. All things considered, Princeton begins her football season in better condition than in any year since 1889.

CORNELL OPENED THEIR SEASON in a game against a team of infinitely less promise by showing the same weakness in defensive play as did Harvard. The Ithaca team are much more handicapped by the non-return of last year's 'varsity men than any one of the larger universities. The death of their captain, Witherbee, rather demoralized the team, and notwithstanding the good coaching of Johnson they have not yet got together. Their play was sharp and aggressive, but the men were called on once or twice to do actually desperate work to keep the small Gettysburg (Pennsylvania) college from scoring.

A NEW LEAGUE HAS BEEN FORMED recently with Trinity, Brown, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology as members. They will play two games with one another for a pennant, to be awarded at the close of the season, which will be November 18th, and they promise to be very interesting. It is much more sensible to thus form a separate league among those of the same class than to continue through the season on a haphazard schedule.

STILL ANOTHER NEW LEAGUE, the Western University Football Association, promises to do much for the best development of the game in the middle West. This association, which was organized last year, is membered by the teams of the State universities of Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, and Missouri, and has given football a recognition that is proving to be of incalculable value. In its three years of play the Kansas team has never been defeated. Last year it played excellent football, and besides winning the university series, gave the strong Denver Athletic Club eleven its only defeat, 18-6, and won from the University of Illinois, 26-4. The schedule this year will furnish the best sport yet attained, but what concerns us deeper just now is the development in the game that it will show. The season opens at Denver on the 28th; it continues at Kansas City, Missouri, on November 4th, 11th, 18th, and 25th, with the university teams of Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska, and Michigan against Kansas. The big game of this association, however, is Kansas vs. Missouri on Thanksgiving day, and this match is to this particular section what the Harvard-Yale and Yale-Princeton struggles are to the East. It will be the third year the two have met on this day, the first and second having been won by Kansas by the scores of 24-4 and 12-0. Iowa will also play Nebraska at Omaha on Thanksgiving, and Missouri plays Nebraska at Kansas City November 18th; outside of these there are other good teams being developed, and the Missouri Valley is fast bringing its standard of play to a point that makes it one of the most important of Western football centres.

AND YET FARTHER WEST the good work goes on. At Seattle, Washington, they have one of the most active athletic clubs in the extreme West; and, furthermore, its activity is in the right direction. This club and the Multnomah at Portland, Oregon, are in fact doing great work for amateur sport on the northern Pacific coast. They are especially blessed at Seattle in having a number of college sportsmen, probably more than any other Western town of equal size. Recently they have organized a football eleven, and are practising every day. It will interest Eastern college men to learn the team's *personnel*. George Carter, of Yale, is coaching them. Marshall Bond, Yale, '88, plays left end; Quimby, who rowed on his class crew at Harvard, is right tackle; Randall, formerly a member of the Wabash second eleven, is the right half-back; Church, a substitute Princeton centre, is at right guard, and A. J. Balliet, the Yale oarsman, is playing centre. The other members of the team are non-college men. Nor is this the end of Seattle's activity; it is the intention to work up a four-oared crew in the spring, and as there are four available Yale men who used to row more or less at college, the outlook is encouraging. There are Marshall Bond, who rowed on his class crew; Richard Hurd, '88, a 'varsity substitute; and George Carter and Balliet, whose work in the boat is still remembered. This ought to make a good four, considering all the men have rowed before, and that they would not pull the "river-crew" stroke.

IN THE SOUTHERN STATES THE SEASON OPENS with more than the usual promise. Indeed, no single section of the country has made so great an advance in so short a time. The Southern colleges, especially of Virginia, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, and the Carolinas, have made astonishing progress in the last two years. The organization of a Southern college association did much to further the work, but back of all that the splendid spirit that is always a characteristic of Southern sportsmen has been the means of giving it a permanent foundation and wholesome growth. There is a great demand for efficient football coachers in the South, and the elevens will show great improvement in their play this year. In commenting thus favorably upon the outlook, the writer begs university authorities and captains to sow the seeds of good sportsmanship with the very first lessons in football—let sportsmanship, indeed, be the fundamental of every game, without it the development of the boys' character, which this department considers the *raison d'être* of all sport, will be warped.

Outside of the colleges there has been an effort here and there in the South to create an interest in competitive athletics and inaugurate annual games. None has done so much in this direction as the Southern Athletic Club of New Orleans. It has a number of college men among its members, and the movement which they agitated has resulted in the formation of a Southern athletic union with eight members, four of which clubs belong in New Orleans, and one each in Louisville, Kentucky, Chattanooga, Tennessee, San Antonio, Texas, Birmingham, Alabama, and Nashville, Tennessee.

The week's football scores up to the time of going to press, Friday, October 6th, are:

Yale, 19; Brown, 0. Harvard, 34; Exeter, 0. University of Pennsylvania, 74; Gettysburg College, 0. Amherst, 26; Massachusetts Agricultural, 0. Williams, 14; Mount Hermon, 0.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, which are only half over at this writing, but will be decided before the publication of this issue of the WEEKLY, have turned out to be as expected, a very disappointing affair. There is but one match that can redeem the one-sided and monotonous contests that have been the rule, and that will be between Malcolm Chace, of Brown, and John Howland, of Yale, who must, if there are any lines left in tennis on which we may count, meet in the final. Judging from Chace's form against Clarence Hobart (with whom he played a practice set and won—6-2), he should win; but although he is a far more brilliant player than Howland, he is neither so steady nor so consistent a performer, and the hard persistently good play of the Yale man is quite as likely to turn him out a winner as it did at Newport. Other than a meeting between these two, and, likely enough, an interesting match between one or the other of them and Budlong, the Interscholastic champion, there seems to be very little of note in the week's play. It is certain that no Intercollegiate tournament ever had so mediocre a list of entries.

The very men who would have brought the play up to its usual high standard—Hovey and Wrenn of Harvard, and Larned of Cornell—failed to put in an appearance. The first two did not enter at all; and while Larned's name appeared on the list representing Columbia, he let his match go by default. It is to be deeply regretted that a tournament which has been in the past, and always ought to be, one of the most interesting of the season, should degenerate to the poor affair that is nearing its end this week at New Haven. Herein is further evidence of the waning interest in the game, and still more reason why the National Lawn Tennis Association should bestir itself along the lines suggested in this department recently.

"VIGILANT" AND "VALKYRIE" HAD THEIR FIRST MEETING last Thursday, October 5th, for the *America's* Cup, but as the 30 miles were not sailed within the required limit of six hours, it was called no race. It will not become a matter of record, and there is, therefore, nothing for us to say except that on the day's outside sailing *Vigilant* showed the better work. She crossed the starting line almost with the gun, and assumed a lead of several hundred yards, which she gradually widened to a quarter of a mile. When about two hours out the breeze shifted, and in taking in her spinnaker *Vigilant* lost the wind and lay in irons until *Valkyrie*, which held her breeze, had passed, and left her a mile astern. Although rounding the turning mark 26 minutes after *Valkyrie*, *Vigilant* began picking up, and at the rate she was going would have caught the British cutter in the 8 miles that was left to sail when the event was called off. This paper goes to press before the other races are sailed, and comment is reserved, therefore, for the next issue. We need have no fear of the *Vigilant* not holding her own in such a drifting match as that of Thursday, and this department still sees no weather in which *Valkyrie* can defeat *Vigilant*, unless it be such a blow and such a nasty, choppy sea as the defender has not yet encountered.

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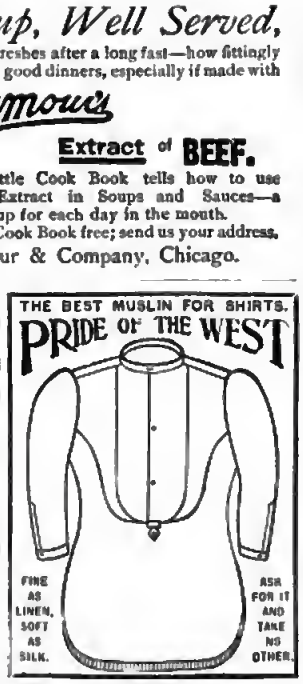

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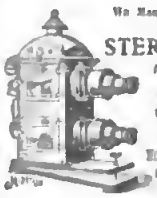

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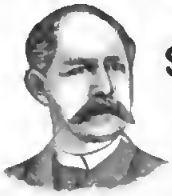

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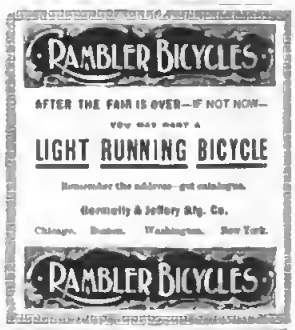

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count, and a speedy and final settlement of disputes. But by controlling the Board of State Canvassers (who sum up the votes and declare the results), the Executive and legal officers of the State, and some of the judges who must decide questions arising during the canvass of votes, the conspirators hoped to pervert the machinery of the law so as to deprive the Republicans of three Senators, and give the majority of the Senate to the Democrats.

The plot was carried out to the letter. The political character of the Senate of New York was reversed by a series of acts and decisions on the part of public officers, each of which was a trick to defeat the purpose of the law and to falsify the result of the voting. The ingenuity which conceived the plot and the boldness and skill which carried it out were worthy of a great cause. Most of the acts and decisions in question had some technical justification, and could be plausibly defended as consistent with the letter if not the spirit of the election laws. It is only when all are seen together as the execution of a plot to reverse the verdict of the voters and to control the State government that the character of each act in the series is understood.

But there was one act in the series which had no ambiguous character. By an order of the Court of Appeals the Board of Canvassers was required to count a certain return from Dutchess County. This return, in triplicate, was delivered by mail to each of three of the highest officers of the State, to be presented to the board. It was essential to the success of the conspiracy that this return should be stolen from the public offices. ISAAC H. MAYNARD, the Deputy Attorney-General of the State and the official adviser of the board, was at the same time the confidential counsel of the conspirators. By his official character he secured access to the Comptroller's office, under a false pretence took possession of the return, put it beyond the reach of the board and of himself, and then attended the meeting of the Board and disingenuously acquiesced in their decision that no such return had been made to them. An impartial tribunal, consisting of nine of the foremost lawyers of the State, selected by the Bar Association of New York, has pronounced this act of Mr. MAYNARD one of the greatest crimes known to the law. By this crime the success of the conspiracy was complete, and the political character of the Senate was reversed.

These facts are undisputed. It is as a reward for his part in this conspiracy to defraud the ballot-box that the party leaders propose to make Mr. MAYNARD a permanent member of our highest court. The opposing candidate, Mr. EDWARD T. BARTLETT, is a gentleman of ability and integrity, in all respects worthy of the position. It is for the voters of New York to determine which of these men shall be trusted, in the last appeal, to determine the rights of citizens under the law. The question is of greater consequence than any which has been decided by a State election during this generation. A vote for Judge MAYNARD is a vote to substitute fraud and conspiracy for the will of the voters as the power controlling elections. The methods which he represents are utterly inconsistent with the purity, the peace, and even the permanent existence of the republic.

A REMEDY FOR HAZING.

WHEN a man has more than half forgot his undergraduate days, it is the easiest thing in the world for him to say in a light and airy way that hazing is a relic of barbarism and should be suppressed. Pretty nearly all mature, sensible, and gentlemanlike men have been agreed for many years that this is so, and the college authorities have also been unanimous in condemnation of it. And yet it has not been suppressed, nor will it be until the young men in the colleges are taught by stern lessons that they are entitled to no privileges beyond those accorded to other citizens in this country. An assault is a breach of the peace, a felony, and it is entirely proper that college students should be held accountable for such infractions of the law, whether they are committed while hazing or in any other vulgar way. The law in this country is no respecter of persons, and he who breaks a law should be made to pay the penalty. The civil courts and the college courts have been all too tender in dealing with the young ruffians who find sport in the sufferings of their associates and comrades. It is therefore a gratifying sign of progress when the judge of a high court tells the grand jury that it is his duty to inquire into cases of hazing, and indict the hazers, so that they may be punished like any other offenders. It is gratifying, too, to know that in the particular instance to which we refer the college authorities express an entire willingness to assist the civil authorities in their investigation, besides taking vigorous action on their own account. When the hazer realizes that both civil and college authorities are seriously in earnest and determined upon his suppression, he is sure to quit his hazing without even a protest.

Colleges are primarily schools of learning. But they are also schools of morals and schools of manners. If a college course does not tend towards the making of a gentleman, even the little learning that is acquired at these places is not all of it worth while. A knowledge of Greek and the higher mathematics will not help a man very far in this world if in acquiring these things he has also learned how not to be a gentleman. Neither Greek nor mathematics bids with a man very long after he has given up their study, but the other knowledge holds on with deathlike tenacity. As a matter of fact, only a very small percentage of college men are silly enough ever to act like ruffians, or even momentarily to forget their obligations to gentility. But, singularly enough, this preponderating majority has thus far declined to send the offending minority to Coventry. The undergraduates not having solved this matter of hazing, it is high time that these offenders should be taught that there are juns for such as they, and that there are judges and juries of a sterner sense of duty than the college officers, who try to hush up every indiscretion, however great, for fear that it may injure their institution in the public regard. We are fully persuaded that the college that supplements its own authority by invoking the aid of the strong arm of the civil law will be able effectually to put a stop to hazing, and by such action gain one hundred friends for every one it loses.

GOOD ROADS AGAIN.

AT this season of the year the farmers in the United States have long been accustomed to take counsel together. The severer labors of the year are over, and the time has come when they review their own work and the work of each other. They gather in September and October at the county and State fairs, and combine pleasure and business in a way that is exceedingly profitable. Shrewd advertisers of both new and old doctrines have realized that these fairs afford excellent opportunities for introducing or extending their propaganda. The most recent society to take advantage of these fairs in the way mentioned is the National League for Good Roads, which has organized branch leagues in every State of the Union. There is no subject in the world in which farmers should take a greater interest than in that of bettering the condition of the common highways. But the farmers, as we have pointed out before, do not take a lively interest in the matter, for fear that they will have to pay entirely for improvements in which not they alone are benefited. They adhere to this view notwithstanding the fact that it has been repeatedly pointed out to them that in the course of a few years the country roads in the United States could be relocated, drained, and paved—that is, macadamized—and kept in thorough repair, with no greater expenditure than that now incurred by the lack of an intelligent system—a lack which results in the roads being bad all the year round, and almost impassable for three or four months in the late winter and early spring.

Those who have studied the history of road making in the civilized countries of the world are well aware of the fact that no good comprehensive system of roads has ever been built by the purely local efforts of one neighborhood and another. Indeed, such efforts have always proved futile. When great good has been accomplished, it has been through the efforts of a strong State taking hold for a while, at least, of the administration of the common roads. This was the case in England and in France in modern times, and that of imperial Rome in the days of the Cæsars. Such a reform came near being inaugurated in the State of New York, but that wise plan which contemplated the building of State highways was put aside in favor of Governor FLOWER'S suggestion that each county should do its own road making. Under this FLOWER road law practically nothing has been done, even though the farmers and tax-payers of agricultural communities have been shown that the roads could be improved without adding to the burden of taxes. Meantime, despite defective laws, it is gratifying to know that the campaign of education is kept up, and that the farmers are hearing at all of their fairs how they can improve their roads and why this should be done. But it is a pity that there should be laws on the subject that are merely permissive instead of mandatory.

THE INTELLECTUALLY "NOUVEAUX RICHES."

IT has been suggested that something ought to be said about the intellectually *nouveaux riches*. It is to be hoped that nothing will be said to discourage them, for though they are tiresome sometimes, they are useful. People with collections of new money make life more picturesque and ornate by the profuseness of their expenditures. After they have had it awhile they cease to care so much for exposition, and settle down lazily to enjoy the luxuries of life without caring much whether any one is impressed by their possession of them or not. If they entertain, they do it merely for their own amusement, and not for the sake of dazzling the community. They drive two horses instead of four, and let the dust accumulate on a good part of their apparatus rather than be at the trouble of keeping it in use.

So with people who have made large accumulations of learning or culture. While it is of recent acquisition the novelty of it occupies their minds. They feel bound to make the community appreciate what intellectual treasures they are masters of. Consequently they communicate much, and invent occasions for the display and distribution of the good things they have heaped together in their heads. While they are in this state they are something of a trial to their neighbors, but it is a trial from which benefits result. They induce their fellows to delve into their own stores of erudition, and even to add to them, for the sake of showing that they too can talk something besides gossip if they choose. After a little while they take their learning easier, and all too soon they come to adapt their talk to their company, and find the easy pleasures of possession and accretion superior to the laborious delights of display.

The good old town of Boston seems to have reached this latter stage. The people there are reported to have grown so used to knowing things and possessing culture that they have ceased to give it much thought. Their anxiety in these days seems not so much to be formidable in talk as to be lulled in intellectual repose. They are tired of conquest, and crave a cultivated diversion. Consequently they go in for music, and spend their money for music halls, where they can spend long afternoons in silent absorption of gracious unsyllabled sounds. If all that one hears is true, people who need an intellectual spur in these days should not go to Boston, but to Chicago. Culture there, they tell us, possesses the charm of novelty. People who have it rejoice and glory in it, and people who have it not buy books and get up clubs in hopes of getting a corner in it. It is a delight and a refreshment to read of the awakening of the Chicago mind to the great truth that man cannot live on an exclusive diet of corner lots and wheat and short ribs. Strangers who go there are struck by the intellectual hunger of the people. It made a strong impression upon Mr. WALTER BESANT, who wrote to the London *Times* that the Literary Congress which he attended there in July might be taken as the inauguration of a new literature which has just begun to spring up in the West. "At present," says Mr. BESANT, "it exists chiefly in promise, but if it is a beginning, it is a vigorous beginning."

If there is to be a revival of learning and letters in America, it is very possibly more reasonable to look for it among the intellectually *nouveaux riches* of the Western metropolis and its tributary States than in communities of which the mental cravings have become dulled and their aspirations jaded. The Garden State has furnished the greatest general and the greatest statesman of the age; who will dare to say that she is not ripening our greatest poet?

A LEGISLATIVE BOOM FOR ATHLETICS.

IT is an encouraging sign to all genuine lovers of sport to notice the plucky contest of endurance that took place last week in the United States Senate. The sanction thus placed by what has been called the highest deliberative body in the world on physical force as a means of accomplishing needed legislation must be gratifying indeed to every admirer of muscle, brawn, and brute force. While a contest of the nature of the one in question requires less science than a good finish fight, and less skill than such games as baseball, football, or tennis, partaking more of the character of a six days' go-as-you-please race, still a certain amount of training and intelligence is required successfully to accomplish so record-breaking a feat as Senator ALLEN'S late fifteen hour speech.

What is most required now is a code to govern all such competitions in the future; for while the rules of the Senate have been carefully drawn to encourage this style of procedure, they seem strangely deficient in affording proper means of regulating it after it has once been put in motion.

For instance, it would be interesting to know exactly, and in set terms in which there could be no possibility of error, just what constitutes a speech making record, and how far a contestant may be allowed to turn printed volumes over to the reading clerk for the purpose of having extracts and passages read therefrom and still have it count to his credit. It is possible to conceive of a case where a Senator, after a few words in the nature of an exordium, would turn any given number of books from the Congressional Library over to the reading clerk, and then go West to look after his silver mining or corporation interests, returning in time to make a brief peroration and claim a record or even to leave directions with the reading clerk to begin with the upper left hand book in the first alcove, and to work along down to the lower right hand book in the last alcove, and thus to obviate the necessity of returning for a peroration at all, as his six-year term would cease before the end could possibly be reached, except by the adoption of a resolution during the progress of the speech increasing the force of reading clerks by a thousand, and getting them all to read at once.

Such a motion, however, would be revolutionary, and would lay the opposing side open to a claim of foul; and either would give him the record, or, what would be worse, entitle him to take a fresh start.

Under proper conditions and auspices these contests might easily become the most important sporting events of the year. One of the most important and gratifying results would be, of course, a rapid change in the *personnel* of the Senate. The recent contest failed simply on account of the physical incapacity of the untrained Senators to stand the fatigues incident to so trying an ordeal. In the future, only men of iron constitutions, capable of undergoing the greatest fatigue, and of keeping awake day after day and night after night, while listening to the most soporific speeches, in order to be able to answer to constant roll calls, would stand the slightest chance of election to that noted body.

Nor is it possible adequately to measure the beneficial effects that would accrue to the country at large. An influx of so large an element of men in perfect physical condition into public affairs would be bound to have an improving effect on national and local politics. To maintain a perfect physical condition requires a man to keep in constant training, and develops his qualities of self-restraint and temperance and strengthens the will-power.

It would soon become evident that to be successful in politics a man must be an athlete. Candidates for office, instead of stumping the country making speeches which few are able to hear, and fewer to enjoy, would engage in athletic contests which would be a source of healthful amusement to thousands. These annual fall games would give an enormous impetus to sport of all kinds, so that soon we should find that to succeed in any walk of life would require men of muscle as well as men of mind.

And as *mens sana in corpore sano* is a proverb as true to-day as it ever was, we might in time succeed in filling the Senate Chamber with a set of men sufficiently hale minded to see the absurdity of the conditions which had led to their election to office, and who would have the moral courage to make rules for themselves that would enable themselves to vote on a question when they wanted to.

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GRAND ISLE—TREE IN FRONT OF WIDOWS' ROW.
Ten Sailors saved themselves by climbing this Tree.

BRAVE FATHER GRIMEAUX,
One of the few Survivors at Chenière Caminada.

BILOXI, MISSISSIPPI—IN FRONT OF KELLAR AND HOWARD RESIDENCES.
Wrecks on the Beach the morning after the Storm.

JOHN MENALINA,
A Malay Fisherman who rescued eight Persons.

CHENIERE CAMINADA—THE CHINESE CAMP IN BAYOU ANDRE.
Before the Storm.

GRAND ISLE—ONE OF THE BOARDERS' COTTAGES.
Destroyed by the Storm.

BACK BAY SAW-MILL.
The Morning after the Storm.

BACK BAY—OYSTER SCHOONERS AND VESSELS.
Driven on Shore and Wrecked.

THE RECENT TIDAL-WAVE DISASTER ON THE MISSISSIPPI AND LOUISIANA COASTS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 1011.]

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WORKING ONE OF THE BIG GUNS.
Loading—Raising the Shell in order to place it within the open Breech.

OFFICERS' STAIRWAY.
"Bessing to Quarters."

THE ADMIRAL'S BEDROOM

THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN.

CAPTAIN JOHN W. PHILIP.

GROUP OF FIRST-CLASS SAILORS.
Ninety per cent. of *New York*'s crew are Americans.

"AFT," LOOKING FORWARD AT THE BIG 8-INCH GUNS.

AT THE STEAM STEERING-WHEEL.

ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "NEW YORK."—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 1002.]

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IN DEAR BOHEMIA.

(WORLD'S FAIR, SEPTEMBER, 1893.)

This is dear Bohemia's best,—
At the Fair in sunny weather,
Meeting throngs from East and West
Stream through pleasant ways together?

All the glorious doorways frame
Eager, wondering, happy faces;
Care forgets her very name,
Pride forgets her idle graces.

Gray old Earth renews her youth,
Dancing forth to pipe and tabor,
Every word seems gracious truth,
Every man a kindly neighbor.

Never sunshine fell like this,
Gleaming through the curven spaces;
Never hearts were tuned to bliss
In such fair idyllic places,

Never water shone so blue,
Glassing dreams of towered splendor,
Never bells so clear and true
Filled the air with chiming tender

Room for all, and joy for each,—
This is dear Bohemia's pleasure.
Here's the school where anthem teach,
And the World given forth her treasure.

Stealing out with reckless hand
All the plenteous wealth of ages,
And at Art's divine command,
Opening Beauty's precious pages.

Darling city of delight,
Proud Columbia's fairy daughter!
Thou must vanish from our sight,
Like a mirage of the water;

But thy gladness shall be ours,
To inspire our life's endeavor,
And the gleam of thy white towers
Light our happiest dreams forever.

MARION COURTNEY SMITH.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE FAIR.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

If you were told that Paris and Naples and Rome were to be razed to the ground within a month, and that after that time you could never see them, it is not improbable that you would take steamer at once, and delight your soul and eyes with them, not as one sees Naples and dies, but as one seeing Naples before she dies and is wiped out of existence forever. You would not content yourself with photographs of Naples, or with pictures of that place in the illustrated papers, or with what a few writers might try to tell you of something which left them gasping and without words for half hours at a time. You would go to see the last days of Paris or of Rome for yourself; and yet there are some people who are letting the chance of seeing this White City, that rose like a Venus from the waters of Lake Michigan, slip from them forever. They are missing the greatest event in the history of the country since the civil war.

There are now but a few weeks remaining before the fair at Chicago will have come to an end, and the last chance of seeing it, or anything like unto it will have gone out of your power. This is not, therefore, written for those who have been to the fair but for the few or the many who, like myself, put off visiting it until the last days, and so shut off all chance of visiting it for the second time. It is that they may not make the irretrievable mistake of not seeing it at all that this tardy word is added to the many already so well spoken. Why there should be any one remaining who has not seen the fair I cannot understand, now that I myself have seen it, unless it is that the travellers who return have not been able to tell us with sufficient impressiveness and truth how great and beautiful and wonderful it is. There are very few things that some one is not enough of a genius to describe, but I do not think the World's Fair has found its Boswell, or that it ever will. The artists who designed the fair have been able and have been big enough to give us an idea of their work in their illustrations in the magazines, and even the much-despised photograph has done much to make one understand, more, indeed, than have any words spoken or written. For all time some writer must have shied at something beyond them by acknowledging that "it has to be seen to be understood," and that it is more "easily imagined than described," and if there ever was a case when this retreat before something beyond one's powers was justified it is when one sets forth to tell of the wonders and charm of this World's Fair. Certainly this writer does not mean to try at it. All he hopes to do is to give his "testimony," as the awakened one does at revival meetings, in the hope that it may turn some other weak brother into the right direction, and when he feels how near he came to not seeing the fair at all, he is consumed with indignation at his friends for not having put him in a car under guard for delivery at Chicago, and with sorrow for the other foolish ones who like himself set so long idle in the market place. That he waited so long is due probably to two things: to the misrepresentations made of the fair, at the first, by the New York daily papers, and to the fact that those who saw it were not able to make others comprehend and see what they had felt and seen. The most impressive advance work done for the fair in my hearing was that of the best descriptive talker of my acquaintance who said, when some one asked him how good the fair really was: "Oh, I don't know. Go see it for yourself. You wouldn't believe me." The only way to make people understand something they have not seen is by comparison—by telling them it is better than this or not so good as that. If you say to your friend, "You should see *Charley's Aunt*; it is better than *The Private Secretary*," he would at once know what to expect. But as there has never been anything in any place at any time just like the World's Fair, one has to coin new adjectives and a new set of comparisons. Indeed, you should have every sympathy with those writers who have taken refuge in calling it a fairy city and a dreamland. Very few people know much about fairies, and less of the stuff of which dreams are made, and so the accuracy of the description goes unquestioned.

Of course the thing to see at the fair is the illumination of the Court of Honor at night. You should see this from the water, in a launch or gondola, and not from the embankments, where your attention is distracted by your having to push your way through the crowd if you are on foot, or you disturb others by running them down if you are in a rolling-chair. But if you are in a launch on the water you can give yourself up entirely to the scene around you and you have the added wonder of the sight of thousands of people massed in silent rows around the edge of the lagoon, just as though they were waiting for some great event to happen, or for some miracle to keeping with the tremendous beauty of the scene about them. People try to give you an idea of this scene by comparing it to Venice on the nights when that city is illuminated, and to the beauty of the Acropolis when it is shown off by colored lights and fire-works. This is the best the Old World can do towards helping us to understand this city of the New World. But it is not enough; for while Venice has the effects of the lights on the water, she has not the great buildings grouped so closely and so grandly together, nor are the Parthenon and the other ruins of the Acropolis on a scale of sufficient grandeur to make one understand in any particular the extent of the temples of the Lake Front. It is like trying to make a person appreciate the Sphinx in the desert by the little bronze copy you use for a paper-weight. This same Sphinx by moonlight was the most impressive thing I saw in the East. Not as one sees it by day, with tourists and photographers and donkey-boys making it cheap and familiar, but at night, when the tourists had gone to bed, and the donkey boys had been paid to keep out of sight, and the moonlight threw the great negro face and the pyramids back of it into masses of black and silver, and the yellow desert stretched away on either side as empty and silent that one thought he was alone and back two thousand years in the past, discovering these great monuments for the first time. And yet the Court of Honor illuminated was as much more impressive than this as the ocean by moonlight is more impressive than the painted ocean on the back drop of a theatre. And the curious wonder of the sight is that while all of the great monuments of the Old World have historical values back of them to help their impressiveness, those of the World's Fair have nothing to speak for them but what lies before you. They have no past to help them, and, what is the worst of all they have no future. That every one who has visited the fair should feel this so keenly is significant of one of its greatest qualities. It is this peculiar charm which makes you feel that it has become a part of you and of your experience, you have made your home there as you do in certain cities and not in others, and as you certainly never did in any other World's Fair. You find you have grown to want certain of its views and vistas, and that you have accustomed yourself to its ways and its comforts. You cannot give up to the thought that you will never again glide through the lagoons at night in a gondola, with a Venetian singing "Santa Lucia" at the bow, and with the wooded islands glowing with fairy-lamps like fire-flies, and the ducks and swans hurrying out of your way, or that you cannot sweep into the Court of Honor and feel your own insignificance as the search-lights turn and twist like a fencer's foil, pointing down in the fountains or up to the winged angels, or stealing along the length of the Peristyle silently as one who shows something to you and makes no comment, knowing there is none to make.

If the fair has taught us nothing else, it has taught us to take our pleasure in beautiful places, that a dinner tastes better out-of-doors than in a hot restaurant, that wine is all the better for music, and that things that are made merely to be looked at are quite as essential as others made merely for use. We are not a nation given to decoration, but the fair has taught us the value of it.

This will be shown in many ways—in the architecture of every new State or Federal building, and in the artistic value of every statue that asks for a pedestal in a public place. The efforts of the Municipal Art Society to make New York beautiful will be helped by the influence the beauty of the fair will have had on every citizen of New York who has been there, and the Federal government may possibly take to heart the lesson taught by the sorry contrast its building makes with those around it.

One of the most interesting successes of the fair lies in its ability to please every one, to give to each person some one thing which exactly fits his or her idea of what is beautiful in art or wonderful to entertain, something which is all satisfying and which justified the whole. To many the first sight of the Peristyle was enough to repay them for their long journey, others found the Midway exactly on the level of their intelligence and went no further, and one young woman begged me not to miss a knight made entirely of prunes, and another thought the best thing she had seen was a man who during the illumination walked a tight rope with fire-works attached to his feet and hands. Another man I know spent the greater part of his time casting a fly line for a prize, and another is studying his interior anatomy in the Anthropological Building. "I'll bet you don't know how your liver works," he said to me. "You come with me and I'll show you. It's the most interesting exhibit in the place." Some of the stories of the fair, whether true or not, are worth preserving—the one, for instance, of the girl who asked the Columbian guard what was the meaning of the painting titled "La Cigale," and which shows a young woman very thinly clad and shivering in the winter's blast. The guard referred to the catalogue and said, promptly, "La Cigale. It's a comic opera, and that's Lillian Russell." Or that of the woman who approached a gentleman leaning over the embankment above the basin and asked him where she could see the lagoons. The gentleman pointed with his stick at the water, and the woman peered anxiously over the railing but on finding nothing there but water, turned to him with a toss of her head and said, scornfully, "You think you're mighty smart, don't you?" She probably told her people at home that that was the only rude man she had met at the fair.

There are three exhibits in the Midway that every one ought to see, and which are genuine and satisfying to all sorts of people. The Javanese village is one, and the South Sea Islanders another, and the Hindoo jugglers the third. It is almost too cold now to see the first of these with the same pleasure that they gave earlier in the year, when the dancing girls did not have to cover their shoulders, and the South Sea Islanders did not wear coats. The Javanese village and the villagers appealed to me more than did almost anything else in the fair. It was so old and dainty and simple and the little people as like children masquerading in grown up people's clothes. The musical water wheel seemed to give the key-note to the whole thatched roof village, and the life there in contrast to the roar outside on the Midway was so much more gentle and lazy, and was encompassed about with such pretty fancies in decoration and such beauty in dress and color. Even if you could not understand what the low comedian said in the theatre, you could sympathize with the native musicians who played his accompaniment, and who laughed and rolled around with glee as they sat squatted on their haunches. These performances gave you an idea that Java must be a fine place in which to live—a place where things were always going to happen, but for which there was no hurry and no anxiety. The music seemed to typify this life. It stopped and began again lazily, with a liquid sound as of falling water, or like the tinkle of a music-box that is always on the point of running down. There was no violence in the dancing; the feet of the little girls with gold head dresses and gorgeous purple and blue and gold scarfs never left the stage, but there was more charm in the way they flipped their sashes, as boys toss pennies, and in the way they shrugged their brown bare shoulders and stuck out their five fingers in five different directions, than in all the serpentine dances I have ever seen.

There is one side of the fair that interests very few people, because it is not an exhibit, and because it does not come prominently into sight. That is the executive part of it. Things move so smoothly in the White City that one hardly appreciates how much is owing to those who help to make them move smoothly, and who are known by their works. We do not stop to think that this is really a great city, with a street-cleaning department, a police and fire department, an electric light plant of its own, and what corresponds to a Mayor and a Board of Aldermen. In its way, the conception and the carrying out of the laws of this municipality is one of the most wonderful of the many wonderful features of the great fair, and that there has been no scandal and no "jobbery" connected with the fair name of this fair city is one of the proudest boasts of Chicago's people. That is, it would be if they were given to boasting.

There was a time when they were, when they were known for that more than for anything else but that time has passed. Chicago has arrived. Now she does not have to talk, she can afford to sit still in the background and let others talk for her. Columbus himself found it necessary to do a great deal of talking about what he could do before he was given the chance to do it, and after he had accomplished his purpose he let the other people talk, and they have been talking ever since. The people of Chicago talked too before the fair was built, now they merely look politely bored when you rave about it, or about the energy and awful extent of their great throbbing city. They have succeeded in a great, generous way, and they will have to be counted upon hereafter as they have never been in the past.

Chicago had it in her power to give the designing and the entire work of the building up of the fair to her own people, the fair was hers, to do with as she liked. And what she chose to do was to ask the best men in their several lines of work, whether that work was laying out roadways, or painting frescoes, or designing a temple, to come to her all from every part of the Union, and from the Old World. This is her triumph, and this is where she showed herself as big and generous and unafraid as her citizens have always claimed her to be. The reward is hers. When I left this country six months ago, people spoke of it as the Chicago Fair; now, since my return, I hear it spoken of as the World's Fair, and the people of Boston and New York tell you how proud "we" should be, and how well "our" fair compares with others. We all claim it now, but if it had been a failure, as the New York papers tried to make it out to be, would we not still be speaking of it as the Chicago Fair?

It is just as much the Chicago Fair to-day when it closes, amidst the congratulations and cheers of a whole people, as it was before the papers found they were on the wrong tack and veered about to praise it, and it will always be remembered as the Chicago Fair, and deserves to be so remembered.

THE "NEW YORK," PRIDE OF THE NAVY.

If you should go aboard the armored cruiser *New York*, now lying at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and open to all who may care to look through the "most aggressive war-ship ever put into commission," no navy excepted, and should compliment the officers upon the splendid appearance of the vessel and her crew, they would thank you politely, but to a man would say, "If you will come aboard six weeks from now, we will show you a vessel that is, perhaps, worth a little modest boasting, but not now." And yet the ordinary citizen may search in vain, high and low, to discover any apparent fault with men or ship. Outside she is as white and clean as any of Uncle Sam's fleet that participated in last spring's naval demonstration in New York Harbor, and nothing more in the way of praise can be said than that. Inside she seems just as near perfection. All the furnishings and trappings are in place, every piece of brass glares at you, every rope is coiled and twisted just right, every deck is as clean as a dairymaid's milk pan, swinging in the sun to a farmer's yard, every gun points exactly as it should, every man salutes with mathematical precision and when, as you wander about, you can across the ship's painter, lettering a cutlass rack with "Don't give up the ship," you are ready to declare that perhaps the officers are just a little too exacting in their desire for shipshape perfection. To the landsman's eye even the sailormen, whom one always finds dozing between decks on a run-of-war, no matter what time of day one goes aboard, sleep just as picturesquely as if they had been doing the same trick for years, the checker-players go on with their game as though visitors were never heard of aboard ship and "Scamps," the half-grown tramp cat that came aboard at Philadelphia, and was adopted by the crew as the pet mascot, blinks at you as if to say he is on Uncle Sam's pay-roll, and is "yours for service," but at all other times belongs to the sailormen, body and soul, if a man-of-war's cat has a soul, first, last, and all the time.

You will be told that the torpedo tubes are being put in, and that some changes are being made in ammunition hoists but as all this work is out of sight, you would never know that it was going on unless guided to the exact place by an officer. You will also be told that the crew has not yet reached that excellence in drill which is desirable, and that, although they respond with alacrity every morning, when the exercises be infantry drill, gun drill, broadsword exercise, cutting out the boats, or once a week when general quarters, fire drill or the signal for closing water-tight doors are sounded, or once a month when a general night alarm is rung it will take two or three months before bitter-perfect proficiency is acquired. You have to take the officers' word for all this, unless you are an accomplished drill-master yourself, and have the time to spare to watch

with critical eye, day after day, every movement of officers and men.

It is when you ask Captain John W. Philip, or Executive Officer T. B. M. Mason, or Navigator Wainwright Kellogg, or Chief Engineer John Lowe what feature of the whole outfit gives most satisfaction that you practically stagger them all. Captain Philip will look you in the eye, and, like the diplomat he is, may be non commital for publication purposes; Mr. Kellogg's merry laugh will ring out as he says, "Well, I don't know"; and probably Mr. Mason will be the first to speak the thought that is uppermost in the mind of all, and say: "About as pleasing a fact as there is about this ship is that ninety per cent. of the crew are Americans, and the other ten per cent want to be. No finer set of men ever manned a war ship than we have here, and to a man they are imbued with patriotic feeling." And when you say something about the seventy five apprentice boys on board, Mr. Mason will tell you that they are just as fine a body of youngsters as ever put foot aboard a ship. Then, perhaps, Mr. Lowe will break in and say, in quite a confidential tone, "Down in those fire and engine rooms I've got a lot of stalwart young Americans. And you may talk all you please about that 'trained set of men' that the Cramps have on their trial trips; why, this crew will beat them all to pieces, and I know it. Are we going to get as fast time out of the ship as the Cramps? Yes, and [whispering] we'll beat it."

As you go over the ship looking for new things you will find two "control houses" just back of the bridge. They are little chicken-coop sort of boxes, but they are filled with electric apparatus. By the mere turning of a switch a man may swing high, low, around, and about any one of those four enormous search lights, each of 50,000-candle capacity, the largest ever put on any ship. By turning another little switch the immense fog horn will rip and roar for six seconds, and then a search light will flash for thirty seconds, and they will keep up this alternation continuously until the switch is thrown back. By a slight manipulation on a cloudy night the operator may signal, using the clouds as a reflector, thirty or forty miles away.

Looking still further, you will find on the very peak, if the expression be allowed, of each mast, red and white truck lights, such as no vessel has ever had, obviating the hoisting of the customary lantern. You will find a central telephone station, and will observe that instead of speaking through thirty five tubes in the conning tower in time of action, the captain needs to use only one. You will find banks, and even state-rooms, for some of the higher of the petty officers chosen from the crew. You will find cooled water for the men to drink; a hat and coat room, where these articles may actually be checked, a pigeon-cote, with a single occupant at present, but the birds of which, when filled, will be used in experimenting as to the homing instinct, to learn whether they will find their way back when their cote is moved from place to place. You will find the fine staircase to the officers' quarters, which does not exist on other boats. You will find the latest of the rapid-fire guns, the 4-inch, that hurls a 33-pound projectile every few seconds a distance of five miles or more. It is the invention of Ensign R. B. Dashiell, himself attached to the vessel. But, above all, you will find that here is one vessel where the crew has ample berthing space. Admiral Hopkins, of the *Blake*, hitherto the crack cruiser of the world, especially commented on this. The crew of the *New York* has one more deck for berthing space than that of the *Blake*, and it is a novelty to find a ship in any navy where only every other set of hammock hooks is used. Then there are a score or more of little things that make life on the *New York* more desirable to a sailor and an officer than on any other boat in our own or any other navy.

It is a well-known fact, but the officers won't tell you so, that the officers on the *New York* are picked men. Secretary Tracy's pride was this ship, and he selected officers for her in keeping with the vessel. His one request of his successor, Secretary Herbert, was that the detail of officers be made should not be disturbed, and his request was graciously granted. Every American sailorman knows Captain Philip. He will call him "Jack Philip" when he talks about him, and tell you that no more popular man ever sailed under the American flag, and that none more stern ever appeared to a sailor railed before the mast when he had abused the captain's confidence. He will tell you that all sailors like Captain Philip, because his policy has always been to treat Jack Tar with confidence, kindness, and discipline, wearing a velvet glove. His chief thought is to give every man the fullest liberty, and he believes that one gets better results where gentleness is used than where harshness or intolerant and haughty manners characterize the commanding officer. But woe betide the man who takes advantage of this kindness! Perhaps there is some reason why the offending sailorman generally takes occasion to leave the ship soon after the captain fetches him up with a round turn before the mast, and never comes back. If one should ask the captain why he adopts the gentle line of treatment for his men, he would likely reply, "There is a homely saying that 'you can catch more flies with molasses than with vinegar,' and I guess it is true." As with Captain Philip, so it is with Messrs. Mason, Kellogg, and Lowe. They all reflect his methods, and they all share his popularity. It is a striking comment on the slowness of promotion in the United States navy that Lieutenant Mason, who is just about to become a Lieutenant-Commander, remembers the time distinctly when, at the opening of the Suez Canal he took the present Emperor of Germany, at that time less than ten years old, in his arms and lifted him aboard the vessel on which Mr. Mason, who was then an ensign, was stationed. If you ask about Mr. Kellogg you will be told that he is known in the navy as a "splendid electric sharp," as thorough in his work as he is good-natured. As for Mr. Lowe, you may go from one end of the navy to the other, and if you can find any one who will say a word against him personally, or against his efficiency, you will be the first man to discover it. And so all through the ship's roster, every officer seems to be a "picked man."

But, after all, it requires something more than a superbly equipped vessel, something more than a splendid crew, to make a war-ship all that it should be, it requires a combination of the two. That the *New York* seems to have, and it is for that reason that the ship may be treated, fitly, the pride of the navy. Not until an admiral comes on board, however, and hoists his flag and brings a band in his train, will the ship be complete. Then will she be ready to sail away. But a line one recalls the fact that the United States government allows nothing in the officers for entertainment purposes, and that if the *New York* goes to Europe she will be besieged in every port by visitors, distinguished and otherwise, one will perhaps understand the shrug of the shoulders that the officers make, and will begin to take in their full meaning when they say, "Just now America's good enough for us." Meantime Captain Philip wishes it known that the ship is ready for visitors, but he prefers that they should come in the afternoon, when the day's drills are over.

ALBERT FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

THE HUNT.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

When stream the clouds, and the fresh wind is singing,
Red is the dawn, and the world white with rime,—
Music, O music! The hunter's horn ringing!
Over the hill top the mounted men climb.

Flashing of scarlet, and glitter, and jingle,
The deep bay, the rhythm of hoof and of cry,—
Echo, O echo! The whinds rush and mingle!
Halloo, view halloo! And the Hunt has swept by.

Stay! All the morning is hushed and is solemn,
Bare is the hill top and sad as his wont,—
Out of the ghost of a long dead October
Blows as the dust blows the ghost of the Hunt!

SIR WILLIAM SMITH, D.C.L.

Few have done more for classical and ecclesiastical learning in the present age than Sir William Smith. No one has equalled him in the number and excellence of the works he has edited, suggested, or written for the use of the student and the scholar. His whole life has been given to this exhausting labor, fortunately it has not been without its proper reward. He was born in London, 1814, and was educated at the University of London, now University College, where he gained the first prize in Latin and Greek, was entered at Gray's Inn, and began to fit himself for the bar. But his taste lay in classical studies, and he soon abandoned the law to become a Professor of Latin and Greek in two independent colleges. When, in 1850, three institutions were formed into one, the "New College of London," Dr. Smith was appointed to the Professorship of Greek and Latin, and in 1858 was made Classical Examiner in the University of London. In 1867 he became the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, a position he has retained ever since.

His *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, 1840–1842, first enlarged his reputation; it was published in parts, was widely circulated, and was spoken of by Dr. Goodrich, Professor Felton, Moses Stuart, and others in high praise. Next he began his *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology*, 1843–1849, also in monthly parts. Then followed, 1852–1857, a *Dictionary of Ancient Geography*. These works were widely diffused in England and all English speaking lands, and have banished forever the imperfect manuals of Lempriere, Potter, and Adams. In 1860 Mr. Smith published his *Dictionary of the Bible*, its antiquities, natural history, etc. In 1875 he completed his *Atlas of Biblical and Classical Geography*, and in 1877–1887 published his *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, etc. In all these labors he was assisted by many eminent scholars, and his dictionaries are marked by liberal thought and varied learning. But probably his "Student's Series" of short histories, begun in 1863, and his *English Latin Dictionary*, 1870, his *Latin Grammar*, and a long series of useful manuals, have made his name most familiar in every school and college. He has also written many critical and other essays, and was known as an accomplished writer and careful editor of the *Quarterly*.

Dr. Smith's useful labors have been rewarded by a while success and many literary honors. In 1870 he was made D.C.L. at Oxford, and he has been decorated with a title by the crown. He is now known as Sir William Smith, and new editions of his works are constantly brought out by Mr. Murray, his publisher, with all the additions of modern research. It is impossible to name them all, but it is safe to say that none has been without its use. His sudden death, although at an advanced age, will be a real loss to scholarship and be generally regretted.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE contemporary American feels poor. If any one doubts it, let him try to sell a horse. It can be done occasionally, but he will find that when it is possible to make a sale at all, horses of distinction bring the prices of ordinary good horses, ordinary good horses bring the prices of common plugs, and common plugs cannot be given away. It is told that a man in Wall Street who incautiously divulged his willingness to buy a pair of horses was besieged in his office the next morning by a desperate and vociferous crowd of brokers who had horses to sell or bestow. The better grades of horses are a favorite investment for surplus funds. When people's incomes exceed their absolute needs, the luxury of horses is one of their earliest indulgences. So when incomes drop off, to shut up the stable is one of the earliest economies that suggest themselves. When it suggests itself at about the same time to three house owners out of every five, the effect on the market is somewhat demoralizing.

And if horses are a drug in the market, how must it be with yachts, and what must be the feelings of impoverished yachtsmen who want to sell? A yacht, to be sure, when it is safe ashore, does not eat its head off, but no doubt even when out of commission it finds means enough of making a poor man feel somewhat poorer.

The University of Pennsylvania offers this year a special course for intending journalists, when from youth with newspaper aspirations may hope to learn such things as seem to be especially advantageous for them to know. It will be a four years' course, the work of the first half of it being not materially different from that of the first two years in most colleges, and the special preparation for newspaper work being confined to the third and fourth years. Professor Johnson, who has charge of the course, was a newspaper man of large experience when, in 1890, he undertook to found a daily paper in Spokane. He wanted as his assistant "a man who was familiar with the history of politics, who knew all about the tariff, the financial question, and the Chinese exclusion law, who knew where to go for statistics, and how to use them; and who knew the history of the great parties, and could judge intelligently of the effect of different legislation." He could find bright young men who could write up news, but the encyclopedic person whom he wanted as his assistant turned out to be so scarce that the training of young men of that sort commended itself to him as a particularly worthy work. Now, in the University of Pennsylvania, he is going to see how far it is possible to impart in young men beforehand the sort of information that a good all around newspaper man is bound to acquire. The purpose is laudable, and there is no apparent reason why it should not reach a fair measure of success. The newspaper, like Lord Bacon, takes all knowledge for its own, and it is a special felicity of the newspaper man's job that there is scarcely anything which he can learn that he cannot, sooner or later, make useful in his business. But, of course, there is a choice of knowledge, and the assortment that Professor Johnson offers has been selected with excellent discretion.

One omission he has made which seems worth noting. It is an exceedingly handy thing for an editor to be a good judge of religion, to know what is orthodox and what is not, but especially to be able to distinguish between the Christian religion and its intricate and varying theologies. A person of sound judgment, who can turn out sensonable "copy," the sentiments of which shall accord with the principles of the New Testament, is worth a good many dollars a week on that account alone, even to a struggling new journal in Spokane. Nothing interests so many people as religion, and nothing makes better occasional reading in a newspaper, if only it is the real thing and aptly imparted. If Professor Johnson does not ground his young men thoroughly in the four gospels, his duty to them will have been imperfectly carried out. Familiarity with the Constitution itself is less indispensable to their training.

According to the recent annual report of the British Museum, the most notable acquisition made by the Museum during this last year was the Royal Gold Cup believed to have been ordered in 1380 by the Duc de Berry as a gift to Charles V., who died (in 1380) before he got it. Since then the cup has steadily accumulated history and value. The duke gave it to his son, Charles VI., who got hard up and let it go into the possession of the Regent Bedford. From him it went to King Henry VI. of England. Henry VIII. owned it, and, naturally, had some changes made in it. It came down to James I., and thence into the hands of the police in the shape of the Constable of Castile, who came to London in 1610 to negotiate a treaty. The constable took it home and gave it to a convent, where it remained until 1883, when it was sold. It was bought for the Museum for £8000, £2880 of which was paid by a government grant, and the rest by private subscription.

Such a cup as that ought to be kept in active service. It is as well, to be sure, that it should be in a museum as in a convent, but there are better places for it than either. It would make an excellent cup for some sort of international competition. It is really affecting to think of so old and doubtless thirsty a vessel standing year after year in a glass case, and never a drink poured into it, nor ever one drunk out.

M. Zola, who, like Gilbert's hero, "is now a respectable chap," and is heard with attention by persons the most circumspect, avers that Taine once said to him, "If I were not so old I should like to go first to study the Indies, Palestine, and Egypt—that is to say, the dead civilizations. I should try to understand what caused them to perish. Then I should go to America to study a civilization which is rising, and ascertain if it contains from its birth the seeds of death." That, he says, is what M. Bourget is doing, and he declares that if he were not "a snail wrapped in his shell" he would undertake the same errand himself. Whether our rising American civilization contains in it the seeds of death is the thing that of all others thoughtful Americans are anxious to know, and if M. Bourget comes to any conclusion on the subject, his deliverances will be received with attention. He could not have chosen a better year in which to make his observations. He will see the Americans at Chicago as they have never been seen before, and find our system of government tested in a way which, if not unprecedented, is at least unusual. It is safe enough to say that not since the war, at least, have Americans meditated more on possible imperfections in the Constitution than during the last two months. The forced inaction of the Senate has worried them. When the wheels don't go round after steam has been turned on, observers begin to wonder how serious a trouble it is that ails the machine. Moreover, not since Tweed's time has there been more anxious distrust of some of our rulers, or more speculation as to whether our government is by the people or by the bosses. But M. Bourget is hardly the man to reach important conclusions about our political tendencies. If any visitor could do that it would be some such a one as Mr. Bryce, who knows us as few of us know ourselves. The most that we may hope from M. Bourget is that he will study the people he sees at Chicago and wherever he goes, and study their visible works, and try to determine what manner of folks they are and whither they are tending.

If the purpose of his visit here is really at all such as M. Zola suggests, he will inform himself early, in so far as he can, of the state of religion in this country. There is encouragement for him, if he happens to find it, in the address of Bishop Potter to the members of the recent Episcopal diocesan convention in New York. Censuring the critics who were too ready to ridicule certain kinds of church work in New York, the Bishop said: "The Church is not a soup kitchen, nor a bowling alley, nor a billiard table. But neither is it a prayer-book, a pulpit, nor a pastoral call in Fifth Avenue." And speaking further on of his supreme interest in the work of a certain east-side mission house, he added:

"If I and my brethren of the clergy would go in turn, for a month or two at a time, with a few faithful laity, and live quietly, and work faithfully, and pray earnestly with and among our brethren who are now so far—alas, how far!—from us, I do not say that we should revolutionize New York; I do not say that we should repeat the scenes of Pentecostal days; but I do say that I believe that we should learn how to understand and to get near to those whom we desired to serve, as we can never do in any other way."

If we are going to lost in this country, it is the spirit to which Bishop Potter thus gives expression that must pull us through. We have luxury and pride and the spoils system, and the bosses, and the walking delegates, and the nugget-hunters, and vagrant millionaires, and all the usual detriments to split us up, and if there is anything but our Christianity that promises to be effectual to hold us together, let us hope that M. Bourget will discover it and point it out. The newspapers and the railroads think that they are going to save us, and they may help, but it is a large undertaking for them to manage alone.

E. S. MARTIN.

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—CHICAGO DAY AT NIGHT—THE GRAND COURT FROM THE PERISTYLE—FIREWORKS ON LAKE FRONT.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE NIGHT PAGEANT ON CHICAGO DAY—THE FLOAT OF "CHICAGO WELCOMING THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH."—DRAWN BY HERBERT E. BUTLER.

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE CHICAGO DAY CROWD IN THE COURT OF HONOR, OCTOBER 9TH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ARNOLD.

Over 700,000 Persons present. The largest Day's Attendance at any International Exposition.

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THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE REFUGEES," "THE GREAT SHADOW," "MICAH CLARKE," ETC.

THE NAVAL TREATY.

II.

WE were fortunate in finding that Lord Holdhurst was still in his chamber at Downing Street, and on Holmes sending in his card we were instantly shown up. The statesman received us with that old-fashioned courtesy for which he is remarkable, and seated us on the two luxurious lounges on either side of the fireplace. Standing on the rug between us, with his slight tall figure, his sharp features, thoughtful face, and curling hair prematurely tinged with gray, he seemed to represent that not too common type—a nobleman who is in truth noble.

"Your name is very familiar to me, Mr. Holmes," said he, smiling, "and of course I cannot pretend to be ignorant of the object of your visit. There has only been one occurrence in these offices which could call for your attention. In whose interest are you acting, may I ask?"

"In that of Mr Percy Phelps," answered Holmes.

"Ah, my unfortunate nephew! You can understand that our kinship makes it the more impossible for me to screen him in any way. I fear that the incident must have a very prejudicial effect upon his career."

"But if the document is found?"

"Ah, that of course would be different."

"I had one or two questions which I wished to ask you, Lord Holdhurst."

"I shall be happy to give you any information in my power."

"Was it in this room that you gave your instructions as to the copying of the document?"

"It was."

"Then you could hardly have been overheard?"

"It is out of the question."

"Did you ever mention to any one that it was your intention to give any one the treaty to be copied?"

"Never."

"You are certain of that?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, since you never said so, and Mr Phelps never said so, and nobody else knew anything of the matter, then the thief's presence in the room was purely accidental. He saw his chance and he took it."

The statesman smiled. "You take me out of my province there," said he.

Holmes considered for a moment. "There is another very important point which I wish to discuss with you," said he. "You feared, as I understand, that very grave results might follow from the details of this treaty becoming known."

A shadow passed over the expressive face of the statesman. "Very grave results indeed."

"And have they occurred?"

"Not yet."

"If the treaty had reached, let us say, the French or Russian Foreign Office, you would expect to hear of it?"

"I should," said Lord Holdhurst, with a wry face.

"Since nearly ten weeks have elapsed, then, and nothing has been heard, it is not unfair to suppose that for some reason the treaty has not reached them."

Lord Holdhurst shrugged his shoulders. "We can hardly suppose, Mr Holmes, that the thief took the treaty in order to frame it and hang it up."

"Perhaps he is waiting for a better price."

"If he waits a little longer he will get no price at all. The treaty will cease to be secret in a few months."

"That is most important," said Holmes. "Of course it is a possible supposition that the thief has had a sudden illness—"

"An attack of brain fever, for example?" asked the statesman, flashing a swift glance at him.

"I did not say so," said Holmes, imperturbably; "and now, Lord Holdhurst, we have already taken up too much of your valuable time, and we shall wish you good-day."

"Every success to your investigation, be the criminal who he may," answered the nobleman, as he bowed us out at the door.

"He's a fine fellow," said Holmes, as we came out into Whitehall. "But he has a struggle to keep up his position. He is far from rich, and has many calls. You noticed of course, that his boots have been resoled. Now, Watson, I won't detain you from your legitimate work any longer. I shall do nothing more to-day, unless I have an answer to my cab advertisement. But I should be extremely obliged to you if you would come down with me to Woking to-morrow by the same train which we took to-day."

I met him accordingly the next morning, and we travelled down to Woking together. He had had no answer to his advertisement, he said, and no fresh light had been thrown upon the case. He had, when he so willed it, the utter immobility of countenance of a red Indian, and I could not gather from his appearance whether he was satisfied or not with the position of the case. His conversation, I remember, was about the Bertillon system of measurements, and he expressed his enthusiastic admiration of the French savant.

We found our client still under the charge of his devoted nurse, but looking considerably better than before. He rose from the sofa and greeted us without difficulty when we entered.

"Any news?" he asked, eagerly.

"My report, as I expected, is a negative one," said Holmes. "I have seen Forbes, and I have seen your uncle, and I have set one or two trains of inquiry upon foot which may lead to something."

"You have not lost heart, then?"

"By no means."

"God bless you for saying that!" cried Miss Harrison. "If we keep our courage and our patience the truth must come out."

"We have more to tell you than you have for us," said Phelps, resuming himself upon the couch.

"I hoped you might have something."

"Yes, we have had an adventure during the night, and one which might have proved to be a serious one." His expression grew very grave as he spoke, and a look of something akin to fear sprang up in his eyes. "Do you know," said he, "that I begin to believe that I am the unconscious centre of some monstrous conspiracy, and that my life is aimed at as well as my honor."

"Ah!" cried Holmes.

"It sounds incredible, for I have not, as far as I know, an enemy in the world. Yet from last night's experience I can come to no other conclusion."

"Pray let me hear it."

"You must know that last night was the very first night that I have ever slept without a nurse in the room. I was so much better that I thought I could dispense with one. I had a night light burning, however. Well, about two in the morning I had sunk into a light sleep when I was suddenly aroused by a slight noise. It was like the sound which a mouse makes when it is gnawing a plank, and I lay listening to it for some time under the impression that it must come from that cause. Then it grew louder, and suddenly there came from the window a sharp metallic snick. I sat up in amazement. There could be no doubt what the sounds were now. The first one had been caused by some one forcing an instrument through the slit between the sashes, and the second by the catch being pressed back.

"There was a pause then for about ten minutes, as if the person were waiting to see whether the noise had awakened me. Then I heard a gentle creaking as the window was very slowly opened. I could stand it no longer, for my nerves are not what they used to be. I sprang out of bed and flung open the shutters. A man was crouching at the window. I could see little of him, for he was gone like a flash. He was wrapped in some sort of cloak which came across the lower part of his face. One thing only I am sure of, and that is that he had some weapon in his hand. It looked to me like a long knife. I distinctly saw the gleam of it as he turned to run."

"This is most interesting," said Holmes. "Pray what did you do then?"

"I should have followed him through the open window if I had been stronger. As it was, I rang the bell and roused the house. It took me some little time, for the bell rings in the kitchen, and the servants all sleep upstairs. I shouted, however, and that brought Joseph down, and he roused the others. Joseph and the groom found marks on the bed outside the window, but the weather has been so dry lately that they found it hopeless to follow the trail across the grass. There's a place, however, on the wooden fence which skirts the road which shows signs, they tell me as if some one had got over and had snapped the top of the rail in doing so. I have said nothing to the local police yet, for I thought I had best have your opinion first."

This tale of our client's appeared to have an extraordinary effect upon Sherlock Holmes. He rose from his chair and paced about the room in uncontrollable excitement.

"Misfortunes never come single," said Phelps, smiling, though it was evident that his adventure had somewhat shaken him.

"You have certainly had your share," said Holmes. "Do you think you could walk round the house with me?"

"Oh yes; I should like a little sunshine. Joseph will come too."

"And I also," said Miss Harrison.

"I am afraid not," said Holmes, shaking his head. "I think I must ask you to remain sitting exactly where you are."

The young lady resumed her seat with an air of displeasure. Her brother, however, had joined us, and we set off, all four together. We passed round the lawn to the outside of the young diplomatist's window. There were, as he had said, marks upon the bed, but they were hopelessly blurred and vague. Holmes stooped over them for an instant, and then rose, shrugging his shoulders.

"I don't think any one could make much of this," said he. "Let us go round the house and see why this particular room was chosen by the burglar. I should have thought those larger windows of the drawing room and dining room would have had more attractions for him."

"They are more visible from the road," suggested Mr. Joseph Harrison.

"Ah, yes, of course. There is a door here which he might have attempted. What is it for?"

"It is the side entrance for tradespeople. Of course it is locked at night."

"Have you ever had an alarm like this before?"

"Never," said our client.

"Do you keep plate in the house, or anything to attract burglars?"

"Nothing of value."

Holmes strolled round the house with his hands in his pockets and a negligent air which was unusual with him.

"By the way," said he to Joseph Harrison, "you found some place, I understand, where the fellow scaled the fence. Let us have a look at that."

The plump young man led us to a spot where the top of one of the wooden rails had been cracked. A small fragment of the wood was hanging down. Holmes pulled it off and examined it critically.

"Do you think that was done last night? It looks rather old, does it not?"

"Well, possibly so."

"There are no marks of any one jumping down upon the other side. No, I fancy we shall get no help here. Let us go back to the bedroom and talk the matter over."

Percy Phelps was walking very slowly, leaning upon the arm of his future brother-in-law. Holmes walked swiftly across the lawn, and we were at the open window of the bedroom long before the others came up.

"Miss Harrison," said Holmes, speaking with the utmost intensity of manner, "you must stay where you are all day. Let nothing prevent you from staying where you are all day. It is of the utmost importance."

"Certainly, if you wish it, Mr Holmes," said the girl, in astonishment.

"When you go to bed lock the door of this room on the outside and keep the key. Promise to do this."

"But Percy?"

"He will come to London with us."

"And I to remain here?"

"It is for his sake. You can serve him. Quick, promise!"

She gave a quick nod of assent just as the other two came up.

"Why do you sit moping there, Annie?" cried her brother. "Come out into the sunshine."

"No, thank you, Joseph. I have a slight headache, and this room is deliciously cool and soothing."

"What do you propose now, Mr. Holmes?" asked our client.

"Well, in investigating this minor affair we must not lose sight of our main inquiry. It would be a very great help to me if you would come up to London with us."

"At once?"

"Well, as soon as you conveniently can. Say in an hour."

"I feel quite strong enough if I can really be of any help."

"The greatest possible."

"Perhaps you would like me to stay there to-night?"

"I was just going to propose it."

"Then, if my friend of the night comes to revisit me, he will find the bird flown. We are all in your hands, Mr Holmes, and you must tell us exactly what you would like done. Perhaps you would prefer that Joseph came with us so as to look after me?"

"Oh no, my friend Watson is a medical man, you know, and he'll look after you. We'll have our lunch here, if you will permit us, and then we shall all three set off for town together."

It was arranged as he suggested, though Miss Harrison excused herself from leaving the bedroom in accordance with Holmes's suggestion. What the object of my friend's manœuvres was I could not conceive, unless it were to keep the lady away from Phelps, who, rejoiced by his returning health and by the prospect of action, lunched with us in the dining room. Holmes had a still more startling surprise for us, however, for, after accompanying us down to the station and seeing us into our carriage, he calmly announced that he had no intention of leaving Woking.

"There are one or two small points which I should desire to clear up before I go," said he. "Your absence, Mr. Phelps, will in some ways rather assist me. Watson, when you reach London, you would oblige me by driving at once in Baker Street with our friend here, and remaining with him until I see you again. It is fortunate that you are old school-fellows, as you must have much to talk over. Mr. Phelps can have the spare bedroom to-night, and I will be with you in time for breakfast, for there is a train which will take me into Waterloo at eight."

"But how about our investigation in London?" asked Phelps, ruefully.

"We can do that to-morrow. I think that just at present I can be of more immediate use here."

"You might tell them at Briarbrae that I hope to be back to-morrow night," cried Phelps, as we began to move from the platform.

"I hardly expect to go back to Briarbrae," answered Holmes and waved his hand to us cheerily as we shot out from the station.

Phelps and I talked it over on our journey, but neither of us could devise a satisfactory reason for this new development.

"I suppose he wants to find out some clew as to the burglary last night, if a burglar it was. For myself, I don't believe it was an ordinary thief."

"What is your own idea, then?"

"Upon my word, you may put it down to my weak nerves, as not but I believe there is some deep political intrigue going on around me, and that, for some reason that passes my understanding, my life is aimed at by the conspirators. It sounds high flown and absurd, but consider the facts! Why should a thief try to break in at a bedroom window where there could be no hope of any plunder, and why should he come with a long knife in his hand?"

"You are sure it was not a house breaker's jimmy?"

"Oh no, it was a knife. I saw the flash of the blade quite distinctly."

"But why on earth should you be pursued with such animosity?"

"Ah, that is the question."

"Well, if Holmes takes the same view that you would account for his action, would it not? Presuming that your theory is correct, if he can lay his hands upon the man who threatened you last night, he will have gone a long way towards finding who took the naval treaty. It is absurd to suppose that you have two enemies, one of whom robs you, while the other threatens your life."

"But Holmes said that he was not going to Briarbrae."

"I have known him for some time," said I, "but I never knew him do anything yet without a very good reason," and with that our conversation drifted off on to other topics.

But it was a weary day for me. Phelps was still weak after his long illness, and his misfortunes made him querulous and nervous. In vain I endeavored to interest him in Afghanistan, in India, in social questions, in anything which might take his mind out of the groove. He would always come back to his lost treaty, wondering, guessing, speculating as to what Holmes was doing, what steps Lord Holdhurst was taking, what news we should have in the morning. As the evening wore on his excitement became quite painful.

"You have implicit faith in Holmes?" he asked.

"I have seen him do some remarkable things."

"But he never brought light into anything quite so dark as this."

"Oh yes, I have known him solve questions which presented fewer clews than yours."

"But not where such large interests are at stake?"

"I don't know that. To say certain knowledge he has acted on behalf of three of the reigning houses of Europe in very vital matters."

"But you know him well, Watson. He is such an inscrutable fellow that I never quite know what to make of him. Do you think he is hopeful? Do you think he expects to make a success of it?"

"He has said nothing."

"That is a bad sign."

"On the contrary, I have noticed that when he is off the trail he generally says so. It is when he is on a scent, and is not quite absolutely sure yet that it is the right one, that he is most taciturn. Now, my dear fellow, we can't help matters by making ourselves nervous about them, so let me

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"STANDING ON THE RUG BETWEEN US."

implore you to go to bed, and so be fresh for whatever may await us to-morrow."

I was able at last to persuade my companion to take my advice, though I knew from his excited manner that there was not much hope of sleep for him. Indeed his mood was infectious, for I lay tossing half the night myself, brooding over this strange problem, and inventing a hundred theories, each of which was more impossible than the last. Why had Holmes remained at Woking? Why had he asked Miss Harrison to remain in the sick-room all day? Why had he been so careful not to inform the people at Briarbrae that he intended to remain near them? I cudgelled my brains until I fell asleep in the endeavor to find some explanation which would cover all these facts.

It was seven o'clock when I awoke, and I sat off at once for Phelps's room, to find him haggard and spent after a sleepless night. His first question was whether Holmes had arrived yet.

"He'll be here, when he promised," said I, "and not an instant sooner or later."

And my words were true, for shortly after eight a hansom dashed up to the door and our friend got out of it. Standing in the window, we saw that his left hand was swathed in a bandage and that his face was very grim and pale. He entered the house, but it was some little time before he came up stairs.

"He looks like a beaten man!" cried Phelps.

I was forced to confess that he was right. "After all," said I, "the view of the matter lies probably here in town."

Phelps gave a groan. "I don't know how it is," said he, "but I had hoped for so much from his return. But surely his head was not tied up like that yesterday. What can be the matter?"

"You are not wounded, Holmes?" I asked, as my friend entered the room.

"Tut, it is only a scratch through my own clumsiness," he answered, nodding his good-mornings to us. "This case of yours, Mr. Phelps, is certainly one of the darkest which I have ever investigated."

"I feared that you would find it beyond you."

"It has been a most remarkable experience."

"That bandage tells of adventures," said I. "Won't you tell us what has happened?"

"After breakfast, my dear Watson. Remember that I have breathed thirty miles of Surrey air this morning. I suppose that there has been no answer from my cabman advertisement? Well, well, we cannot expect to score every time."

The table was all laid, and just as I was about to ring, Mrs. Hudson entered with the tea and coffee. A few minutes later she brought in three covers, and we all drew up to the table, Holmes ravenous, I curious, and Phelps in the gloomiest state of depression.

"Mrs. Hudson has risen to the occasion," said Holmes, uncovering a dish of curried chicken; "her cuisine is a little limited, but she has as good an idea of breakfast as a Scotch woman. What have you there, Watson?"

"Ham and eggs," I answered.

"Good! What are you going to take, Mr. Phelps—curried fowl, or eggs, or will you help yourself?"

"Thank you. I can eat nothing," said Phelps.

"Oh, come! Try the dish before you."

"Thank you, I would really rather not."

"Well, then," said Holmes, with a mischievous twinkle, "I suppose that you have no objection to helping me?"

Phelps raised the cover, and as he did so he uttered a scream, and sat there staring with a face as white as the plate upon which he looked. Across the centre of it was lying a little cylinder of blue gray paper. He caught it up, devoured it with his eyes, and then danced madly about the room, pressing it to his bosom and shrieking out in his delight. Then he fell back into an arm-chair, so limp and exhausted with his own emotions that we had to pour brandy down his throat to keep him from fainting.

"There, there!" said Holmes, soothingly, putting him upon the shoulder. "It was too bad to spring it on you like this, but Watson here will tell you that I never can resist a touch of the dramatic."

Phelps seized his hand and kissed it. "God bless you!" he cried; "you have saved my honor."

"Well, my own was at stake, you know," said Holmes. "I assure you it is just as hateful to me to fail in a case as it can be to you to blunder over a commission."

Phelps thrust away the precious document into the innermost pocket of his coat. "I have not the heart to interrupt your breakfast any further, and yet I am dying to know how you got it and where it was."

Sherlock Holmes swallowed a cup of coffee and turned his attention to the ham and eggs. Then he rose, lit his pipe, and settled himself down into his chair. "I'll tell you what I did first, and how I came to do it afterwards," said he. "After having you at the station, I went for a charming walk through some admirable Surrey scenery to a pretty little village called Ripley, where I had my tea at an inn, and took the precaution of filling my flask and of putting a paper of sandwiches in my pocket. There I remained until evening, when I set off for Woking again, and found myself in the highroad outside Briarbrae just after sunset. Well, I waited until the road was clear—it is never a very frequented one at any time, I fancy—and then I clambered over the fence into the grounds."

"Surely the gate was open?" ejaculated Phelps.

"Yes, but I have a peculiar taste in these matters. I chose the place where the three fir trees stand, and behind their screen I got over without the least chance of any one in the house being able to see me. I crouched down among the bushes on the other side, and crawled from one to the other—witness the disreputable state of my trouser knees—until I had reached the clump of rhododendrons just opposite to your bedroom window. There I squatted down and awaited developments.

"The blind was not down in your room, and I could see Miss Harrison sitting there reading by the table. It was quarter past ten when she closed her book, fastened the shutters, and retired.

"I heard her shut the door, and felt quite sure that she had turned the key in the lock."

"The key!" ejaculated Phelps.

"Yes, I had given Miss Harrison instructions to lock the door on the outside and take the key with her when she went to bed. She carried out every one of my injunctions to the letter, and certainly without her co-operation you would not have that paper in your coat pocket. She departed then and the lights went out, and I was left squatting in the rhododendron bush.

"The night was fine, but still it was a very weary vigil. Of course it has the sort of excitement about it that the sportsman feels when he lies beside the watercourse and waits for the big game. It was very long, though, almost as long, Watson, as when you and I waited in that deadly room when we looked into the little problem of the Speckled Band. There was a church clock down at Woking which struck the quarters, and I thought more than once that it had stopped. At last, however, about two in the morning, I suddenly heard the gentle sound of a bolt being pushed back, and the creaking of a key. A moment later the servants' door was opened, and Mr. Joseph Harrison stepped out into the moonlight."

"Joseph!" ejaculated Phelps.

"He was barelegged, but he had a black cloak thrown over his shoulder so that he could conceal his face in an instant, if there were any alarm. He walked on tiptoe under the shadow of the wall, and when he reached the window he worked a long-bladed knife through the sash and pushed back the catch. Then he flung open the window, and putting his knife through the crack in the shutters, he thrust the bar up and swung them open.

"From where I lay I had a perfect view of the inside of the room and of every one of his movements. He lit the two candles which stood upon the mantel-piece, and then he proceeded to turn back the corner of the carpet in the neighborhood of the door. Presently he stooped and picked out a square piece of board, such as is usually left to enable plumbers to get at the joints of the gas pipes. This one covered, as a matter of fact, the T joint which gives off the pipe which supplies the kitchen underneath. Out of this hiding-place he drew that little cylinder of paper, pushed down the board, rearranged the carpet, blew out the candles, and walked straight into my arms as I stood waiting for him outside the window.

"Well, he has rather more viciousness than I gave him credit for, has Master Joseph. He flew at me with his knife, and I had to grass him twice, and get a cut over the knuckles, before I had the upper hand of him. He looked murder out of the only eye he could see with when we had finished, but he listened to reason and gave up the papers. Having got them, I let my man go, but I wired full particulars to Forbes this morning. If he is quick enough to catch his bird, well and good. But if, as I shrewdly suspect, he finds the nest empty before he gets there, why all the better for the government. I fancy that Lord Holdhurst for one, and Mr. Percy Phelps for another, would very much rather that the affair never got as far as a police court."

"My God!" gasped our client. "Do you tell me that during these long ten weeks of agony the stolen papers were within the very room with me all the time?"

"So it was."

"And Joseph! Joseph a villain and a thief!"

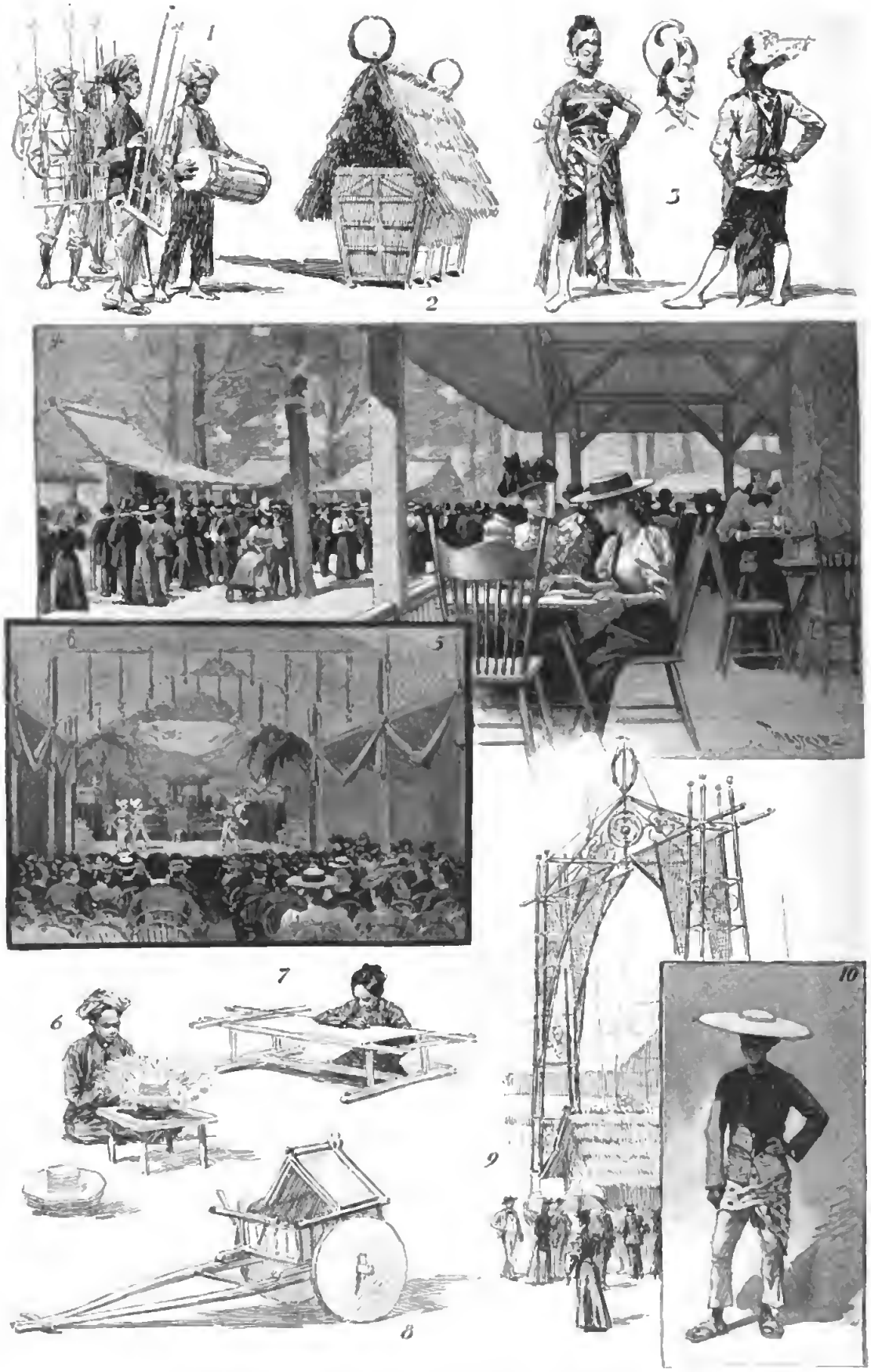
"Hum! I am afraid Joseph's character is a rather deeper and more dangerous one than one might judge from his appearance. From what I have heard from him this morning I gather that he has lost heavily in dabbling with stocks, and that he is ready to do anything on earth to better his fortunes. Being an absolutely selfish man, when a chance presented itself, he did not allow either his sister's happiness or your reputation to hold his hand."

Percy Phelps sank back in his chair. "My head whirls," said he. "Your words have dazed me."

"The principal difficulty in your case," remarked Holmes in his didactic fashion, "lay in the fact of there being too much evidence. What was vital was overlaid and hidden by what was irrelevant. Of all the facts which were presented to us we had to pick just those which we deemed to be essential, and then piece them together in their order, so as to reconstruct this very remarkable chain of events. I had already begun to suspect Joseph, from the fact that you had intended to travel home with him that night, and that

(Continued on page 1010.)

"PHELPS RAISED THE COVER."



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE JAVANESE AND THEIR VILLAGE.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 1011.]

1. Street Musicians. 2. Rice house. 3. Theatrical Performers. 4. At the Café. 5. Interior of Theatre. 6. Making Straw Hats. 7. Embroidering. 8. Native Cart. 9. Entrance to the Village. 10. Policeman.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE DRILL OF THE LIFE-SAVING CREW.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 1010.]

(Continued from page 1007.)

therefore it was a likely enough thing that he should call for you—knowing the Foreign Office well—upon his way. When I heard that some one had been so anxious to get into the bedroom, in which no one but Joseph could have concealed anything—you told us in your narrative how you had turned Joseph out when you arrived with the doctor—my suspicions all changed to certainties, especially as the attempt was made on the first night upon which the nurse was absent, showing that the intruder was well acquainted with the ways of the house."

"How blind I have been!"

"The facts of the case as far as I have worked them out are these. This Joseph Harrison entered the office through the Charles Street door, and knowing his way he walked straight into your room the instant after you left it. Finding no one there he promptly rang the bell, and at the instant that he did so his eyes caught the paper upon the table. A glance showed him that chance had put in his way a state document of immense value, and in an instant he had thrust it into his pocket and was gone. A few minutes elapsed, as you remember, before the sleepy commissionnaire drew your attention to the bell, and those were just enough to give the thief time to make his escape.

"He made his way to Woking by the first train, and having examined his booty and assured himself that it really was of immense value, he had concealed it in what he thought was a very safe place, with the intention of taking it out again in a day or two and carrying it to the French Embassy, or wherever he thought that a long price was to be had. Then came your sudden return. He, without a moment's warning, was bundled out of his room, and from that time onwards there were always at least two of you there to prevent him from regaining his treasure. The situation to him must have been a maddening one. But at last he thought he saw his chance. He tried to steal in, but was baffled by your wakefulness. You may remember that you did not take your usual draught that night."

"I remember."

"I fancy that he had taken steps to make that draught efficacious, and that he quite relied upon your being unconscious. Of course I understood that he would repeat the attempt whenever it could be done with safety. Your leaving the room gave him the chance he wanted. I kept Miss Harrison in it all day so that he might not anticipate us. Then, having given him the idea that the coast was clear, I kept guard as I have described. I already knew that the papers were probably in the room, but I had no desire to rip up all the planking and skirting in search of them. I let him take them, therefore, from the hiding place, and so saved myself an infinity of trouble. Is there any other point which I can make clear?"

"Why did he try the window on the first occasion?" I asked, "when he might have entered by the door?"

"In reaching the door he would have to pass seven bedrooms. On the other hand, he could get out onto the lawn with ease. Anything else?"

"You do not think," asked Phelps, "that he had any murderous intention. The knife was only meant as a tool?"

"It may be so," answered Holmes, shrugging his shoulders. "I can only say for certain that Mr. Joseph Harrison is a gentleman to whose mercy I should be extremely unwilling to trust."

UNCLE SAM'S LIFE-SAVERS AT THE FAIR.

I spent the better part of a summer several years ago cruising about the Great South Bay with the captain of the life-saving station at Fire Island, who more than doubled the scanty pay he received for being a hero in the winter by sailing pleasure craft in the summer. And many an hour, when we were waiting for the tide to rise and float us off some inconvenient mud bank, on which my ill-directed efforts to handle the *Adeline* had landed us, or while drifting about becalmed on moonlight nights, he would raise my hair and set my blood tingling with his modest narration of the thrilling experiences which marked his daily and nightly routine of life during the stormy winters on the Long Island coast.

I learned there to have a very hearty respect for the gallant fellows to whose intrepid daring has been due so tremendous a saving of life and property, and the government could have made no more interesting or instructive exhibit at the World's Fair than the daily drills of the life-saving crews on the Lake Front. It is no excuse for niggardliness that services rendered are invaluable and beyond computation, and I hope that our island folk will have gained a sufficient sense of the perils and hardships of the life-saver's life to make a public sentiment strong enough to induce Congress properly to take care of this branch of the government service. Certainly it is not too much to ask that these brave men should be permanently employed, instead of hired from season to season, and should be retired when incapacitated for further service, and that the family of every one of them who sacrifices his life in the performance of his duty should be placed on the pension rolls.

Rogers and I were in Chicago the day that the first exhibition drill was given, and went to see it. Interesting as it proved to be, it was a very tame representation of the real article. A spar had been planted out in the lake at some little distance from the shore, to represent the mast of a submerged vessel, and the passengers to be rescued, consisting of a member of the crew and a small boy in knickerbockers, were rowed out to it in a dingy. The sky was clear and the sun was hot, but the tail end of a lively breeze made quite a little surf on the beach.

When the shipwrecked mariners were placed safely on the cross-trees, the life-line gun was run out and fired in the direction of the castaways. The projectile carried with it a long line, which unreeled as the life-saving messenger sped toward its mark. It was so well aimed that it struck the water just beyond the spar, and the line fell upon the cross-trees, where it was at once seized by the man and the boy, who hauled it inboard. To the end of it was attached a stronger rope, which was made fast to the lonely mast, and by means of a lighter line they had soon hauled out a breeches-buoy, into which the lad in knickerbockers was quickly lifted by his magnanimous companion and the gallant fellows ashore continued the work of rescue.

But whether the boy was heavier than they had calculated, or the mast was not high enough out of water, or the main rope was not stretched taut enough, or simply whether people who are being rescued from marine disaster are not supposed to mind getting their feet wet, I don't know, but the rope began to sag, and the boy began to get nervous and to pull up his feet as he dropped nearer and nearer the surface of the water, and the crowd began to laugh. Little by little the waves began to slap at him as they rolled past underneath to the shore. Now he drew his legs up and crossed them over the rope, and the rescue party ashore redoubled their efforts. But the attraction of gravitation was too much for them, and the boy's trajectory passed slowly and surely beneath the surface of the lake, and added a touch of comic realism to the situation which was greatly appreciated by the spectators, as well as by the dripping hero of the occasion.

Rogers had started to make a sketch of the drill, but became so interested in the non-professional aspects of the situation that he forgot to finish it. He went back a few days afterwards, but found the crew out in the self-bailing life-boat going through the capsize drill. Each member wears a life-preserver, and the oars are fastened to the boat to prevent their drifting away. A short way from shore they all climb upon one gunwale, and by a concerted effort capsize the boat, which floats bottom upward. Quickly clambering up and seizing the keel, they right the craft almost as readily as they upset it, nearly all the water running out in the operation, and then rapidly jumping in, they resume their seats, grasp their oars, and are off again on their supposed errand of rescue. In actual service the upsetting part is done by the breakers, and when the breakers don't come to time, the capsizing is usually omitted.

Rogers drew in the capsizing incident on his original sketch, and the drawing on page 1009 shows both the life-buoy and upset drill—though really they occur on different days—thereby obviating the necessity of drawing two pictures—on the same principle as that followed by the small boy who claimed credit for economy in putting butter and jam too on his bread, on the plea that the same piece of bread did for both.

H. G. Paine.

NAMING OUR NEW CRUISERS.

While a great deal of attention has been devoted to the building of the new United States Navy, one important point (important at least in Jack Tar's way of thinking) has been generally overlooked, and that is the naming of the new cruisers. The public may expend any amount of time in discussing the merits of imported plans, American *versus* English armor, this system of ventilation as compared with that, or it may enter into the nicest distinctions between the destructive effects of rapid-fire guns or torpedoes, but what does all this amount to if the ship has a bad name? The new vessel may have been built of plates rolled in Birmingham, Toulon, or Pittsburg, one system or the other of armor protection may have been adopted in her construction, she may have a single or triple expansion engine, or a dozen so far as Jack is concerned, but what do the six-inch letters on her bow and stern spell—a lucky or an unlucky name? That is the question which keeps the old-time salts awake at night.

Tucked away somewhere in the cranium of the typical old sailor is a deep-rooted superstition about lucky and unlucky ships. He had it when Columbus crossed the Atlantic four hundred years ago, and he has it now. Landlubbers may wonder how poor Jack is faring at sea during heavy storms, but give Jack a stanch ship with a good name, and he scuds merrily before the strongest gale, wondering "how them poor creeters on land" are standing it. More than one naval battle has been lost by the ship having a bad repute among seamen. The good or bad name of a ship exerts a powerful influence, not only in enlisting men, but on their efficiency in the heat of battle, and it was largely owing to this fact that the *Chesapeake* was captured by the *Shannon* June 1, 1813.

Such being the importance of giving the right name to war ships, the naval administration of every country has always exercised great care in christening its cruisers. The first group of vessels in the service of the United States were named after well-known navigators, such as the *Columbus*, the *Cabot*, the *Andrea Doria*, and the *Alfred*, the last named after Alfred the Great, who was commonly regarded as the father of the royal navy. It was with these vessels that Captain Esek Hopkins made the first naval expedition in 1776, capturing the town of New Providence in the Bahamas, and sailing away with a large quantity of military stores, and having Governor Brown aboard as a prisoner. The second group of vessels added to the navy in the war of the Revolution was named after well-known political leaders, cities, and rivers, such as the *Washington*, the *Hancock*, the *Warren*, the *Trumbull*, the *Montgomery*, the *Randolph*, the *Boston*, the *Providence*, the *Virginia*, the *Delaware* and the *Raleigh*. Several of the vessels of the Revolution were named in honor of France, such as the lucky *Alliance*, the *Confederacy*, the *Duc de Duras*, the *Duc de Lauzun*, and the *Queen of France*. Captain John Paul Jones's celebrated flag ship the *Bonhomme Richard* was named after Benjamin Franklin, while the other vessels serving in European waters bore such names as the *Ranger*, the *Surprise*, and the *Revenge*. Several of these vessels were named after battles, such as the *Lexington* and the *Saratoga*.

About the time of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States the new vessels of the navy were named in commemoration of that historic document. They were the *Constitution*, the *United States*, the *Congress*, the *President*, and the *Constellation*, the last deriving its name from the starry field in the American flag, showing "a new constellation among the nations of the earth." These were the vessels that made the United States navy famous in its early days, and some of them, or rather their prototypes are in existence to-day: the *Constitution* at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the *Constellation* at New London, the *President* at London, England, while the names of the others have been preserved by naming modern ships after them. The *United States*, however, seems to have been overlooked in the naming of new ships, although she achieved one of the most creditable victories in naval history. After the war of 1812 several of the heavy liner battle ships were named the *Columbus*, the *Franklin*, and the *Independence*, but as a rule this class of ships was named after States, such as the *North Carolina*, the *Vermont*, the *Ohio*, the *New Hampshire*, etc. The *New Orleans*, the *Chippewa*, and the *Plattsburg* were named after those battles. The frigates as a rule were named after cities and rivers, such as the *Potomac*, the *Raritan*, the *Susquehanna*, the *Mississippi*, the *Delaware*, the *Merrimac*, etc.

In several particulars the United States has not followed the example of European nations in the naming of cruisers. For example, it has not adopted the rule of naming its first-class ships after Presidents. The English, French, and Russian navies have named many of their best men-of-war after the rulers of those countries, but aside from a few vessels (which were of the smaller class as a rule, such as the *John Adams*, the *Jefferson*, and the *Madison*) the United States has not followed this example. It would be difficult to understand why some of the largest of the cruisers now being built for the United States should not bear such great names as the *Abraham Lincoln*, the *James A. Garfield*, the *Ulysses S. Grant*, the *Andrew Jackson*, etc. In 1834 Captain Jesse D. Elliott, one of the heroes of the battle of Lake Erie, aroused much indignation by having a wooden bust of President Jackson placed as a figure-head on the old frigate *Constitution*, at the same time placing the busts of Captains Hull, Bainbridge, and Stewart, who had been commanders of this favorite ship in three of her most celebrated actions, on her stern as ornaments. Jackson was represented in a dress suit of that time with a classical cloak thrown over his shoulders, gathered at the throat with a cord, and holding a manuscript in his right hand. The left hand was thrust in the breast of his voluminous waistcoat as if he was receiving a delegation of constituents from some outlying districts, and was desirous of impressing them with the immensity of his dignity. It was not long however, before the enemies of Andrew Jackson endeavored to make political capital out of this seemingly harmless act of Captain Elliott, and a few days after the figure had been put in place the Whigs of Boston scattered handbills all over the city, of which the following is a literal copy.

FREEMAN AWAKE!

Or the *Constitution* will sink. It is a fact that the old "Glory President" has issued his special orders for a Colossean figure of his Royal self in Roman Costume to be placed as a figure head on Old Ironsides!!! Where is the spirit of '76? Where the brave *Tars* who fought and conquered in the glorious ship, where the Mechanics, and where the Bostonians who have rejoiced in her achievements? Will they see the Figure of a Land Tyrant at her bows? No; let the cry be "All hands on deck," and save the ship by a timely remonstrance, expressing our indignation in a voice of thunder!

Let us assemble in the "Cradle of Liberty," all hands up for the Constitution; let the figure head (if mortal man be worthy) be that of the brave Hull, the immortal Decatur, or the valiant Porter, and not that of a Tyrant. Let us not give up the Ship, but nail the flag of the Union at the mast head, and let her ride the mountain wave triumphant, with none aboard but the Sons of Liberty, all flesh and blood, having the hearts and souls of Freemen.

Northenders! Shall this Boston-built ship be thus disgraced without remonstrance? Let this *Wooden God*, this Old Roman, building at the expense of 300 dollars *of the People's money*, be presented to the *office Holders* who glory in such worship, but for God's sake save the ship from this foul disgrace.

A North-ender.

This hostility to having a "landlubber's head" for the bow of the *Constitution* extended even among the sailors in port, and a few nights afterward a seaman named Dewey climbed up the ship's side, sawed off President Jackson's head, and carried it away in a bag, very much in the style in which the Gotairo's head is described as being carried off in that fascinating historical novel, *Mito Yashiki, A Tale of Old Japan*. Captain Elliott was exceedingly indignant at the treatment his figure head had received, and he put on another head, fastened by a thick copper bolt, and it was allowed to remain in peace. The *Constitution*, however, was not the only frigate in the United States navy to have a figure head of a President. The old frigate *President*, now in East India Dock, London, has the bust of John Adams, during whose administration she was built, for a figure-head. It would be hazardous to say whether this protest of the Whigs of Boston prevented any of the subsequent cruisers of the United States being named after Presidents, but the fact remains that first-rate ships have not, as a rule, been named after the rulers of the United States.

When the United States navy was engaged in suppressing piracy in the West Indies, 1819–1825, many small craft suited to the navigation of the shallow and difficult waters around those islands were built, and one division was appropriately styled "The Mosquito Fleet." The vessels were named the *Mosquito*, the *Gnat*, the *Midge*, the *Sandfly*, and the *Gallinipper*, insects with which their crews were destined to be exceedingly familiar. To this force was added a small squadron of schooners named the *Greyhound*, the *Jackal*, the *Fox*, the *Wildcat*, the *Beagle*, the *Ferret*, the *Weasel*, and the *Terrier*.

Although many of the cruisers of the United States navy have been named after distinguished citizens and military commanders, only a few of our war vessels have been named after the naval commanders who have made the United States navy famous. Why our cruisers should be named after army officers and politicians in preference to naval commanders is hard to understand. England has named her mightiest war-vessels after her celebrated naval commanders. The *Nelson*, the *Collingwood*, the *Drake*, the *Rodney*, the *Howe*, and the *Anson* are names that have been given to the best of her modern war-vessels. Where are the great United States line of battle ships the *John Paul Jones*, the *Edward Preble*, the *Thomas Truxtun*, the *Isaac Hull*, the *Stephen Decatur*, the *William Bainbridge*, the *Oliver Hazard Perry*, the *Thomas Macdonough*, and the *Charles Stewart*? These names seem to have been entirely ignored in the naming of our new cruisers.

When the news of the heroic defence of the *Chesapeake* against the *Shannon* reached Washington, the Secretary of the Navy immediately sent an express to Lake Erie, ordering that one of the new brigs being built on that lake by Oliver Hazard Perry be named the *Lawrence*, in honor of the heroic defender of the *Chesapeake*. Two of the small vessels of Perry's squadron were named after heroic naval officers, the *Trippe* and the *Somers*. The *Lawrence* was but a little brig, 110 feet over all, and has long since passed out of the naval register, while the *Trippe* and *Somers* were unworthy vessels to bear such heroic names. In justice to the memory of those naval commanders who made the world resound with the fame of the navy of the United States, some of our best cruisers should bear their names.

During the civil war a new species of naval craft, the Monitor, sprang into existence, and being the distinctive production of American genius Indian names were with great propriety given them. Another class of war-vessels peculiar in themselves were built for the river service, and they were named after the towns along the rivers in which they operated. These were the *Cincinnati*, the *Mound City*, the *Cairo*, the *Pittsburgh*, the *Carondelet*, etc.

There is one class of names, however, which the thoroughbred seaman is willing to have omitted from the naming of the new cruisers, and that is names of vessels captured from the enemy. There seems to have been a singular fatality about this class of ships. The *Retaliation*, the first vessel captured from the French in the war of 1798–1801, was recaptured by the French, the *Insurgent*, also taken from the French, went to sea shortly afterwards and was never heard from, the *Mastico*, or the *Intrepid*, taken from the Tripolitans, was shortly after blown up, all hands on board perishing; the new *Guerrière*, named after Captain Isaac Hull's prize, had seventeen men killed or wounded by the bursting of one of her guns on her first cruise; the *Frolic*, named after the *Wasp's* prize, was captured on her maiden cruise; the new *Java*, named after Captain Bainbridge's prize, in her first

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cruise proved herself to be an inferior ship; the *Peacock*, named after the *Hornet's* prize, was totally wrecked in the Columbia River, Oregon; the *Epervier*, also taken from the English in the war of 1812, foundered at sea in 1815, and all hands perished; the *Cyane*, captured by the *Constitution* in 1815, was wrecked; the new *Wasp*, named after the vessel that captured the *Frolic*, went to sea in 1814 and has never been heard from; while the original *Wasp* captured by the British, left port in 1814, and she also has never been heard from. With such a record as this it is not strange that seamen have a strong prejudice against going to sea in a ship named after an enemy's ship. The lucky vessels in the early navy of the United States were the *Constellation*, the *Constitution*, the *Enterprise*, and the *Hornet*, while the unlucky vessels were the *President*, the *Congress*, and the *Chesapeake*. These vessels went into the war of 1812 with such characters, and they were singularly borne out by the actions of that war.

A MEMORY OF AN OLD WEST-POINT SONG.

Written for the Recent Reunion of the Class of '61 at Chicago.

A song we sang in old Plebe Camp
When first our gray was new—
In old Plebe Camp, on summer nights—
The song of Army Blue

O'er camp and Highlands watched the stars,
That watched our far homes too,
And lonely voices joined full bold
In singing Army Blue.

(*Old Chorus.*)—"Army Blue, Army Blue,
We'll don the Army Blue,
We'll bid farewell to cadet gray,
And don the Army Blue."

Here's health to all who've sung that song—
To you, my boy, and you—
To all who've sung in old Plebe Camp
The song of Army Blue,

Those summer nights are long, long gone,
And years have vanished too,
Oh, long ago we doffed the gray,
And donned the Army Blue.

But still I hear that olden song,
I feel the evening dew,
And mellow strings and voices join
Again in Army Blue.

WILLISTON FISH

THE JAVANESE VILLAGE.

It is rather a nice question at what time one might visit or to have visited the World's Fair. There was a time after the opening when the unpreparedness of many departments left the show evidently crude and incomplete. Then there has been another time when it showed too much of the unavoidable wear and tear of its enormous attendance. To have hit it at the precise period when it was complete without being worn was to enhance the pleasure of an experience that everybody declares to have been so entertaining and instructive, though visitors may differ as to just when the culmination occurred. But one thing it is quite safe to say, and that is that whoever missed the Javanese village missed one of the most alluring of all the side shows of the Midway, and the Javanese village was not open much before the 1st of July. When it was open, there were many visitors whom it so allured that they were unable to pass its wattled gates whenever they sought recreation from the severer studies of running and electricity and liberal arts in the thoughtless gayeties of the Midway.

One of the most comic things connected with the Midway is that theoretically it also is a place for scientific investigation. In the catalogue it is set down as part of the department of "anthropology," and the wayfarer may console himself in the Oriental restaurants with the reflection that he is pursuing what the late Alexander Pope regarded as the proper study of mankind. It is really very soothing to consider that the camels and the donkeys and the Dahomey people and the Samoans and the Bedouins and the Egyptian girls are anthropology, besides being fun. But the Javanese really give one a sense of learning something. The village one perceives at once to be a transplantation of an actual section of "the most Eastern East," with all its indigenous manners and customs, of a land unsophisticated even by tourists, and, at a conservative estimate, not less than a hundred millions of miles from Chicago. Even the showman, as it were—the concessionaire, in point of fact—does not disturb the illusion, being in aspect a truly typical Dutchman in voluminous flannels and an umbrageous hat, and seeming to remind you of the Dutch East India Company and "Old Government" Java, which berry you may buy in cunningly plaited small baskets, and bear away with you for an aromatic memorial.

Perhaps that is, or was, the chief charm of the Javanese village, that the people do not seem to be got up for show purposes, but to be going tranquilly about their own daily business, as if they were at home. When you have seen the Javanese village you are quite sure that you have seen Java. Perhaps this sense was even more vivid before the village was opened to the general fair going public, and when only the favored holders of special passes could stroll about it in the late June afternoons, and admire the pretty, gentle, copper-colored little people, who gave him a smiling welcome. The Javanese has a very gentle person. Even the wrinkled old Thug, who used to sit smoking upon his mat as if he had a curiously contorted knife secreted in his kilt for the assassination of the Chicago man, used to unbend when you bestowed tobacco upon him, and thank you with a genial grin that disarmed suspicion. Javanese men less misanthropical of aspect used in those early days to press Javanese cigarettes—mainly husk wrapper, with a feeble filler of insipid tobacco—upon the stranger within their gates, not commercially, but as an expression of hospitality. And the little brown matrons, with their little brown babies on their hips, and even the Javanese maidens, the most beautiful of little human creatures, had courtly bows and pleasant unfrightened smiles for the visiting stranger.

The Javanese village is one of the largest of the concessions, and the enclosure within its fence of plaited straw must be measured in acres. Within there are the thatched cottages in which the villagers, something like a hundred and twenty in number, dwell, and the thatched bazars, open in front, in which they expose their native wares for sale. The villagers are to be seen everywhere, sitting at work or going about their affairs, with nothing to remind one of Europe except the material of their simple raiment, the Manchester prints that have pervaded the East. They, too, make textiles, as the bazars show, but their own products are too costly for their own common wear. The manufacture of straw they carry to great perfection. The double hats that are exposed for sale are as fine as the hats of Panama, and far more decorative in color and pattern. Their flutes, which are simply reeds decorated by means of a hot iron, are really musical instruments, and, indeed, the Javanese music is much "more concealing" than most of the Oriental orchestras that set the passers teeth on edge in the Midway. There is a weird, tall, one-stringed fiddle, and an instrument resembling a zither which the native virtuosi bad discourse strains that are inoffensive if not eloquent, and there are several kinds of drums.

The theatre is a big, rather bare room, apparently of vernacular Javanese construction, with a spacious stage, and an orchestra at the back of it that gives incidental music as faithful to the color of the scene as you may hear at Peking or Bayreuth. Scenery there is none, nor, indeed, any curtain, for the actors emerge from screens at the sides, and are reabsorbed in them. But the costuming is gorgeous, and the Javanese drama most curious and interesting. Its themes are those of the drama everywhere. There are the lovers and the obdurate parents and the villain and the low comedian—a performer of astonishing make up and extravagant gesticulation. The peculiarity of the drama is that it is a pantomime, so far as the actors are concerned, and they have an elaborate Delsartean system of their own, which is both expressive and graceful. While they gesticulate and pose, the unseen prompter—as we should call him—reads aloud the text that they are illustrating and are laughed to be reciting, with a queer but not unpleasing effect. Altogether, the Javanese Village is one of the things that the visitor must see, and he is an unappreciative visitor who does not repeat his visit to this strange and charming place.

BARTLETT *VS.* MAYNARD.

EDWARD T. BARTLETT, the Republican candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, was born at Skaneateles, Onondaga County, New York, in 1841. Mr. Bartlett is a great-grandson of Josiah Bartlett, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and of the Articles of Confederation, and on his mother's side he is a direct descendant of Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island, one of the signers of the Declaration.

Mr Bartlett's father removed from Haverhill, New Hampshire, to Skaneateles in 1837. He was very prominent as a physician and surgeon in central New York, and practised his profession there for over fifty years, dying June 22, 1892. His son Edward received a classical education, studied law in his native town, and was admitted to the bar in October, 1862. He practised his profession in Onondaga County successfully until 1868, when he removed to the city of New York, where he has been actively engaged ever since. For many years he has been at the head of the firm of Bartlett, Wilson, & Hayden, 48 Wall Street. Mr Bartlett has never held a political office. He was President of the Republican Club in the city of New York in 1888. He is a prominent member of that organization and also of the Union League Club.

He became a member of the Bar Association in April, 1870, served for six years on its committees of admissions, and was for one year its chairman. At the present time he is a member of its executive committee, and has the confidence and esteem of the members of that association. In 1891 he received the Republican nomination for Justice of the Supreme Court of the County of New York.

Mr Bartlett possesses the qualities essential for a superior judicial officer. He has industry, the judicial habit of mind, and unquestioned integrity. He is a man of wide accomplishments, much beloved by his associates, genial in his manner, and dignified in his bearing. He possesses remarkable qualities as a debater and orator. His professional experience has been varied and satisfactory, bringing him in contact with the important members of the profession in difficult causes, and before all of our courts. Perhaps few men have had a more varied experience in the practice of their profession than Mr. Bartlett. He has been associated with such men as ex-Judge Porter, Luther R. Marsh, ex-Chancellor Williamson, ex Chancellor Runyon, and A. Q. Keasby, of New Jersey; Austin Abbott, Albert Stickney, Daniel G. Rollins, Hamilton Odell, and others. He has had as antagonists such men as George Tickner Curtis, Joseph H. Choate, William B. Hornblower, John E. Parsons, Wheeler H. Peckham, Lyman Tremain, Robert Sewell, Judge Edward Paterson, and others. He possesses in a remarkable degree those qualities which are ascribed to one of his kinsmen of great professional and public fame, of whom it is said, in the life of Jeremiah Mason, to whom he was often opposed, "Mr. Ichabod Bartlett was a man of remarkable admirers in the management of a case—as quick as a flash of lightning in the movements of his mind whether to inflict or parry a blow", and while this is a correct description of Mr. Bartlett at the bar, in his disposition of causes as referee and in matters of adjustment and settlement he has exhibited qualities which indicate most clearly that he would make an admirable judge. His practice has involved important questions in bankruptcy, railroad and patent law, wills, real estate, international law, and the whole range of commercial litigation.

THE STORM ON THE GULF COAST.

THE low-lying islands and islands about the delta of the Mississippi have very frequently been visited and damaged by severe storms, and both the local history and tradition are colored by the tales of the sufferings of the people from unexpected perils which could not be escaped. But both history and romance have been eclipsed by the dread actualities of the storm which swept over that section on the night of Sunday, October 1st, and the morning of the next day. How many lives were lost, how much property was destroyed, will never be accurately known. Small settlements were wiped entirely out of existence, and larger ones practically so. At Chenière Caminada, a village where fishermen and their families to the number of 1800 lived in happiness and prosperity before the storm, not a house is left standing, and more than half of the entire population have perished. The greatest fatality took place here merely because there was the largest population. At Bayou Cook, where there was an Austrian colony, and wherever there was a camp in the strips of land about Barataria Bay, the loss of life has been proportionately as great as at Caminada. Along this coast in that storm there must have been 2000 lives lost. The coast which was the centre of the havoc is about sixty miles south of New Orleans.

Chenière Caminada, before the storm, was situated in and along a narrow point of land which juts into Caminada Bay, the western part being washed by the waters of Bay St. Honoré. The cabins and huts of the fishermen were located principally on the eastern side. A few miles eastward of the settlement is Grand Isle, the lower end of which is washed by Caminada Pass. A small point of land extending to the northward and western end of Grand Isle has, until this storm, always formed an excellent breakwater, and has protected the settlement from winds from the south. These topographical details are given so that the reader can understand the nature of the fatal deluge produced by the storm. That Sunday there was a high wind from the south, and the water from the Gulf was backed up through Caminada Bay and the numerous bayous contiguous thereto, and into Barataria Bay. From here the water was forced through Bay Batiste, over the marsh lands, and into Adams Bay, and into the innumerable bodies of water thereabouts. This volume of water was fully five feet above the usual level, and the prairie lands were submerged. This was alarming, but as the houses were built on stilts to guard against such conditions, no great damage would have been done had the wind not suddenly shifted and blown a fearful gale from the northeast. This gale blew the waters from the bay out and through the Caminada Pass. Here the outgoing rush of water was met by the sea, and a perfect wall of water raised. The water rose to a height of twenty feet, and swept everything before it.

A carpenter who was building a school-house at Chenière Caminada has told how he saved his life, and probably his experiences were somewhat similar to those who survived and those who perished. When he saw the storm approaching he took refuge in a house where some thirty people were huddled together in their fright. "I thought the house was insecure," he said, "and concluded to seek another refuge. On account of the wind I could not open the door, so I climbed to the roof. Here I realized that the house was going to pieces, so I threw myself into the water, and swam a little while, until I saw a light. It was in a house, and to this I was admitted. I took a ten minutes' rest here, and then went into the water again, as the roof was blown off. This time a companion escaped with me, and we climbed into a tree. Hearing a cry, we went below and helped a young girl into the tree. Here we staid for five hours, and until daybreak, when the water had very much subsided. In both the houses the scenes were dreadful. Men and women were panic-stricken, and cried in piteous tones for God to save them. The women often prayed that God might take them but spare their children."

The whole of this paper might be filled with records like that just quoted. When the storm was over and the waters had subsided, there were dead bodies of men women, and children strewn in every direction, lying stark upon the beach, half concealed in the marsh grass, floating upon the water. For many days after the storm the survivors suffered most dreadful hardships from exposure, from lack of food, and most of all from a scarcity of fresh water to drink. The people from New Orleans and other parts of Louisiana have gone to their relief and have sent supplies, but it will be a long time before they will be self-supporting again. The people of these islands and peninsulas lived by fishing. Their boats and tackle as well as their houses were destroyed, and they cannot at once resume their ordinary occupations.

Grand Isle is the best known watering-place on the Gulf. It was at first supposed that it had been entirely devastated, practically washed away, as Last Island was some thirty years ago. Serious damage was done, and there was some loss of life, but, on the whole Grand Isle stood the storm remarkably well. The boats that piled between Grand Isle and New Orleans were wrecked. The quarantine station and disinfecting plant on Chandeleur Islands were entirely wrecked, and a temporary quarantine station has been set up at Ship Island. At Biloxi, Mississippi, the damage was very great, notwithstanding the fact that the town is twenty feet above the level of the sea. All the docks, boat-houses, and bath-houses were destroyed.

In the places where the havoc was most furious there were not survivors enough to bury the dead, and when assistance arrived the best that then could be done was to put the bodies, coffinless, in trenches and cover them up. Never before has calamity struck this section with as hard a hand. The property loss is very great, but one does not hear of that at this time. The grief for the loss of life and the present sufferings of the survivors are too great for pause to count other kinds of cost. New Orleans will do all that her people can do to relieve present distress without asking aid from outside. But it is not thought that New Orleans will have to ask. Any assistance, however, that is sent to the Mayor will be gratefully accepted. The photographs from which the illustrations in this paper were made were taken by A. C. Freitag, of New Orleans.

BY THE SEA.

Winds at play in the singing spaces—
Sunlit spaces, low lengths of sand;
Lap and hiss of the wave that races
To break and die on the creamy strand.

Soft heavens, blue as the depth of distance,
Strong sea swelling in foamy green,
Far white sails and the spray's insistence,
And the glint of a sea-bird's wing between.

Winds that play in the singing spaces,
Blow ye not burden of home to me?
Lapping wave, do you frolic races
No flotsam bear from the heaving sea?

Far—so far—from the depth of distance
My fair ship sails o'er you foaming green,
And the stars shall pale at my sail's insistence
Till my ship comes sailing—sailing in.

She will touch and go—for the time of roses
Went by in watching—ah, woe is me!
One hail, then straight through the even closes
Her prow shall press for the silent sea.

MARTHA MCCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

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BISHOP ARTHUR HALL, OF VERMONT.—[See Page 1014.]

THE CROWN-PRINCE OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

THE LATE DR. WILLIAM SMITH.—[See Page 1008.]

ISAAC H. MAYNARD.—[See Page 999.]

THE HEIR TO THE AUSTRIAN THRONE.

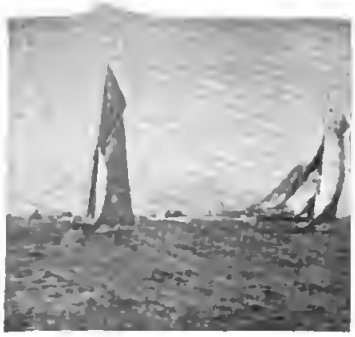
THIS young prince is now thirty years old, and is the eldest son of Karl Ludwig, the second brother of Emperor Francis Joseph I. His mother is Maria Annunziata, the daughter of King Ferdinand II. of Sicily. His title of Duke of Este comes from the fact that he was the sole heir to the rich estate of his uncle the Duke of Modena. According to a clause in the will of his uncle, this estate, if he succeeds to the Austrian crown, will revert to the younger brother, Otto, who is a jovial blade, much better known and better liked in Austria than the present duke. It is thought that the succession of Franz Ferdinand may in some degree affect the strong alliance between Germany and Austria, as he is supposed to inherit from his father Russian proclivities. But as the young prince is not probably of very strong will, it is as likely as not that he will not interfere very seriously in state affairs.

The Duke of Este, the heir-presumptive to the throne of Austria Hungary, has been taking a tour around the world. He entered the United States at San Francisco, visited the fair at Chicago, and came through to New York, travelling always incognito. He spent only parts of two days in New York; and if he found anything in the New World to awaken his interest, he went away without taking the trouble to tell about it. His desire to be let alone was respected even by the newspapers, and he received no one in America save the Austrian consuls and the members of the Austrian legation.

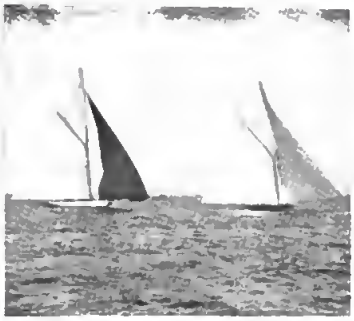
EDWARD T. BARTLETT.—[See Page 1013.]

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE JOHNSON FAMILY VISITS THE GERMAN VILLAGE.

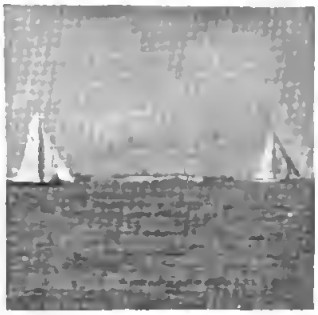
MR. JOHNSON. "NOW DIS THERE'S A CASTLE ON DE RHINE, LAK LUCY SPOKE AT DE LITERY."
MRS. JOHNSON (*pointing at the moat*). "WAL, 'PEARS LAK DE RHINE A POW'FUL LEETLE STREAM, EF DAT'S A COPY."



Valkyrie. Vigilant.
OCTOBER 7TH—MANŒUVRING FOR THE START.



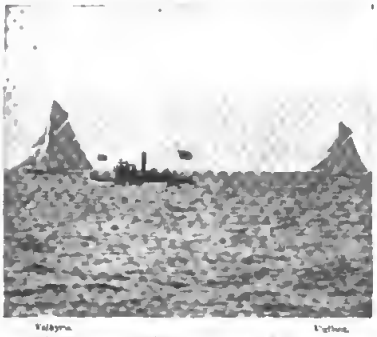
Vigilant. Valkyrie.
OCTOBER 7TH—SHORTLY AFTER THE START.



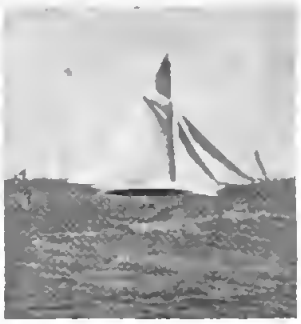
Valkyrie. Vigilant.
OCTOBER 7TH 40 MINUTES AFTER THE START.

Valkyrie. Vigilant.
OCTOBER 7TH—THE FINISH—VIGILANT WINNING—VALKYRIE ASTERN.

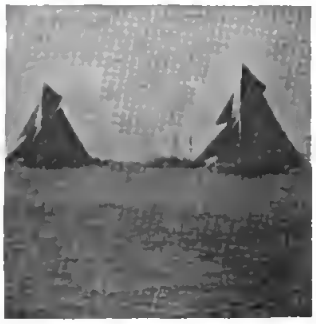
Lightship. Vigilant. Valkyrie. May.
OCTOBER 9TH—THE START.



Valkyrie. Vigilant.
OCTOBER 9TH—20 MINUTES AFTER THE START.

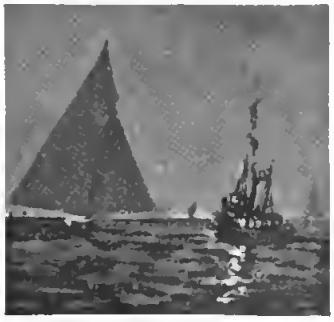


Vigilant. Valkyrie.
OCTOBER 9TH—ROUNDING FIRST MARK.



Valkyrie. Vigilant.
OCTOBER 11TH—THE START.

Valkyrie. Vigilant.
OCTOBER 11TH—3.30 P.M., VALKYRIE LEADING.



Vigilant. Valkyrie.
OCTOBER 11TH—VIGILANT AROUND THE MARK.

(The race of October 11th was not finished within the time limit. Vigilant rounded the mark 6 m. 50 s. ahead of Valkyrie.)

Vigilant to windward. Valkyrie.
OCTOBER 13TH—THE START.

Valkyrie. Vigilant.
OCTOBER 13TH—FIVE MINUTES AFTER ROUNDING THE OUTER MARK.

Lightship. Vigilant. May. Valkyrie.
OCTOBER 13TH—THE FINISH.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACES FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT."]

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"Good! good! good! Hot! hot! hot!"

"Performance is now going on. It only costs the small sum of one quarter of a dollar."

"Stop inside and rest your weary feet, and behold things from the great," etc.

"The great and only one of its kind in all the world," etc., etc. "Ten cents to all we say."

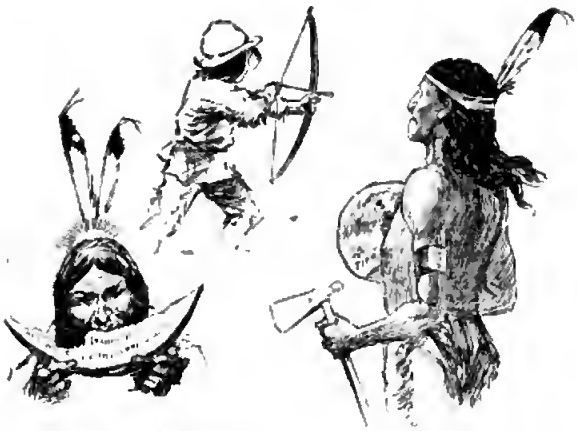
"Ten cents to-day; remember, ten cents to-day."

At the Bedouin Camp.

"Can't ye answer a civil question?" The war policeman.

"Come and see the Turkish dancing-girls. No imitations. Genuine Turkish girl."

At the Chinese theatre.



Sketches in the Indian village. Old chief Crazy Horse.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—SKETCHES IN THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.—DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

THE BISHOP OF VERMONT.

FATHER HALL'S election to the Bishopric of Vermont is a matter of considerable interest, not only to Churchmen in particular, but to the Christian world in general. In itself it calls for attention. We believe that it is the first time in the history of the Protestant Episcopal Church that an Englishman has been called to the office of Bishop, and in this case not from the ranks of the parish clergy or university divines, but from a society of fathers, living a community life, bound together by the monastic vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and engaged in the common work of holding retreats and conducting missions. We naturally ask what causes have been at work to bring about so unusual a choice. The answer is found in Father Hall's history. It is said, we know not with what truth, that he, like Cardinal Newman and other men of an advanced type of Church thought, was brought up under the influence of the Evangelical school. If this be so, he soon came out of it, for at eighteen on leaving Brighton College, where he received his early education, he went to Cowley, the home of the fathers in preference to joining some one of the Oxford colleges. As Cowley is a suburb of the university city, it was easy for him to obtain all its intellectual advantages, which at that time, with Pusey, Liddon, Bright, and King as teachers, were exceptional, without running the risk of sacrificing the religious enthusiasm with which he must then have been imbued. After graduating, it was possible for him to think of joining the order. Full membership, however, is only secured after a special preparation of at least two years, during which the candidate has ample opportunity of judging how far he is ready to undertake its hard discipline and to take its lifelong vows. In due time the Oxford student was professed and became a Cowley father. Shortly after this he was sent out to Boston to help Father Grafton, now the Bishop of Fond du Lac, in establishing the American branch of the order. For some reason or other it has not found America a congenial soil. Throughout its twenty years' existence amongst us it has had a checkered

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life. Perhaps its new departure may have had something to do with the difficulties which have marked its career. In England the order has lived a more distinctively monastic and retired life. Here, from the outset, it has been immersed in parish concerns.

For eighteen years he lived the life of a parish priest, and on Father Grafton's leaving the society, he became head or, to use a somewhat ambitious term, Provincial, of the American branch. Though he did valuable work throughout the States in missions and retreats, his presence was most felt in Boston. The little church of St. John the Evangelist became widely popular. The congregation was not kept together by the usual parochial organizations, of which there were few, but by the father's sermons. His attractive manner, English accent, and intellectual ability were able to deepen the interest which was excited by the novelty of hearing what the world called an English monk. The work grew and prospered. Men of all creeds and no creed were drawn to hear one who had sympathy with all. Admirers became willing disciples. The afternoon Bible class was thronged by well-dressed women carrying bags containing the Revised Version, to which the father was very partial.

It was inevitable that the constant endeavors to meet Unitarian difficulties should broaden the teacher's Oxford tone of thought. There were critics, however, who felt seriously what Bishop King is said to have playfully expressed about Mr. Gore's essay in *Lux Mundi*—"In nursing the fever, he caught it." There is, however, no trace of this in the many little tracts and devotional books Father Hall has published. But the contact with New England thought had another consequence of a more immediately interesting character. It was impossible that the great Boston preacher and the Cowley Father could remain indifferent to each other's work. Though widely different in theological thought, there was common work, and, if we may trust report, common early experience of evangelical truth to bring them together, and perhaps each thought that he could help the other to a more catholic way of thinking. It is no disparagement to the character of Father Hall to say that he felt the influence of Phillips Brooks. We might rather ask, "Who that has known him has not?" In any case, men said they saw signs of it. It was significant that the Diocese of Massachusetts should elect him first on the Standing Committee and then send him as one of its representatives to the General Convention. There it was observed with surprise, not unmixed with amusement, that the apostle of Broad Church thought and the Oxford ascetic voted "aye" and "nay" together on what were supposed to be party questions. After this, little surprise was expressed when, on the death of Bishop Paddock, Father Hall was found to be supporting the election of the great preacher. Before this took place, however, Father Page, the Superior of the order in England, had determined to recall his Provincial.

During eighteen years the order had made little or no progress in the United States. The party from whence candidates might have been expected were shy of the attitude assumed by Father Hall. It seemed clear to the Superior that if the interests of the order were paramount, some new head of the American branch must be found. There was no impeachment of the father's orthodoxy in his withdrawal. This is clearly seen by the fact that he was at once intrusted, on arriving in England, with the conduct of retreats and missions and with sermons at well-known places, notably St. Paul's Cathedral, where, it is said, great care is taken in the selection of preachers. Nor was it immediately in consequence of the part he took in the election of Bishop Brooks. We have good authority for saying that it was decided upon before the death of Bishop Paddock. This, however, was not generally known, nor would it have been believed in the heat of the storm which arose when Boston learned that one of its popular preachers was to be withdrawn.

Enough has been said to justify what we have called an unusual election. Father Hall's many and varied gifts, his large experience with men, his fondness for and sympathy with American life, of which his naturalization is an outward expression, all these were more than enough to counterbalance any feeling that might arise from his membership in an English monastic order. As the call has been accepted, nothing now remains but its confirmation by the bishops and standing committees, and of this there is little doubt. Father Hall's consecration will place in the religious field one who will, we believe, have no small part in the determination of its great questions.

ONCHYOPHAGY.

"Onchyophagy" is a very recent instance of the power of the medical arm to Hellenize things into disrepute. It is the invention of a French doctor who has observed that when school girls bite their nails they are in need of professional attendance. The system is run down or overwrought, the child suffers from excessive study, or from the excitements of scholastic life, the nerve centres are disarranged, morbid habits gain the ascendency, and after wildly nibbling at slate-pencils for relief, the little victim sets its teeth into its nails. The last stage has been reached—onchyophagy has set in. Out of two hundred girls in one *pension* visited by our author sixty were onchyophagists—a most alarming proportion, in which there is only this consolation to be found, that when the onchyophagists lost their tempers they couldn't scratch each other's pretty eyes out.

This is what it is to live and learn. Most of us, while still at that impressionable age when, like Ulysses, we are a part of all that we have met—in a physical sense—most of us have bitten our nails. Could we recall what morbid stimulus it was that drove us to the rash act we might even trace its sequelæ in certain not less morbid acts of our adult life. Is twiddling the watch-chain an indication of incomplete explosions in our brain cells? Those gesticulatory eye-glasses which wave in our parlors, are they a warning of lesions in Broca's convolution—may they even be a form of aphasia? And if these habits have supervened upon the cessation, under stress, of the habit of onchyophagy, ought not they also to have Greek names and go into the dictionaries? Nay, indeed, to return to the diseases of childhood, what are we to say of the whittling habit, and the scribbling-on-the-wall habit, and the devil's tattoo habit, and the whistling habit, and the—well, the capito-fricative habit, if you want a scientific term. Why are they not morbid? Some ninety per cent. of our children are subject to them.

These remarks may be deemed sarcastic. But when you remember the days in which there was an onchyophagist whose face you can still recall, whom you can still see bending down to her slate on a winter's morning, her shawl over her shoulders, her hair in her eyes, her buttoned boots crossed under her desk, her gathered brow striving by main force to collect the scattered fractions of her sum, her slate pencil creaking, and her small hand up again oblivious at her lips—when that picture of sweet, wholesome, undissected childhood rises once more before you, or when you see it, at your knee, in a younger copy of your girlish ideal of the long ago, it is surprising, but you cannot feel altogether gratified to be told by a fool of a doctor that your girlish ideal or your daughter, as the case may be, was or is suffering from a form of chorea that is the implication from this portentous term, whereas, it used to be thought that the objection to onchyophagy was that it was bad for the nails.

FORTIFY WEAK NERVES.

This can easily be done. First, use the finest nervine and tonic in existence, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Next, give up opiates and mineral sedatives, which ruin the stomach, and soon cease to have an effect, except in dangerously large doses. Dyspepsia is the parent of insomnia and nerve weakness. The Bitters remedies indigestion and the two symptoms named. It also cures malarial, liver, and kidney complaints.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

A GOOD CHILD

is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is best infants' food; so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable. Grocers and Druggists.—[*Adv.*]

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A LEADVILLE VIEW OF THE WAGES QUESTION IN COLORADO.

I AM *not* going to discuss the silver question in any of its bearings, neither am I going to defend any miner who refuses to work for fifty cents a day less than he has been in the habit of receiving, nor will I attempt any defence of the smelterman who would not continue working when his pay was reduced ten per cent. But I am going to give you some facts in relation to the city of Leadville, and also in relation to the business of mining and smelting, of which a continuous residence of more than fourteen years in Leadville has given me some knowledge.

To begin with, the town, as almost every one knows, is elevated two miles nearer the sky than New York. It is in a region of almost perpetual snow. It is a fact that during my fourteen years' residence in Leadville *there has not been a single day but I have, or could have, seen snow.* As I write this, I can look out of my window across the Arkansas Valley to Mount Massive in the west, upon whose rugged sides and in whose deep cañons are immense banks of snow and ice that have lain there since the upheaval, supplemented by snow that fell last night.

Most people in the United States have heard of Leadville, and have heard of the utter barrenness of the place—not a green tree or shrub anywhere in or near the town. No difference, so far as vegetation is concerned, between July and January. Very few among the people of Leadville ever contemplated making this their home; the sole idea has been to make some money, then go somewhere else to live. I have heard tourists passing through here on their way to California and thousands of others say they would not "live in Leadville a year for all the gold and silver in her mines." High freight rates, high rents, and high rates of interest have made it necessary for merchants to ask high prices for goods, and the laboring man to obtain high wages, or else it would cost him all he earned to live; and I have frequently heard miners say, "If one has got to work hard to just barely live, it would be better to go back to God's country, where there is at least something worth living for." If, then, it is an undesirable place of residence for people who work aboveground, how much more so must it be for those who work below! In a country where rheumatism and pneumonia are the most common diseases among all classes it follows naturally that it is more prevalent among those who work away down underground in some wet shaft or drift. But sickness is the least of a miner's fears. There is the ever present dread of an accident; a misstep, and fall of hundreds of feet; a careless move of some one on top, and let a timber or a bucket of ore fall on those beneath; a cave-in in the mine burying all below under piles of earth and rock, or, worse fate yet, imprisoning them in some slope or drift to slowly die of suffocation or starvation. This latter accident happened not many years ago, and when it was found that it would take weeks and even months to dig the men out, they were of necessity left to their fate, and now rest in a grave three hundred feet deep.

Accidents by the premature discharge of giant-powder are most common, and many a man mourns the loss of a leg or arm or his eyes, or both eyes and arms, in the mines of Leadville, while many more have lost their lives, being in some cases utterly destroyed, not a finger, not a shred of their clothing ever found. The deadly snowslide annually claims its victims. I knew a man here who was caught in a slide, and carried on—on—thousands of feet to the bottom of a deep ravine or gulch, with thousands upon thousands of tons of snow and rocks and earth and trees covering him. As early as possible in the spring his two brothers commenced searching for his remains; they worked long and faithfully, and away into August found him, and brought his body into town, encased still in the snow that had been his shroud, and looking as natural and lifelike as the moment he took the fearful plunge. Old residents here speak to-day of the "Homestake disaster."

Nine men were working a mine on lease a few miles from town and living in a cabin near, when one evening after their work was done, an immense snowslide started away up on the mountain, gathering force as it went, till it reached the cabin where the nine men were, sweeping over it, crushing its timbers into kindling-wood, and crushing the life out of the unfortunate men. It was two months before any search was made for them, then a friend of one of the men thought he would go up and see how they were getting along. He reached the place where the cabin should have been, and found only a waste of snow. Returning to town he gave the alarm, and a large party started to the rescue. After great difficulty the party reached the place and excavated the cabin. Under its gravel roof and timbers the men were found, some of them in their bunks, some with book or paper in hand, and one man at the table with a letter partly written to his sweetheart before him, in which he said that the winter would soon pass, and in the early spring he would return to claim fulfilment of a promise made to him three years before. The pen was still in his crushed fingers and the date of the letter showed that he had been two months dead. The bodies were brought to town, and miners and merchants, mechanics and gamblers, all classes and all people, gave money towards the expense of the most impressive funeral I ever witnessed. They were buried in one lot, and an elegant monument erected above their resting place telling how they met their death.

Is it possible to pay men too much wages who daily and hourly face the probability of a sudden and violent death? Is it possible for one to make money too fast in a country where graves, men's sizes, are kept dug in stock just as a furnishing goods store carries men's gloves in stock, with the certainty that if there is no call for them to-day trade will be good to-morrow?

The men working in smelters are even worse off than miners, for, in addition to dangers peculiar to their calling, it is the most unhealthy business in the world, lead-poisoning being an every-day occurrence and a dreaded source of danger.

J. D. THOMAS,
Leadville, Colorado.

AN IMPOSING FUNCTION.

THE primate of the American Episcopal Church enthroned, on his right a metropolitan of the Holy Catholic Church of the East, on his left a bishop of the Church of England—that is a group the like of which has not been seen within a Christian sanctuary for centuries.

In the midst of four hundred bishops and priests crowded in the apse and under the dome of Trinity Church in Boston, October 5th, there sat in elevated chairs of state the Right Reverend Bishop of Connecticut, Primus of the American Episcopate; the Most Reverend Archbishop of Zante, Greece; and the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia. The participation of the Greek prelate in the consecration of William Lawrence as Bishop of Massachusetts made that ceremony one of the most imposing and significant ecclesiastical functions of recent times. The Most Reverend Archbishop has spoken before the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, but there one was present unofficially and irresponsibly. It is a different matter for a high functionary of one church to give his presence and blessing within the chancel of another, and that at the induction of a priest into the jealously guarded order of bishops.

When, in 1054, the legates of Pope Leo IX. laid on the high altar of St. Sophia the ban excommunicating the Oriental Church, and the Patriarch of Constantinople—the Turk at his gates—and his brethren promptly replied by launching the anathema of the Holy Orthodox Church against the Pope of Rome and his followers, the two great bodies into which were gathered all the Christians of the world had solemnly cut each other off from the kingdom of Christ. Just five hundred years later there emerged from the Roman obedience a church which, repudiating the accumulated dogmas of the Latin theology, and holding only to the simple creed of early Christianity, upon which the Greek theology rests, seemed designated by Providence for the work of reuniting the East and the West. With the increase of mutual understanding, the mutual sympathy between the Church of England and the Greek Church has been growing stronger, and has now exhibited itself in a token of fellowship which is certain to lead to events of the highest importance for the Christian future.

Dionysus Latas is a great man, profound of thought, keen of judgment, statesmanlike in action; he is a leader in Greece. He is Archbishop of the apostolic see of Zante—Zante, the most beautiful and populous of the Ionian isles. The Archbishop is striking in appearance, full of dignity, with a face thoughtful and strong but kindly. He was attired at the consecration in calimauchion and cassock, wound about with a scarlet sash and chains of gold supporting crosses and insignia, a velvet robe of royal purple, and a flowing veil of black. In the service he was delighted to witness, what Greece has sturdily maintained against Rome, the use of leavened bread for the communion, to see around him bearded priests, and to hear in English his own *Trishagion, Gloria in Excelsis,* and the Nicene Creed, all the productions of the Greek Church. Certainly he had never heard the *Trishagion* sung to those wonderful strains of Gounod's (*Sanctus*), for the Greeks do not use the organ in worship.

Immediately after the sermon the Archbishop was conducted to the chancel steps, and there he gave to the Episcopal Church in America the greetings of the Holy Catholic Church of the East, and its blessings upon the consecration about to take place. His address was like a continuation of the sermon. In a noble and generous spirit Bishop Whipple had pleaded for a reunion of Christians. Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian, and Unitarian ministers, present as honored guests, heard the venerable prelate proclaim: "We are brothers. The Holy Spirit has passed over the barriers between us, and has set his seal on your labors as on ours. We must pray as we have never prayed that all who love Christ may be one in the fellowship of a common faith. I believe that God in His providence has designed that our branch of the Church should hold up the olive branch over this strife, and say, 'We are brothers.'"

And then they heard the great visitor say, in broken English, to the bishops and priests before him: "You are Protestant, but you are Catholic. As Protestants you comprehend all the other Protestant bodies, and, on the other hand, you alone can draw the attention of the Catholic churches. Your church, sister of the other Protestant churches and sister of the other Catholic churches, is the centre to which all the eminent pastors of Christians will in the future cast their eyes, when, by the grace of God, they will [shall] decide to take steps for the union of the Christian world into one Church with one Pastor. I embrace you."

At the conclusion of the service the Archbishop pronounced the benediction of the West, and then closing the book, with uplifted hands and radiant face, he poured forth in sonorous Greek that of the East.

WILLIAM BAYARD HALE.

A SONG.

I am like a bow that is bended and strong,
Then aside by the forester tossed—
In anger, impatience, away from him flung—
When he finds his last arrow is lost.

For I had a song I would sing unto thee,
I have thought of it all through the day;
Thy coming awaketh Love's sweet melody,
But all lost are the words I would say.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

IS EVERYBODY SUPERSTITIOUS?

A UNITED STATES Senator is reported to have said, a few months before he died, that he was not superstitious but that he believed his life was in some mysterious way bound up with that of a certain pine-tree in his door-yard. This statement manifestly is as consistent with itself as if one were to say, "I am not afraid of ghosts, but I fear them greatly." The report goes on to say that last summer the fatal pine tree began to wither, and a few weeks before the death of the Senator it died. Accepting the report as published, the event evidently justified the Senator's forebodings, and we need not doubt that there existed in some degree a casual connection between the death of the tree and that of the man. But of course the only possible operation of this cause was through the imagination of the man. Having in some way conceived the absurd fancy that the tree's life was bound up with his own, he must naturally have watched the withering of the tree with apprehension, and the gloomy forebodings thus aroused may very probably have been actively influential in turning the scale against a heart already weakened by disease. In a sense, it was superstition that killed him.

Of course this report, as instanced, may not be true; but whether true or false it serves equally well to point a moral; for if not true as an individual belief, it may fairly stand as representative of the superstitious beliefs of a large percentage of the cultivated people of to-day. We talk of superstition as a thing of the past, but in point of fact it would be hard to find an individual who has altogether banished it from his daily life. One man believes in lucky or unlucky days, and is directly influenced in his every-day actions by this belief. Another is downcast if he has seen the new moon over his left shoulder. A third will not pass a pin on the street without stooping to pick it up, or is greatly annoyed if a wayfarer chances to pass between himself and a companion with whom he is walking. And so on through out the absurd and wearisome list. Certain classes of people—notably gamblers, speculators, and actors—seem peculiarly under the spell of superstitious ideas, but it is hard to find a person in any calling who down in his heart does not cherish at least one eccentric little idea which, if analyzed, must be confessed to be a pure superstition. Even if he openly tries to root that idea out of his mind, very likely it will still cling. A member of the Thirteen Club, who prefers to begin a journey on Friday, may shudder in spite of himself if he chances to break a mirror. Such little inconsistencies are deep-seated. They will not vanish at the bidding.

The really significant thing, however, is not that superstitions still cling, but that they have been so nearly banished. The relatively few that remain are mere reminiscences of the times not far gone when superstition was rampant, and the persons who entertain them realize their absurdity even while they allow themselves to be dominated by them. It is as hard to find a man who will acknowledge that he is superstitious as to find one who really is not superstitious. Even when confessing one's little whim it is customary to disavow its implications in the same breath. If A spills the salt, and is detected throwing a pinch of it over his shoulder, he invariably says, half-apologetically, "I am not superstitious, but I do not like to spill salt without at once throwing some of it over my shoulder." The general disavowal always precedes the specific admission, regardless of the fact that the two are utterly inconsistent. The act itself was *prima facie* evidence of a deep-seated superstitious belief, which, however, the intellect repudiates. The repudiation is of more significance than the reminiscent act. It marks a distinct phase of intellectual evolution. It shows our progress toward a stage of culture that shall fully recognize in practice, what is already admitted in theory, that law, not chance, rules the world.

AMATEUR SPORT

[Th]e international yacht race has been sailed, and [for th]e eighth time we have successfully defended our title [to th]e America's Cup—the Blue Ribbon of the ocean. The [hist]ory of this world's championship trophy is a remarkable [one.] The schooner *America* won it in '51 against a fleet of [fourte]en, all larger, with one or two exceptions, than herself, over a course very difficult for a stranger. From [that d]ay to this, in all the races for the cup, a challenger has [won] but a single heat, and that on October 19, 1871, when [C]olumbia broke down in her third race against *Livonia* [(after] having won two), and was defeated by the English[man,] the latter being beaten, however, the remaining two by *Sappho*. [To bring] the contests fresher in our memory, *i. e.*, those in which

AMERICA IN HER ORIGINAL RIG.
[From a fragm]ent of Painting by A. Fowles, owned by Franklin M. King, Esq.

[the m]odern racing yacht began to figure, we have won [in] straight heats. *Puritan* took two from *Genesta*, *May[flowe]r* two from *Galatea*, *Volunteer* the same number from [*Thist*]*le*, and now *Vigilant*, the peerless sloop of 1893, has won [three] straight from *Valkyrie*, the fastest and ablest racing [cutter] that ever floated in English waters. What these suc[cessiv]e contests have done for American and English yacht[ing] we have attempted to show in the last one or two [issues] of the WEEKLY. But it is opportune to call attention [to th]ese comments now in the light of *Valkyrie's* fine sailing [thro]ughout the five heats, two not being finished in the *time* [limit], and therefore "no race," but showing nevertheless, [the q]ualities of both boats under variable conditions.

COMPARATIVE MEASUREMENTS.

[*Vigi*]*lant*.—Length on load water-line, 86.19 feet; from end of boom to [after] side of mast, 89.87 feet; from fore side of mast to end of jibstay, [.. f]eet; from fore side of mast to jib-topsail stay, 73.88 feet; from [fore si]de of mast to forward point of measurement, 74.85 feet; from fore [side of] mast to outer end of spinnaker boom, 74.62 feet; deck to upper [side of] main boom, 3.08 feet; deck to topsail halyard block, 125.94 feet; [deck t]o bounds, 69.08 feet; length of topmast, 58.80 feet; length of gaff, [.. fe]et.

[*Valk*]*yrie*.—Length on load water-line, 85.92 feet; end of boom to fore side of mast, 92.03 feet; forward side of mast to jibstay, 18.16 feet; [from si]de of mast to jib-topsail stay, 66.18 feet; fore side of mast to forward point of measurement, 18.16 feet; fore side of mast to outer end of [spinna]ker boom, 72 feet; deck to upper side of boom, 3.33 feet; deck to [upper si]de of topsail halyard block, 114.38 feet; deck to bounds, 39.38 feet; [l]ength of topmast, 51.56 feet; length of gaff, 56.61 feet.

	Vigilant. Feet.	Valkyrie. Feet.
[Sai]l area	11,272	10,042
[Int]ernational racing measurement	72.79	73.07

[*Val*]*kyrie* is allowed 1 minute 33 seconds. We are able to [repro]duce the original rig of the *America* in this issue, and [we ad]d her measurements.

[Leng]th over all, 170 feet; length over deck, 94 feet; load water-line [.. feet]; keel, 78 feet; beam, 23.0 feet; depth of hold, 9.3 feet; draught, [.. fee]t; tonnage, old measurement, C. H., 170 tons; displacement tons, [.. ; m]ainmast, 81 feet; foremast, 79.5 feet; maintopmast, 33.4 feet; [main b]oom, 58 feet; main gaff, 28 feet; fore gaff, 24 feet; bowsprit, out[board,] 17 feet.

[YA]CHTSMEN WHO LOOKED UPON THE *Valkyrie*, as she lay [in] dry-dock immediately after her arrival, recognized in [th]e *Thistle* type, but noted the finer lines, and felt they [be]held a harder race for the cup than any defender [had y]et been given. She looked to be a more powerful [boat,] and one certain to go to windward better than any England had sent over, while the long, moderately full of her bow meant that in a seaway she would make weather of it at small loss of speed. What *Valkyrie's* [lines] told us on the dry-dock were fulfilled in her sailing [from] October 5th to 13th.

[Com]paring the two boats, we found the *Valkyrie* with a [well-]built, powerful bilge, narrow beam, fine entrance, great [draug]ht, and a vertical keel with low lead for holding on to [w]indward. In the *Vigilant* we saw very easy lines, great beam, and corresponding stability, fine entrance, perpendicular keel, good draught, and a centreboard. Aloft, the *Valkyrie* was much heavier than the *Vigilant*, the same being true of the general rigging throughout the two yachts.

IN THE WATER THE LONG and finely drawn out bow and stern of the *Vigilant* showed in marked contrast to the squarer stern and stub-nosed bow of the *Valkyrie*. We noted too that the cutter's bowsprit was well housed, and her stay-sail came in-board a yard farther than on the cup-defender; that she stuck to the British tiller in place of the wheel common in usage on this side.

Looking over the two yachts as they danced upon the water, pulling impatiently at their anchors as though eager to be off, the *Vigilant* appeared more the clean sleek racer, while the *Valkyrie* impressed one as more sturdy, if less swift.

Although it would be very interesting to those who did not see any of the racing and who live too far away to talk it over with those who did, to read something of the great fleet of steamboats, tug boats, and yachts, sail and steam, that followed the *Vigilant* and *Valkyrie* over the course each day, yet there is no space here to give more than a hint of the thousands of spectators who watched the fortunes of the cup-defender. Of the work of the newspapers, with their flotilla of tugs, cameras, carrier-pigeons, and wig-wagging, too, there is only room to comment on its efficiency and comprehensiveness. The great American newspaper kept pace with the great American yacht.

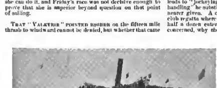
THE CONTEST BETWEEN *Vigilant* and *Valkyrie* through the five days of sailing demonstrated three things beyond a question of doubt—first, and above all else, that *Vigilant* is the better all-round boat, and in any five races she would win at least four of them; second, that *Valkyrie* is a handier boat; third, that in a heavy seaway, with any kind of a breeze, from fairly heavy to very heavy, she is at least as good to windward as *Vigilant*, if not better. Unquestionably she was better to windward in the final race last Friday, when there was a heavy sea and a wind that was never less than twenty miles an hour strong. But she gained such an advantage at the start, not only in securing the weather side of the line, but by compelling *Vigilant* to luff up just in crossing and lose her headway, that whether the one minute and fifty-five seconds between the two at the outer mark actually represented the *Valkyrie's* superiority over the *Vigilant* under such conditions is hard to say. Undoubtedly the lines of the cutter mark her a much easier boat to drive through a nasty sea; it being easily perceptible that the great beam of the *Vigilant* spanks the water into great billows of foam, and, of course, retards her speed, while the *Valkyrie* sticks her nose into it, and glides through with scarcely an effect on her headway. Nevertheless, the race of last Friday does not satisfy, at least the writer, that *Valkyrie* is unquestionably superior on the wind in a heavy sea; if she can beat *Vigilant*, certainly those are the only conditions under which she can do it, and Friday's race was not decisive enough to prove that she is superior beyond question on that point of sailing.

THAT "VALKYRIE" POINTED HIGHER on the fifteen mile thrash to windward cannot be denied, but whether that came from the pounding *Vigilant* was doing, and the consequent inability to hold on to the wind as closely as usual, or whether Nat Herreshoff, who was at the wheel and knows every rib in her body, was letting her off so that she might make up the handicap of the start by out-footing her rival, remains to be known. The writer should want to see at least one more race under similar conditions and an equal start before he would be convinced of the English boat's superiority, though he admits without argument that the difference is exceedingly small, and the odds, of Friday, in favor of the cutter. One cannot say what the result might have been had the order of things at the start been reversed, and *Vigilant* got the windward position of *Valkyrie*; it is not improbable she would not have been a minute and fifty-five seconds behind *Valkyrie* at the mark, and, indeed, it must be considered, in setting down this time, that *Vigilant* did not cross the line until seventeen seconds after the *Valkyrie*, so that besides losing her headway she was that much behind in starting. This would give her an actual beating in sailing to the mark of one minute and thirty-eight, instead of fifty-five seconds. This, of course, counts for nothing in the official timing by the one-gun start, and is only commented on here to bring the comparison of the two as close as possible.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7TH—HOW THE YACHTS SAILED.

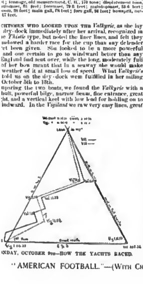
THE ONE-GUN START HAS CAUSED quite a deal of comment among yachtsmen, and some of the most prominent have been quite emphatic in denouncing it as unfair. It is not the American method of starting, and was instituted in these international races because Lord Dunraven requested it. At the same time there does not seem to be enough of bad in it to create so much opposition. In fact, it rather appeals to the writer as being quite the proper kind of a start in a race of such importance and where no more than two boats are concerned. The claim is put up against it that it leads to "jockeying" at the start, but if the words "smart handling" be substituted for "jockeying," the facts will be nearer given. A one-gun start would not be possible in a club regatta where each class may have three, four, or even half a dozen entered, but in a match race where two are concerned, why should not smart handling cut a feature at the start as much as it does after the line is crossed? If our education in smart handling had been more thorough we very likely should not have seen the *Vigilant* so completely outdone at the start as she was on last Friday's race, and on the one of the preceding Wednesday, which was not finished within the prescribed time limit. Smart handling is a quality we need on our racing craft—not that we do it badly, but the British skippers do it so much better. The start is the all-important point in every race, and the place where skill counts for much. There is no reason why yacht racing should differ from all other sports. It takes much cleverer work to get over the line on even terms with your rival on a one-gun start than on the kind we use, where a certain number of minutes after the starting gun are allowed the racers to get over, and their time is taken from the actual start, until the limit has expired and the handicap gun fired. If American yachtsmen protest against the one-gun start, it will be the first instance on record where our sportsmen have failed to follow the course that called for the most skilful work.

OCTOBER 7TH—JUST ACROSS THE STARTING-LINE.
Valkyrie Leading.

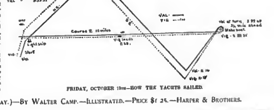


A SAMPLE LOAD OF SPECTATORS.
Waiting for the Start.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE LINES OF *Valkyrie* suggested what she might do in a seaway, nearly every one, including some of her own handlers, had concluded by Thursday night that



[MO]NDAY, OCTOBER 9TH—HOW THE YACHTS RACED.



FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13TH—HOW THE YACHTS SAILED.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—(WITH CHAPTER ON TEAM-PLAY.)—BY WALTER CAMP.—ILLUSTRATED.—PRICE $1 25.—HARPER & BROTHERS.

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the long-standing discussion on the comparative merits of keel and centreboard had finally been disposed of in favor of the American type. Now, however, since *Valkyrie's* fine sailing in Friday's race the arguments have begun with all their pristine choler. It is not our purpose to fling ourselves into the heated debate. To this department the question appears to have been settled long ago, so far as it touches the all-round qualities of a boat. No one has ever ventured to assert that the keel boat had nothing to commend itself to the consideration of yachtsmen. We have had keel boats enough of a quality to make such a statement read asinine. But we are of the opinion that the centreboard is the best all-round type, and we add, as an incidental, that if that type cannot beat the keel on every point of sailing, in every kind of weather, the result would be so close as to make the best of fights for our money. Taking the two boats *Vigilant* and *Valkyrie*, for instance, as the highest creations of their respective types, we have seen that in every one of the races, Friday's excepted, the *Valkyrie* has been beaten by the *Vigilant* with so much to spare that but for the international character of the contest the event was robbed of its interest. In windward work, in reaching, in running in very light, in moderate, and in fairly heavy airs, in a sea from smooth to where it had grown angry enough to don its white cap, the *Vigilant*, queen of our centre boarders and pride of our hearts, has won from the *Valkyrie*, the admittedly fastest boat in all the Queen's domains, with an ease that certainly took the Britishers aback and surprised even we who expected victory for our defender.

THE KEEL ENTHUSIASTS WOULD NOT, INDEED, have a peg on which to hang a single hope but for Friday's race. From an entirely unprejudiced point of view we have endeavored to analyze the performance of that day, and to show that while too much honor cannot be accorded *Valkyrie* for her grand performance on the day's all-round work, we must regard *Vigilant* in such weather at least as good as *Valkyrie* until the question is more decisively settled. This is talking purely on the work of the two boats, irrespective of broken spinnakers, obstinate centreboards, discourteous yacht captains, and other accidents. There is not the glimmer of a doubt of *Vigilant's* superiority up to Friday's race, and on that day's work we believe the two boats break just even, as one's mishaps were about equalled by the other's. However we are quite as decided in our opinion that the chances of *Vigilant's* success under such conditions diminish as the seaway becomes heavier. There is one condition of wind and weather in which we feel *Vigilant* would be beaten by *Valkyrie*, and that is in a beat up a river or on any body of water where short tacks were necessary. The cutter is so much handier, so much quicker in stays, that under such conditions it would be strange if she did not reach the finish first. These are conditions, however, under which it would never be fair to race, and we shall not see such a contest. The other, however, a nasty heavy seaway and fairly stiffish to very heavy wind, is a possibility at any time and a desirable condition at all times. On this, then, the only condition under which we have not everlastingly beaten the Britisher, we have broken even. Therefore we say the international contest of '93 has again demonstrated the unquestioned superiority of the American racing yacht in all-round work, besides proving that in any series of races, whether two out of three, three out of five, or five out of seven, British designers are not yet skilful enough to turn out a boat that can win the complement of even the small end of the series.

IN THE HANDLING OF THE YACHTS we must yield the palm to the Britishers. Probably they were favored by having but one skipper on board who was really capable of giving directions, and whose judgment was unquestioned and will supreme, but this does not account entirely for the beautiful work of the crew in setting sails, in sheeting them home, and in getting their boat under way after going about. Nor is the crew of the *Valkyrie* altogether responsible for the marvellous quickness of the cutter in filling away. Designer Watson has made her the quickest boat of her size in stays that we have ever seen, and had *Vigilant* been as quick, the difference in handling would not have been so apparent. Captain Cranfield made but one mistake throughout the series, and that was when he tacked inshore on Wednesday, expecting the *Vigilant* to again follow him; but this did not count against *Valkyrie*, as Wednesday's contest was not finished within the time limit of six hours. The crew of the *Valkyrie*, and of all English boats, is better drilled, for the simple reason that on the other side the men, as a rule, all come from about the same locality and are kept together and drilled together until their work is well-nigh perfect. Over here our crews must necessarily be a heterogeneous lot, gathered as they are from the European wanderers and the comparatively small class of Americans to be had.

THE STORY OF THE *America's* Cup race is not a very exciting one up to the last heat, on Friday, October 13th. The first attempt, October 5th, resulted in a fluke, which left the *Vigilant* so far astern that she was 26 minutes and 42 seconds behind *Valkyrie* turning the outer mark, and neither finishing within the limit of 6 hours, it became no race. The second, on October 7th, and the third, October 9th, were, neither of them, close enough to create much enthusiasm. Up to the last race, unquestionably the most interesting work was seen on the 15-mile beat to windward on Wednesday, October 11th, which also resulted in no race from failure to finish within the time limit. The diagrams published show the reader just how the yachts sailed in the three races, no record being made of October 5th and 11th, except in what running comment the writer makes.

The "fluke" race has already been commented upon in the WEEKLY, and there remains nothing to tell now except, as matter of record, to say the course was "15 miles to windward or leeward and return," and that the first leg was made to leeward before a gentle northerly breeze that barely filled the huge spinnakers of the yachts. The American beat the British skipper across the line by a couple of lengths, and continued to increase her lead until a quarter of a mile of water lay between them. There was very little of a move on either yacht, and their great sails swung lazily, the boom of the *Vigilant* splashing in the water more frequently than that of *Valkyrie*, though the latter's canvas was pulling very little.

THE START WAS MADE AT 11.25. At 1.15 *Vigilant*, in taking in her spinnaker, was headed by a shifting wind, and quickly got in irons, in which she lay, bobbing up and down in the mean time, until 1.35 when she began to start after *Valkyrie*, which had held her wind, caught up and put a mile to the good. There has been much criticism of the *Vigilant's* captain in the handling of his boat during her period in the doldrums. There are certain exigencies in yachting beyond the most astute skipper, and this may have been one of them; the writer having been at the moment near the *Valkyrie* and out of *Vigilant's* air, he is not prepared to pass judgment, other than to say that the hauling down of the *Vigilant's* only head-sail just at the moment when above all others it was important she should not lose her headway, seemed decidedly peculiar. To have taken in spinnaker without leaving the jib to hold the yacht's way was a curious thing to do with the wind shifting ahead.

This day gave the first opportunity of looking over the *Valkyrie's* sails. Her mainsail set fairly well, though wrinkled slightly at clew and tack; her spinnaker of Irish linen stretched clear across her deck, and was sheeted home at the foot of her lee rigging. Her club topsail was a pretty piece of canvas and set well, but her head-sails were simply beautiful—nothing like them has ever been seen—they were perfect. The Englishmen set their sails flying, instead of running them up in stops as we do, and breaking them out. It was their English way of doing it that undoubtedly split their second spinnaker on Friday. Once they had rounded the mark, October 5th, *Vigilant* commenced to gain on *Valkyrie*, as she had indeed, begun doing shortly before reaching the mark. The wind had not increased, and what little there was had shifted to all points of the compass. At 5.08 *Vigilant* took in her balloon jib-topsail, *Valkyrie* following suit two minutes later, and eight miles from the finish, with the time limit lacking fifteen minutes of expiration, both hailed a tug and the first heat for the *America's* Cup was at an end, and had showed nothing to count upon.

"THE DEAD BEAT AND DEAD RUN" to which we all look for the surest test of a yacht's speed had failed to reach a successful issue on October 5th, but it came off all right on the second attempt, October 7th, and for the first time *Vigilant* and *Valkyrie* fought it out to the finish. It was a light sailing breeze that came out of the southwest and was always more or less fitful, growing perceptibly lighter at the finish. Before the race it was said to be *Valkyrie's* "weather"; as a matter of fact, the cutter was credited with liking many different kinds of weather before the week ended, but one never found out just which was her day until that Friday's drive through a seaway.

The course was the same as on the 5th, 15 miles to lee-

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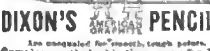

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ward or windward and return, and both yachts went away to leeward at 11 25 to a beautiful start, the *Valkyrie's* bow just showing in the lead. The cutter had her spinnaker sheeted farther aft than *Vigilant's*, and appeared to get more help from it. She got a great lift just after crossing the line, and when her balloon jib topsail had been broken out she moved away rapidly, and soon had the American several lengths astern. *Valkyrie* seemed to feel and respond to the breeze quicker not only on this day but throughout the series.

MEANWHILE "VIGILANT'S" SPINNAKER WAS NOT doing so well by her, but at 12 05 it was sheeted farther aft, like the Englishman's, and at once the cup-defender began to pick up. Her sudden gait was as astonishing as gratifying; she simply hauled right up on *Valkyrie* and in five minutes had left her a good length astern. *Vigilant* was sailing two feet to *Valkyrie's* one, and those who had been loud in claiming the cutter's superiority in a "dead run" were seeking wisdom in silent meditation. It was a fitful breeze, at 12 28 it had shifted, and both yachts took in spinnakers; at 12 45 they were set again, and at 1 21 again they were taken in. At 1 40 the breeze freshened, and both were going better. *Valkyrie* had gained a trifle, but *Vigilant* began to increase her lead up to the mark, which she turned 8 minutes and 4 seconds before *Valkyrie*.

The way the British cutter went round the mark was beautiful to behold; she whirled about on her heel in very clever fashion and went away on the port tack, setting her baby jib-topsail. *Vigilant* apparently had no need for such a sail, as she held to her jib and staysail only and kept up her pace. She was pointing a little higher than *Valkyrie* and footing a bit faster, but the cutter was standing up prettily to her work, stiffer than *Vigilant*, and going through the water smoothly.

An hour after rounding the mark *Valkyrie* was doing her best work, and seemed to be gaining a little. The breeze had freshened, and *Vigilant* was nearly rail down, while *Valkyrie* still stood up. At 3.17 *Vigilant* broke out her balloon jib-topsail, and *Valkyrie* astonished the natives who heard the Britisher had no such canvas by doing the same. Both were doing pretty work, but the breeze had flattened out a bit, when *Vigilant* finished at 3 30 47, and *Valkyrie* followed 7 minutes and 37 seconds later. The cutter had gained 23 seconds on the reach home.

OCTOBER SEVENTH.

	Start.	Finish.	Time. H. M. S.
Vigilant	11 25	3.30 47	4.05.47
Valkyrie	11 25	3.38 23	4.11 20

Vigilant allows 1 m., 48 sec., and wins by 5 m., 48 sec.

Thus in the first race the American disproved the—in some quarters—popular theory of the cutter's superiority in a dead run.

BUT THE BEATING OF THIS SATURDAY was letting the challenger off easy as compared with the triumph of *Vigilant* on the following Monday in the second race. It was over the triangular course, ten miles to a leg, and was fondly hoped by the Regatta Committee to comprise a beat, a run, and a reach, but this time it was a reach for two legs with one of windward work. This state of affairs, however, solaced the British heart, for it had gone forth that "reaching" was *Valkyrie's* strongest point. It certainly looked at the start as though *Valkyrie's* "day" had really arrived. They went over the line almost together, with *Vigilant* in the windward position, but the cutter, with her beautifully setting head sails drawing full, went through the sloop's lee, and in ten minutes had gained a lead of 300 yards. During this time the *Vigilant's* skipper had been pinching her until her head sails shivered as though a blast of Jersey's ague-laden lowlands had swept over her, but, notwithstanding, she held the cutter when the latter had got to the end of her little spurt. When *Vigilant* began to creep up, *Valkyrie's* skipper took a turn at pinching to keep his boat up on the wind, but his efforts were futile, for the cutter kept sliding off to leeward, and Captain Cranfield had an object-lesson in the beauties of a centreboard. At 11 45, with head sails still shaking, *Vigilant* began creeping up slowly, while *Valkyrie*, with never a quiver in her canvas, was going through the water cleanly, but falling off to leeward. The cutter's club-topsail was setting perfectly, while the wrinkles of the previous day in the clew and luck of her mainsail had nearly disappeared.

"VIGILANT" CONTINUED GAINING, and had closed the gap between them by noon, but again Herreshoff, who held the wheel, pinched and *Valkyrie* pulled away for two lengths. *Vigilant* was footing fast, however, and by the time the cutter had settled to business in the lead the centreboarder had pulled up about even. At 12 08 *Valkyrie* went about, and tacked under the stern of *Vigilant* into the weather position, the cup-defender meanwhile having been footing it fast and pointing high. In the work from now up to the rounding of the first mark *Vigilant* simply sailed all round the Britisher. The American's windward work was unbeatable, and after *Valkyrie* had tacked and luffed into the windward position, *Vigilant* in fact ate into her wind so marvellously that she actually, without a tack or luff, crossed the *Valkyrie's* bow and assumed the windward position. At 12 10 *Vigilant* was nearly a quarter of a mile ahead, steadily gaining, and, well heeled over, was going through the water like a race-horse; her club sail was not setting well and neither was *Valkyrie's*. At 12 49 *Vigilant* tacked, and proved to be fully three quarters of a mile to windward, and at 1 06 she rounded the first mark, followed by *Valkyrie* 4 minutes and 46 seconds later. From here to the second mark it was a reach, and the *Vigilant* was going at a gait too lively for the smartest tugs. She continued to gain, and had increased her lead to 9 minutes when she squared away for the Sandy Hook Light-ship. Her time for the ten miles between the first and second marks was 50 minutes and 22 seconds. She kept up her speed, and going like a scared deer, crossed the finish line at 2.50, 12 minutes and 22 seconds ahead of *Valkyrie*. On the second leg the wind had kicked up quite a sea, but it seemed to have no effect on the cup-defender's pace.

OCTOBER NINTH.

	Start.	Finish.	Time. H. M. S.
Vigilant	11.25	2.50.01	3.25.01
Valkyrie	11.26	3.02.24	3.35.36

Vigilant allows 1 m., 48 sec., and wins by 10 m., 48 sec.

ALTHOUGH THE RACE OF OCTOBER 11TH was not finished within the prescribed time limit, and consequently was called off, it showed the most interesting work of the series up to that time, and again demonstrated the unquestioned superiority of the American boat on the wind in light airs. The boats were delayed at the start two hours awaiting a breeze, and the race would have been postponed then and there but for Lord Dunraven, who preferred making an attempt to cover the 15 miles to leeward or windward and return within the limit. The *Valkyrie* out manœuvred *Vigilant* on the start, and went over the line on the windward position and 50 seconds to the good. There was very little breeze, and the prospect of more was not encouraging. *Valkyrie* had two lengths the better of it, and was doing so well that again the cry went up that this must be the Britisher's day; and so, indeed, it seemed for over half the distance. The two stood inshore a long way breeze hunting, and for a time *Valkyrie* appeared to get the better of every tack. She kept *Vigilant* on her lee and curiously enough the latter seemed to ignore a couple of opportunities to get out. The British skipper "tried it on" once too often, however, and *Vigilant* slipped by and footed rapidly while *Valkyrie* stood inshore. Shortly afterwards *Vigilant* crossed *Valkyrie's* bow into the windward position, and the Britisher had been beaten in one of the prettiest windward matches ever seen.

After this *Vigilant* increased her lead rapidly, and turned the stake at 6 08—7 minutes and 50 seconds before *Valkyrie*. Shortly afterwards each took a tow for home, the time limit having expired.

OF THE FINAL RACE, OCTOBER 13TH, there remains little to be said that has not been commented on in the first paragraphs of the department. There was a heavy seaway, and a breeze that never blew less than 20 miles an hour. The course was 15 miles to windward and return. From the start, up to the inshore tack the boats made towards rounding the mark, it was hard to say which boat was leading; *Valkyrie* was pointing higher and making better weather of it, but *Vigilant* seemed to be footing faster. It looked as though two opportunities on the *Vigilant* were not taken advantage of to get out of the *Valkyrie's* lee, but if so they were made up for by her cleverness in shaking the reef out of mainsail and setting club topsail, while *Valkyrie* carried her half reef and working club home. It was tack and tack all the way out, with *Valkyrie* holding the *Vigilant* under her lee. Rounding the mark 1 minute 55 seconds after *Valkyrie*, *Vigilant* half way home had caught and passed the Britisher before she lost two spinnakers and finally set a third. Undoubtedly this handicapped *Valkyrie*, but the jammed halyards and centreboard of *Vigilant* somewhat offsets it, and we must conclude that on the day's accidents *Valkyrie* had not enough the worse of it to account for her defeat.

OCTOBER THIRTEENTH.

	Start.	Finish.	Time. H. M. S.
Vigilant	12.27	3.51.39	3.24.39
Valkyrie	12.27	3.53.33	3.26.33

Vigilant allows 1 m., 33 sec., and wins by 40 sec. Vigilant ran home in 1 h., 16 min., 4 sec., Valkyrie in 1 h., 20 min., 4 sec.

THE DOCK OF WHAT THE NEWSMONGERS would have had us believe was to be a serious quarrel has not justified all the excitement. The captains of the Harvard and Yale teams met as usual at Springfield and appointed umpire and referee for their game. Messrs. Moffat and Schoff are the two chosen, and there is nothing now left between us and as remarkable a football game as we have ever seen except a few short weeks of preparation.

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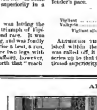

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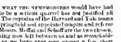

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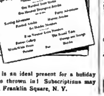

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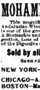

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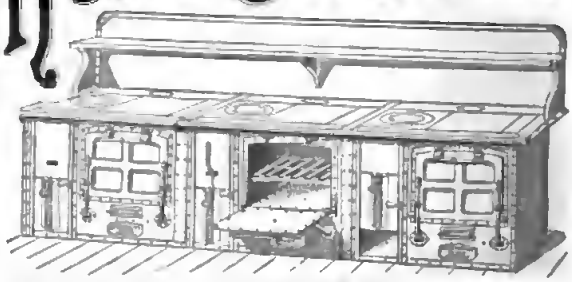

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THE SITUATION IN THE SENATE.

THE extraordinary spectacle presented in these days by the highest law-making body of the republic may well alarm every patriotic American. A large majority of the people demand the unconditional repeal of the silver-purchase law. There is official proof of this fact in the overwhelming majority of the representatives of the people in the Lower House of Congress who voted for the repeal. It is well known that many members who so voted were originally in favor of a larger silver coinage, and that in voting for repeal they simply obeyed what they knew to be the prevailing public sentiment in their districts. No more conclusive and unmistakable demonstration of what the majority of the American people ask for could possibly be furnished. It is also known that, in several cases, no doubt for the same reason, a decisive majority of the members of the Senate of the United States would vote for the repeal if they were permitted to vote at all. But a minority in the Senate, because they are well aware of this fact, have determined that no vote shall be taken, and that the will of the people shall not be obeyed. They resort to all those obstructive tactics which the rules of the Senate permit—rules based upon the assumption that the permission of unlimited debate would never be abused by patriotic citizens for the purpose of defeating the clearly demonstrated popular will. But this assumption fails with regard to the anti-repeal minority in the Senate. This minority is led by men who seem a purely selfish interest: whose only aim is a higher price for their silver; and who, having their fingers at the throat of the people, mean to extort that price. This is the situation in the Senate.

The word is going round in the press of the country that this attitude of the minority is revolutionary in its character. It is unquestionably so, and the sooner the American people look this fact squarely in the face the better. It is a blunt denial of the principle that in a republic the will of the majority must rule, and that the legal means by which the will of the majority is to manifest itself and to acquire the force of law must be kept in orderly and effective operation. This denial is made, not theoretically by public men or a political party merely advancing it as a subject for discussion, but practically by a private interest intrenched in a position of power under the rules of the Senate, and trying to use this power for its selfish advantage in direct defiance of the vital spirit of our free institutions, and at the risk of establishing a precedent the following of which would lead directly to the overthrow of democratic government. All parliamentary efforts to break down this factious opposition have so far failed, and the leaders of the minority proclaim with exultation that they feel themselves the masters of the government, of Congress, and of the people, and that the majority shall not have their will. The position and conduct of the Southern rebels after LINCOLN'S election was hardly more revolutionary than this, and now, as then, we have to make up our minds to the fact that extraordinary complications may require extraordinary remedies.

The first remedy suggesting itself to the American mind in every perplexing and dangerous contest of opinions or interests is that of compromise. The "compromises of the Constitution" are spoken of with reverential awe: the great compromises of 1820, 1833, and 1850 are looked back upon by many as great achievements of American statesmanship, until at last a sort of superstitious belief has grown up among a large class of citizens that compromising difficult questions is the only safe and practicable way of disposing of them, and that nothing is settled well that is not settled by compromise. But the candid student of our history will find that most of our great compromises served only to tide over difficulties, not to solve them; that the full solution of them, after all, became necessary some time, and that this solution was apt to become all the more perplexing and troublesome the longer it was delayed. Certainly no compromises can ever be made as to the fundamental principle of democratic government, that the will of the majority must rule, and that it must be permitted in an orderly way to acquire the shape of law, without a constant recurrence of dangerous conflicts. It was on account of slavery that the South refused to submit to the election of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. But when the Southern States had refused to accept the verdict of the Presidential election, and risen in rebellion, the perpetuity of the republic became the principal issue. Had a compromise been made then, there would have been no end of trouble with the rebellious minority. It was the plain duty of patriotic Americans to fight it out on the square issue, and to accept nothing short of unconditional submission to the Constitution and the laws. Everybody recognizes this now. When the present debate in the Senate opened, the question to be determined was that of the repeal of the silver-purchase act. As soon as the minority of the Senate declared that it would never permit the Senate to vote on this question, and that it would use to the utmost extent its power to prevent the will of a majority of the people and of Congress from acquiring the force of law, the issue became one between revolution and constitutional democracy, between legal majority rule and usurpation by private interests, the people on one and a lot of political rubber barons on the other side. Even if the silver question could be compromised in a way to avoid further difficulty, which we think it cannot, there is now before the country a question of higher importance, which can never be compromised at all. It is the question involving the very life of democratic government—whether the majority is to make the laws of the country or the minority. This, like the question raised by the rebellion, must be fought out on the straight issue.

The suggestion that this should be done by a change of the rules of the Senate in the customary way is utterly futile. A mere ordinary motion to change the rules will admit of discussion, and the minority may talk on such a motion as interminably as on the repeal of the silver-purchase law itself. In opposing such a motion the obstructionists might even find allies among those counted in favor of the repeal—men who unwillingly obey the demand of public opinion in favor of repeal, but would be glad to shift the issue, and defeat repeal by indirection. No parliamentary device can break the dead-lock that has not the countenance and hearty co-operation of the presiding officer. The Vice-President in the chair may, indeed, take the bull by the horns, follow the example of Speaker RANDALL in the session of 1877, when the report of the Electoral Commission was before the House of Representatives, refuse to recognize the obstructionists, and put the question on changing the rules or on the repeal bill, without further debate, *in the name of the Constitution of the United States*. It would be an extraordinary step, but a step necessary to meet an extraordinary emergency, a revolutionary crisis. It might produce a disturbance on the floor of the Senate, but no disturbance nearly so disgraceful and so dangerous in its tendency and effects as the obstruction of the constitutional functions of the Senate now going on. The Vice-President not only has the power, but it is his duty to do this. The people should by every possible demonstration of their will let him know that as their servant he is expected to perform this duty, and that he will be held in public contempt if he does not. If he lacks the nerve to take this step or to call somebody to the chair who will take it, then the majority of the Senate should at least keep the repeal bill before that body indefinitely, to the exclusion of all other business, until every citizen in the land clearly understands that the fundamental principles of democratic government are attacked by a band of traitorous factionists, and until the patriotic spirit of the American people is aroused to such a heat of exasperation that even the unscrupulous greed of the silver kings of the Senate succumb to it. It is time that the members of that body be classed again as the loyal on one side and the disloyal on the other, and that the disloyal be made to feel the full significance and force of the popular wrath against public enemies.

CURRENCY COMPROMISES.

THE reckless and outrageous behavior of the silver Senators culminated in the proposal of a plan of compromise, and brought out schemes of one sort and another for continuing the silver purchases and the issue of silver money. Strictly speaking, this would be defeat rather than compromise.

In ordinary times it would doubtless be possible to frame a scheme of silver purchases and silver issues which, so long as it was adhered to, and was in charge of an administration friendly to sound currency, would be reasonably safe. The safety of silver issues, or, indeed, of any fiat money such as silver has virtually been, is in the long-run simply a question of quantity. If there is not too much silver money put out, it can be kept at par with gold. It makes no difference whether in form the silver issues are coined dollars or silver certificates or Treasury notes. The silver dollars and certificates issued under the BLAND act of 1878 proved comparatively harmless, because there were not too many of them, and it happened that their safe and easy circulation was much aided by the unexpected decline in the circulation of national bank notes, whose place was taken by the silver currency. The harm of the SHERMAN act—not the only harm, but the greatest and most direct—was that it put out Treasury notes to excess. It threatened and still threatens to swamp us with an over-issue of depreciated money. If the monthly issue were reduced by half, the danger would be less, and in ordinary times would probably not be great.

We say in ordinary times. In extraordinary times like the present the situation is very different. The country is not now in condition to try experiments, and then wait to see if they work well or ill. Recovery from the crisis of the summer has been slow and uncertain, and the revival of confidence depends on the assurance of conservative legislation in Washington. No one can predict exactly what would be the result of the failure of repeal, or of a surrender to the silverites by compromise. But it is clear that we are in face of a grave financial depression and of a possible second panic. Even if there should be no further acute crisis, a period of dulness, slack business, restricted production, is inevitable. It must inevitably be prolonged and made harder by the continuance of the silver menace to the currency standard.

But there is a more important ground even than this for opposing in *toto* any compromise. It is the old and simple one that no compromise is a finality. Compromise leaves the question of principle open. Such is its object in this case, as in every case. The country needs to have done with the silver business; but the silver men want to put off the settlement, hoping for a better chance after three or five years. If an arrangement is now made for simply limiting and restricting the silver issues, we shall before long have to fight the same battle over again. If we simply recall the history of the currency in the last twenty years, we have a sufficient indication of what a compromise in 1893 will bring in 1895 or 1898. The resumption act of 1875—itself the successor of a compromise act of 1874—was a compromise designed to please both the inflationists and the hard money men; and only by what may be called a fortunate accident did it succeed in accomplishing resumption at the date set, in 1879. Before this date came, the silver mania, which was and is simply another form of the inflation movement, set in, and free coinage of depreciated silver was demanded. There was again a compromise: the BLAND act of 1878 was passed, with its issue of so many silver dollars a month. So far from removing the silver danger, it encouraged the silver men, and they asked for more—for free coinage. After years of agitation and uncertainty, still another compromise was patched up, and the SHERMAN act of 1890, with its larger purchases of silver, was passed. Almost at once the silver men said this was not enough, and the free-coinage cry was as loud as ever. Does any one suppose that if a compromise is now arranged, the question will be settled? Within a year the same struggle will rebegin, and the country will be in the same state of confusion and uncertainty.

To repeat, the time has come to be done with the silver issues. The business of the country is depressed and needs the tonic of an emphatic repudiation of the silver schemes. The gold reserve of the Treasury stands at the lowest point ever reached since resumption in 1879, and much below the one hundred millions limit which is rightly regarded as the danger line. The financial position of the government is further threatened by the serious decline in the revenues, itself largely the result of business depression. Compromises we have had enough to show that they are but patch-work. Compromise now means not only a postponement to the future of a real settlement, but an aggravation for the present of a gravely disquieting situation. Let us have unconditional repeal, cut loose from the drifting policy of the past, and start afresh on a currency policy which shall not have for its basis a depreciated and depreciating coin basis.

THE BROOKLYN MAYORALTY.

THE election of a Mayor in Brooklyn this fall is in some regards the most important exercise of popular suffrage that takes place in this State. It is distinctly more important than the choice of any of the State officers, with the single exception of the Judge of the Court of Appeals. A community of nearly if not quite a million of souls will, by the decision between the two candidates for the sole office of Mayor, determine not merely whether its affairs shall be well or ill managed, but whether at the present time it is equal to the duty of securing good management of its common interests. So far as municipal self-government can go, this election is a

test of it. As we have already explained, the charter of the city of Brooklyn practically gives the Mayor control of all departments, with the exception of that of finance. He names, without the consent of the aldermen or any one else, the men who have charge of the streets, the public works, the water and sewerage system, the fire and police force, the excise or regulation of the liquor traffic, the health board, and, to a great extent, education. The terms of all these men expire within thirty days of the beginning of the Mayor's term, and he has *carte blanche* as to their successors.

The McLAUGHLIN Democratic machine has renamed for Mayor Mr. BOODY. Mr. CHARLES A. SCHIEREN has been named by the Republican City Convention, on conference with the various independent organizations. The latter is nearly everything that the former is not. Both are respectable business men, and both by profession religious men, but there the resemblance ceases. Mr. BOODY before his election was known as a reformer in politics. Since his election he has been the almost helpless tool of the machine. He began his career as Mayor by reappointing every head of department who under Mayor CHAPIN had shown himself unfit by conduct and character for the post. He has done nothing that the machine seriously opposed, and he has been so servile in his obedience to its behests that nothing but the mistaken interpretation of the law by the machine's District Attorney prevented him from being indicted by a Grand Jury, who expressed their deep regret at the check put upon them. Every intelligent citizen of Brooklyn knows the condition to which Mr. BOODY has brought the city: The waste of its funds to the very verge of bankruptcy; the filth of its streets; its precarious water supply, very inadequately guarded from pollution; its inefficient fire service; its partly demoralized police; its rotten excise system, by which the keepers of gambling-hells and brothels secure or retain licenses which the protests of church societies in no wise endanger—are facts of common knowledge; while just outside the city prize-fighting goes on under the protection of the boss, and the Mayor does not offend him even by denouncing it.

These are the works by which Mr. BOODY is to be known. Mr. SCHIEREN is of very different type. He too has been active in his own party, but so far from yielding to the Republican machine, he was nominated in defiance of it, and against its strenuous efforts. If elected, he will owe no politician anything. His acquaintance with politics ought to make him safe from the pitfalls that lie in the path of the inexperienced. He is pledged in the most explicit and open manner to the faithful service of the city, and to that alone. We believe that his probity is proof against all temptation, while the most powerful inducements that can appeal to an honorable man will call him to the performance of his duty. If elected, his opportunity for an enviable fame will be great and immediate. We regard it as the plain duty and the equally plain interest of every honest voter to support him. Of course they will not all do it. The normal Democratic majority in Brooklyn is about 15,000, and partisanship is a very strong sentiment. But since Mr. SCHIEREN can fairly expect the full Republican vote, we shall not think so poorly of the Democrats of Brooklyn as to believe that there are not enough honest and sensible men among them to rid themselves of the vulgar tyranny of the machine, which has been so long a shame to the party, and an incalculable mischief as well as disgrace to the city.

THE TAMMANY AUTOCRAT.

THE citizens of New York are living under the rule of an autocrat and a despot. It is for them to decide how long they will submit, when their shameful acquiescence will cease. The remedy is in their own hands. When will they apply it? RICHARD CROKER has named the men who, under his decree, shall fill some of the most responsible offices in the city. Among them are judges, a district attorney, and the chief financial officer of the city. If they were the men of the whole community the best fitted for the discharge of the duties of the offices for which they have been selected, they should, nevertheless, be defeated, because they were nominated, not by the free choice of the voters of their party, but by an irresponsible autocrat. Before the city can be again free and self-governing, the power of RICHARD CROKER must be broken.

It is unnecessary to go over the story of RICHARD CROKER's life to deepen the shame that rests upon New York. His career as a criminal is not yet ended, for his political methods are criminal. He once sat in a prisoner's pen among professional criminals, and now he sits in Tammany Hall and directs and commands those whose business it is to plunder the State and the city through the forms of law and government. He is the typical vulgarian bloated with riches and self importance. He has the wealth of the metropolis of the country at his command, and what he permits his gang to take of it is only limited by what he regards as prudence. He restrains himself from assaults upon individual rights that might raise such a rebellion as that which sent TWEED to prison.

This man is czar in his organization. No one questions his authority. Legislators at Albany and Washington ask his desires and carry out his decrees. City officials obey his commands, and pay tribute to him and to Tammany. The "Hall" itself is CROKER. It simply registers his will. If a city official is honest and independent, CROKER casts him out. Comptroller MYERS stood in the way of expenditures which had been decided upon by the autocrat who rules without holding an office, and Mr. ASHBEL P. FITCH is nominated in his stead. Mr. NICOLL's conceptions of his duty were too nice for CROKER, and Mr. JOHN R. FELLOWS, notorious for unfitness in both mind and character, is to be CROKER's District Attorney.

The most conspicuous victim of his wrath is Mr. BOURKE COCKRAN. Being the supreme ruler of the organization, having the unquestioned right to say, "Tammany? it is I," CROKER demands subservience. When Tammany was struggling back to the place of power from which the robbed and indignant citizens had hurled it, Mr. COCKRAN was of great service to the organization. Then KELLY was king, and COCKRAN became his orator. He travelled with KELLY to State and national conventions. He made the argument at Chicago, in 1884, against the unit rule and against CLEVELAND's nomination. After KELLY's death, he became one of the conspicuous and influential leaders in the "Hall." He shared CROKER's rule with him, as did GILROY and GRANT. When an argument was to be made or a municipal paper written, it was COCKRAN's tongue and pen that were called in. He rendered loyal and effective service. It is even said that he wrote Mr. CROKER's astounding contribution to political science that appeared in the *North American Review*. There is said to be in Mr. COCKRAN's safe a bundle of drafts of papers, messages, letters, circulars, resolutions, speeches, that would be most eloquent reminders of a struggle that has made CROKER a despot and has driven COCKRAN out of public life.

Tammany grew strong and prospered. So did CROKER. So did COCKRAN. The "boss" leaned on his eloquent friend. He took him to Chicago. He made him pour out in the closing hours of the convention of 1892 a stream of denunciation of the man who was already nominated President, notwithstanding the snarls of HILL and CROKER and their obedient followers. Then came a break. CROKER was supreme. He no longer needed the services of COCKRAN. He selected the speechless MURPHY for the Senate, and resented the proposal that his old orator should have the place. He cracked his whip, and stamped his foot. He called, "Down, sir," in imperious tones. He pointed significantly and authoritatively to the kennel in Fourteenth Street. He was answered with defiance and contempt. If CROKER and the "Hall" were now independent of COCKRAN, so was COCKRAN independent of them. He had advanced in professional reputation and in material wealth. He too could stand alone. He declined to abase himself. Therefore he has been punished. He was not permitted to be a delegate to the State Convention and to participate in the attempt to disgrace the State by placing MAYNARD on the bench of the court of last resort. He was expelled from the State Committee, and therefore will not enjoy the exquisite delight of rendering implicit obedience to the bosses of the State. He is aware that he cannot return to Congress with the consent of Tammany Hall unless he bows his forehead in the dust and kisses the hem of RICHARD CROKER's garment.

The autocrat has ground his heel into the face of his most powerful follower. He insists that the criminal justice of this city shall once more be administered by the man who debauched it. He proposes to turn Comptroller MYERS out of his office because he consulted the interests of New York and disobeyed the commands of CROKER. The Tammany autocrat is not only a despot, but a bad despot. The people of New York are not only governed by one man, but by a man whose very presence in public life is a disgrace to the city.

THE FUNNY MAN IN CONGRESS.

In a few respects the Congress of the United States is a unique legislative body. Like the great and independent nation in whose behalf, and sometimes to whose detriment, it makes statutory experiments, it is careless of history and tradition. Sometimes it gratifies the land with a display of wisdom, usually it rises to its opportunity; frequently the halls of the two Houses resound with eloquence, and debate is attuned to wisdom. Now and then it undertakes to settle a great question by a test of physical endurance.

Among the peculiar institutions of this strange but, on the whole, satisfactory body is the funny man. There have been men whose sole claim to distinction was that they made funny speeches. They remained in public life as a jest book remains in circulation, for the jokes that were in them. Sometimes a public man has lost the reputation for wisdom and ability that he might have made by just one funny speech. It is a perilous reputation, that of being one of the funny men in the House of Representatives. Once funny, always funny, is the doom of the man who permits himself to air his humor on the usually arid wastes of Congressional proceedings.

The House has always its jester. The Senate is different. Men who are capable of jokes are not wanted in the Senate. But the House would not be without such a man. He springs into the gravest debates with a quip and a pun. Sometimes he is funny when he would be grave. He is not permitted to be serious. He must find the fun lying under every question, or he must not take part in the debate. He is popular. His stories are the attractions of the cloakrooms. They get into the newspapers. He becomes a famous funny man. It is not expected that his fun will aid the argument of his side. His speech must be simply entertaining, it must make an intellectual recess.

The House has a kind side for the funny man, but he may serve for fifty years and then he will not become a member of the Ways and Means Committee.

POLITENESS.

FOR centuries the French have been noted as the politest nation in the world. But this was probably because the Japanese have only lately come to be well known among the peoples of the earth. The American boy, from a long course of MARRYAT's novels and from the writings of other aggressively British authors, has come to look with suspicion upon French politeness, regarding it as a cloak for hatred, greed, or whatever of the seven deadly sins a Frenchman might at any given time desire to indulge in. The American boy, in consequence, has been wont to regard with ill concealed scorn the efforts of his pastors and masters to soften the frank brutality of his boyish nature, and to deride for their "dancing school manners" the unfortunate lads who have fallen victims to environments of culture and refinement. Probably the American boy is not entirely wrong in his judgment. The politeness of the Frenchman does not necessarily imply a correspondingly greater love for his fellow-man. And it is this note of seeming insincerity that strikes so harshly on the mental ear of the American boy.

What might have been the effect on American manners if the gentle Japanese had been held up to our childish eyes as our models of propriety it is of course too late to determine, but politeness could scarcely have fallen into the disrepute it has. For with the Japanese politeness springs from the heart, and is the simple expression of kindly feelings. Think of cities where the potter places the still moist products of his wheel out in the middle of the street to dry in the sun, and where the children in their play step carefully around among the fragile wares lest they work injury to the trustful artisan!

But now fortunately all this is changed. No longer shall we be forced to go to foreign countries to find models of politeness for the American boy. Our own land can furnish an example of courtesy that is unparalleled in the history of the world, an example which will lift politeness from the level of policy to the height of principle. What sight more inspiring to growing youth can be imagined than the spectacle of the United States Senate to-day? Here are these men, the highest law making power in the land, pausing in the midst of legislative work of the most important and pressing character merely as a matter of courtesy. Banks are breaking all over the country, mills are shutting down, stanch business houses are going to the wall, the national credit is impaired, all for the want of a little legislation, to accomplish which the President called the national legislature in extra session. But although a large majority of the Senate is in favor of passing the necessary measures to bring relief to the country, it persistently refuses to do so, because it wouldn't be polite to the minority to come to a vote until each one of them has talked all he wants to on the subject, or on any other subject he can think of.

Talk of "old-time courtesy"! The old times never witnessed courtesy like this, courtesy which impels men absolutely to disregard the wishes of everybody but themselves, courtesy which impels men to call each other vile names and to indulge in vulgar recriminations, courtesy which forces men into undignified trials of endurance, which permits men to laugh and to sleep, to yawn and to interrupt their antagonists, so long as the latter finally talk as much as they want to.

The lesson that the American boy is to learn from these examples will be somewhat disturbing of his preconceived ideas of politeness and morals, but he will doubtless soon adapt himself to the new standards.

The first lesson he will learn is that politeness is the most important thing in the world, and the second lesson, that politeness consists in not doing what any one doesn't want you to do, but in treating him as meanly as you can while you let him have his own way.

For instance, in former times if the American boy had seen his father's house on fire, his little sister drowning, he would have rushed to the rescue, and if any one had sought to stop him, he would have struck him down in his tracks, and have risked his own life, if necessary, to save the property, the honor, the lives of others.

But now, if one were to interpose any objection to his conduct, he would stop and listen to what the other had to say in opposition to the means he proposed to use to effect his purpose, and though his home were destroyed, his sister drowned, still must he wait while the other talked and brought people to read volumes bearing on the subject, though of course he might go to sleep, if he felt so inclined, interrupt the obstructionist, call him names, and make himself as offensively disagreeable as possible.

"Politeness," remarked a distinguished writer recently, "is a good thing to have in the house."

"But a mighty bad thing," added an eminent jurist, "to have in the Senate."

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JOHN R. RUSSELL,
Democratic Candidate for Governor of Massachusetts.

MRS. KENDAL *VS.* THE PUBLIC.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

SOME of those Americans who were in London last summer brought back with them to this country the story of a remarkable play—the most remarkable play, so they said, that had been written in this decade. And with their enthusiasm for this production was mingled admiration for a Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who had played the title rôle, that of Paula, a woman of the half-world, who had married a widower, and who had by so doing become The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. It was not until these same Americans had seen Mrs. Kendal in the same part here that they appreciated it was not their own intuition but Mrs. Patrick Campbell that had made them understand how great Mr. Pinero's play really was.

Very few people in an audience are able to divide the credit justly between the performer and the writer of the play. It is not until they have seen different players in the same rôle that they can tell whether it is a bad play that is being helped by good acting, or that worthy lines have been given to one who is incapable of interpreting them.

A piece of music is only a matter of printer's ink and paper until some one places it on the music rack and interprets the composer's meaning. The part of Mrs. Tanqueray is as subtle and intricate and moving as is any great piece of music, and Mrs. Campbell was able to understand its meaning, and to make her audience understand it too; and to show them how great a composer of plays Mr. Pinero is. The fact that the New York critics agreed unanimously—which is a thing they seldom do—that Mr. Pinero's play was clever but disagreeable shows that the woman who interpreted it lean blinded them to its real greatness by her bad playing; that her fingers faltered on the keys and her feet on the pedals, and that she was counting the time with her lips as she played, and not beating time with her pulses and her heart.

As Mrs. Campbell played the part, the play was a possible one for any young girl to see; as Mrs. Kendal plays it, it is not. It was terrible, but the terrible truths of life are not harmful, and the picture was no more contaminating than is the one of want and poverty in a sweater's garret of which we catch a glimpse as we rush by on the elevated road.

Mrs. Campbell's Mrs. Tanqueray was a young and beautiful woman without any moral responsibility, she was as unconscious of good as a child, and you could no more blame her than you could blame the dog who runs to meet you and who destroys a flower bed on his way. You forgive him for breaking the flowers because he comes leaping to welcome you, and you forgave Mrs. Campbell's Paula for her mistakes because she loved her husband and wanted to please him, and did not know what social laws and conventions and principles of conduct she was breaking while she was trying to do so.

You felt pity for her as you would feel pity for any inconsequent and foolish woman who stands in her own light, and who is her own worst enemy. You sympathized with her in her misery not because she was a bad woman, but because she did not know how to be a good one; you disliked intensely the little girl who refused to kiss her, and you wanted to box her ears, and you blamed her husband, who took her out of a life for which she was unfortunately exactly suited, for placing her in an impossible position, in which, owing to her past, she unwillingly brought trouble to the very people she most wanted to satisfy. Mrs. Campbell made Paula a feminine Donatello before the knowledge of good and evil came to him, she was an English Manon Lescaut, as irresponsible as a kitten, and as unhappy in her results as people who "mean well" generally are.

When she forgot herself and referred to the "other men" for whom she had "kept house," when she sighed like an imprisoned animal for Algiers and the yacht, and when confronted by her former lover she stopped in the midst of her tears to ask what became of the dog, you were not so much shocked at the vulgarity of it as you were filled with sorrow that she did not know better, and that she had not the light to see how dreadful and low and hopeless it all was.

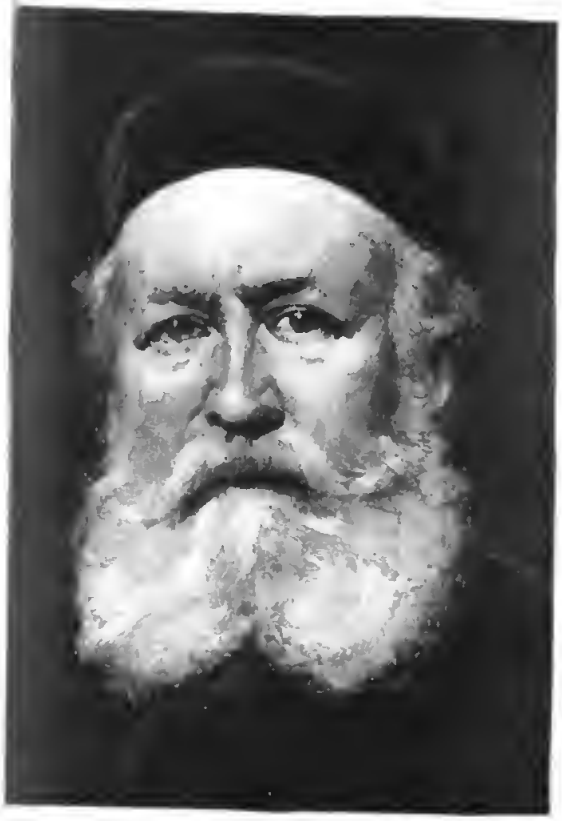
The hopelessness of the leopard's ever changing his spots was the lesson Mrs. Campbell told, and when she said, "Why, it is written in my face; every one can see it," you felt no repulsion, but rather an awful pity for the young girl who had so soon discovered and accepted her own destiny. I do not wish to be understood as one who is sympathizing with this woman merely because she is what the world calls "fallen" or "unfortunate," and who is growing maudlin over that fact. The women who have trouble in their lives, and who have not fallen, and have no mind to do so, have possibly a prior claim. But it is because Paula is wicked and unfortunate through not knowing any better that she deserves pity. But Mrs. Kendal's Paula does not excite our pity. She is, as Mrs. Kendal presents her, a loud voiced unfeeling scold, with a vixenish temper, and the assured manners of the Empire Music Hall. The part does not suit Mrs. Kendal, and Mrs. Kendal does not understand the part. That Mrs. Kendal is older than Paula possibly was is not a matter of so much importance as that she does not know what sort of a woman Paula was at any age. She makes her masculine, noisy, and vulgar, and when she is in the moment of her greatest sorrow cries, "What shall we do? what are we to do?" you feel like replying, "You certainly ought to know better than any one else. You're the only person we have seen yet who seems to be able to take care of herself." When Mrs. Campbell read those lines in the helpless bewildered tones of a little child who has hurt its finger, you wanted to go upon the stage and help her out of her difficulty. But you feel a grim satisfaction when Mrs. Kendal comes to grief, and rejoice that you are rid of as disagreeable and unpleasant a woman as you have ever met.

When Mr. Tanqueray sends his daughter away to see the world under the care of some woman other than his wife, and she cries that he has insulted her, Mrs. Campbell made you feel that he had; but when Mrs. Kendal made the same charge, and emphasized it by jabbing her hat pin into her bonnet like a vixenish fishwife, the audience laughed. In fact, the audience laughed at a great many things Mrs. Kendal said, where Mrs. Campbell had made them gasp with regret that she should not have known better than to say them. The audience here laugh because they feel that Tanqueray has done a very foolish thing, and that he has caught a Tartar, and when she hurts his feelings and shocks his sense of what is right, they only see in it another evidence of the fact that he was a fool to marry such a creature.

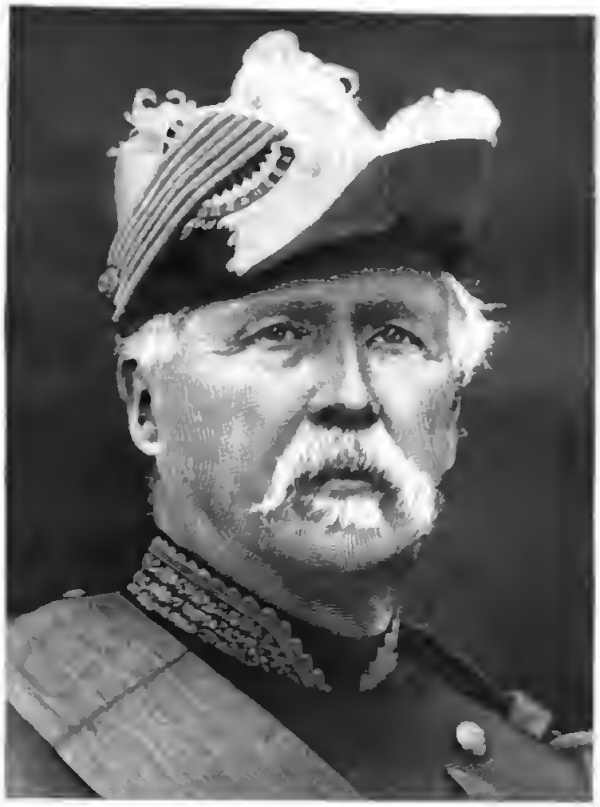
Mrs. Kendal has been so unwise as to answer the critics through a newspaper. What Mrs. Kendal chooses to say in this interview off the boards does not concern us, but she makes one explanation of her ill success here, which she is pleased to call the ill success of the play, which is worth considering. She says that we are too new and innocent to understand the play and the character of Mrs. Tanqueray, and that in London the people understood the play much better because they knew that such women as Mrs. Tanqueray existed, and, indeed, Mrs. Kendal even went so far as to mention these ladies' names. It would be pleasant to think that this is so, and to accept Mrs. Kendal's unintentional compliment to our innocence of evil and our youthful horror of all that is bad, but the American people cannot accept this excuse for

CHARLES A. SCHIERES,
Republican and Citizens' Candidate for Mayor of Brooklyn.

AUGUSTUS THOMAS,
The Author of *In Missouri*.

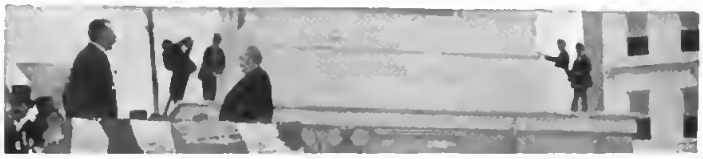


CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD.
Engraved by Ch. Baude from the Painting by Carolus Duran.—[See Page 1026.]



MARIE PATRICE MAURICE MACMAHON.
[See Page 1027.]

THE MONUMENT UNVEILED



J. HART BREWER THANKS GOVERNOR FLOWER.

THE UNVEILING FAILS TO COINCIDE WITH GOVERNOR WERTS'S SPEECH

GOVERNOR RUSSELL, OF MASSACHUSETTS, SPEAKING.

GENERAL STRYKER SPEAKS.

THE ESSEX TROOP ESCORTING THE MONUMENT COMMITTEE.

CEREMONIES AT THE UNVEILING OF THE TRENTON MONUMENT, OCTOBER 19TH.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 1026.]

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THE NEW MR. GOODWIN.

One of the greatest trials to young people is the slowness with which older people, their parents in particular, recognize the fact that they have changed and developed. The young person may have put aside childish things for some time and may be quite conscious and even proud of the fact, but he finds the effort to develop and to reform, perhaps, an easy matter in comparison with the difficulty of getting others to recognize that the effort has been successful. Mr. Nat. C. Goodwin was possibly unfortunate in meeting with easy success when he was very young. He was at the head of his own company when men twice his age were still "assisting" some other star, and he made money rapidly and won laughter without effort. He was careless then of his name outside of the theatre, and of any possible reputation for seriousness while in it. It was his custom and his pleasure in those days to bring the jokes of the poker table and of the Broadway cafés into his farce-comedies, and to take the audience into his confidence across the foot-lights, to "gag" his friends in the boxes, and to "break up" the less reckless and more earnest members of his company when they tried to do serious work. It was more amusing to Mr. Goodwin then to make the actors on the stage turn their backs to the house in order that they might hide the laughter he had caused than to make the house laugh legitimately at him.

Now that, and all that it implies, is passed. Mr. Goodwin has taken himself seriously, and those who condemned him when he trifled with his art and put the touch of genius that is his to small account should be among the first to point out the change and transformation in him, and the great good the public has gained by it. When the young person who has put aside childish things finds that his parents and sponsors are slow in taking in the fact, the best thing he can do is to take them by the shoulders and give them a good shaking, and say: "Here, you—you must stop correcting me. I'm changed; I'm grown up. You have no right to talk to me like that any longer. I am not the child you knew." In the play of *In Missouri* Mr. Goodwin has done just this thing. He has taken the American public by the shoulders and shaken them persuasively and good-naturedly but effectively. He has introduced them to an entirely new Mr. Goodwin, and one who, we all hope, has come to stay. There are, of course, many weak brothers who resent this new character; they are of the class who call the actor "Nat," and who stop him in the street and say, "When are you going to make us laugh again?" meaning by that, when are you going to fall around in the sawdust of a Skating Rink? or when are you going to pick me out from the entire audience and say things at me that only you and I will understand?

It is to be hoped that Mr. Goodwin knows his best friends, and those selfish ones who think only of their own momentary amusement and not that the reputation of a great player is at stake. He is in the position of a man who holds a patent or a monopoly on something—he can make people laugh or cry as other men cannot, and there is only one life standing between him and the position of that of the first American comedian. It is just as well, therefore, that he has recognized the responsibility of holding such a monopoly, and of the duties of an heir apparent.

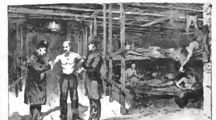
We get a very good idea of the character of Jim Radburn in *In Missouri* from his first entrance, when he comes in holding in his arms a little dog with a bandaged broken leg. Something an audience can see is always more effective than something they are told, and the fact that the Sheriff of Bowling Green has never killed a man, though he has taken fifty prisoners and carries seven bullets in his person, which fact they have already learned from one of the other characters, is not half so impressive as the sight of the grim silent officer of justice fondling the wounded terrier.

The gentleness and the loneliness of the man as he moves about among the rough good-natured people of the village, his simplicity which brings them to his level, and his fineness and self-sacrifice, which raise him above theirs, make the part of Jim Radburn one of the types of American character that will be remembered with the Asa Trenchard of Joseph Jefferson. How strong and living this character is, and how well Mr. Goodwin places it before you, are shown by nothing else so much as in the fact that one has to go back to Mr. Jefferson for as perfect a performance of an American part. Mr. Augustus Thomas has certainly done nothing so good as this last play, and we should be well satisfied if he does no better but that he will do better is assured. He is a young man and growing rapidly rich in experience and in seriousness of purpose. He has given us a remarkable play and put an entire continent in his debt. He and Mr. Goodwin have placed these scenes of American life upon the stage with absolute fidelity and truth, and with the greatest possible care for detail. The company playing it is the most completely good one Mr. Goodwin has ever had about him, and from Mr. McIntosh, who plays and looks the powerful, good-natured blacksmith, to Mr. Payne and Miss Rupert, who show us the boy and girl lovers, there is not one of them who does not help the star in this the most serious and most excellent effort of his theatrical life. There is one bit of by-play in the third act which is lost by many in the audience because it is so quietly done and because the action of the scene is apart from it one of unusual excitement. It is when the village lawyer breaks in upon the group in the blacksmith's sitting-room with the cry that a man down in the village has been killed.

"Killed! How?"

"*Shot*," he cries.

The women scream at this, and the men rush right and left in a search for weapons, savage with the excitement of a man-hunt. Up to this point in the play we have seen nothing of Jim Radburn the Sheriff, we have seen him only as the lover. But at the word "killed" the bushy white eyebrows droop, the lips compress, and the eyes look straight ahead while he listens to the rapid description of the murder, and then while the others are dashing in and out searching for weapons he rises from his chair with the air of one who is quite alone in the room and who says: "This is my business. This belongs to me." The blacksmith hunts for his gun and his [illegible] wife when she asks what he wants with it that "I want it to fix a gas with." What [illegible] will be remembered by many [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] slight silent [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] with a touch of [illegible] [illegible] his long coat [illegible] his [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] the night. It is [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] in *In Missouri* [illegible] [illegible] Mr. [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the wounded dog.



VACCINATING LODGERS IN A TEN-CENT LODGING-HOUSE.

VACCINATION AND SMALL-POX.

The appointment by the Board of Health of New York of a temporary vaccinating corps of fifteen physicians calls to mind the fact that there exists in this city such an epidemic of small-pox as has not visited it before for many years. That fact, however, has excited little comment and no general solicitude, even though small-pox is known to be one of the most virulent of contagious diseases. For it is also known as the most preventable of diseases, and as one whose terrors are traditional rather than actual. Every one knows, in greater or less detail, the facts of its history. Up to the last decade of the eighteenth century it was a dreaded pest, sweeping the world in never-ending epidemics, claiming by death one-tenth of our race, and disfiguring a large proportion of the remainder. A bit of doggerel that has come down to us bears witness to its power in the assertion that "from small-pox and love few men remain free." The companion malady here linked with small-pox has in no wise abated, but a pock-marked face is as rare to-day as a smooth one must have been a century ago.

Every one knows, too, that the change has been wrought through the genius of a single man, who, just a century ago, worked out the problem of the antagonism of cow-pox and small-pox—a belief traditional among the English peasantry for generations before—and added the illuminating thought of voluntary inoculation with the virus of the one in order to prevent the other. The world doubted, and then believed. The people were ready to listen to anything that could promise to banish the dreaded scourge. In less than a decade after the first inoculation, vaccination had circled the globe, thousands of lives had been saved, and the name of Edward Jenner had been placed by common accord high on the lists of the immortal benefactors of the human race. It is pleasing to recall that before Jenner died all Christendom did him homage. He was even a prophet honored and rewarded in his own country. Great men had opposed him it is true, but the murmur of opposition was soon drowned in the tumult of approval. Intellectual robbers strove to take to themselves the credit of his discovery but these were soon confounded and forgotten, while the name of the true discoverer gained fresh lustre day by day. The work he inaugurated has gone steadily on until the dreaded scourge small-pox has all but relinquished its hold on the race, claiming at most a mere handful of victims. The record of that decline is the grandest chapter in the history of medicine.

And yet if the truth were known it would probably appear that vaccination has not accomplished all that Jenner hoped for it. Seeing his discovery so universally accepted at the outset, seeing it nip epidemics of small-pox in the bud, and so vastly reduce the mortality within a few years, he would have been strangely unimaginative had he not dreamed of a day when vaccination should so fully have triumphed as to have banished small-pox from the world forever. In theory such a hope found ample warrant. The human body furnishes the only soil so far as known, on which the germs of this disease can multiply and retain their virulence. Vaccination renders the body no longer habitable for these germs. If therefore the entire race could be given immunity through vaccination, time being allowed for the destruction of such unproductive germs as had found temporary lodgment elsewhere than in the body, small-pox would cease to exist. Its last germ killed there is no more reason to suppose that it would ever originate again, than there is to expect the reappearance of the great auk, the mammoth, or the glyptodon. In theory such an achievement might require but a month or a year, but in reality a century has not accomplished it.

The chief reason why vaccination has failed of this ultimate ideal achievement is—paradoxical though it sounds—because vaccination has operated so efficiently. So nearly has it banished small-pox that no one now fears that disease, and a general carelessness prevails regarding it. No better commentary in this regard could be made than mention of the fact that two physicians recently contracted the disease in New York from a case which came to a dispensary where they were in attendance. If physicians fail to give themselves immunity, what shall we expect of the public at large?

The other chief factor which co-operates with carelessness to keep small-pox in existence is ignorance. So little is small-pox heard of now that many among the more ignorant classes scarcely know the meaning of vaccination. Health officers find many persons who suppose they are being vaccinated to cleanse the blood. It does not matter much what they think perhaps, so long as they submit to the operation. But in my decline the boon and those of course remain susceptible to the disease. Our laws offer protection to all but force it upon no one. Abroad in many places vaccination is compulsory, a fine being imposed if any child is found unvaccinated [illegible] certain age. The result [illegible] [illegible] in this country in a more pleasant way by prohibiting unvaccinated children from attendance upon the public schools. This measure, together with the constant solicitations of health officers, results in the vaccination of a very large proportion of infants.

But vaccination in infancy is not enough. It gives immunity for a time, but with growth the tissues [illegible] and after a few years the body becomes again susceptible. It [illegible] [illegible] to be practised when the child is [illegible] years old, and again during adolescence. Even this third vaccination does not always [illegible] [illegible] throughout life. [illegible] be tested every few years [illegible] vaccinations, and only persons submitted to this test of [illegible] [illegible] at any time feel [illegible] that they are immune [illegible] pox. Ignorance of this [illegible] potent in giving small-pox [illegible] the community. Not [illegible] [illegible], but many people [illegible] suppose that at least [illegible] previous vaccination [illegible] immune, and with confidence [illegible] this delusional belief [illegible] world almost as susceptible [illegible] pox as if they had never been [illegible] [illegible]. For such persons [illegible] [illegible] words, with their [illegible] are intended.

THE LARGEST TEL[illegible]

The illustration [illegible] a photograph of the great [illegible] scope now on exhibition [illegible] [illegible] factures Building at the World's Fair. This [illegible] by Charles T. Yerkes, of Chicago to the [illegible] cago. It will be permanently located in the [illegible] city as soon as the necessary buildings can be [illegible] entire cost of the instrument and observatory [illegible] many minor instruments and accessories [illegible] Yerkes.

This is by far the largest and most powerful [illegible] the world. Down to this time the Lick telescope [illegible] Hamilton, California, with which Professor [illegible] last year made his remarkable discovery of the [illegible] of Jupiter, has outranked all others, but the [illegible] exceeds that in all respects. Its power is [illegible] greater, and its value in all original [illegible] [illegible] spondingly superior.

The object-glass has a clear aperture of forty [illegible] is the last and greatest work of the famous [illegible] Clark & Sons, of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts [illegible] now by the sole survivor, Alvan G. Clark. The [illegible] of the telescope is by Warner & Swasey of Cle[illegible]. They furnished the mountings for the Lick [illegible] thirty-six inches aperture, the twenty-six [illegible] the Naval Observatory, and many other [illegible] throughout the country.

The column and head of the telescope are [illegible] and rise to a height of 43 feet, and weigh [illegible] polar axis, of steel, is 15 inches in diameter [illegible] and weighs 3½ tons. The declination axis [illegible] 12 inches in diameter, 11½ feet long, and weighs [illegible] tube is of steel, 64 feet long and 52 inches in [illegible] centre, tapering toward the ends. It weighs [illegible] driving-clock, weighing 1½ tons, is located in [illegible] tion of the column. It is wound automatically [illegible] motor, and is controlled by a double conical [illegible] is geared to the main driving wheel, 6 feet [illegible] which, when clamped to the polar axis, [illegible] with the tube and all the accessories, all [illegible] in exact sidereal time. The instrument is [illegible] hand and by means of electric motors [illegible] switchboard placed within easy reach of the [illegible].

When the telescope is in a vertical position [illegible] glass end of the tube is about 75 feet from the [illegible] entire floor, having a diameter of about [illegible] the elevating kind, so that the observer can bring [illegible] a convenient place with reference to the [illegible] position of the instrument. The eye-pieces [illegible] nifying powers up to four or five thousand [illegible].

THE TRENTON BATTLE MONU[illegible]

The dedication of a monument to commemorate [illegible] of Trenton, that was fought on December [illegible] great event, and was participated in by the [illegible] guished company that has gathered in New Jersey [illegible] in recent years. Besides other men noted in [illegible] political, and commercial life in the country [illegible] present the Governors of eight States, namely [illegible] Massachusetts, Flower of New York, [illegible] vania, Fuller of Vermont, Reynolds of Delaware [illegible] Maryland, Morris of Connecticut, and Werts of New [illegible]. The President of the United States had intended [illegible] ent, but did not feel justified in leaving his [illegible] Washington. There was an amount of [illegible] usual even to great occasions. The monument [illegible] projected a long time, and a great many [illegible] societies, and other organizations have [illegible] ing the expense of its erection and [illegible] main shaft, or monument proper, cost $60,000 [illegible] United States gave half, the State of New Jersey [illegible] and the citizens of Trenton the remaining quarter.

The New Jersey Society of the Cincinnati [illegible] the First City Troop of Philadelphia a [illegible] members who participated in the battle, the State [illegible] sachusetts gave a statue of a soldier of the [illegible] Regiment of Massachusetts Continentals, the State [illegible] sylvania a relief of the "Continental Army [illegible] Delaware," the State of New York a relief of the [illegible] ing of the Fight," and the State of Connecticut [illegible] the "Surrender of the Hessians." Each of these [illegible] monously unveiled, presented to the Monument [illegible] with fitting words, and formally accepted. On [illegible] shaft is a statue of Washington, by the New York [illegible] O'Donovan. Before this was unveiled Mr. [illegible] Gilder read a poem.

The shaft of the monument is of white granite and [illegible] Doric in style. It is 135 feet high, and is [illegible] O'Donovan's statue of Washington, the gift of [illegible] Washington is represented, glass in hand, surveying [illegible] ing Hessians, and pointing in the direction [illegible] Captain Alexander Hamilton's battery to open [illegible] fented mercenaries. Mr. O'Donovan represents [illegible] in the Continental uniform—an exact reproduction [illegible] of the dress worn by the Commander-in-chief [illegible] Revolutionary war. The shaft's summit can be [illegible] an electric elevator, and this summit will be [illegible] by thirteen electric lights, each light representing [illegible] original colonies.

At the ceremonies there were 30,000 people [illegible] [illegible] 5000 troops and 1000 Grand Army men. [illegible] ing Governors were attended by staff-officers [illegible]

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TLALOC, THE GOD OF RAIN—ANTHROPOLOGICAL BUILDING.
Cast of a recumbent Image holding a Bowl on its Stomach, found in Yucatan.

Photographs by C. D. Arnold.

AN ANCIENT JAPANESE LADY—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.
An interesting Statue in the Japanese Section.

BEDOUINS DANCING THEIR NATIONAL DANCE—MIDWAY PLAISANCE.
Drawn by E. V. Nadherny.

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CALIFORNIA REDWOOD ROOM—WOMAN'S BUILDING.
The other Side of the Room and the Cincinnati Room shown reflected in the Mirror.

Photographs by [illegible]

THE ROOM LAFAYETTE—FRENCH BUILDING.
This Room contains a Loan Collection of many valuable Historical Relics of the famous General.

Philadelphia City Troop. Major-General U. S. A. The Queen's Livery.

MERCHANT TAILORS' BUILDING.

COURT OF THE FLORIDA BUILDING.

THE LARGEST TELESCOPE IN THE WORLD—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

IN THE KANSAS BUILDING.

Photographs by C. D. Arnold.

THE HUNTER'S LODGE—IDAHO BUILDING.

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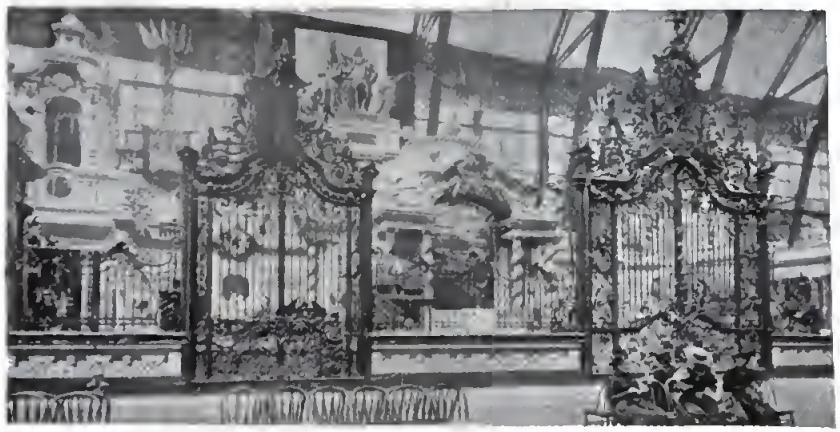
THE JAPANESE GARDEN—HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.



THE GERMAN SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

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THE BELGIAN SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

THE FRENCH SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

THE AUSTRIAN SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

Photographs by C. D. Arnold.

THE RUSSIAN SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

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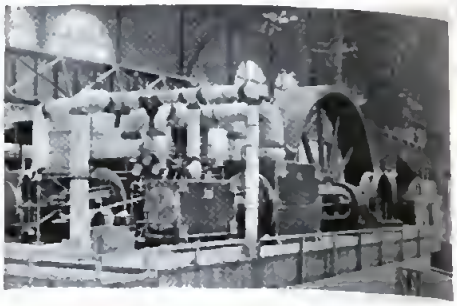
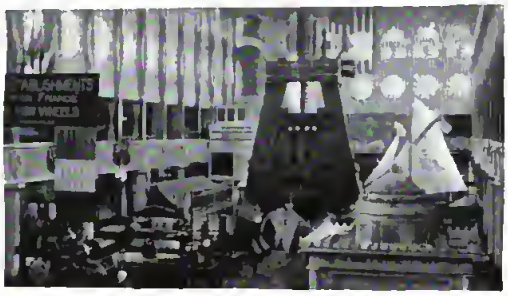
THE BRAZILIAN EXHIBIT—SHOE AND LEATHER BUILDING.



THE GREAT ALLIS ENGINE—MACHINERY BUILDING.



IN THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.
View looking South from Central Gallery.

JODAN-NO-MA (CENTRAL HALL) OF HO-ODEN (PHŒNIX HALL)
The Japanese Exhibit on the Wooded Island.

PART OF THE MINIATURE REPRODUCTION OF THE SKIDEGATE VILLAGE ON QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S ISLANDS—ANTHROPOLOGICAL BUILDING.

THE SIAMESE EXHIBIT—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

THE SULTAN OF JOHORE'S EXHIBIT—AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

THE SÈVRES AND GOBELIN ROOM—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

Photographs by C. B. Arnold.

A CORNER IN THE GERMAN BUILDING.

IN THE CEYLON BUILDING.

ALGERIAN COURT—AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

DOORWAY IN RUSSIAN SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

Live Terrapin on the Rocks

OYSTER FISHERIES EXHIBIT—MARYLAND BUILDING.

IN THE CLOISTERS OF LA RABIDA.

SKEE DISPLAY, NORWEGIAN SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

PAVILION OF THE BELL TELEPHONE EXHIBIT—ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

Photographs by C. D. Arnold.

DOORWAY IN VERMONT BUILDING.

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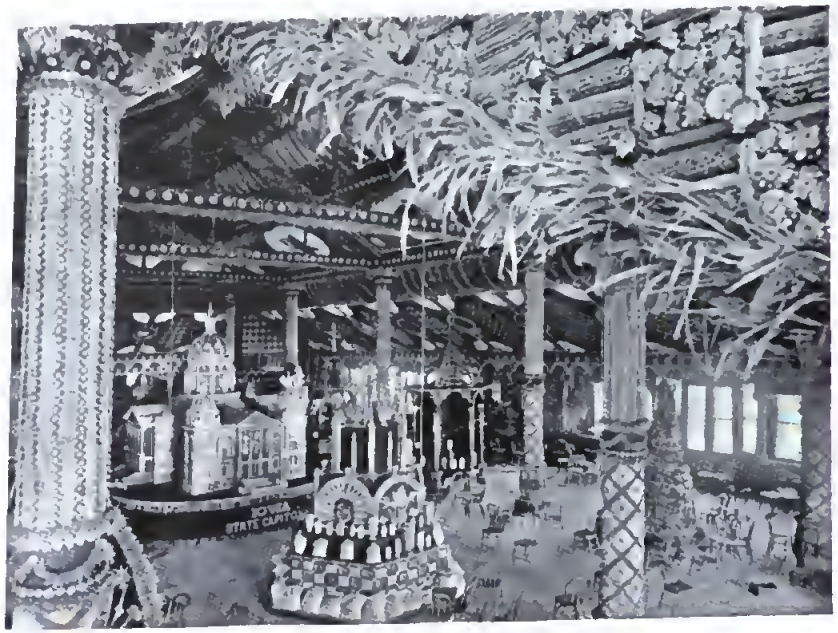

THE CORN DECORATIONS IN THE IOWA BUILDING.

THE MODEL FARM IN THE WASHINGTON BUILDING.

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE JAVANESE DANCING GIRLS.—Drawn by Rosina Emmet Sherwood.—[See Page 1038.]

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BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

THE LAY OF THE OBSTRUCTIONIST.

I am a gay Obstructionist—oh yes, indeed I be,
There's nothing in the universe that is too slow for me.
I put things into people's way, so that they cannot do
The business they would go about, the business they'd put through.

If some one tries to talk to me on Tariff or Finance,
I ask him how he likes my hat, or where he buys his pants,
And if he does not answer me, I smile in goalem way,
And ask him what he thinks's the chance of rain or shine to-day.

I make a pile of speeches—I'm a U. S. Senator:
With thirty-nine already I have made the rafters roar,
They're easy of construction, too—I'll tell you how they're done.
Oh my! oh dear! it makes me laugh, it is such lots of fun.

I take three dozen anecdotes and paste 'em on a strip,
Some twenty seven lashes 'twixt each little printed slip,
And then I put between 'em rhymes from men like Tennyson,
With here and there a line from *Punch*—a little joke or pun.

To preface this, I take a yard or two from Bryce and Mill,
And jumble up the two with some considerable skill.
A chapter then from Dickens, and statistics somewhat mixed,
Are thereupon to this result with good strong glue affixed.

Six columns from the gold bug press, with seven in reply,
Are then tacked on to swell the whole—oh dear, I am so sly!
And then to cap her off, if I now find myself in strains,
I add the Constitution of our dear United States.

And, oh, it makes a bully speech! It may lack some in strength,
But what we're after now is unadulterated length.
Excuse me if I go into an ecstasy of glee,
But really this Obstruction is delightful unto me.

It doesn't take much labor of the intellect, I find,
Which is most pleasing to the man who likes to spare his mind;
But best of all, it takes me back unto that boyhood day
When it were bliss of sweetest sample to stand in others' way.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

FOR GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE Democrats of Massachusetts have nominated for Governor the Hon. John E. Russell, and the Republicans the Hon. Frederic T. Greenhalge. Mr. Russell was born in the town of Greenfield, Massachusetts, in 1853. His father, whose name he bears, had been for many years engaged in the manufacture of cutlery in that place, and from the considerable means which he had acquired was in a position to give his son the best educational opportunities. The elder Mr. Russell had a distinct, then tolerably prevalent, to college education, and on this account arranged a special course of study for his son, largely under the supervision of private tutors, by which means he received an exceptionally thorough training in the Spanish and French languages. In 1856, soon after his marriage, he started upon an extended tour through South and Central America, with, at the time, the purpose of collecting material to write a history of the Spanish American countries. While residing in Central America, his knowledge of the Spanish language, his engaging social qualities, and his diplomatic ability so impressed themselves upon the minds of the representatives of the Panama Railroad and Pacific Mail Steamship companies that, after solicitation, he was persuaded to abandon his literary project, and act as diplomatic agent for those two corporations in their relations with several of the governments of Central America, receiving for his services, although then not twenty-five years of age, a salary of $15,000 per annum—a much larger remuneration than the same amount would represent at the present time. Mr. Russell returned to this country in 1864, and for the next three years, or until Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Company bought out the business, represented at Washington, New York, and other Eastern points the overland mail interests of Ben Holliday, who then controlled a large part of the mail transportation west of the Mississippi River. In 1867 Mr. Russell retired from business life, and took up his residence in the town of Leicester, Massachusetts, devoting his attention to farming. From 1880 to 1886 he acted as secretary of the State Board of Agriculture and trustee of the State Agricultural College, actively interesting himself in bringing the farming interests of the State prominently to the attention of the people. In 1886 he was elected to Congress from the Tenth Massachusetts District and his one term of service there is the only distinctly political office he has ever held. For a number of years past he has taken an active part in campaigning work for the Democratic party, having spoken not only in all parts of New England, but also in a number of the Western States. Mr. Russell has rare personal attractions. He has read and travelled extensively, and has met and known a large number of interesting and influential people. These experiences, acting upon a mind of great vivacity and originality, have resulted in making him one of the most delightful companions imaginable. He carries with his sixty years the light heartedness of a boy, and hence it is not strange that he is the warm personal friend of a large number of men—politicians and office-holders among the rest—who are politically opposed to him. Mr. Russell is, like his chief opponent in the present campaign, a fluent and witty talker. Of the two, it is probable that he is rather more inclined than his rival to allow feelings for others to blunt the keen edge of witticism. Mr. Russell has no children, and, except when engaged in politics, passes his time traveling or working on his farm at Leicester.

Mr. Greenhalge, the Republican candidate, was born in 1842, at Clitheroe, a small manufacturing town in Lancashire, England, about 30 miles north of Manchester. His father, a skilled workman, although burdened with the support of a family of seven children, had the intelligence and foresight to realize the advantage of giving to these young members of his family a training and education calculated to improve their condition in life. Partly on this account, and partly because of the better prospects of employment, the elder Mr. Greenhalge, when the subject of this sketch was in his teens, left England for the United States, where he found employment and took up his residence in the city of Lowell. The present Republican candidate for Governor of Massachusetts passed his early life under conditions similar to those of most New England boys of good mental attainments but of limited means. He passed through the grammar-school of Lowell, graduated with honor from its high school, and in 1859 entered Harvard College. Three years later the death of his father forced him to abandon his studies at Cambridge and find the means of earning his living. He taught school for a while, served an apprenticeship in a counting-room, and for some six months was connected with the commissary department of the United States army in the Military Department of North Carolina. During the period between 1862, when he left college, and 1865, when he was admitted to the Middlesex bar, such leisure time as he had at his disposal was occupied with the study of the law, and his admittance to the profession under these circumstances indicated on his part exceptional aptitude and intelligence. His personal inclinations led him to turn to political life, and from 1868, when elected a member of the Common Council of Lowell, up to the present, he has been for the greater part of the time the holder of various public offices. These included, by a natural progression, the school committee, the Mayoralty of Lowell, membership in the State Legislature, the City Solicitorship, and membership in the United States House of Representatives. In addition, and in spite of his political activity, Mr. Greenhalge has zealously followed his profession, and in this has made for himself a well-deserved though possibly circumscribed reputation, his law practice bringing in to him a good income. As a political orator Mr. Greenhalge holds a high rank—a fact brought into prominence during his service in the Fifty-first Congress, when, as member of the Committee on Elections, he was called upon to present to the House, on behalf of his Republican associates, a number of important contested election cases, a service that he performed with a readiness and eloquence which won for him at the time a national recognition. Possessed of a pleasing voice, a ready command of idiomatic English, and highly developed powers of imagination, Mr. Greenhalge is a speaker whose popularity is readily acknowledged even by those of opposing political convictions. These aptitudes are at times somewhat treacherous, in that they have led him now and again to make statements which a less impulsive and ready politician would have refrained from making. However, this very fire and intensity of mind is the characteristic that has gained for him so large a degree of popularity among the Republicans of his State, and he has perhaps no more than others the defects of his virtues. Mr. Greenhalge was married in 1872 to Isabella Nesmith, whose father had formerly been a Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts. He has three children, a daughter and two sons, one of the latter a student now at Amherst, Massachusetts. Mr. Greenhalge still lives at Lowell, and has been identified there with a number of social, literary, and charitable undertakings.

CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD.

BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

THE intelligence of the death of the French composer Charles François Gounod, who was stricken with apoplexy on Monday the 18th, and died on the following Wednesday, did not cause great surprise among those who keep themselves informed concerning the doings of music and musicians. He was seventy-five years old, and his health has been so precarious for a long time that he gave notice of the close of his career in 1891. He was at that time apprehensive of an attack of heart disease, to which he was susceptible, and he feared to undertake a work of magnitude lest he should not live to finish it. The blow which solved for him the questions which he was wont to ponder, for Gounod was a religious mystic, fell on him in the villa of his wife at St. Cloud, where he was in the habit every year of spending the months from June to November. The rest of the year he lived with his wife, sister-in-law, and children in a beautiful house in the Place Malesherbes, Quartier Monceau, Paris, surrounded with nearly all the things which embellish life. This house is a mansion of white marble, in the style of the Renaissance, which was built for the composer in 1879 by his brother-in-law, M. Pigny. Like its exterior, its contents tell of the artistic tastes of the Gounod family, four generations of which have been in the service of art. The composer's grandfather was an engraver on metals, his father was a painter, and so is his son. Gounod not only loved the beautiful, he was rich and could gratify his love.

He enjoyed an income from his published works which was greater by far than that of any contemporaneous composer of music. For his two oratorios, *The Redemption* and *Mors et Vita*, written for the English choral festivals held at Birmingham in 1882 and 1885, he demanded and received $20,000 each. His opera *Faust* has been performed over one thousand times in Paris alone, and on every representation there or elsewhere in Europe at least, he has collected a handsome royalty through the Society of Musical Composers, which guards the interests of its members with great jealousy. He was extremely industrious, so ready to put his hand, for a consideration, to a ballad as to a mass or an opera and, whether they proved successful or not, all his compositions commanded large prices; for in the eyes of the great public Gounod was the greatest of contemporaneous French musicians. With him, when he entered upon the new beginning to which his speculative mind had long been looking forward, were all the members of his family, who shared, in separate establishments, his beautiful Parisian hôtel: his wife, his daughter, the Baroness de Lassus, his son Jean, now thirty-four years old, and his son-in-law. In his personal character he was one of the most amiable of men, full of lovely enthusiasms, devoted to lofty ideals, fond of companionship, unreservedly communicative, especially when he had himself for the subject of conversation, free from all disillusionation genial, sympathetic, and gracious.

Gounod was over seventy-five years old having been born in Paris on June 17, 1818. His youthful experiences were like those of most of his colleagues, save that he was at first more intent on a classical than an artistic education. His father had died when he was but five years old, and his mother, who was a musician, had given him his first lessons on the piano-forte, while Reicha taught him harmony. When the first uncertainty concerning the choice of a profession was settled in favor of music, he entered the National Conservatory in Paris, and profited so rapidly under the instruction of Halévy, Le Sueur, and Paer that he took a second prize when nineteen years of age and thus under the law escaped military service. In 1839 when twenty one, he was successful in the competition for the *Prix de Rome*, and went to Italy as a pensioner of the Institute. In the Eternal City his thoughts were turned strongly toward religion, and his studies were devoted chiefly to ecclesiastical music. His compositions were massive, one of which, a *Requiem*, he produced in 1841 at Vienna. Before returning to Paris he made a tour through Germany, spending some days with the Mendelssohn family. His religious zeal had induced him to leave the Villa Medici, the official home of the Institutes' pensioners, before his departure for Rome, and enter a seminary; and no sooner had he reached Paris than he accepted the post of precentor of the Mission Etrangères, donned conventual robes, and gave himself up to writings for the Church.

Whether or not he took orders is not clear from the statements of his biographers. This much only is certain. In 1846 there was published *Offices of Holy Week*, by the Abbé Charles Gounod. Owing to his retirement he was forgotten in his native city, until attention was drawn to his music by an article in *The Athenæum* of London in 1851. M. Pougin is of the opinion that the article was written by Louis Viardot, husband of Malibran's sister, Viardot Garcia, but he advances no reason why the article should not be attributed to Chorley, who was at the time one of the editors of the journal. The point is of little consequence beyond showing again the erroneousness of the idea that newspaper critics are the enemies of artists. An English musical writer gave Schopenhauer's philosophy repute in Germany, and an English criticism opened the consciousness of France to Gounod's genius. If the composer had set his mind on entering the priesthood, as was in all likelihood the case, the timely recognition which he received in London prevented the step. The criticism was translated into French, Viardot and his wife interested themselves in him, and through the intercession of the latter he secured a commission to write an opera for the Académie. The rest of his life history is the story of his compositions. Though he did not abandon sacred music altogether, the next thirty years were devoted chiefly to the theatre, his operas being produced in the following order: *Sapho*, 1851; *La Nonne Sanglante*, 1854, *Le Médecin malgré lui*, 1858, *Faust*, 1859; *Philémon et Baucis*, 1860, *La Reine de Saba*, 1862, *Mireille*, 1864; *La Colombe*, 1866, *Roméo et Juliette*, 1867, *Cinq Mars*, 1877, *Polyeucte*, 1878, *Le Tribut de Zamora*, 1881.

A few of Gounod's masses are still popular in the choir lofts, but his oratorios have been shelved, and it has long been recognized that he will be remembered solely as the composer of *Faust*. With that opera he reached the culmination of his achievements and the zenith of his popularity. Only one other of his dramatic works has been associated with it as a possible rival in the critical mind, and that, *Roméo et Juliette* has enjoyed only a small fraction of the popular favor bestowed on *Faust*. The career of this work is, indeed, without parallel in the annals of the lyric stage. Nearly two years ago it celebrated its six hundredth performance at the Grand Opéra in Paris, into whose list it was accepted in 1869. In the ten years during which it belonged to the repertory of the Théâtre Lyrique it was performed four hundred times. None of its companions, save *Roméo et Juliette*, can be said to be living to-day. *Philémon et Baucis*, *Sapho*, and *Mireille* have been remodelled and revised, but all in vain. The vital spark is not in them, and galvanism does no good. Under the circumstances it is easy to understand how it came to pass that the gossips of Paris once professed to doubt Gounod's authorship of *Faust*, and told a pretty fable to the effect that the opera had been composed by a monk, whose contempt for the wicked and frivolous world was so great that to escape the burden of glory, honor, and fame which he knew the opera would bring him, he gave the score to Gounod, with the injunction to copy it and announce it as his own. Of course this is the veriest and foolishest fiction. The style of composition which characterizes *Faust* is present in all of Gounod's operas. He wrote none of them if he did not write *Faust*.

THE JAVANESE DANCERS.

AS we watch the odd attitudes and antics of the little Javanese actors we are haunted with the idea of having seen something like it before—something as out of drawing and impossible, and at the same time decorative. They act many different plays, which are all much alike in plot and incidents, treating, I believe, of the loves of beautiful princesses and lovable heroes, and of the interference of villains. All the performances begin with an overture, followed by the entrance of half a dozen demure little nymphées with round soft childish eyes and tiny *retroussé* noses, who place themselves in angular attitudes and bend and twist their slim little brown hands, while the orchestra plays a rhythmic strain. These pretty little chorus girls wear jackets of bright-colored silk, high in the neck and long-sleeved, while the leading ladies have their shoulders and arms uncovered. After they have finished their quaint posing and have modestly withdrawn, the funny man, in a grotesque mask and a long baggy garment, appears, and dances about to lively music. Then comes the princess, her face covered by a white mask, and it dawns upon you that you have seen her archaic Greek profile with the smiling lips, her odd gracefully curved head dress, and the lines of her drapery, and the position of her fingers and toes in ancient Egyptian pictures. It would seem that the similarity of the costume and head-dress could not be purely accidental, nor of the angular exaggerated attitudes, and the type of beauty expressed in the mask, which is so different from the flat-nosed, full-lipped Javanese type. But why should these strange little people preserve ancient Egyptian costumes and poses and profiles, when the Egyptians themselves and other Eastern people have lost them? The hero and villain next appear, but as they both look equally villainous, it is hard to distinguish them. With their grotesque red and blue masks and elaborate top-knots and their absurd strutting and prancing motions, they look like angry cocks. The music accompanies them through all their fights and bickerings with Wagnerian dramatic effect, and is sometimes slow and measured and sometimes agitated, but always expressive. By this time one has abandoned the idea of attempting to unravel the plot, and gives one's self up to admiring the dancers, who next appear. The Javanese women combine in their faces much of the beauty of the Hindoo and piquancy of the Japanese types, and have little

slim graceful arms and fingers and beautiful soft olive skin. The men are generally thin, dried up, and wiry, and have none of the beauty of the women. There are four or five of the pretty dancers, and they go through their performance with charming solemnity, in spite of a constantly repressed tendency to giggling, which they evidently consider very naughty. As they appear in Chicago in the pretty bamboo and matting theatre, with its red cotton curtains and decorations of dried palm leaves, the cold blue daylight shining on them from above and the rosy glow of the foot-lights from below, and with the rich dusky colors of the orchestra with their red jackets and blue and green and gold lacquered instruments for a background, they present a feast of color never to be forgotten.

THE REASSEMBLING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE extra winter session of Parliament commences on November 2d, and will be continued until within a few days before Christmas. Parliament is usually in session for seven months in the year. This year its sessions will extend over nearly ten months, the extra session being due to the time during which the House of Commons was exclusively occupied with the Home-rule Bill in the sittings from February to September. No English measure of first importance was advanced beyond its initial stages in the early part of the session. Numerous important bills were introduced, but all except two are to be abandoned for the present year. The two which are to be persisted in and taken up during the winter session are the District and Parish Councils Bill and the bill amending the Employers' Liability Act of 1880.

Under ordinary circumstances there would be little difficulty in proceeding with the Parish Councils Bill, for it is intended to complete the work which was begun by Lord Salisbury's administration, when in 1888 it carried the County Government Act through Parliament. This measure took county administration out of the hands of the squirearchy and placed it in those of county councils, in the election of which all rate-payers, whether men or women, have a vote. The measure of 1888 however, dealt only with the counties. The villages and the small unincorporated towns were left as they have existed for sixty years, with a system of local government quite out of keeping with that which exists in the counties and in the large towns and cities. In county and municipal government the democracy rules. In the small towns and villages, local administration is still associated with the Church, and largely in the hands of what is known as the vestry—that is, the annual meeting in the vestry of the church, at which church wardens, overseers of the poor, and members of highway boards are elected. In these meetings the land-owners and the large farmers are the dominating influence, and the laborer has scarcely any voice at all.

The bill now pending in Parliament is intended to sweep away the antiquated vestry system, and replace it by councils for districts and councils for each parish or group of small parishes, in the election of which all householders shall have a voice, and the squire and the Church of England clergyman no more power than their neighbors. Both Liberals and Conservatives are pledged to this reform; only want of time prevented the Conservatives and Unionists from entering upon the work in the 1886-92 Parliament, and if home rule were out of the way, both parties would without doubt co-operate, as they did in 1888, and produce as satisfactory a measure as the County Government Act of that year. But the Conservatives and the Unionists are opposed to any indefinite hanging up of the Home-rule Bill. They desire an early general election fought exclusively on the Irish question, and committed though they are to a further measure of local government to complete the act of 1888, they are not likely to be parties to any legislative measure which will tend to delay the election on the Home-rule Bill, or to give the Gladstonian Liberals an opportunity of fulfilling their numerous pledges made in the election of 1892, in order to improve their position with the electors in 1894.

It is the same with the Employers' Liability Bill. Both the Liberals and the Conservatives are now anxious to be on the side of labor, and were it not for the Irish question, the Employers' Liability Bill, drastic as it is, would soon be passed to the House of Commons. This measure amends the Act of 1880 in several particulars. Its most important clause is one which absolutely prohibits employers and employed from mutually contracting themselves out of the provisions of the Employers' Liability laws. All the great railway companies are up in arms against the measure, but it will pass the House of Commons between now and Christmas, if Mr. Gladstone can only keep all the five or six sections of his following in as regular attendance at Westminster as they were during the committee stage of the Home-rule Bill. The Employers' Liability Bill and the Parish Councils Bill are not measures which would commend themselves to the House of Lords; under any circumstances the Lords would haggle over either bill sent up from a House of Commons in which there was a radical majority. In the present situation of affairs they may throw out both, in order to provoke an immediate appeal to the country on the Home-rule Bill. The Liberals are inclined to hope that the Lords will take this course. Both measures closely touch the democracy, and it would greatly broaden the case against the House of Lords if it was to throw out these bills.

The agitation against the House of Lords on the Home-rule Bill has not proceeded very far. At the autumnal meetings in the constituencies at which the members of the House of Commons render to the electors an account of their services during the Parliamentary session, the radicals have adopted resolutions condemning the Lords in accordance with the sentiment of the manifesto of the National Liberal Federation. But so far there have been no great demonstrations against the Upper Chamber, and none of the popular outbursts of indignation which followed the action of the House of Lords in 1884 when it showed a disposition to delay the measure of Parliamentary reform which subsequently enfranchised two millions of voters in the rural and mining constituencies.

"HARPER'S WEEKLY" AND THE WORLD'S FAIR

A LIST OF WORLD'S FAIR SUBJECTS PICTORIALLY TREATED IN THE FOLLOWING NUMBERS OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

1780 Officers of the World's Columbian Commission.
1782 Colonel George R. Davis, Director-General; Hon. James A. McKenzie, Chief Assistant.
1778 Proposed Plans and Sites.
1790 The Government Building. The Sham Battle-ship.
1791 Bird's-eye View.
1792 The Woman's Building. Miss Minerva Parker. Columbian Monument. Queen Isabella Pavilion.
1793 The Electrical Building. The Mines Building.
1794 The Agricultural Building. The Administration Building.
1795 View looking south through the Lagoon.
1796 The Pier and the Casino.
1797 The Machinery Hall.
1800 The Transportation Building. The Horticultural Building.
1805 The Administration Building.
1806 World's Fair Officers—Moses P. Handy; Hon. Benjamin Butterworth; Halsey R. Ives; W. T. Baker; Charles L. Hutchinson; Anthony F. Seeberger.
1811 View of the Art Building.
1812 World's Fair Commissioners Abroad.
1813 The Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building.
1818 The Massachusetts Building.
1822 The Present State of the Grounds and Buildings—Six Illustrations.
1826 Bird's-eye View of the Buildings and Grounds as they will appear in 1893—Four-page Supplement.
1829 A Visit to the Roof of the Woman's Building.
1832 The Allegorical Group of War for the Administration Building.
1833 Sketches of World's Fair Buildings—Five Illustrations.
1834 Proposed New York State Building—the Van Rensselaer Manor-House. The Art Institute. The Administration, the Mines, and the Electricity Buildings.
1836 Working under Canvas on the Mines Building.
1837 The Congressional Visit to Chicago.
1838 The Statue of "The Republic." Placing Exterior Decorations.
1839 One of the large Iron Arches for the Machinery Building in Place. Plasterers at Work.
1840 The Great Derrick.
1841 The Grand Court.
1842 Bits about the Grounds—Four Illustrations.
1843 The Pennsylvania State Building. In the Designing-Room, Bureau of Construction.
1845 The Buildings from the Wooded Island. A Sculptor's Studio. Details of the Fisheries Building. Sunday Visitors at Jackson Park. Workers in Staff. Constructing the Manufactures Building. The North Dakota Building. The Wisconsin Building. The Government Building.
1848 Quitting Hour at Jackson Park.
1849 Pay-Day at the Fair Grounds.
1853 Portion of West Front of the Agricultural Building.
1854 Buildings in Course of Construction—Nine Illustrations.
1856 Figure of "Flora" for Machinery Hall. The British Building. Models for Live-stock Entrance.
1859 The Manufactures Building—View from Lake Shore. The Minnesota Building. The Georgia Building. The Ohio Building. The New York Building.
1861 Pediment for Agricultural Building.
1863 Interior of Manufactures Building, showing Base of one of the great Arches.
1865 The Golden Doorway—Main Entrance to Transportation Building. The Manufactures Building, looking northeast. The Administration Building. Statues for the Agricultural Building. South End of the Mines Building. The Algerian Village. The Workmen's Noonday Meal.
1867 Architectural Bits at the World's Fair.
1871 The Dedication Ceremonies in the Manufactures Building. Mural Decorations in the Manufactures Building. The Triumphal Arch and some Street Decorations. The New York Building. Dedication Ceremonies: the Grand Court.
1875 The Horticultural Building.
1876 The Gallery of Fine Arts.
1878 Decoration at the southern Entrance of the Agricultural Building.
1880 A Group of State Buildings—Indiana, Rhode Island, Iowa, West Virginia, Kansas, Connecticut, South Dakota, Arkansas, and Illinois Buildings.
1882 The Woman's Building.
1884 The Kalsomining Machine for covering large Surfaces.
1888 The Statue of "The Republic."
1890 East Entrance to the Horticultural Building.
1891 At Work on the Japanese Building. Buildings at the Columbian Exposition—the Utah, Haiti, Colorado, Maryland, Missouri, and Florida Buildings.
1892 The United States Corner in the Manufactures Building.
1894 Finishing the large Statues.
1895 Unpacking Exhibits in the Art Gallery.
1896 South Entrance to the Electricity Building.
1899 South Entrance to the Manufactures Building. The Opening Ceremonies—the Presidential Party. President Cleveland passing the Manufactures Building; Introducing President Cleveland to the Foreign Commissioners, looking towards Fountain and Manufactures Building, looking south across Plaza east of Administration Building at the Moment the President touched the Button. The Midway Plaisance. The Central Power Plant annexed to Machinery Hall. The Golden Doorway to the Transportation Building. General View of the Buildings from the Lake, and the Peristyle as seen from the Grand Court (Four-page Supplement). The Chicago Harbour.
1900 The Sunday Crowd besieging the Gates. The German Village. The Turks and their Sedan Chair in the Midway Plaisance. Wall of the Hungarian Village. Entrance to the Turkish Theatre. Javanese at Work. Dedication of the Swedish Building.
1901 The Macmonnies Fountain in the Grand Court. The Obelisk and Entrance to the Shoe Pavilion. North Entrance to the Machinery Building.
1902 South Entrance to the Mines Building. Ho-oden, or Phoenix Hall. The Boone and Crockett Club. The Missouri Building.
1903 Sunday opening of the Fair—the Crowd entering the Grounds. Venetian Gondolas on the Lagoon.
1904 In the Manufactures Building. In and about the Midway Plaisance.
1905 In the Terminal Station. Big Guns in the War Department, Government Building. The Grand Court at Night—Electrical Illumination of Macmonnies's Fountain and the Administration Building.
1906 Dedication of the German Building. The World's Congress of Beauty in the Procession. An Egyptian Marriage in the Cairo Street. Procession of Foreign Peoples from the Midway Plaisance.
1907 In the India Building. The great Ferris Wheel.
1908 The Fourth of July Crowds going to the Fair Grounds.
1909 Burning of the Cold-storage Warehouse.
1911 Half Way up the Ferris Wheel. An Evening Concert near the Administration Building. The Johnson Family on the Midway Plaisance.
1912 The Johnson Family visit Jackson Park in the Evening.
1913 The Johnson Family visit the Dahomey Village.
1914 An Evening at Old Vienna. The Post-office in the Government Building. The Johnson Family in Cairo Street.
1915 A Hot Day at the Fair. An Evening on the Lagoon. Mr. Johnson hires a Rolling-chair.
1916 Aboard the Battle-Ship. British Empire Day at the Fair. Trooping the Colors. Visitors in the Fisheries Building. The Johnson Family in the Esquimau Village.
1917 In the Cairo Street. The Johnson Family visit Lady Aberdeen's Irish Village and Blarney Castle.
1918 The English Military Tournament. Section of a great Ocean Steamship in the Transportation Building. The Johnson Family visit the Village of the South Sea Islanders. The Lake Shore, looking north.
1919 At the Javanese Theatre in Midway Plaisance. The Russian Horse Exhibit. The Johnson Family ride in a Gondola.
1919 At the Arab Fantasya.
1920 The Midway Plaisance at Night. The Johnson Family witness the Drill of the Life-saving Crew. The Dance of the Dahomeyans in the Midway Plaisance.
1921 The Grand Arch of the Peristyle. The Johnson Family visit the Lapland Village.

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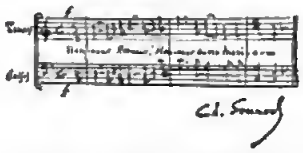
CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES AND VIN MARIANI.

It is often asserted that notoriety is not fame, but, although this may be perfectly true in respect of individuals, it does not hold good in regard to certain products. Notoriety on the part of a medicinal preparation is but a synonym for popularity. For example, a Tonic Wine which for many years throughout Europe has been recognized by the Medical Profession as the "Tonic *par excellence*," and which in our country has also won universal esteem, is known as "Vin Mariani" (Mariani Wine). Now, if there be one thing more than another that strikes the attention in reference to this remarkable Tonic, it is the unreservedly favorable reception which it has invariably received and the enthusiasm it has called forth on the part of those who have availed themselves of its tonic and rejuvenescent properties.

This is no idle boast, for documentary evidence of its unrivalled and otherwise unprecedented popularity is to be found in a highly interesting and artistic work known to the favored few as the "Album Mariani." This Album is being published in France, and when completed will com-

CHARLES GOUNOD.



prise no fewer than fourteen volumes, containing upwards of 600 etched portraits by Adolphe Lalauze, of persons of distinction in the world of Authors, Composers, Physicians, Lawyers, Churchmen, Painters, Lyric and Dramatic Artists, Statesmen, Journalists, and Poets, who have, as if by mutual collaboration, extended appropriate words of praise for the services rendered to each individually for the beneficial results obtained from the use of this famous wine, "à la coca," bearing Monsieur Mariani's name.

The mere enumeration of the celebrities who thus testify to the properties of "Vin Mariani" would take up more space than we can devote to it, however convincing such a recapitulation would be. Gounod, the composer of so many entrancing melodies, writes to M. Mariani to congratulate him on his "admirable wine, which has so often restored me from exhaustion"; Henry Irving, the exponent of histrionic art, "has found it excellent, and is well convinced of

ÉMILE ZOLA.

its quality"; Ambroise Thomas, the operatic composer and the Director of the Paris Conservatoire, who has so largely contributed to raise musical art in France to its present position, declares himself constrained by feelings of gratitude "to sing praises of Mariani Wine"; Victorien Sardou, the well-known dramatic author, proclaims in poetic rhythm, "that one is tempted to feel unwell and depressed in order to have an excuse for resorting to Mariani Wine, so agreeable to the palate is this unfailing tonic"; Emile Zola writes to Monsieur Marmol, quoting from his recent book, "Doctor Pascal," Chapter XI: "The Elixir of Life, which combats human debility, the one real cause of every ill; a veritable scientific fountain of youth, which, in giving vigor, health and energy, would create an entirely new and superior race." From his Eminence the late Cardinal Lavigerie: "Your admirable wine, which has conferred on my 'White Fathers' the strength and courage to undertake the civilization of Asia and Africa." We note appropriate words of praise from Adelina Patti, Albani, Ernes, Capoul, De Reszke, and Madame Sarah Bernhardt; in fact, a gor-

SARAH BERNHARDT.

geous array of artists in the Lyric and Dramatic Profession, whose arduous duties call for just such a reliable tonic stimulant. The late Sir Morell Mackenzie wrote, "I have much pleasure in stating that I have used 'Vin Mariani' for many years, and consider it a valuable stimulant and particularly serviceable in the case of vocalists."

These are but a few autographs culled from among thousands. Their sincerity cannot be called into question, for no motive save that of hearty satisfaction could have induced men so eminent in their respective domains and so far from each other, to testify independently, though with a common accord, to the efficacy of this restorer of the vital forces which hastens convalescence and remedies mental and physical exhaustion.

Mariani, in his researches, found that from the earliest times the Coca plant has been in use in South America. The various authors of books on travel and on European conquests, such as Oviedo, Pedro Cieza de Leon, Zarate, Lopez de Gomara, and others, describe, in glowing colors, the great esteem in which it has always been held by the natives.

It is difficult to judge of the feelings of the men who arrived in an unknown land, dazzled at the sight of a pro-

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL LAVIGERIE.

fusion of gold, scattered in palaces, in temples, and even in the most simple dwellings, whose eyes shone with covetousness on seeing so many riches, which they came from so far to take away, and for the conquest of which they would commit the most atrocious acts—acts unworthy not only of Christians, but even of barbarians—when they saw that the gold for which they had such savage avidity was almost disdained by the natives, who instead attached a priceless value to a little insignificant-looking leaf. What could be the marvellous properties of this leaf, which circulated in place of money, and which truly was in some way a sacred leaf, since it figured in sacrifices, and was found in temples and on statues of idols?

Invaders conquered and enslaved these people. Not only did they dispossess them of their riches, and torture them to extract more and more gold from them, but they degraded them to be beasts of burden, compelled them to carry heavy, bulky weights over the rugged and steep mountains, and made them even run ahead of their horses; and the unfortunate natives were not overcome by the terrible fatigues, sufficient to exhaust and kill any human being, walking daily long distances, carrying despatches, running night and day, deprived of nourishment, not even finding an arid rocky water to quench their thirst.

ADELINA PATTI.

How could they bear such almost superhuman labor, even be cheerful and gay, healthy, and not suffer a moment with prostration? They had in their mouths a small quantity of Coca, and that was sufficient to refresh them, to cheer them, and to give them new strength. They called it "The Divine Plant," attributing to it the most wonderful properties.

In Peru, under the dynasty of the Incas, Coca was considered as a representation of the Divinity, and the fields where it grew were venerated as sanctuaries. The natives made talismans of the plant; through it they obtained favors of fortune, triumphs in love, the cure of disease, and relief from pain; it made oracles speak, and rendered responses less ominous; its presence in their homes kept away all accidents and crime.

Nor must it be supposed that the many legends which are attached to Coca are as fabulous as they seem; when disengaged from the superstition which surrounds them

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

they only prove the precious virtues of "The Divine Plant." Thus, the natives would not dare to visit the sepulchres of their dead without chewing some leaves of Coca. In point of fact, the exhalations from the tombs of the country are unhealthy, and produce a poisonous action upon the nervous system—an action efficaciously combated by the tonic properties of the Coca.

Again, it was believed that metals could not be extracted from the mountains if the workmen did not chew the sacred leaf. The truth is, the strengthening juice of Coca gave the miners the necessary energy to strike effective blows, and due consideration of each of the marvellous tales current among the Peruvians might show that the superstitious side is only an exaggeration of the truth. It is certain that, suffering from a lack of substantial food and forced to perform arduous labor, it is Coca which in part makes up to them the want of nourishment.

Based on the extraordinary reputation of Coca in its native country, Mariani, the well-known chemist, was the first to popularize Coca in Europe, over thirty years ago, he made a careful study of the subject, published a number of important books on Coca, which can be found in the library of nearly every physician; he produced his marvellous wine and after repeated clinical tests as to its efficacy, in which he had the collaboration of such authorities as Professors See, Déchambre, Gubler, Beaumetz, and Fauvel in France, Serge Botkin in Russia, Lennox Browne and Morell

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE.

Mackenzie in England, Zawerthal Massei and Cozzolino in Italy, and Elsberg and Fordyce Barker in the United States, it is now known as "Vin Mariani," is the most popular tonic stimulant, and has the confidence of the medical profession throughout Europe as well as in this country.

Briefly stated, "Vin Mariani" is a perfectly safe and reliable diffusible stimulant and tonic; a powerful aid to digestion and assimilation; admirably adapted for children, invalids, and convalescents. It improves the appetite, and also has a remarkable effect in strengthening the voice and in maintaining its tone. For these purposes it is largely employed by clergymen, actors, *et hoc genus omne* who are called upon to speak in public.

A pamphlet has been called to our attention dated from the New York offices of Mariani & Co., 52 W. 15th Street, which contains a collection of portraits and autographs of celebrities who have benefited by the use of "Vin Mariani." If you send for the pamphlet you will receive it, and we accept *d'avance* your thanks, as we know it will be interesting and appreciated.

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W. H. K. Pollock H. Chassel G. H. D. Gossip F. J. Lee Ad. Albin H. N. Pillsbury M. Frankel A. P. Higgins, President W. Rigden, Vice-President E. S. Duhl F. M. Jewett S. Lipschutz L. Goldsmith

J. M. Hanham. J. Ryan. E. Delmar. N. Jasnogrodsky. J. W. Showalter. L. Schmidt. E. Lasker. T. Teichmann. E. N. Olly.

CHAMPION CHESS-PLAYERS.

CHESS CHAMPIONS.

The Columbian Chess Congress, projected last summer, failing to materialize, the Manhattan Chess Club therefore determined to bring about the impromptu international chess tournament recently finished.

Emanuel Lasker, of Berlin, champion of England, secured the first prize, making a clean score of 13 wins out of a possible 13. Adolph Albin, of Austria, received second prize, with a score of 8½ won, 4½ lost, while F. J. Lee, of England, Eugene Delmar, of New York, and Jackson W. Showalter, champion of America, divided the third, fourth, and fifth prizes, each having a score of 8 won, 5 lost.

Lasker's score is remarkable in that he has made two new records for international tournament play—for winning twelve consecutive games and for winning every game played, but it should be remembered that none of the recognized leading chess masters of the world, say Steinitz, Tarrasch, Tschigorin, Weiss, Gunsberg, Blackburn, Winawer, Burn, Mason, played against him. Nevertheless, the uncertainty of tournament play, the almost unvaried ease of Lasker's wins, and his splendid end-play strategy prove him a chess star of exceptional brilliancy.

Pollock was clearly out of form, owing to poor health; so were Gossip and Jasnogrodsky. Schmidt and Olly distinguished their play by fugitive games of high spirit.

The greatest surprise of the whole result is the score of Pillsbury. The young Bostonian was looked upon as a sure second prize taker when the contest started. His games were won by brilliant combinations and middle-game play. In fact, he seemed to have overlooked that a drawn game counted a half win, for in the games with Albin, Delmar, and Lasker, he might have secured draws. This last game was the hardest of all the champion's wins. Pillsbury, at twenty, is an accomplished chess strategist; a little weak in end play, and with inexperience at tournament play, together with a certain impatience, which will be corrected later on. He has shown that he has in him positive chess genius.

The following is the correct score of all the players who contested the impromptu international tournament.

	Albin	Delmar	Gossip	Hanham	Jasnogrodsky	Lasker	Lee	Olly	Pillsbury	Pollock	Ryan	Schmidt	Showalter	Teichmann	Total Won
A. Albin	..	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	1	1	½	8½
Eugene Delmar	0	..	½	0	1	0	½	1	1	1	½	1	½	1	8
G. H. D. Gossip	0	½	..	1	0	0	0	½	0	½	0	0	0	0	2½
J. Moore Hanham	0	1	0	..	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	½	7½
N. Jasnogrodsky	0	0	1	0	..	0	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	4
E. Lasker	1	1	1	1	1	..	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	13
F. J. Lee	0	½	1	1	0	0	..	1	1	1	1	1	0	½	8
E. N. Olly	1	0	½	0	0	0	0	..	0	1	0	0	1	0	3½
H. N. Pillsbury	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	1	..	0	1	1	1	1	7
W. H. K. Pollock	1	0	½	0	1	0	0	0	1	..	0	0	½	1	5
J. S. Ryan	1	½	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	..	0	0	½	5
L. Schmidt	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	1	..	0	0	5
J. W. Showalter	0	½	1	1	1	0	1	0	0	½	1	1	..	1	8
T. Teichmann	½	0	1	½	1	0	½	1	0	0	½	1	0	..	6
Total lost	4½	5	10½	5½	9	0	5	9½	6	8	8	8	5	7	91

AMATEUR SPORT

Since the Australian cricketers have recovered the use of their sea-legs something like a correct estimate of their abilities can be made on the showing of the second match with Philadelphia. Allowing for the wonderful improvement in the quality of Philadelphia's play (which is tantamount to saying of American play), and for the queer manner in which the wickets at Manheim (rendered doubly treacherous by the rain) played, there can be no doubt that the present Australian team is vastly inferior to Murdoch's eleven. The present team is particularly weak in bowling and fielding, for although Trumble was quite successful with the ball on a bowler's wicket, and although the score of the Philadelphians would have been smaller even than it was if the fielding had been decently good, the visitors owed more of their success at Manheim to the weak-hearted batting of their opponents than they did to the skill of their own trundlers.

As for their fielding, it was about as miserable an exhibition of fumbling and muffing as it has been my lot to witness in a first-class match in recent years. The visitors seemed to be utterly unable either to judge a catch or to hold on to it when they had it fairly in their hands.

Compared with the fielding of former Australian elevens that have visited us it was atrocious. Bannerman and Gregory were notable exceptions to the general slovenliness displayed by the Colonials in the field, both of these players manifesting a degree of keenness and general alertness in anticipating and fielding balls that was in refreshing contrast to the work of their *confrères*. Even the mighty Blackham was not up to his old-time form; but this only corroborates the opinion expressed in this column in advance of the arrival of the team that the once great wicket-keeper has gone off in his play. The whole team seemed to be suffering from staleness superinduced by its long siege of hard work in England.

It cannot be said that the Australians showed any particular relish for the bowling of King, Bailey, and Clark. They played the Philadelphian bowling with a respect quite remarkable in a team of batsmen that had so recently played against the crack English bowlers with a fair degree of success. This of course speaks volumes for the quality of the local trundling, which, backed up as it was by really excellent fielding, was very deadly. Of the Philadelphian bowlers, Bailey and King were perhaps the most successful, both of them bothering the visitors to a considerable extent. The Australians, profiting by their experience at Elmwood, where their slow bowlers were unmercifully hammered, bowled a faster pace at Manheim with good results. Slow leg-breakers, once the bugbears of the Philadelphia batsmen, have long since lost their terrors.

The fielding of the locals was beyond praise. Every man on the team worked like a Trojan. The out field covered lots of ground, and saved many boundary hits, while Wood and others took care of everything that came in their way.

The batting of Philadelphia was very disappointing in the second match. After their fine display in the first match, it was confidently hoped that at least they would be able to make a good showing against the Australian bowling. Such was not the case, however. Trumble managed to strike a spot at the beginning of the Philadelphians' second inning, and from that point on he was simply unplayable. He secured three such wickets as Patterson's, Bailey's, and R. D. Brown's for no runs. Small as was the Philadelphians' total, it would have been much less if the Australians had shown any disposition to take even a moiety of the numerous chances given them to retire their opponents. It was a clear case of scare on the part of the native players; they were virtually "out" before they took their stand at the wickets. The Philadelphians seem always to be either all confidence or all fright. With the single exception of F. H. Bohlen, not one of them showed any defence at all. They played forward at short-pitched fallers, and in other ways displayed a lamentable lack of science. It was difficult to recognize in the timid half-hearted batsmen at Manheim the cool confident players of the previous week. The Australians clearly demonstrated their superiority to the Philadelphians on a difficult wicket. Their bowlers seemed to be able to take advantage of the peculiarities of the ground, while their batsmen displayed greater coolness and nerve than did their opponents.

Philadelphians have not yet learned to play on anything but a hard true wicket. This was shown during the visits of Lord Hawke's and the Irish Gentlemen's elevens, when the matches lost by them were played on treacherous pitches. It is on a soft or otherwise difficult wicket that a really scientific batsman is revealed. When on a hard true wicket the ball rises from the pitch without a particle of break or devil, there is but little credit in making a score. On such a wicket as the latter I very much doubt whether the Australians would be able to win from the American batsmen, but on such a sudden crease as that of Manheim they would probably win a majority of the games.

It would not be just to omit mention of the exceptionally meritorious batting of F. H. Bohlen. This gentleman completely outclassed his colleagues, and for that matter any of the batsmen on either side, his average of 102½ for three completed innings, made by sound defence and hard, clean, well-timed hitting, being sufficient to stamp him as a first-class man. His success was all the more gratifying because his selection as a member of the team had been made the subject of considerable adverse criticism.

In spite of their poor stick work, the Philadelphians deserve a great deal of credit for the manner in which they kept down the Australians' score.

The Australians had no trouble in defeating the eighteen alleged cricketers pitted against them in Boston. How in the name of all that is wonderful eighteen men could be disposed of for 27 runs passeth my comprehension. The New Englanders should take up some game more in the line of their talents. They are evidently incapable of mastering the intricacies of cricket. Even Detroit, which has made small pretence to skill in the game, were able to score 74 runs in their match against the Australians. The New York eighteen managed to stand out against the visitors better than either Boston or Detroit; but, for all that, the trip of the Australians tells us over again that, outside of Philadelphia, there is no American cricket worthy the name.

Yale's play is beginning to take on something of the mark of their captain. While the general style of all Yale teams is distinctive, as compared with that of the other universities, each has borne the impress of its captain's character. McClung's team was a dodging shifty one, full of resource. McCormick's was far less self-reliant, but had more steady, determined push. Hinkey's will play absolutely without regard to flesh and blood, will go where it is sent, even though against a wall. It will have none of the resourceful turning and twisting in emergencies of McClung, nor the open and push style of McCormick, but a silent teeth-set smash, smash, smash against the opponents. It will take a number of men to carry it through to a finish, and it will be a hazardous task to accomplish successfully.

McClung's team was never at a loss what to do. No better instance of its shifty ability could be found than in the Princeton game, when the Jersey men, profiting by watching the Harvard-Yale game, met and checkmated the entire play through the first half, only to find a new adversary in the second half, which scored upon them almost at will.

McCormick's team by steady pressure upon Harvard's centre gradually wore down into Harvard's goal until on the line at the call of time. Then in the second half they began the same open-and-push, open-and-push, until they carried the ball over, and this in spite of having all the time to make good the most blundering muffs and stopped kicks of the men behind the line. It was this weakness which all through sapped anything like self-reliance, and made it an uncertain team.

Hinkey's team will have profited by the lesson in that respect, and there will be more education instilled into his halves and backs upon these points. His team will be able to catch and punt, but their chief offensive is a hurling of first one man and then another against his opponents without cessation, and with a thoroughly reckless abandon. Hinkey has given them his own scorn of physical hurt, but he cannot give them his own ability to stand the work, and by November they will be pretty tender, unless eased up soon. Following out the regular lines of Yale's policy, little or no general team work will be introduced until after the first of the final month, but by that time there will be no man ignorant of the ground work of his position, and the coaches will therefore be able to give their entire attention to unity of action.

The return of De Witt throws a new light upon the half-back situation at New Haven. Not that he may displace Armstrong, who has been doing good, steady, improving work, but will crowd in for second half against Thorne, Hall, and Eaton. He is a better man than any of them naturally, but the lead of a month's practice is considerably in their favor. Graves lost his place to F. D. Bliss last year by being laid up three weeks with a bad knee. In those three weeks' enforced illness Bliss gained so upon him that Graves never could again overtake him. It may be so with Thorne and De Witt. A week or two will probably show. It is needless to add that we none of us put much faith in the report that De Witt will not go on the field. It is too hard for a good man to keep away.

There are also men who suggest that Morris is too good to be caught by Adee now at quarter. Morris has been remarkably steady for a new man, and shown few

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weaknesses, but for all that, I should be inclined to pick Adee as Hinkey's probable choice, on account of his greater experience, which is considered so valuable in a quarter. That it will be a struggle between them, however, goes without saying.

Hinkey seems to be rather partial to Treadway, a comparatively new end, and since Cochran has been laid off with a broken nose this man has been putting in such good work that he is reasonably sure to be taken as a substitute. He is one of last year's Freshman crew, but is lively and seems to have a pretty good idea of end play. He gets pocketed occasionally, but is a hard tackler when he reaches his man, and does not crowd out of the way easily. He is too slow in running to completely fill the requirements of the position, but so, for the matter of that, is Greenway.

That Murphy is going to make a place in this year's Yale team at tackle is already fairly evident to those who follow the practice closely. He is far surer of it than Messler, although at present these two would be the make-up. Yale seems to be alliterative in that position. Last year it was Winter and Wallis; this year Murphy and Messler. Murphy has, both in his play in the scrub and the 'varsity, shown that his side of the line is hard to break, and in the Dartmouth game, after a few attempts to run through on either side, the Dartmouth captain chose Messler's as the weaker, and jammed it repeatedly for gains. Murphy's strongest point is his quickness. He makes up his mind instantly on the start, and shoots in at his man, getting him low and hard. He has much to learn, of course, but coacher Rhodes will find in him a very clever pupil.

With Messler there appears to be something wrong. He is powerful, and much more agile than he was last year, but both scrub and outside teams seem to find their way through him. They tangle him up in the mass, and crowd their runner over or by him with an exasperating frequency that would have driven Wally Winter mad. It does not look like a lack of hard work, but more the complaint that has afflicted much of the Harvard material this season, namely, a want of knowledge as to what to do after getting through the line, or, more properly, an inability to think quickly enough in diagnosing the play.

In fact Chadwick and Holcombe are pushing Messler very hard, and in the Amherst game showed up to good advantage. Chadwick is a little too eager, and gets off side, but he is a fierce tackler, and carries his man clear off his feet when he strikes him. There may be more to say of these two after Rhodes has had a turn at them.

Stillman received quite a bad hurt in the Dartmouth game in meeting a wedge, and Hinkey replaced him with Beard, but since the game the injury has turned out more serious than was expected, and it may give Beard a more permanent opportunity of playing centre. Beard is greatly improved over his form of last season, but he does not overwork himself upon any occasion. That has been his stumbling-block always, and it enabled McCrea to beat him out for the position of guard last year. He is big, strong, and well made, of the kind that seldom suffers a wrench or sprain, but he lacks steam, and, while not a "quitter," has not the spirit that will lead a man up to his limit when facing a strong opponent.

Armstrong has made himself sure of one of the half-back places, and he deserves to succeed. There is no stone wall that he will not go into if sent, and a more rugged little chap never wore canvas. He cannot handle punts well yet, and of course is not a kicker, but his running game is improving with every day of practice, and his following of interference shows more head-work than one would expect from a green man. The other open place behind the line is being contested with vigor. Thorne has a bit the lead, but Hall and Eaton are keeping the pace hot.

Slowly but surely Harvard's eleven is gaining strength. During the past week there has been a perceptible advance, especially in the number of men that get into every play. The coachers are hard at work, and never before in the history of football at Cambridge have there been so many graduate players working together for the common good, and at last there is a glimmer of light ahead for the crimson. Lewis, Mackie, and Newell are fixtures in the line, and have been from the first; so also Emmons would have been, but an injury has prevented, though of course he will be found in his old place later. None has shown greater improvement than Acton, heretofore an impossible guard, and he evidently will make a strong bid for the position, for he indeed seems to have "been born again" in football. Who will take the end next to Newell is still an open question, as thus far no one of the candidates has been satisfactory, though at present Stevenson, really a good man of much promise, has the call, but he is closely followed by Whittren and Collamore. The position of left tackle is also vacant, and so many different men have been tried in the place at such short intervals that there has been hardly enough seen of any one to correctly estimate his ability. Beal and Johnson appeared to be best qualified last week; the former is a hard worker, if a little light.

Back of the line Fairchild seems to be firmly fixed in the position of quarter-back. He has improved considerably over last year, but he must not relax his efforts now nor fancy he knows it all. Brewer, of course, is full back. Gray has been laid up with a bad ankle, but he, like Emmons, will be found doing business at the same old stand. Captain Waters and Corbett have done the most of the work, relieved every now and then by either Dunlap or Hoag.

Corbett, as usual, is easing up, and not going into the play with the dash which characterized his work at the beginning of the season, before the second eleven had learned how easily he could be stopped if taken rightly.

John Corbett is a man with a record. When Lake made his first appearance for Harvard, Corbett was with him, and to many who watched the two in that first season it was evident that Corbett was by far the more shifty player of the two, as well as the better all round man, which means that while Lake played a straight hard plunging game of fair gains, and those made with regularity, Corbett was the more nimble both in foot and brain—would take quick advantage of a mistake of his opponents, seldom gave up his run without a final twist and dodge, which sometimes threw off the tacklers when his case looked the most hopeless, and finally was an excellent kicker both of punts and drops. Such a man was Corbett in his first year; but he has been steadily deteriorating ever since, and the last time he played for Harvard in a Yale game was the direct cause of half of Yale's score. No one can tell what sort of a game this man may put up. That he will at times play most phenomenally is thoroughly well known to those who have studied him, but that he will do this when wanted is beyond the power of coach or critic to know. He has been unreliable, and feels it himself; but there is no half back or back to-day that can match him on his good days.

The eleven, as a whole, is rapidly learning football, and as soon as the right men are found for the vacant places and allowed to remain there, it will not be many days before better team-play is seen on Jarvis Field than ever before.

Harvard interference begins, indeed, to have some character to it. For two years Yale has had such a lead in this respect that there was really no comparison between the two. Whatever the early practice and games might disclose, when the two systems were brought face to face, Harvard's seemed like the ragged attempt of a scrub organization, while Yale's came off with a machinelike precision that looked to be the easiest thing in the world, as it would swing McClung or Bliss up into the line and past the opponents with one smooth sweep. There will be no such contrast at Springfield this year. Harvard has learned her lesson, and the coaches have already succeeded in drilling the men up to, perhaps, not finished form, but practical ideas of the movement and the correct place for each individual in the play. In the light of Acton's recent improvement at guard, the scarcity of good men for tackle, and the abundance of material for half-backs, it looks as if Captain Waters could make himself most valuable by going back to his old position—tackle—and filling the vacancy next to Emmons. This only, of course, in case Acton should develop good enough to pair Mackie, and if his playing on Friday against the "old grads" team is his best, he might as well be called out of the race now. If Highlands can handle him as he did, what would become of him against Yale or Pennsylvania? With Waters at tackle and a good man for right end, Harvard would have a line fit to meet Yale, and perfectly able to protect her runners.

Pennsylvania's play has not been what we might expect, even so early in the season, from the number of old men and the quality of material in the ranks. The scores they have rolled up have been good enough, but scores count for little when made against teams that are outclassed. The situation in a nutshell is that Pennsylvania has a rush line of heavy, strong men, nearly all of whom at this time are about half playing their positions, and backs that have much to learn in tackling and following interference. Captain Mackey will have his hands full correcting these faults before his team meets Princeton. With the backs tackling high, a well-guarded rush through the line is likely to result in a touch-down. Brute strength is not everything. Pennsylvania's defence is not strong, and unless brushed up they must win only by scoring more points than the opponent. It is easy now to win against weaker teams by using heavy backs, but in a game where every yard counts it will not avail. When Lehigh scored against them, it was through the line, and although the runner dodged well, he was fairly missed by Osgood, Vail, and Brooke. This kind of defensive work will be relished both by Princeton and Harvard; Abbott has been taught to fall down in front of interference the way Schoff used to do, but a careful runner, after tripping once or twice, will learn how to get around him.

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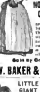

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WHAT THOUGH THE DEFENSIVE WORK MAY BE, Pennsylvania's offensive play is very strong. Her backs are her only real ground-gainers, but they are all fast, heavy runners. Osgood has brought with him from Cornell the run between tackle and end, and is a hard man to stop, for he is strong and fast. But he impresses me as inclining too much to "star" playing. It will not be wise for him to fancy that he is the only man who can advance the ball, or that he cannot be stopped; he will find both illusions dispelled before the season is over. His tackling is high and his interference simply miserable. When he has the ball, he does good work, but when one of the other halves has it, he is little else than a passive observer.

Knipe is the best leader of interference on the team, is a fair kicker, a steady man, and will be placed at full-back. He is faster than last year, and is learning how to dodge, also an improvement. He runs furiously at the line, and is a hard man to stop. Brooks (last year's Swarthmore captain) is a sort of preparatory school player, who has been accustomed to find his own opening, and do most of his work himself, therefore he does not use his interference very well. But he is a good kicker, has a fairly cool head, and handles punts with certainty. Though not so good a ground-gainer as Gilbert, the other half-back candidate, he will be chosen on his superior kicking. He gets more of a twist on the ball than did Thayer, and covers as much ground. It is surprising he kicks so well, for he seems to miss that key-note of all successful kicking—dropping the ball straight. His drop-kicking is weak on this account; much inferior to that of Thayer's. As a ground-gainer he has much to learn, first of all, not to turn his back when he runs into the line.

THORNTON IS THE MOST PROMISING man for centre at present, having passed Wagenhurst; but coach Woodruff's brother (who is taking a medical course in football) is to be tried, and if he can get into shape will be what is commonly termed a "terror." He weighs 193 pounds stripped, is very quick, the fastest runner and most powerful man on the team, hard as iron, and handles Oliver in a scrimmage as though he were a baby. He has been laid off so much because of a bad knee that it is doubtful if he can be taught enough football to fill centre or Reese's place at right tackle. Thornton is not aggressive enough, and allows his readers to steal yards on him in a game.

Wharton is sure of right guard and Oliver of left, though the latter has been tried at his old place, tackle, and may finally be put there, especially if Woodruff can be worked into shape for one of the centre positions.

Simmons has been passed in the race for end by both Rosengarten and Abbott. Gilbert is too valuable a ground-gainer to be lost to the team, and it is quite likely he may be given a trial at end. Mackey will play at left tackle (Lehigh got through him too often), and probably Reese at right.

As a whole, the men do not follow and assist their runner enough; it is their great and vital fault.

The Princeton line is strong and can play a careful defensive game; besides, her backs can tackle, whereas Pennsylvania's line is not together, and just now her backs make a botch of tackling. Princeton will surely be able to gain, and the question is, can Pennsylvania's heavy backs overcome Princeton's strong defensive play, and only two weeks to the game?

THE PRINCETON-CORNELL GAME (46-0, in favor of the former) showed that Princeton is exceptionally strong in defensive work and weak and uncertain in offensive play. They have not had so strong a line since '90, and at no time have they been so weak behind it. Not a man back of the forwards (King excepted) is up to 'varsity form. Allen punts well when there is nothing to bother him, and there his merit ends. He is slow in getting away, weak on interference, runs high, and is unreliable on play requiring prompt and certain action; Rosengarten is a brilliant runner on occasion, and shows more promise than the others from his dodging, but he also runs high, has the great fault of running back to get round a man, does not follow interference, and hits the line as though he were afraid of it. Ward goes well when he gets started, except that he also runs high, and follows interference better than the others. All these men run so high that they are easy marks for a tackler, and are very slow in taking the ball and getting under way. None of them bucks the line as does Barnett, who is much lighter, almost too light for the place. As for fumbling, they do so much of it that is inexcusable even at this time of the season, especially inside the twenty-five-yard line. These weaknesses, fatal ones, require quick and careful attention, and Princeton had better begin correcting them immediately. They need such coaching behind the line as Aleck Moffatt could give them, and very likely he can bring Blake and Burt up to the necessary form at full-back, both are steadier than Allen.

WERE IT NOT FOR KING, Princeton would indeed be in a bad way back of the line. He is unquestionably the life of every play behind the forwards, and Captain Trenchard was wise in putting him at quarter, where his activity—and especially his remarkable tackling—may be used to the best advantage. He goes back on a kick by the other side, and thus will get an occasional opportunity for a run; at such times he should follow interference better, or, rather, Princeton should develop some for him to follow.

With Ballet, Hall, Wheeler, Lea, Holly, Trenchard, and McCauley, Princeton has a line stronger to-day than either Yale's or Harvard's or Pennsylvania's, and it should be equal to whatever calls are made upon it in the games next month. Taylor has made great improvement, and will make a first-class substitute guard, as he is a bit slow for tackle. Ballet is now playing quicker than last year, and the new rule of no centre interference greatly favors his game. Trenchard played a hard, clever game at end Saturday, even if one Cornell runner did get past him. Wheeler bids fair to end the season as the first guard of the year, and Holly is coming around into fine form; so also is Lea. But with all this good material the desired end will not be attained if the offensive play is not stronger and the backs do no better work than they did against Cornell.

CORNELL'S GAME WAS DISAPPOINTING; it was not so good as we had expected, judging from last year's advance in football, nor was it so good as the team has played this year. They showed the want of practice and coaching, and played as one would expect about the second week of the season. The line was loose, the tackling high, and the interference *nil*. The only good thing they did was the flying wedge, which they used for the kick-off play invariably. Physically Cornell has a fine lot of men, and if they work hard for the next two weeks there is no reason why they should not make a good showing in their game against Harvard.

NOTHING SO FULLY SHOWS the development of football as the improvement in its literature. All of us remember the amusingly incorrect newspaper reports of matches only a few years ago. Then Walter Camp began his missionary work among the unenlightened, following it up with the little annual which the Messrs. Spalding Brothers publish. Later he gave to the football reading public his *American Football*, a football classic. Following this, Carl M. Johnson, of Cornell, brought forth a useful little primer, and now Messrs. A. A. Stagg and H. L. Williams have just published the most elaborate and practical pocket manual that beginners in the game have yet had their attention called to. Stagg and Williams are both well known, the former as Yale's end rusher in '86-'90, and one of the closest and most thorough students of the game, and Williams as the Yale half-back in '90, and a player who has thought out and brought many new plays to practical success. There are chapters for beginners and spectators on team-play, tactics, training, and on the several positions, but the most valuable features of the work are the sixty-nine full-page diagrams of plays, showing the exact position of each player in offence and defence, with explanatory descriptions and instruction on interference. In this way over one hundred plays are fully described. It is an extremely useful book for all beginners in football. It is a book every one interested in the subject should add to his collection of football literature.

YACHTING LEFT US NO SPACE LAST WEEK for the football scores, and they are brought up to date, October 21st, in this issue.

October 9, Yale, 34; Crescent A. C., 0. Harvard, 27; Amherst, 0. Princeton, 20; Lehigh, 0. Univ. of Pa., 34; Columbia A. C., 0. West Point Cadets, 36; Lafayette, 0. Univ. of Virginia, 36; Richmond College, 6. Wesleyan, 16; Trinity, 0. October 11, Univ. of Pa., 30; Annapolis Cadets, 0. October 12, Wesleyan, 10; Amherst, 12. October 14, Harvard, 32; Williams, 0. Yale, 22; Dartmouth, 0. Princeton, 16; Crescent, 0. Cornell, 18; Union, 0. Annapolis, 20; Dickinson, 0. Lehigh, 10; West Point, 0. Amherst, 18; Technology, 0. New York A. C., 14; Rutgers, 0. Boston A. C., 0; Brown, 0. Orange A. C., 4; Lafayette, 0. October 19, Yale, 52; Amherst, 0. Princeton, 0; Lawrenceville, 0. Univ. of Pa., 30; Lehigh, 0. Wesleyan, 14; Trinity, 0. Williams, 22; Union, 0. October 21, Harvard, 36; Dartmouth, 0. Yale, 30; Orange A. C., 0. Princeton, 46; Cornell, 0. Univ. of Pa., 30; Crescent A. C., 0. Annapolis, 22; Univ. of Virginia, 0. West Point, 22; Amherst, 4. Wesleyan, 30; Tufts, 14. Brown, 22; Trinity, 0.

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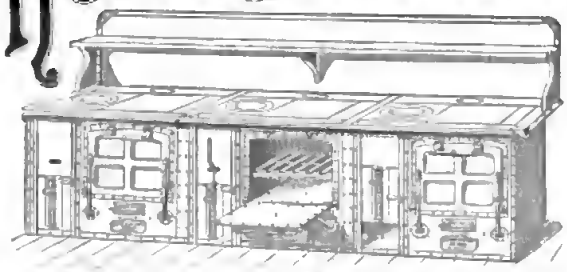

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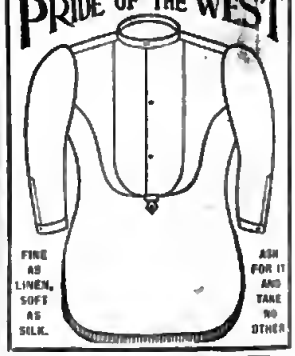

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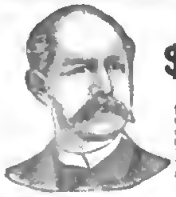

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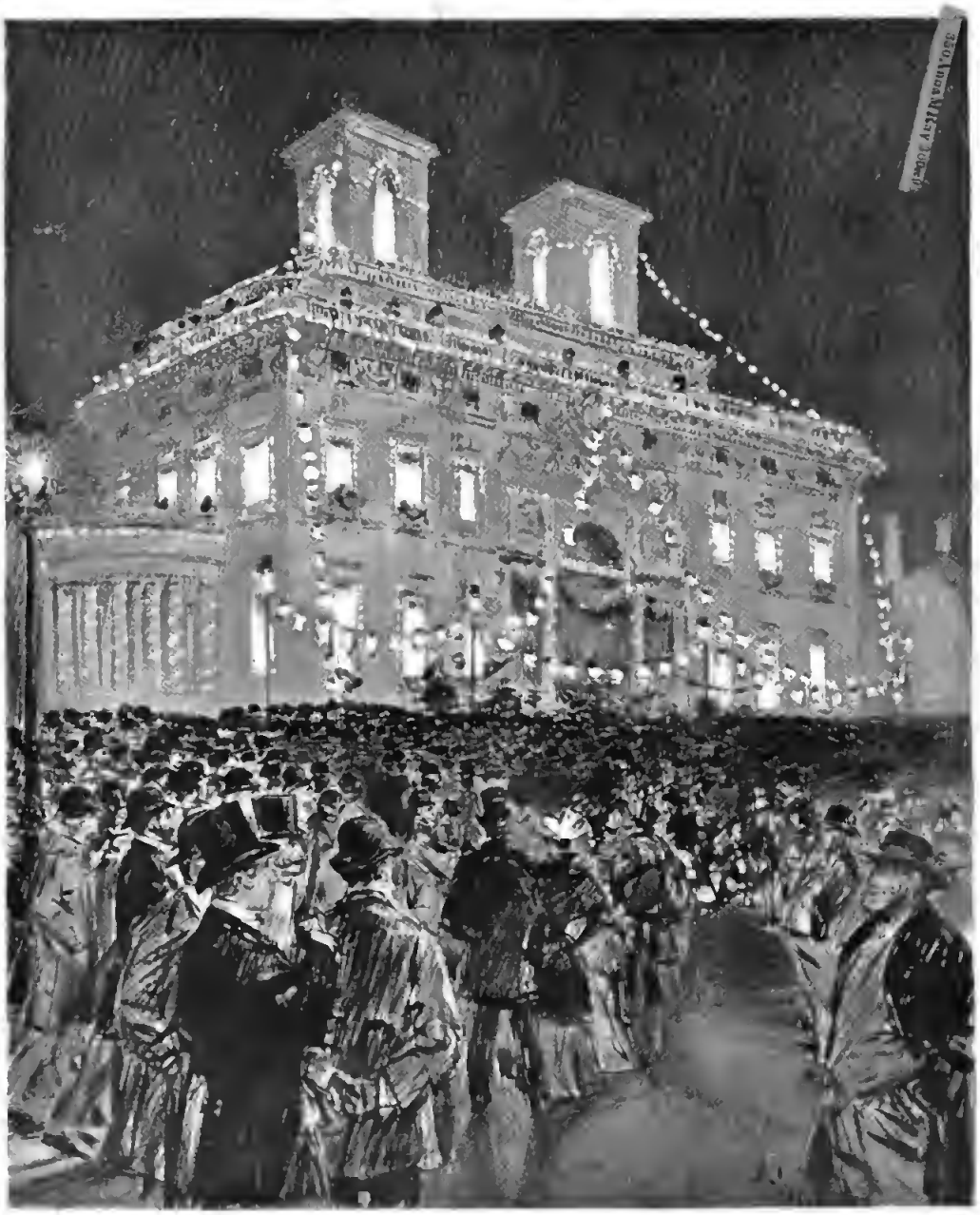

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—MANHATTAN'S GREAT DAY.

The Illumination of the New York Building.—Drawn by Childe Hassam.—[See Page 1002.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 4, 1893.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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INDEPENDENCE IN POLITICS.

IT seems to afford infinite amusement to Republican writers and speakers to see the independents who last year supported Mr. CLEVELAND for the Presidency, and entertained high hopes as to the results of his election, greatly disappointed in some of their expectations. They take especial delight in reminding the independents that they were told so beforehand, and that they would have served the interests of the country as well as their own comfort much better by trusting the Republican party, to which most of them originally belonged.

We admit the premise, but utterly deny the conclusion. We admit that the appointment of VAN ALEN as Ambassador to Italy was a most inexcusable act, fraught with infinite mischief in its teachings and effects. But this grave offence committed by a Democratic President was no worse than the offence committed by a Republican President before him in appointing Mr. WANAMAKER to a cabinet place. We are very far from saying that the appointment of Mr. WANAMAKER by President HARRISON in the slightest degree justifies or excuses the appointment of Mr. VAN ALEN by President CLEVELAND. On the contrary, it ought to have served as a warning example. But we do say that the appointment of Mr. VAN ALEN does not in any sense mitigate the offensive character of the appointment of Mr. WANAMAKER. While greatly disappointed at the most reprehensible conduct of the Democratic President, we cannot reproach ourselves for not having supported for re-election the Republican President, who had done exactly the same thing, and whose conduct we would have endorsed and sanctioned by voting for him. As to the respective attitudes of the two parties with regard to this matter, we may even say that the advantage is on the Democratic side, for while the appointment of WANAMAKER was accepted by the Republican press and the party generally without censure, as an altogether justifiable and proper thing, the most vigorous condemnation of the VAN ALEN appointment came not only from independents, but no less from a large number of Democrats. There is therefore in this no reason why the independents who last year supported the Democratic candidate for the Presidency should wish to have voted for Mr. HARRISON.

But there is a very positive reason, referring to a similar subject, why the independents of our way of thinking would, in spite of all that has happened, not wish to have voted for Mr. HARRISON. It is that Mr. HARRISON represented the high tariff policy, which, in its effects, promotes the purchase not of offices but of legislation with money. Demoralizing as the bestowal of office is for money contributions to the party chest, the making of laws in consideration of money contributions is infinitely more demoralizing. The election of HARRISON and of a Congress to match would have meant the continuance of this as a system. For the abatement of this morally as well as economically pernicious system the election of Mr. HARRISON'S opponent has at least furnished a promising chance. Those who conscientiously abhor the vicious practice exemplified by the appointment of VAN ALEN are likely still more to abhor the systematic purchase of legislation inseparable from the MCKINLEY policy.

That the Republican party in its composition is, on the whole, sounder with regard to the financial question than the Democratic will be admitted. But this, too, must be taken with a grain of allowance. The so-called SHERMAN law, which has caused so much trouble, was a Republican measure, enacted not, as has been pretended, to prevent a much worse measure largely supported by Democrats from being passed—for that, as is well known, might have been defeated in the House or by the veto of a Republican Executive—but in order to throw a sop to the silver States. The SHERMAN law was essentially a contrivance of party politics. It was of a piece with all those compromises made with the free coinage people by the Republicans to win the silver States for the Republican party, but which had the effect of encouraging the mining interest to a more and more aggressive policy and to more and more exorbitant demands. It was of a piece with the admission by a Republican Congress of a lot of crude Western communities as States to increase the number of Republican votes in the electoral college and in the Senate, every one of which votes, as the Republicans very well knew beforehand, increased the difficulty of passing sound financial legislation through Congress. It was Republican demagogy that made the silver craze a really dangerous power, and nothing could be more significant than the circumstance that the most active and persistent leaders in the fight against the repeal of the silver-purchase act—TELLER, WOLCOTT, JONES, STEWART, DUBOIS—were Republicans, not Democrats.

The Republicans must, therefore, not expect independents readily to accept their pretension that if the Republicans had been in power the repeal of the silver-purchase act would have been easily and promptly accomplished. Granting again that among the rank and file of the Republican party there is more strength as to sound financial principle than among the Democratic rank and file, yet the Republican politicians in Congress have until recently always treated the silver question from the point of view of party advantage, and thus increased the mischief. Besides, the opposition to repeal would have been just the same, and the obstruction in the Senate led by Republicans just the same, while the powerful influence of Mr. CLEVELAND, which has unquestionably served greatly to reduce the strength of the silver sentiment on the Democratic side, and has finally become decisive, would have been absent. We think, therefore, that with the Republicans in power the chances of a prompt repeal of the SHERMAN act and of sound financial legislation would not only not have been better, but possibly worse, than under existing circumstances.

The Republican partisan will probably call this Democratic talk. This is a mistake. The partisan mind seems to be utterly incapable of appreciating the motives guiding the political course of the independent. To the regular partisan all objects within the realm of politics are things Republican or things Democratic. To the mind of the independent they appear as things that are right or things that are wrong, beneficial or hurtful to the public interest, no matter whether they are labelled Democratic or Republican. The regular partisan considers the success of the party as an object of first importance. The independent cares only for the success of principles and policies, no matter what party or what men may be incidentally benefited by it. The regular partisan shapes his political course strictly according to the party precepts, so as to remain always within party lines. The independent pursues his objects as to principles and policies upon a straight course; and as the boundaries of existing parties with regard to such principles and policies, political, moral, and economic, are somewhat crooked and indistinct, he will cross the line of one party at one point and that of the other party at another point, supporting or opposing one or the other as the public interest may seem to demand. The partisan says that the government is carried on by parties, and that a public-spirited citizen will therefore make himself most useful to the State as an active member of a party. This is true when parties are in their normal condition, that is, when they represent well-defined and harmonious principles and policies with regard to the principal problems of the times. But when they are not in this normal condition, when each of them stands for some objects that are good, and others, equally important, that are bad, and when, moreover, they are divided within themselves with regard to these objects, and when the bosses of different parties are often in collusion for public spoils, then it is of high advantage to the public interest that there should be citizens who, at the sacrifice of their own political fortunes, throw the weight of their influence for whatever is good and against whatever is bad, no matter which party advocates or rejects it. This is the office performed by the independents. The partisan sneers at this as political vacillation and inconstancy. We call it moral consistency of the highest order, and the service thus rendered a patriotic service. That it is such has been clearly demonstrated more than once, and may be demonstrated again.

THE MACHINE AND THE COUNT.

THERE is no intelligent citizen of the State of New York who doubts the possibility of defeating ISAAC H. MAYNARD if the coming election be fair, and if the Republican opposition be sincere. The difficulty in the problem is that the machine does not intend that the election shall be fair if there is any possibility of MAYNARD'S defeat. As to the Republican opposition, Mr. PLATT'S seriousness is more than suspected.

Very few of the people of this State realize that their condition is one of political thraldom. And yet they are so much under the yoke of the machine that its power will never be broken without a general revolt amounting to a political revolution. One of its most distinguished victims recently said that the machine was so strongly intrenched that it could elect a "yellow dog" to any office. There is a large grain of truth in this suggestion, and it would be absolutely true if the qualification should be added, if the virtuous people of the State did not rise up against it with practical unanimity.

The machine has intrenched itself in the laws of the State. Its creatures at Albany, in obedience to the order of the bosses, have amended the statutes to give the latter command of the primaries and of the count in three of the largest and most important cities in the State. Most of this work was done in 1892, at a time when the anti-snappers were threatening the supremacy of the machine in the Democratic party. The leaders were afraid that the organization would be wrested from them by the Democratic voters, a majority of whom they knew were opposed to them. Therefore the primary law was changed. Under the then existing statute a primary election was presided over by inspectors chosen by the votes of the party at a previous primary. The inspectors, as a rule, were machine men, but the anti-snapper movement was making inroads in their ranks, and therefore the office was abolished by the Legislature. In place of the inspectors the new law provides that there shall be a chairman of the primary, whose selection is controlled by the chairman of the town committee, who is the head of the local branch of the State machine, which in turn is governed by EDWARD MURPHY, Jun. Under certain circumstances this chairman must appoint tellers. But the opposition to the machine has no chance of success in a primary duly organized under the law of 1892. So long as the machinery works, it is bound to produce machine-made candidates.

The machine did not rest content with fixing its power over the party organization. It undertook to guard against defeat at the polls by giving to its own people the control of inspectors of election. It had been the law in New York city that four inspectors of election, two from each of the leading parties, should receive and count the votes in each election district. In order to avert the danger of possible fairness lurking in this state of things, the machine reduced the number of inspectors to three, and so arranged the law that the Police Commissioners must appoint one Republican and two Tammany inspectors. No Democratic faction can be recognized except that polling the largest vote. Consequently Tammany is safe from any assault by Democrats. It controls the nominating machinery and it counts the votes. The Republicans who are chosen as inspectors are often men who are quite willing to acquiesce in anything that Tammany does.

The machine also seized upon the election machinery of Buffalo. The Mayor of that city was a CLEVELAND Democrat. The Police Commissioners appointed inspectors of election. Two laws were passed in 1892 to give control of the inspectors to the SHEEHAN element. The first gave the appointment of Police Commissioners to the Mayor, Comptroller, and chairman of the Common Council. The CLEVELAND men got rid of one of the two obnoxious appointing officers, and the machine's Legislature promptly passed a second statute, giving the Comptroller alone the power of appointment.

Troy was likewise turned over to the machine. A bill similar to the Troy law relating to Cohoes was passed by the Legislature, and was vetoed by Governor FLOWER because the change of the appointing power in the latter city would have given the control to the CLEVELAND Democrats.

The machine is thus in command of the power to defeat the will of its party and to cheat the people at the polls. It is therefore the machine and not the people who govern New York, who choose its officers, and who make its laws. If it wants a MAYNARD for judge, it can nominate him, and if necessary count him in. And this shameful state of things will continue until civic virtue revives in the Empire State.

HOW CROKER RULES.

RICHARD CROKER governs the city of New York. He does not do it through the suffrages of the people. His rule is not acquiesced in by the intelligent and virtuous citizens of the metropolis. He is not a recognized officer of the city. Not a single ballot has been cast for him. He is not responsible to the people whose affairs he administers. He cannot be punished for neglect or wrong doing. And yet, in this republic, whose officials are supposed to be the chosen representatives of the people, he is a potentate as much removed above the reach of his subjects as an African chief.

He rules by the consent of an organized band of public enemies. He is the imperator selected by the pretorian guard of law-breakers and their timid or assenting accomplices, who, in ordinary affairs, pass for good citizens. If he should become as dangerous to individuals as COMMODUS, or as virtuous as PERTINAX, he might not be physically removed, but he would certainly be deposed. In the mean time he rules the city. He decrees who shall fill its offices, and how the functions of its government shall be discharged. Although he is a private citizen as head of his pretorians he receives part of the public revenues, paid to him in various ways, by assessments and subscriptions of those who carry on the details of the city government on his behalf, and

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who are protected by the police and the "Hall" in their conduct of businesses that are not favored by the law.

RICHARD CROKER'S autocracy exists by reason of the interests of banded vice. If it were not for the gambling houses and pool rooms, the liquor shops with side doors, the dens of infamy where youth is debauched, RICHARD CROKER would be impossible. But because it is for the interest of violators of the law to organize and to control the city government, RICHARD CROKER is practically the head of our police force, of our District Attorney's office, of our charities, and our institutions of correction. He whispers into the ears of our judges, and they do his bidding. He orders his man at Albany to make a law, and they make it. His power extends to Washington, and one who knows what CROKER wants with respect to pending Federal legislation can tell how a majority of the city's Congressional delegation will vote. His power is such that if he desires he may tax corporations out of existence, bestow franchises upon his favorites, withhold the law from the criminal, and pursue the innocent with merciless malignity.

It may be said that there is no proof that he is guilty of such wrong-doing. The sufficient answer is that he has the power, and that he owes the power to an organization many of whose members are deeply interested in violating, or at least in avoiding, the law. The ticket which is now before the people of this city, misnamed Democratic, is filled with the names of men selected for office by RICHARD CROKER. When they are elected, the officers of this city and county—executive, administrative, and judicial—will be RICHARD CROKER'S obedient slaves. That one of them who disobeys his slightest whim will lose his political existence.

And yet this vulgar, ignorant, despotic autocrat may be dethroned if the good people of New York will resolutely assert themselves. When they see fit to rise up against this rule of one man, they will be able to re-establish their republican form of government.

WOMEN WHO RUSH IN.

MR. WALTER BESANT has lately been bold enough to express the opinion that there are some fields of enterprise that women are not absolutely incompetent to enter, which, nevertheless, it is best that they should leave to men. "For women," he says, "to take men's work from them is the most disastrous thing that can possibly happen, especially in a small country, for it halves the wages and lowers the position of the workers, and it drives the men out of the country or forces them to compete with women at lower pay. It deprives men of their wives and women of their husbands." This is a familiar objection, and one not without gravity. If there are to be families in the land, it is better that a man should get two dollars for a day's work, and share it with his wife, than that a man and a woman should each work and each get a dollar. It is a matter of common observation that the woman who can earn a dollar a day shrinks from marriage. She can live more comfortably and easily on her own earnings than as the wife of a man who earns ten or twelve dollars a week, and the mother of his children. One would act venture to take away any work she has at present in order to cure her aversion to marrying. That would be too desperate a remedy. But without suggesting any narrowing of her present boundaries, it is permissible to recognize that the invasion of a new field of labor by womankind is not a clear gain even to the invading host. A part of the immediate gain of the women is the loss of the men, and it is not putting the case too strongly to say that a man is one of the most convenient and valuable possessions an American woman can obtain, and it is doubtful whether she can afford to cheapen him by her competition to such a degree that he will cease to seem a desirable acquisition. It is not hard to spoil a good servant by persistently doing his work. The raw material for husbands is liable to the same sort of damage, and far seeing women will try to shape their conduct so as not to contribute to its degeneration. There are women, no doubt, who would make good locomotive engineers or efficient stokers on steamships, but we should be sorry to see them attempt to share the wages of those callings with the men.

So also there are fields of enterprise in which wages are not earned and departments of unremunerated knowledge in which it is of doubtful wisdom for women to show activity. The Women's Christian Temperance Union is an exceedingly enterprising organization, and is believed to do a great deal of good. Nevertheless, when eleven representative members of the branch of it which flourishes in Nebraska undertook, on the night of October 21st, to tar and feather six girls, it seems probable that they allowed their zeal to lead them into a sphere of activity which is not really suited to their sex. They were not ignorant women. The newspaper report calls them "society leaders," and avers that they are all stanch church workers and "among the most charitable ladies in the city." The husband of one is employed as president of a bank. The conduct of the six girls had impressed them unfavorably, and on reflection they felt that they ought to be stripped, flogged, and recload in feathers and tar.

So they lured the girls to a convenient place, and proceeded, in so far as they could, to do their duty by them. But in that lay their mistake. It is a laborious job to tar and feather a stout young girl, and when it has to be done at all it is clearly a man's work. It demoralizes the men of a town when their women folks voluntarily attempt such tasks. Nothing would be more natural than for a bank president whose wife had been up all night at a tar-and-feather party to argue that she must have a preference for hard labor, and allow her to carry up her own coal in the morning. Man's self respect is a sensitive thing, and needs careful handling if it is to be kept in an efficient state. For women who have able-bodied husbands at home to turn out personally at night and tar and feather a lot of girls is an sort of a way to promote good discipline in the family.

A mistake of the same sort was made on the same night by seven members of the same widespread and famous organization in the city of Chicago. Seven ladies from Indiana felt it their duty to make a personal inspection of the immoralities of the immoral women of Chicago, and learning that there was more immorality on view on Saturday night than on other nights in the week they engaged four detectives, who took them on a round of visits to places proper for such inspection as they wished to make. They ascertained, it appears, among other things, that many immoral women in Chicago smoked cigarettes and drank beer and other intoxicants—facts which, as one of them said, "are of great importance in our crusade against strong drink and tobacco, for they showed that the use of either may lead to fearful results." No doubt such information will be useful to the seven ladies in their reformatory work; but five of them had husbands, and it seems to us that if the husbands had been driven out on this disagreeable errand, and compelled to make eye-witness reports to their wives, all the ends desired would have been reached, and family discipline promoted in the bargain. It has been customary to regard such sorts of investigation as men's work, but if women rush in to undertake it, their husbands are only too likely to abandon the field. Thus one more burden will be transferred to the once-called weaker sex, and one more responsibility will be shifted from the unfeathered shoulders of the mates.

Take care, ladies. Man is a useful creature when wisely trained. But there is no work so difficult or so dirty that the average erring man will not leave to his wife to do if she shows the ability to do it and the conviction that it is her duty.

A SMALL WHEEL OF THE TAMMANY MACHINE.

As election time approaches it becomes an interesting question as to what action the Commissioners of Charities and Correction of New York will see fit to take regarding the adult male paupers in the institutions under their charge. Hitherto it has been customary for the "organization" leader to whom an institution was politically interested to canvass the hospital wards for potential voters some time before election, and to properly "colonize" them if the canvass proved unsatisfactory. All patients who were able to make any show of doing work about the ward—though it were only to hold a broom—were given the option of voting as directed or leaving the institution. Some who had not been naturalized were taken down to one of the judicial mills that grind out "citizens" with such astonishing celerity shortly before election (thirty naturalizations in seven minutes being among the records, we are told), and provided with "papers" in the way known only to the initiated. These new citizens, along with their companions of longer standing, including in one institution two or three higher-grade idiots, were then marched to the polls to register, and subsequently, on election day, to record with their ballots unanimous approval of the candidates of Tammany. In return they received institution privileges, and usually a dollar or two in money, and a few drinks of whiskey in addition, the latter in particular appealing to them, as nearly all owed their pauperism to an uncontrollable appetite for alcohol.

Of course the minor details of these transactions were not arranged by any one in high official place. Such is not the method of practical politicians, local or general. But details aside, the voting of inmates of these eleemosynary institutions was not only known to the Commissioners who control them, but provided for and in an indirect way ordered by them. The fact that a plain statutory provision denies the franchise to inmates of such institutions did not trouble our Commissioners in the least until last year, when two of them—one a high sachem, and the other a ward scout in the ranks of Tammany—were arrested shortly before election-time for their alleged direction of these frauds, the third being spared that he might be forced to testify against his companions. The Commissioners did not deny that they had taken active measures looking to the enfranchisement of the inmates in question, but went on to affirm, with much show of injured innocence, their conviction that these persons were perfectly entitled to vote. How sincere they were in this position was shown on the night before election, when, apparently after a conference held at the eleventh hour, they directed that these "citizens," whose registration they had approved, should abstain from voting. These registered inmates were, according to the contention of the Commissioners, free and independent citizens, yet they could at will be ordered not to vote. The citizens, in turn, demonstrated the degree of their freedom by complying unquestioningly with the order. Thus in one election district was Tammany deprived of about a hundred votes that had been safely counted in advance, and the leader of that district, whose lieutenant had engineered the registration and counted the noses—that is to say, the prospective ballots—is said to have taken the matter with very bad grace indeed. Being himself a candidate for a high municipal position, he was naturally desirous of making the best possible showing in his own district, hence he could not be expected to view the matter with equanimity. But the Commissioners, though having the very best reason to wish to please him, apparently dared not act otherwise than as they did at the last. Whether they will have more hardihood the coming election remains to be seen.

DR. KEELEY ON ALCOHOL.

IT was held by sundry learned physicians who attended the Anti-Alcohol Congress that was recently held at The Hague that the moderate habitual use of alcohol is better than total abstinence. A number of accomplished doctors agreed that as much as an ounce and a half of alcohol taken daily with food did the body no physical harm, and enabled the consumer to do more work with less fatigue than he could without it. Nobody drinks alcohol and scarcely any one drinks anything else by ounces. But whiskey is about one half alcohol, and an ounce and a half of alcohol reduced to terms suited to the popular understanding means about four fingers of American whiskey, or two or three glasses of claret, or maybe a couple of pints of beer. So much these learned gentlemen say a man can drink, day in and day out, and live on unimpaired.

Dr KEELEY, the sagacious inventor of the KEELEY cure, comments in the New York *Sun* upon these conclusions of his European brethren. His animadversions are interesting. He does not deny that an ounce and a half of alcohol can be emptied daily into an average man at his meals without doing him physical damage. It is true, he says, that the temperate use of alcohol has not been proved to be hurtful to the nations of Europe, but that, he says, is because no European nation has ever used alcohol temperately. There is no such thing, he says, as habitual temperate drinking, except by a small class, in any of the enlightened nations. The temperate class he finds to be made up not of people who habitually drink in moderation, but "of those who very occasionally take a drink."

Yet he agrees with the doctors of the congress that the enlightened nations are the liquor-drinking nations, and that enlightenment and inebriety seem to go hand in hand. He accounts for it by the curious theory that alcohol has developed man, not as his friend, but as his enemy. Man, he thinks, grows strong by fighting rum, just as he does by fighting cold, hunger, wild beasts, and enemies who wait to kill him. There is little or no development unless there is a strong stimulus to activity. As soon as a nation gets advanced enough to use alcohol the fight with it begins, and nations with really good stuff in them thrive on the combat.

So they thrive on wars; but war is a costly remedy for sluggishness, and after nations have reached a forward state of advancement the necessity for providing them with the stimulus of battles grows less. So presently it should require less alcohol to keep their powers of resistance in an active state; and as for prescribing daily alcohol in moderation for a healthy people, Dr KEELEY thinks that is as unnecessary as to prescribe an occasional duel because wars are a part of civilized history. Such, he says, is the effect of alcohol on the will that a general prescription of an ounce and a half of alcohol a day would make drunkards of six people out of every eight who took it. And thereupon he says a curious thing. There are, he admits, moderate drinkers, and even moderate drinkers who drink habitually; and there is a method in making them. For by the operation of the laws of natural selection the descendants of generations of inebriates may come to have inbred in his system such a tolerance of alcoholic poison as to be able to drink alcohol moderately without getting drunk and without acquiring a craving. Then after many years of the general consumption of alcohol every nation can furnish a class who can drink alcohol moderately, and perhaps even continuously, without much personal inconvenience.

It does not behoove the laity to pass judgment upon Dr. KEELEY'S statements, or to declare in what degree they are sound, but at least they are suggestive, and even edifying, and even a layman can say whether or not their conclusions accord with the results of his personal observation. It will generally be admitted, for example, that the practical acceptance by a miscellaneous lot of experimenters of the conclusion that it is a good thing to drink four fingers of whiskey daily with one's meals would result comparatively soon in an extremely promising crop of drunkards, and that in spite of the fact that there are people who can and do drink that amount year in and year out without appreciable detriment.

There is solace, too, as well as edification, to be derived from what Dr KEELEY says. At first sight it would seem as if there were no more useless and detrimental person than the man whose only really congenial occupation consists in emptying alcohol into himself and his associates. But in the light of Dr. KEELEY'S theories it is possible to see that even such persons have their part to perform in facilitating human progress, and that the necessity of repelling their overtures and avoiding their example makes for the development of sanity and fortitude in their fellows.

But one perplexity at least is aggravated by Dr KEELEY'S suggestions. He seems to hold that the descendants of intemperate persons are better fortified against rum than the offshoots of a sober ancestry. What, then, is a young man's duty towards his possible grandchildren? If he abstains, does he abstain at their future cost? Would it be grandfatherly conduct on his part to drink deep in order that their potations may be comparatively harmless? Perhaps so, but one could wish that this point might be further elucidated, and in particular that it might be ascertained whether the copper fastened descendants of inebriates are as good at other things as at absorbing rum. To wreck one's viscera and blight one's own promise for the sake of grandchildren whom liquor could not hurt might be like running a good ship ashore for convenience in landing its rats. The most prudent way, no doubt, would be to wait until one's descendants are actually in sight, and then, if ever, to be reckless. But then it would be too late for them to inherit any benefits. The old way is the most practical—for the grandfather to accumulate the money and the grandsons to drink the alcohol, and the results to take care of themselves.

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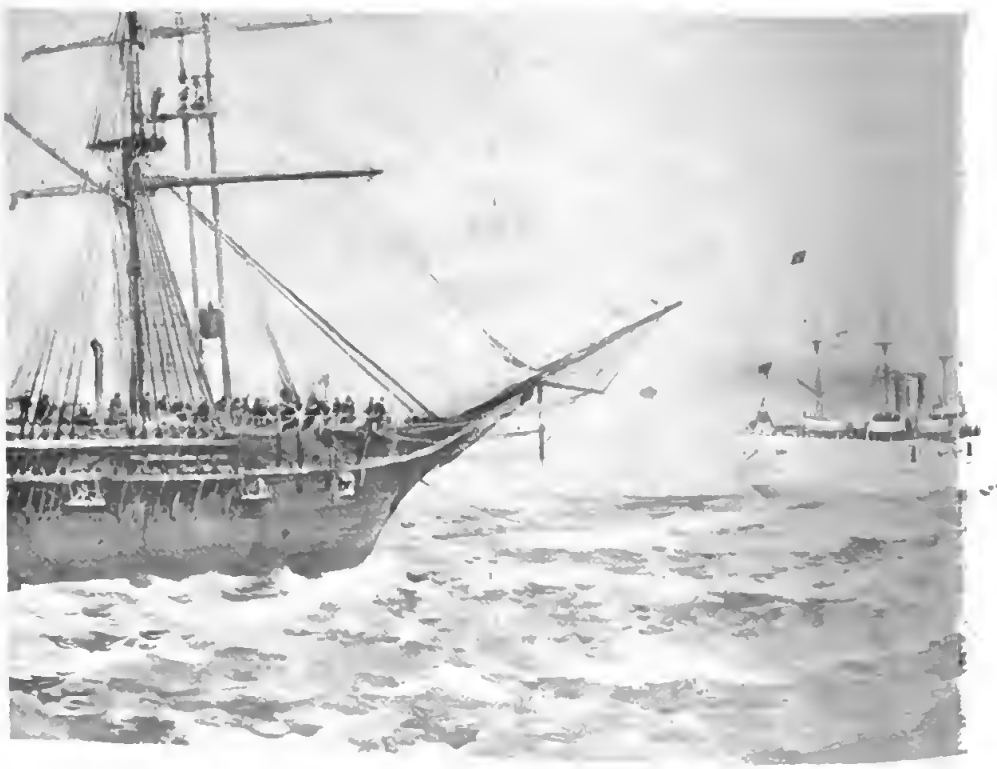
MR. EMIL PAUR.
The new Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.
[See Page 1051.]

THE LATE GENERAL THOMAS L. CRITTENDEN,
A gallant Kentuckian.—[See Page 1064.]

THE LATE DR PHILIP SCHAFF.—[See Page 1062.]

MACHINE-MADE VOTERS.

THERE is no phase of the business of the politicians—of the men who make their living or their fortune by politics—more pernicious or more perilous to the community than the naturalization of voters as it is now carried on. All parties are more or less involved in the guilt, as all parties, under the corruption of the spoils system, give scope to the business politicians; but in this State Tammany Hall is the organization that has carried this outrageous work to the worst extreme. The leaders have reduced it, as they have the distribution of spoils, to an elaborate system, with the energy, discipline and efficiency that system alone can maintain. The object is, of course, to make Tammany votes with the greatest certainty and despatch, with little regard to expense, and not



COALING AT SEA.—DRAWN BY CARLETON T. CHAPMAN.—[SEE PAGE 1062.]

THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "OREGON."—DRAWN BY ROBERT G. SKERRETT.

The "Oregon" was launched October 26th. The picture shows her as she will appear when completed.—[See Page 1064.]

whatever to the safety, dignity, or purity of the body politic.

The process is nearly the same in all cases, and is of a cynical simplicity. The raw material for a voter is discovered by a Tammany agent, brought to the court, drilled in the answers likely to be asked by the judge, supplied with a witness to swear to his required residence, etc., his fees paid, and then, by the connivance of the Court, is "put through," and emerges at the last a legal voter of the State of New York.

From beginning to end the work is a crime against representative institutions, for in the great majority of cases it results, and is intended to result, simply in the manufacture of a purchasable vote. From the moment that the ward worker starts out to find his Italian, Russian, Pole, or Irishman, to the moment that the judge passes the applicant for citizenship to the clerk to take the oath forswearing allegiance to his former sovereign, every step is disgraceful.

But when all is said and done the worst offence and the greatest disgrace fall to the charge of the judges, because it is with them that the power lies to stop the whole business, and to bar out every man who is not clearly and affirmatively proven to be fit for the privilege of the suffrage.

The law requires that "it shall be made to appear to the satisfaction of the Court admitting an alien that he has resided within the United States five years at least, and within the State or Territory where such court is at the time held one year at least, and that during that time he has behaved as a man of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same."

This is the old-fashioned, dignified language of the early days of the republic, the law being a little over ninety years old. It gives an almost unlimited discretion to the judge, who may decide for himself what will satisfy him as to the requirements which the law imposes. As a matter of fact, the law is directly and explicitly violated for the mandatory declaration that certain things "shall be made to appear to the satisfaction of the Court" is distinctly disobeyed when the Court is satisfied with absurdly defective proof, or with none at all.

Now it is notorious that aliens are constantly admitted to citizenship with the merest sham of inquiry as to their knowledge of, to say nothing of their attachment to, the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and with even less evidence of their behavior for the five preceding years as men of good moral character.

Doubtless the system is much better in the United States Courts than in the State Courts, but it is far from what it ought to be in either, and the fault is not in the law so much as in the judges who outrage the law.

IN A TAMMANY HALL NATURALIZATION BUREAU.—DRAWN BY M. COLES.

Making voters by wholesale.—[See Page 1048.]

TRIGGS' CAT.

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

I'VE now come from seeing Soper. He is an utter fool with a sort of undercurrent of cunning—just enough cunning to overreach himself, don't you know. And that is what he's done with me. But he laughs best who laughs last, and I laughed last.

I'm not one of those stupid chappies who pretend the world's an empty egg-shell and that everything's been done, and there's nothing new, and nothing to see or learn or profit by. I'm always open to new ideas, and like to understand things as I go along. People think I'm an awfully narrow minded, empty headed johnny, but I'm not.

I may as well write this story out while I'm in the vein and have the details all fresh, but I don't for a moment suppose you'll believe it, because nobody ever believes anything nowadays, don't you know. It's bad form.

Well, I came down to breakfast one afternoon just as chippy as could be—reduced to the last stages of chippiness, in fact. I shuddered even at the sight of dry toast, and if dry toast makes you shudder, then you're properly chippy. My man Symes removed a loathsome omelet, and suggested a fragment of kippered herring and a brandy and soda. Symes knows what it is to be chippy himself, but his is a mere animal chippiness, don't you know, mine's mental.

There were three letters on my table. One was pink and scented with "Cherry Blossom", the second came from my tailor; the third—the really important one—from Triggs. I burnt the pink note without opening it. What's the use of reading worrying letters when you're chippy? But I studied the tailor's letter, because his communications always amuse me. This was a fac simile of many others I have had from him. My tailor is a mean hound, don't you know. He tries to get sentiment into his accounts. He whines and whimpers, and, I believe, drops water about on his bills to make me think he has been crying over them. As to the missive from Jimmy Triggs, it was short and simple. He wanted me to go down and shoot birds and things, and stop a week or two at his place in Surrey.

I laughed. We were within a week of the new burlesque at the Gaiety. My stall was booked; the gardenia I should wear was already in hand somewhere, and yet Triggs wrote thus. But still, at another time, I should have humored Triggs and run down, because I was mentally chippy, as I said before, and I wanted tone.

The thing had weighed heavily on my mind for a month. It's quite too extraordinary the number of things a chappie's mind will hold at one time, don't you know. Mine's simply crammed with ideas about yachts and plays and racing and money and society and clubs and the Services and politics and religion—yes, really—and, of course, girls.

Girls get into every johnny's mind. They wriggle in, God knows how, and you can't keep them out. Chappies have gone in for being monks and hermits, and lived in caves, and given up society, and sat and moped, like eagles at the "Zoo," don't you know, and worn hair shirts next their skin, and teetotalled and starved, and kept a skull to talk to when they felt depressed, but it's been no good. They've only chucked themselves away and lost their chance, and got horribly self righteous, and wasted their lives, and missed being family men. Every johnny ought to go in for being a family man, don't you know, after a certain time in life. But the thing is to find the right woman. It's better to keep single than start being a family man with the wrong girl.

A girl was worrying me, and had been for an age. To explain the thing I must go back a bit. I'm a fairish judge of a girl, don't you know, and when I met Edith Marchant I got very keen over her from the first. I told Soper about it at our club, "The Vampires." Soper's a fool, and hasn't any depth, but sometimes he'll say a good thing, even a wise one, by accident. I know he's a liar, and would sacrifice his best friend on the altar of a joke, but Soper doesn't play it low down on me, because I know a thing or two about Soper that isn't generally known, don't you know.

He said: "My boy, she's engaged at present to a chappie in the War Office, but that's nothing, she isn't very much gone. Cut him out. Marry her, by all means. It's a fair deal. She has beauty and brains, you have coin."

Soper is a vulgar little cad, but there's often a grain of sense in what he says. I pointed out that I loved her, as far as I could judge and that true love cuteth out all baser considerations of talent or beauty. He replied that he didn't know anything about love, but that he knew a great deal about Edith Marchant, and he reckoned I might go in and win, hands down, if I cared to. He also felt sure that Edith was weary of the War Office chappie, because he knew the chappie, and the chappie was rather sick about it.

He said: "She'll spend your money, you bet, and go the pace. But she's meant to shine pretty high up. She'll drag you to the top of the social ladder if you'll let her. You'll get your money's worth, anyhow."

Well, I proposed one day, after she'd told me in so many words it was tight off with the War Office. I put it quite plainly, down at Hurlingham. I said I was a johnny neither better nor worse than other johnnies, but, if anything, better. I told her I liked her awfully—loved her, in fact, and that if she thought it good enough, it would be too immense, don't you know.

She said she thought it was good enough. I never shall understand what she saw in me. It may have been my cravat—an old gold silk with a diamond in it, it may have been my button hole—gelder rose and verbena, it may have been my moustache, or my money; it may have been all these things taken together, but, anyway, she said it was good enough. I remember the words.

"Haven't you seen that I love you? Why, dearest, I love as I have never loved or thought I could love. It's not money I want, but love. I'll make you a good little, true little wife, and I think God for bringing such happiness into my life."

I laughed, don't you know. It was rather a jolly sort of thing for a chappie to hear a girl say. And yet I found myself wondering all the time what she'd said to the War Office johnny.

A month afterwards, at the Podbury Percivals', I kissed her, among their chrysanthemums, and my eye glass fell out of my eye and hit her on the nose. Then she laughed, and invented a nickname for me, which I shall not repeat here. It was what writing johnnies call a sort of idyl, don't you know—love's young dream, and all that.

But the worst of it was that, owing to my awful idiocy, love's young dream got off the rails before we had been engaged a month. I ought to have married her instantly, before we could change our minds, because I still think we were meant for one another. Instead of that, I couldn't get the War Office chappie out of my head, and I proposed we should wait six months, to see if our characters suited one another. It struck me that if they didn't, it would be better to find it out before than after, don't you know.

Then the thing that made me so awfully chippy happened. I had never doubted myself for a moment. I worshipped Edith, and felt that life would be a hollow tomb without her. No, my fear was that she, who had tired of the other joker, might possibly weary of me too. Well, she didn't weary of me, but I actually found myself getting a bit tired of her. It was frightfully rough on a chappie with my sensitive nature to discover a thing like this. I couldn't understand it. The old fascination gave place to an absolute indifference. The girl was just as affectionate as ever, but I didn't want to marry her nearly as much as I used to. In fact, I didn't want to marry anybody.

I went down and saw Soper. He is one of those inspired idiots who will sometimes help a cleverer man than himself. Besides, he had known the girl before I did. But still Soper is no judge of a woman.

I told him everything. I analyzed my emotions, and simply dissected myself that Soper might know all the facts. I said, "Now, what on earth is an honorable johnny to do?"

He was good enough to say he would think it out for me.

"What's become of the War Office joker?" I asked. "Could we have him back into the hunt again?"

But Soper happened to know he'd just married money.

So I left him to think it out for me. Three days later—upon the afternoon I received the letters already mentioned—I was to meet Soper again and get his ultimatum. Some of the boys stopped me as I ascended our celebrated marble staircase at the "Vampires," and one and all declared that death was written on my face. I knew they were right, too. I felt that if I didn't go away pretty soon and get tone, I should be lost to them.

Hang it all, life isn't worth living if you're going to get aches and agonies. And mental agony is the worst sort. People don't think I feel things deeply, but I do, don't you know. I get horribly down, and have little blue devils dancing all over me, and hanging out of my tie, and swarming up the gold chain of my eye-glass, and swimming round and round in my brandy and soda, and sitting astride on my cigarette. And when it's a girl, of course it's worse.

I found Soper in the smoking room. Soper's appearance is simply paltry. We haven't got a footman who couldn't give him any weight and beat him. He parts his hair at the side and wears a ghastly beard and arranges boxing matches. He fusses about, and hasn't any repose or bearing or style, and when he gets excited, his sharp black eyes look different ways—a thing I hate. I fancy there's a bit of Jew in Soper's blood, because he always has his knife into Jews, and he's a regular Shylock after money.

Soper said: "There's only one thing to do—you must let her down gently. Leave town and write her a letter. Say you feel you are not good enough for her, and will never be able to make her really happy, and all that stuff. She jilted one man; it's only poetic justice another man should jilt her."

Soper is a vulgar little johnny, and doesn't understand girls, chiefly because they utterly bar him, but still, there seemed to be some reason in what he advised, though he didn't put it like a gentleman.

So, after all, I accepted my friend's invitation to shoot things. I gave my stall for the new burlesque to Soper. I cared not who wore the gardenia that was growing some where for me; I turned my back on the metropolis, and sought out the sylvan retreat of Triggs, that I might there recover tone and get into a condition of robust health before writing to Edith Marchant.

I'm a soft hearted beggar, and a letter once posted, like a lie once told, is beyond control. I thought all this carefully out in the train, and determined to do nothing in a hurry. People think I don't think; but I do, don't you know. I'm a hard thinker. Because a chappie's sucking the handle of his walking stick, or looking at himself in a mirror, it doesn't follow he's not thinking.

Concerning Triggs, I will merely say that he is the right sort. Some johnnies are like light houses, don't you know: brilliant and glorious to behold, and bursting with brains, and full of great and tremendous ideas. You admire that sort of man, because you know he's a million times wiser and cleverer and more celebrated than you ever can be. You admire him, but you don't like him; you don't want to know him, and get chummy with him. You feel he's not your sort, and you don't care a great if the brilliant johnny comes to grief or dies to morrow. But other fellows are like wood fires—ruddy, cheerful, pleasant. You won't get much light from them, but you'll get any amount of warmth. Most chappies want warmth, not light, and you can warm yourself at a wood fire, but not at a light house, don't you know.

Jimmy Triggs was a wood-fire kind of man—always full of sympathy for jokers in a fix, and a wonder at getting hidden troubles out of anybody. Though I'm a devilish secretive chappie as a rule, yet I always find myself talking openly to Triggs. He's got the trick of getting confidences, and yet I don't see why he should, because he's an awfully blunt, sledge-hammer sort of johnny, and says just what he thinks. The third evening after my arrival, Triggs and I dined alone, and when we had done he tackled me. He lighted a cigar and poured out a glass of port, and put his feet up, and said:

"Now drop the sublime, old man, and take that thing out of your eye, and try and be human for once. What's both ering you? Tell me all about it, and if I can give you an idea I will."

Then I laughed, don't you know, and told him all about it, as he suggested, and explained the painful nature of the position. He said:

"There isn't a shadow of reason for breaking it off—not a shadow. You feel there isn't yourself. You've lots of sense, only you go and bury it under all this d—— nonsense and affectation. You say she's a good woman, then stick to her. They're not so common. Go back and marry, and come down here and live in the country, and take up something rational. Grow roots, or study artificial manures, or breed cattle—anything. But take my tip, give up this knock kneed, hollow, masher foolery and settle down, and begin to realize that a man with your fortune owes something to the community."

Of course no chappie living has a right to talk to me like that, but I can stand anything from Triggs.

The really strange part of it was that since my arrival in the country, I had begun to seriously doubt if I had rightly gauged my emotions in the matter of Edith. I couldn't put them into words; they were shifting and indefinite. And that night, as Triggs talked, I half fancied that I still cared a little for the girl, after all. I knew one thing, she was the only woman who ever understood me. For I'm a deep johnny, and take more understanding than people think. The longer I reflected upon the subject of Edith, and the longer I listened to Triggs, the firmer grew a determination in my mind not to decide too hastily.

Meantime I shot things and recovered tone. Of course mentally and intellectually Triggs is nothing. Men who live all their lives among domestic animals, and who mean effete Tory principles, and only read the *Times* and the *Field* cannot be said to have their hand on the pulse of the hour, don't you know. Conservatism with Triggs has become simply a disease. Talk about heredity! Why, Triggs's father over again, and his grandfather and his great grandfather; and he glories in it. His unfailing answer to every objection or suggestion is this.

"Change? Why? It was good enough for my ancestors. I'm no better than they were. What's the use of changing?"

So, amongst other atrocious habits, he turns day into night, and retires at ten o'clock, and gets up at half past six, or some godless hour of that kind. You must try and fall in with a fuddy johnny if he happens to be your host so I proposed a compromise between my hours and his. He'd split the difference and gone to bed at two or thereabout, and risen at eleven or so, I would have said nothing, but no, his ancestors went to bed at ten (at least, he fancies they did), what's the use of changing?

The weather changed to be fine and warm, so when Triggs retired I generally strolled out into the grounds and smoked and turned over ideas. My host had a grand garden, with a ghost's walk in it, and a fish pond and other luxuries. Here I walked by night in moonlight while Triggs slept. I wandered by the lake and heard the fish splash, and saw great silver circles widen dimly out in the water where they had risen. I listened to the owls uttering weird cries; and, from high above, the ripe horse-chestnuts would come suddenly bumping down, with a rustle through the autumn leaves and a thud on the ground, breaking the deep silence of night. The ducks kept respectable hours too. When they saw me they would hurry with loud nocturnal quackings across the lake. A duck will eat at any or all times.

And here I am on the threshold of my mystery. Triggs' cat. We met a few evenings after my arrival. He jumped from the darkness one night, rubbed himself against my leg raised two green, moonlit eyes to mine, and mewed. He was a queer johnny, and understood me perfectly. But the extraordinary thing was that I understood him. Night after night he sat by me while I smoked. I told him all about my private concerns, and he curled his whiskers and reasoned quite differently from Triggs. His idea was not to commit yourself to anything, to keep free, and "gather roses while ya may." For sheer worldliness toomcats come after men, with this difference, that many men are not worldly, all tomcats are.

Here, then, was Triggs urging one thing all day and Triggs' cat urging for quite a different course by night. I sometimes wonder if any johnny, since the world began, ever deliberately asked for a bit of advice and took it when he'd got it. Personally, I'd pretty nearly made up my mind about Edith, but I'd made it up myself, don't you know, quite unaided. So again and again the worldly cat with green eyes took his midnight stroll with me. I asked him, as we perambulated the ghost's walk, if he had ever seen the spectre. He replied that he had not, and didn't believe in it. I didn't either. I don't fancy that also men die they simply go through some process of being made transparent, and then get sent back home to worry people and spoil the value of house property. When I go to heaven (if I go), and I find I'm expected to return and meander round and haunt chappies, I shall argue it out don't you know, and explain what a mistake it is.

The longer I stopped with Triggs, the more I yearned to get back to Edith. There was no doubt about it: I loved her all right—in fact, more than ever. I felt I really couldn't live without her. She was in my mind's eye all day long, and I heard her voice as I paced through the tremulous silence of the night. At such times I contrasted the silver mists, rustling leaves, soft nocturnal voices, black shadows, and air of mystery and solemnity and peace that filled Triggs' place after dark with the scenes of London life I knew so well. I saw the Strand and say "Vampire" johnnies trooping out of their haunts. I saw the gleam of electricity and the glare of gas. I heard the roar and rattle and rush and hustle and bustle of it all, don't you know, and I almost doubted if it was really good enough. People don't think I'm a sentimental chappie, but I am, and nearly every night, as Triggs' cat and I watched the moon dip behind the trees, I got grand and beautiful ideas, which I might have remembered and written down on this paper, but for the absorbing thought that filled my mind and left no room for anything else to stop in it.

One night, indeed, my feelings became too touch for me. I repeated her name three times out loud, and looked up through my eye-glass, and waved my cigarette at the moon. Thereupon Triggs' cat sneaked over from the other end of the garden-seat, where he was sitting, and stood up on his hind legs and poked his nose in my ear and said,

"Put her out of your mind, give her up, forget her."

And the ducks quacked out, "Go back, go back, go back to her."

And an owl hooted, "Of course, go back; of course go back."

Triggs' cat advised me not to mind the owl. He knew what owls were; he'd eaten them. They weren't worth climbing for, and their knowledge of the world was infantile.

Then I laughed, and told Triggs' cat that his advice was useless, that I'd made up my mind, that I was going back to her. I wanted to marry, and get away from electric light and noise. I desired to buy a place with trees, and owls, and a ghost's walk. But even in that moment, when the happy idea of having Edith all to myself, in an environment of fish-pond and ghost walk and owl, was strongest upon me I heard Triggs' cat answering cynically, and saying:

"Remember the War Office johnny. The girl wouldn't stop in a place like this a week. Don't flatter yourself your company will be all she wants. If she's what I think, she won't care a straw about owls, except as five-screens, she want life and society and a thousand things."

I was getting irritated with Triggs' cat, and this finished it I said,

"You clear out, you hard hearted, misant hropical beggar or I'll pitch you into the fish-pond."

He looked round, blinked his green eyes, and grinned at me.

"Go your way," he said, "only don't pretend I didn't warned you. They're all alike. I ought to know. Every

thing that's *feminine* is *feline*; therefore a cat understands women better than men do."

With which observation he took his leave; but I could still hear him chattering wickedly to himself, and cleaning his claws on a tree stem hard by in the darkness.

Next morning I told Triggs I was going back to her, and asked him if he heard of any old country place like his in the market to let me know. I also advised him to have his cat shot. The cat was there at the time, and just looked up, and then folded in his paws and yawned, and went to sleep again. For by day he's an ordinary, unintelligent brute enough. It is only by night he gets so demoniacally awake and clever and satirical. So I went back to town, dying to see Edith and hear her voice and feel her little hand. My chippiness had entirely departed.

D'you know the *Corinthian?* It's a snappy print, and the mouth-piece of the Vampire Club. I read it in the train just to get in touch with the world again, for I'd been buried alive a week. It didn't seem as smart as usual, and the jokes struck me as just a shade broad; but that was the fresh atmosphere of Triggs' place still hanging about my mind, don't you know.

Edith's eyes looked out of every page, and I couldn't get interested in anything but my own thoughts. At length, however, I came on to a paragraph that did rouse and chain my attention. It ran thus:

"Congratulations to cheery Fred Soper, the genial 'Vampire.' Freddy has dropped on good business to the tune of fifty thousand. Glasses round, boys."

Now, though I have said before, and will say again, that Soper's a fool, yet he has stray good points, and I'm glad to hear of this. He possessed an enormously well-off aunt, and now, I suppose, she's dead, and better off than ever; and so's Soper, don't you know.

It happened that the Vampire Club lay between Charing Cross and my chambers. I therefore dropped in, upon my way, to congratulate Soper. He was there, but somehow he didn't look too jolly when he saw me. I told him that I was glad about the money, and he said he was too, and that it would be useful. Still, he didn't appear jolly. I made sure he'd have been brimming over with "side," but he was quiet as a worm, and restless and shifty. It occurred to me for a moment that he might have lamented his aunt, though that didn't seem human nature, don't you know.

We drank some champagne, and then, feeling that though of course Soper was a little cad, and didn't understand women, and had advised me all wrong about Edith, yet I might as well tell him how my opinions had changed—I did so.

I said: "I've altered my mind altogether about E. M. I've come back to marry her. Good women are scarce, don't you know."

Soper turned blue. "Haven't you heard?" he said, faintly.

"Nothing from anybody. I'd rather fancied I should get a line from Miss Marchant, but I didn't."

"You'll find some letters waiting at your rooms," he explained.

I asked him if he was ill. Then, with a horrible effort, he said:

"It's like this. You've changed your mind again. Well, other people change their minds too. They ought to have sent on her letters and—and mine."

"Yours!"

"Yes, mine," he answered, and I saw his fat hands were shaking and his black eyes squinting like a crab's.

"The truth is, Miss Marchant felt she'd made a mistake, and couldn't live her life with you, and—and—"

"Who's the new johnny?" was all I could manage to say.

"I am," he answered, bristling up like a dog in a fight. "You needn't look like that. It's all fair in love. I didn't cut you out. You cut yourself out. Somebody told her why you'd gone away."

"Who could have? There's only one knew it."

He tried to lie to me but the lie stuck in his throat. It was what theatrical johnnies call a *tableau*, don't you know; and I could have sworn I saw Triggs' cat on Soper's shoulder, winking those damnable green eyes at me.

Certain words flashed into my mind. I had a sort of inspiration that a chappie only gets once in a lifetime. I said:

"You asked her to marry you and your fifty thousand pounds. She looked into your face and then hung her head down. She stole her hand into yours and said, 'Haven't you seen that I love you? Why, dearest, I love as I have never loved or thought I could love. It's not money I want, but love. I'll make you a good little, true little wife; and I thank God for bringing such happiness into my life.'"

Soper turned several colors that I had never seen before anywhere. He looked at me with his mouth open and nodded in spite of himself, keeping time to the words I said. And Triggs' cat nodded too.

I laughed.

People think I've got no sense of humor, but I have, don't you know.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

PERHAPS the most important recent event in the musical world was the production of the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera at the Savoy Theatre, London, on October 7th. The amusement-loving public have reason to feel grateful that the literary and musical partnership which has given to the world such a number of works, masterpieces of their kind, and which a trivial dispute over the proper account to which a bit of carpet should be charged broke up for several years, has again begun business at the old stand. The first-fruits of this reconciliation seem to have been everything that could be wished, as *Utopia (Limited), or the Flowers of Progress*, the latest output of the firm, appears from all accounts to have scored a decided success. It seems evident, in the first place, from the accounts that have reached us of this work, that Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan have given up experimenting, and gone frankly back to the earlier methods of *Pinafore* and *Patience* both in book and music. The idea of the story is, as is usual with Mr. Gilbert, of a whimsical, satirical, upside-down, topsy-turvy order. The scene of the opera is laid in Utopia, an island supposedly in the South Seas, where the King, having a pronounced attack of Anglomania, has been induced to place his royal authority and influence at the disposal of some English speculators, and the principal interest centres in the efforts of two Utopian judges to overpower the King, and replace him on the throne by an official called the public exploder, one Tarara, who is the next in succession.

It would appear that the Anglomania which besets the Utopian nation arises from the fact that King Paramount had sent his eldest daughter, the Princess Zara, to be educated at Girton College, Cambridge, whence, after taking all sorts of honors, she returns to Utopia, escorted by several Lifeguardsmen and five "Flowers of Progress" in the persons of an English Lord Chamberlain, Captain Fitz Battle-axe, of the Lifeguards; Admiral Sir Edward Corcoran, of the Royal Navy; Sir Bailey Barre, Q.C., M.P.; Mr. Blushington, of the London County Council; and Mr. Goldbury, a company promoter and member of the Stock Exchange. There are no less than eighteen principal characters in the piece, and, like the others of the Gilbert and Sullivan series, the opera consists of two acts—the first act showing the Utopia kingdom undisturbed by Anglomania; the second act, a drawing-room *à l'Anglaise*, everybody attired in English court costume, in which the principal comedy scene takes place. This is as follows: While waiting for the Princess Zara and the other Princesses to dress, the King and his Chamberlain each suddenly draws forth from undiscovered places a straight-backed chair, on which they seat themselves *à la* Christy Minstrels; another sudden movement transforms the back of the chairs into tambourines, banjos, and violins; the County Councillor rattles a pair of bones, while the Q.C. jingles the tambourine, and King Paramount, in the centre, acts as the Interlocutor. The King does a "walk-around" to an American negro break-down, and this whole scene, strongly resembling what we should call farce-comedy, is said to go with tumults of applause. Both in music and book the opera is said to bring back memories of *Pinafore* and *Patience*—more, indeed, than memories, for Gilbert writes:

> "Though we're no longer hearts of oak,
> Yet we can steer and we can stoke,
> And thanks to coal and thanks to coke,
> We never run a ship ashore."
>
> *Chorus.* "What, never?"
> *Capt.* "No, never!"
> *Chorus.* "What, never?"
> *Capt.* "Hardly ever!"
> *All.* "Hardly ever run a ship ashore."
>
> "Then give three cheers and three cheers more
> For the tar who never runs his ship ashore.
> Then give three cheers and three cheers more,
> For he never runs his ship ashore."

This is sung to the old familiar tune by Sir Edward—late Captain—Corcoran, which certainly brings back the past with a vengeance. The opera is said to be very much up to date, which, interpreted in the light of present theatrical happenings in London, would point to the fact that it is more of a burlesque than any of the former works of these collaborateurs, and is said, moreover, to be eminently characteristic in style of both author and composer. Sir Arthur's music is said to be, as is usual with this gifted composer, at once popular and refined, and Mr. Gilbert's book is spoken of as being in his best and least savage vein. Some of the lyrics are quaint and clever to a degree. It is naturally very difficult to form an estimate of a work of this kind from the first accounts which reach us, but the consensus of opinion would seem to be that *Utopia (Limited)* is the best thing that Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan have produced since the *Mikado*, and being more or less frankly aimed straight at the box-office, is likely to be a great popular success. The production of the opera at the Savoy Theatre is said to be simply gorgeous, both in point of scenery and costume.

Mr. Emil Paur, the new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, made his first bow to a Boston audience a few weeks ago, and must be accredited on the whole with having made a decidedly favorable impression. It was the pleasure of the writer to be present at the second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last week, when in a very well selected programme, including Schubert's great C Major Symphony, a good opportunity was afforded of arriving at an estimate of Mr. Paur's ability as a conductor. The first thing that strikes one in connection with Mr. Paur is his exceeding honesty, straightforwardness, and earnestness of purpose. There is not a particle of either affectation or clap-trap about him, and it was evident at once that under his direction the orchestra is likely to lose nothing of the proud position it now occupies. Mr. Paur has a clear firm beat, leads without effort or excessive or affected gesture, has a good feeling for contrast and climax, although his effects are perhaps somewhat lacking in graduation. He is evidently a musician of refined sentiment, and one who is likely to adhere more closely to convention and tradition than to strike out new and possibly heterodox paths for himself. His reading of the C Major Symphony was sane, even, and well balanced, and while perhaps a little deficient in romantic feeling and poetry of expression, was yet not devoid of sentiment at once broad and earnest. In the second movement he gave what must be considered a decidedly effective innovation by beating in two instead of four, giving a rhythmic swing to the movement which added much to its grace and general effect. Mr. Paur may not, perhaps, be as yet a great conductor, but there can be no question that he is more than an ordinarily good one, and the sentiment of the orchestra is distinctly with him, which is a favorable indication from the start. His first appearance with the orchestra in this city, on November 8th, will therefore be awaited with much interest. A picture of Mr. Paur, from one of his latest photographs, will be found in another portion of the paper (page 1048).

One is almost tempted to believe that the same class of moralists who are shocked at *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* would be almost equally displeased with *Charley's Aunt*, now in the full tide of success at the Standard Theatre. In this play does not a godless and reprehensible Oxford undergraduate, for the purposes of unwarrantable deceit, dress himself up in women's clothes to fool and take in an unsuspecting parent, and does not this same undergrad divest himself of these garments in full view of the audience in a way most unbecoming and calculated to give serious offence to every right-minded and respectable spinster? *Charley's Aunt* is one of the most boisterous, laughable, healthful, merriment-giving entertainments which have been seen in New York for some years. *Charley's Aunt* was put up as a stop-gap in London for a week, and played to empty benches. Because Mr. Penley had for the moment nothing to follow it he continued it a second week, still to empty benches. On the third Monday night, almost killing the entire management with surprise, the house was sold out, and this blissful condition of affairs has continued in London ever since, and seems likely to be repeated here in New York. The story of *Charley's Aunt* is slight in the telling. A couple of Oxford undergrads, wishing to entertain in their rooms two girls with whom they were in love, asked an aunt of one of them to chaperon the party. This respectable spinster failing to turn up, her place was assumed by a third undergrad, much addicted to private theatricals, from whose capable rendering of the part the various humorous complications of the piece grow. Going back to the methods of the Maddison Morton school of farce, Mr. Brandon Thomas has with rare ingenuity and dramatic skill put together a play in which the humor grows naturally and easily out of the situations themselves. The dialogue, while it does not detract from the general effect, does not aid it materially, and although humorous characterization in two or three instances helps along the fun, many of the parts in the piece, especially those of the women, are in the ordinary way quite limp and characterless. The fact of the matter is, that although described as a comedy, *Charley's Aunt* is in reality a farce of the most roaring description, but its ingenuity and cleverness being such that it could not fail to amuse the most hardened theatre-goer, the audience bore witness to the truth of the saying, "What's in a name?" and are thoroughly contented with the dramatic pabulum provided for them. If, however, there is little in a name, there is much in the surroundings in which scenes and incidents are cast. If the same audience which attend *Charley's Aunt* were at Harrigan's Theatre and saw Mr. Harrigan as an Irish politician "of de Eight" pour tea into his hat, they would probably consider the action as not only unfunny, but vulgar, but the same thing taking place in a drawing-room amid presumably refined people strikes them as irresistibly comic and humorous. The result of all this may be summed up by saying, give an audience a chance to laugh without a suspicion that they are in any way bemeaning themselves or losing dignity by so doing and they will laugh at anything and everything, and go away in a high state of exaltation and delight.

Being written for a striking individuality like Mr. Penley, who must be seen to be appreciated, *Charley's Aunt* is, to a great extent, a one-part piece, and it must be allowed that the gentleman who replaces Mr. Penley, a countryman, Mr. Etienne Girardot, after having been his under-study in England, does so in a thoroughly effective manner. He naturally copies Mr. Penley closely, but not by any means servilely, and succeeds in being thoroughly amusing in the broadest and most comical situations in a thoroughly legitimate way. Most of the other characters simply serve as feeders to the central personage and hardly call for special comment, the Steven Spettigue of Mr. W. J. Ferguson though good is lacking in the somewhat fiery Scottish idiosyncrasies which made the part stand out so prominently in London. Go to see *Charley's Aunt* by all means, and if you go once you will in all probability go again.

Mr. Wilson's revival of the once popular *Erminie* which now occupies the boards at the Broadway Theatre, is certainly most complete and most artistic, the stage settings and costumes being singularly tasteful and beautiful, and the whole revival marked by every care and attention to detail. While one certainly regretted that most excellent and lamented comedian Mr. Daboll as Ravenne, Mr. Wilson's Cadeaux is as humorous as ever, and is certainly one of his very best comedy creations. Whether *Erminie* will revive successfully with the public remains to be seen. It was always amusing, and even now when more than ever turned into a vehicle for Mr. Wilson's acrobatic buffoonery and clowning, it is certainly a vast improvement on the two inanities which preceded it.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

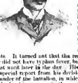
AN AUTUMNAL ROMANCE.

A LEAF fell in love with the soft green lawn,
He deemed her the sweetest and best,
And then on a dreary November dawn
He withered and died on her breast.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A BRAVE VOLUNTEER.

FOR some time the Naval Reserve has divided with Troop A and the Seventh Regiment the honor of being first in peace and in the hearts of its countrywomen, but a recent event has given the Reserve a claim to be considered first in war also. Indeed, there have been few more plucky acts than the rescue of a drowning man from the East River by Mr. Barter Seagrave, a volunteer member of the Fourth Division, First Naval Battalion, State of New York. Together with several other enthusiastic members of the Reserve, Seaman Seagrave has been living on board the United States ship *New Hampshire*, which is anchored off the foot of East Twenty-seventh Street, East River, near Bellevue Hospital. On the morning of October 13th, a man, with several others in close pursuit, rushed pell-mell upon the hospital sea-wall and jumped splash into the river. Mr. Seagrave saw him from the deck of the *New Hampshire*, and instantly sprang overboard. The hospital attendants shouted that the man had typhus fever, and that Seagrave risked a double danger in going near him. The rescuer replied that he could not well save the man without going near him, and asked for a rope, which was thrown to him, and which he succeeded in fastening to the arm of the drowning man; the latter was hauled ashore, while Seagrave swam back to the ship amid the cheers of his companions and the hospital attendants. It turned out that the rescued man was insane, and he did not have typhus fever, but the rescuer did not know that until later in the day. His bravery was the subject of a special report from his division commander to the commander of the battalion, in which Seagrave was praised not only for his courage in the water, but for his efficiency on board ship.



Mr. Seagrave is twenty-six years old, a university man and an athlete. As an example of his coolness in a trying situation, the commander of the Fourth Division of the First Naval Battalion wrote, "I am glad to report that even in the excitement of rescuing the man he remembered his instructions sufficiently well to make the line fast by a clove hitch." To save a man with typhus fever from drowning and remember to make the clove hitch is a feat the Naval Reserve is proud of.

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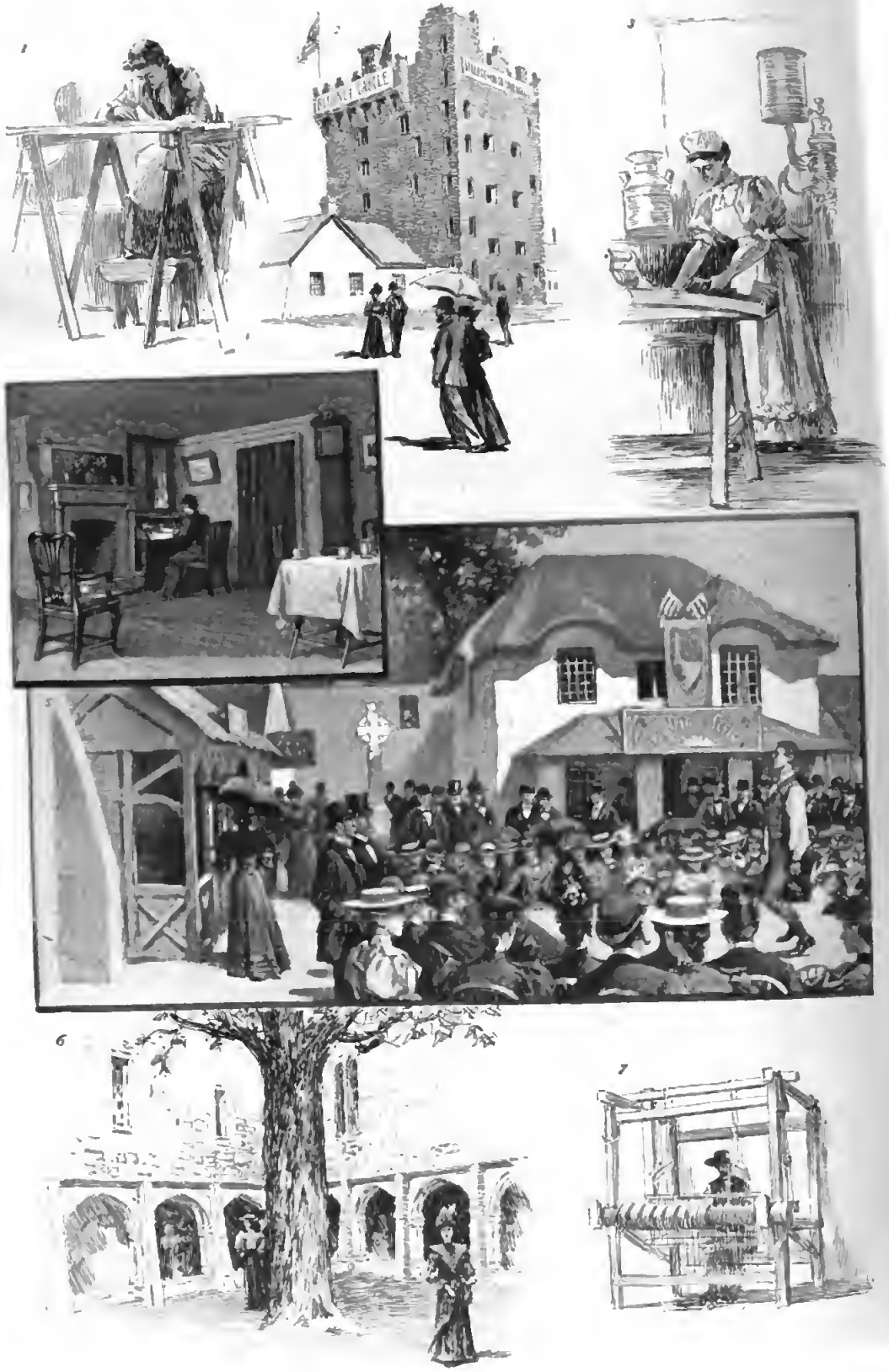

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—LADY ABERDEEN'S IRISH VILLAGE.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

1. Making Lace. 2. Blarney Castle. 3. A Dairy Maid. 4. A Cozy Interior. 5. A Jig in the Court-Yard. 6. Muckross Abbey. 7. A Weaver at Work.

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THE BOHEMIAN GLASS EXHIBIT—MANUFACTURES BUILDING

THE ROYAL WORCESTER EXHIBIT—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

THE ROYAL SAXON PORCELAIN EXHIBIT—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

Photographs by C. D. Arnold.

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BOOMERANGS AND OTHER NATIVE WEAPONS IN NEW SOUTH WALES EXHIBIT—ANTHROPOLOGICAL BUILDING.

THE PRINCESS DE METTERNICH'S SALON—AUSTRIAN SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

Photographs by C. D. Arnold.

DELFT-WARE EXHIBIT—NETHERLANDS SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

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TABLEAU OF LIEUTENANT GREELY GREETING LIEUTENANT LOCKWOOD AND SERGEANT BRAINARD ON THEIR RETURN FROM THE "FARTHEST NORTH," 1883.

UNIFORMS WORN AT THE CLOSE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

UNIFORMS WORN IN 1812.

HEAVY AND FIELD ARTILLERY.

A PAGE FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT—UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

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THE BIGGEST CHEESE IN THE WORLD—AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

A CASTLE OF KENTUCKY COAL—MINES BUILDING.

GRAND DOORWAY TO THE FRENCH SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

GRAND DOORWAY TO THE DANISH SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

IN THE COSTA RICA BUILDING.

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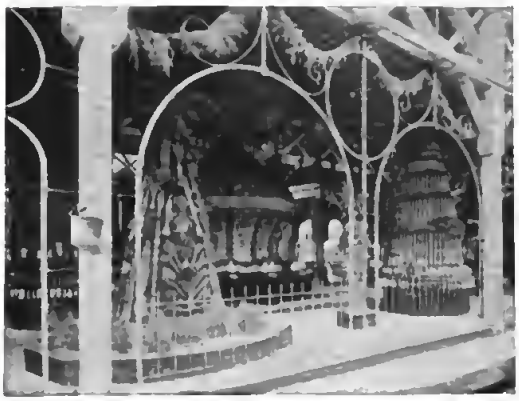
THE WYOMING EXHIBIT—MINES BUILDING.

THE MONTANA EXHIBIT—MINES BUILDING



THE MONTANA EXHIBIT—AGRICULTURAL BUILDING

THE WASHINGTON (STATE) EXHIBIT—MINES BUILDING.

Photographs by C. D. Arnold.

THE MINNESOTA EXHIBIT—AGRICULTURAL BUILDING

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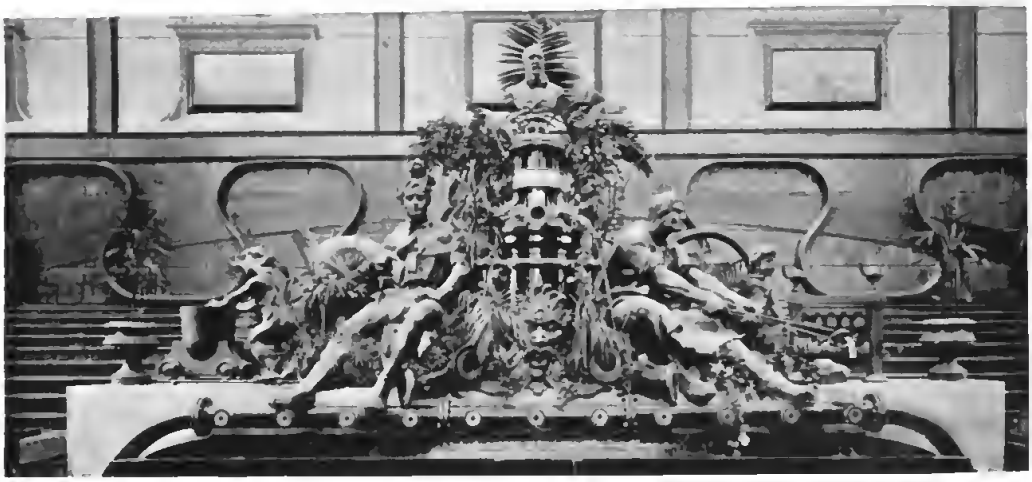
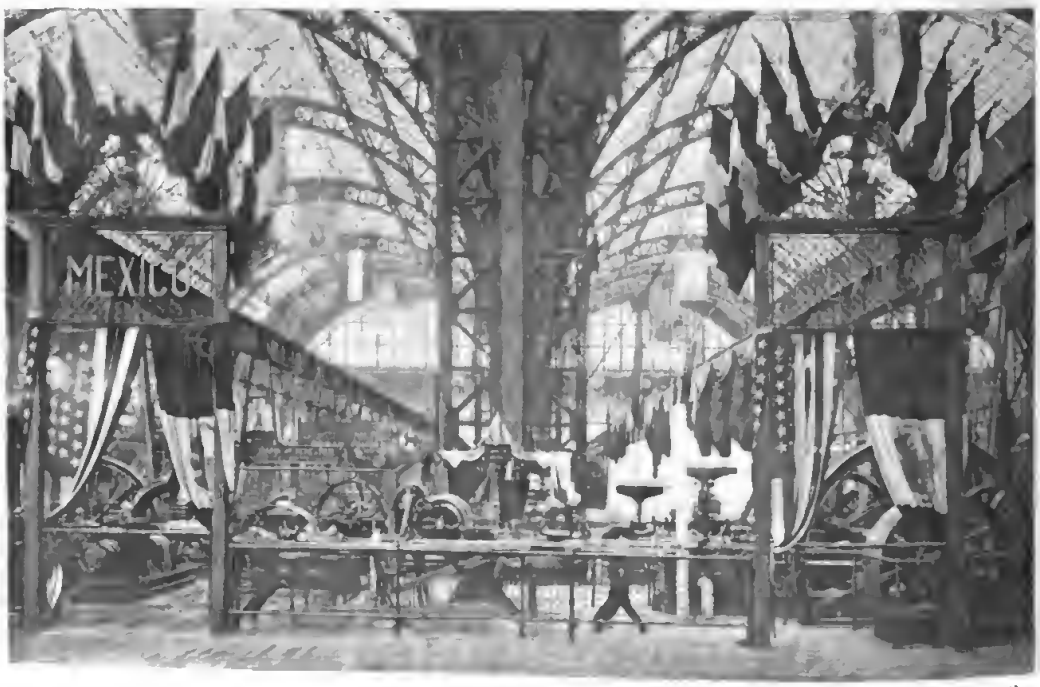
OREGON'S FINE FRUIT DISPLAY—HORTICULTURAL BUILDING



GROUP SHOWING THE ARTISTIC POSSIBILITIES OF MECHANICAL IRON-WORK—STUMM EXHIBIT—MINES BUILDING



THE MEXICAN EXHIBIT IN THE MACHINERY BUILDING.

Photographs by C. D. Arnold.

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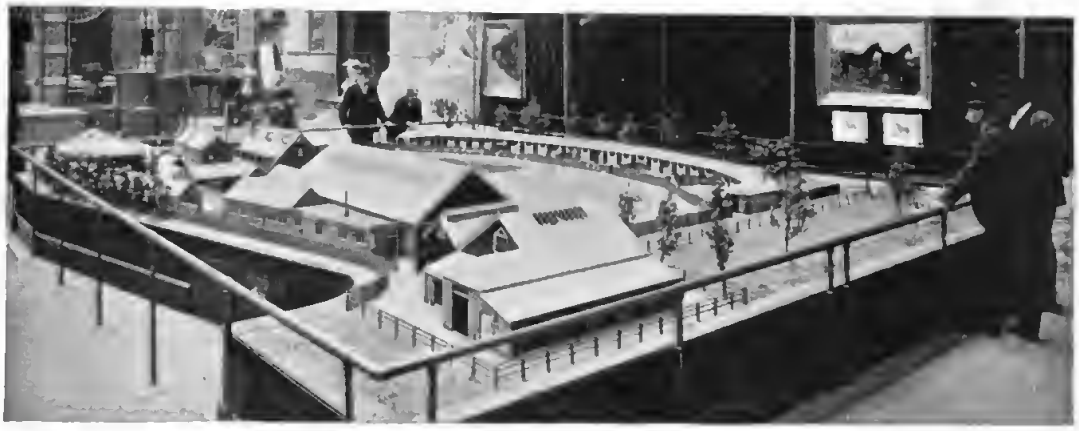
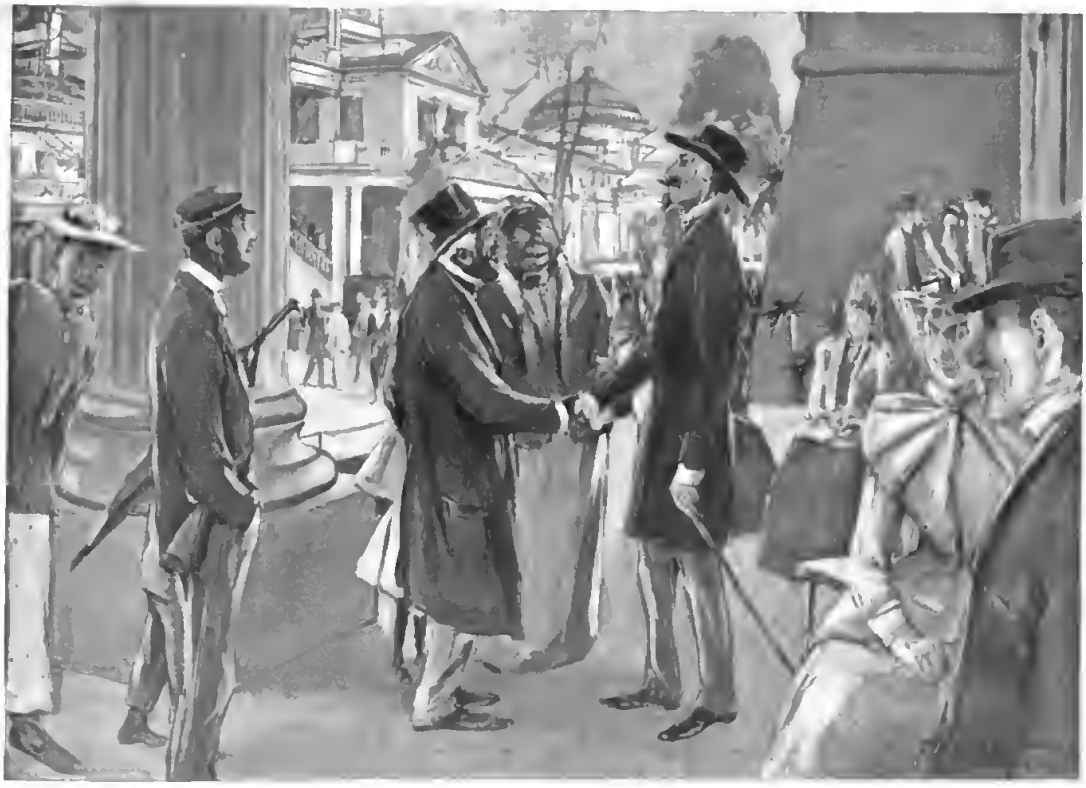
Monument Wall Group of the Plains. Indians of the Plains Hunting Camp.

IN THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION EXHIBIT, LOOKING AT THE SECTION OF THE BIG TREE—UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.



THE MODEL OF MR. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT'S FAMOUS BROOKFIELD STUD—AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

Photographs by C. D. Arnold.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE JOHNSON FAMILY REST AT THE KENTUCKY STATE BUILDING.

THE COLONEL (*Mr. Johnson's former master*). "WELL, WELL, ES, WHAT AH YOU DOIN' HEAR?"

MR. JOHNSON. "WAL, SAH, I'S LAK A HOLE SHOE DAT'S BEEN BLACKED—'BOUT TIME I'S GITTIN' SOME POLISH!"

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THE SPANISH SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

IN THE JAPANESE SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

THE "CHAPEL" IN THE TIFFANY GLASS EXHIBIT—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

Photographs by C. D. Arnold.

IN THE DOULTON-WARE EXHIBIT—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

IN THE JAPANESE SECTION.

IN THE ITALIAN SECTION.

FRENCH SCULPTURE IN THE SOUTH COURT.

IN THE UNITED STATES SECTION

Photographs by C. D. Arnold.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—A PAGE FROM THE FINE ARTS BUILDING

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MANHATTAN DAY AT THE FAIR.

BY A NEW-YORKER.

On Saturday, October 21st, we went to the fair. We had been there before; in fact, we've been there right along, but this time we went for a record.

There hasn't been a day since the fair opened that there hasn't been a big New York contingent in Chicago. Go to the Vienna Café or the Marine Restaurant and you'd think you were in New York, from the familiar faces around you.

SEARCH-LIGHTS ON THE BALLOON.
After a Sketch by Charles Monte.

Of course this had no significance for any but New Yorkers. For anything the Chicago man knew, or the casual stranger, we might all have come from Boston or Brooklyn.

But all this time we were taking the fair in. We saw it was a big thing. The New-Yorker is not much given to superlatives, and the Chicagoans hadn't left many over, anyhow; but we saw it was big. So we just let the Chicago man apply the superlatives, and we said "Amen," or "the same," according to our custom and belief. And, what's more, we were glad of it. Yes, and we were proud of it, too—proud of Chicago, our strapping young sister, proud of our country, proud of ourselves, that we had a part in it.

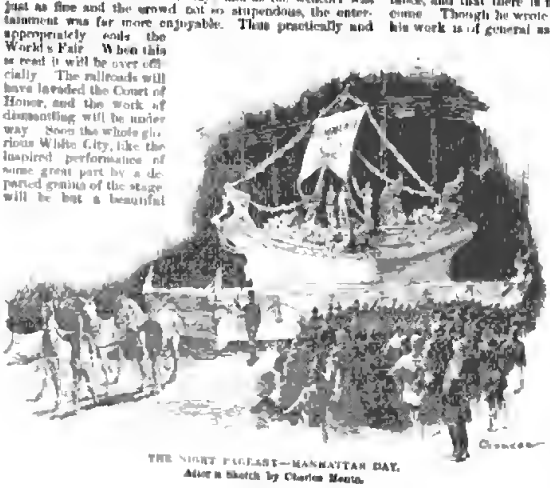
And sometimes all this would come over us, and we'd want to jump right up and give three cheers. But the New-Yorker is not naturally a hurrahing animal. He can hurrah, and when he does he can make as much noise as anybody; but he prefers to make a function of it. That's where he's different from the Chicago man. If the Chicago man feels like hurrahing, he just gathers in anybody who happens to be around and hurrahs, and if there isn't anybody around, he hurrahs all by himself. But at last the time came when we knew that we'd have to hurrah or burst. So we all got together, and hired some bands, and ordered out the Old Guard, and went to the fair in style and had it out. And now I'm sure we feel a great deal better, and I guess Chicago does too. Manhattan day has afforded a fitting opportunity for New York and Chicago to show just how much they think of each other, and they find that it is a great deal.

The World's Columbian Exposition, which Chicago won and we lost, instead of estranging us and engendering bitter feelings, has really tied the two cities closer together and a great deal of the credit for this state of things belongs to Chicago. If Chicago, in the flush of victory, had started in to show New York and the rest of her beaten rivals what a big thing she could do all by herself without outside help, she would have fallen far short of her present accomplishment, and earned the good will of none of them. Where she showed her good sense, her patriotism and her generous nature was in coming right out and saying: "See here, if I start in by myself to make a Chicago fair of this, I won't be satisfied with the result, and neither will you. But if we all work together to make it a national affair we can beat the world, and all share in the credit. Will you do it?"

And if New York, disgruntled at her failure, had held aloof, perhaps in some particulars the fair might not have been quite what it is to-day. But there was no holding out against talk like this. And great as the fair is, surpassing even the brightest dreams of its designers, Chicago has shown herself just one degree greater in the spirit in which she received her responsibility and carried it through to the end. The mutual appreciation of the new relation in which the two greatest cities of the country now find themselves in consequence of their unselfish conduct in regard to the World's Fair found a fitting expression in Manhattan day.

There's no doubt about it, Manhattan day was a success. New York took on her Mayor, the president of her greatest college, and her most distinguished citizens to grace the occasion, and Chicago did as much for New York as she had done for herself on her own day, and as the weather was just as fine and the crowd not so stupendous, the entertainment was far more enjoyable. Thus practically and appropriately ends the World's Fair. When this is read it will be over officially. The railroads will have invaded the Court of Honor, and the work of dismantling will be under way. Soon the whole glorious White City, like the inspired performance of some great part by a departed genius of the stage, will be but a beautiful memory in the minds of those who have had the good fortune to see it. That this is too bad has been said until it is painfully true. But it is now too late to repine, and to say that if we had known this or thought that, those or those buildings might have been built in vast.

The good that the World's Fair has accomplished is not going to die with the memories of those who have been there. Think of what the Centennial did for this country, and then compare the two expositions. Yet the Centennial bred a love of art and a capacity for appreciating what is beautiful in our daily American lives that made the Columbian Exposition first a possibility and then a completed reality. The influence of the World's Fair for what is good in art will be felt in every hamlet and home in this country. Not a man, woman or child who has visited it but has come away better informed, better educated, broadened, exalted, a better citizen, for of all the lessons of the fair none is so important in its ultimate results as that of the manifest emulation, generous co-operation and broad minded, high-minded patriotism illustrated in Manhattan day.



THE NIGHT PAGEANT—MANHATTAN DAY.
After a Sketch by Charles Monte.

PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D.

The death of Dr. Philip Schaff removes one of the greatest and best known of American theologians. He was born at Coire, Switzerland, on the 1st of January, 1819, and was educated in Germany at the universities of Tübingen, Halle, and Berlin. In 1842 he began his academic career at the last named institution as a tutor in theology. In 1843 he received and accepted a call to the German Reformed Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, where he gave instruction at one time or another on all branches of theology, engaging in the mean while in editorial work and in other literary labors of the most varied character. His activity as a writer began even before he left Germany, and during his residence in Mercersburg he published several important works, the chief of which were his histories of the apostolic age and of the ancient church. His earliest works were written in German, but before many years had passed he had acquired a sufficient mastery of English to write it with ease and accuracy and since then he has published almost exclusively in that language. Although he was of foreign birth, and learned English only after reaching years of maturity, the literary style of Dr. Schaff's later books is remarkable alike for its perspicuity and for its elegance.

That his theological studies, wide and varied as they were, did not make him indifferent to the more practical side of Christian life is shown by the fact that he had a leading hand in the preparation of a new hymnal and liturgy for the German Reformed Church, and that he published a catechism in English and German, whose popularity is evidenced by its translation into many languages, including even Chinese and Japanese. Such labors as these served to make Dr. Schaff's name a household word throughout the Church to which he belonged, and even beyond its borders. But before this time, when he was fresh from his native land, his advanced scholarship and his broad and liberal spirit had excited suspicion, as is so often the case, and he was obliged to defend himself against the charge of heresy. He was, however, honorably acquitted by the Synod at York in 1845. His trial showed him to be, what he always remained, a thoroughly loyal Christian, devoted heart and soul to the service of Christ and His church, but it did not make him any the less liberal or any less ready than he had been in welcome and to utilize fresh truth, from whatever source it might come. Indeed, openness to new truth was always one of Dr. Schaff's marked characteristics. To the day of his death he was a learner, eager in his search for knowledge, and ever ready to revise his opinion in the light of newly discovered facts.

After twenty years of varied and fruitful labors at Mercersburg, he removed to New York, and during the next five years held the post of secretary of the New York Sabbath Committee, in the mean time continuing his literary work and lecturing upon church history in Andover, Hartford and New York. In 1869 he was called to the Union Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church, with which institution he remained connected until his death, as professor successively of Theological Encyclopædia and Symbolics, Hebrew, Sacred Literature and Church History. Throughout his long life Dr. Schaff was busy with his pen, and enriched the world with many notable works. Prominent among them are his *Creeds of Christendom* in three volumes, and his *Church History* in seven. The latter work is his *magnum opus*. It was pronounced by the theological faculty of the University of Berlin, in a congratulatory letter written to him at the close of his fifty years of academic service, to be "the most notable monument of universal historical learning produced by the school of Neander," and it may safely be said that there is in the English language no history of the Christian church of equal importance, and that there is not likely to be for many years to come. Though he wrote ecclesiastical, not secular history, his work is of general as well as of technical interest, and its character is such as to entitle him to a place among the greatest of American historians. With a marvellously tenacious memory, which gave him ready command of immense stores of learning, with a critical sense and with a constructive faculty of no mean order, with a broad and catholic spirit which put him into sympathy with the best in all men, and in all systems of thought, however diverse from his own, and which emancipated him to a remarkable degree from the evil effects of prejudice and bigotry, Dr. Schaff was peculiarly fitted for the work of a historian. But his labors were not confined to history. For the advancement of Biblical learning few men have done so much as he. Besides editing and contributing to various Scripture commentaries, he published a Bible Dictionary, and a very convenient Companion to the New Testament, and at the request of the English revisers, he organized the American Bible Revision Committee, and served as its president until its labors were completed. His work in this department alone insures him a permanent place in the memory of English-speaking Christians.

But though so diligent a student and so voluminous a writer, Dr. Schaff was no recluse. On the contrary he was a man among men, interested in all that interested them, and thoroughly alive to questions of present concern. He was for many years an active member of the Century Club, and his friends were never confined to theological circles. An indefatigable traveller, he had a large acquaintance on both sides of the Atlantic. He was always very fond of social intercourse and of the companionship of friends, and no one had more warm friends than he. To know him, indeed, was to love him. His genial face, his sunny temper, his unfailing fund of anecdote and reminiscence, his large and varied information, his wide acquaintance with men and affairs, his contagious enthusiasm, made him one of the most delightful of companions and one of the most inspiring of friends. Upon all with whom he came in contact, and among them upon more than a thousand theological students, he left the indelible impression of his broad and noble manhood, of his magnificent devotion to a high ideal, of his unswerving loyalty to truth, and of his untiring diligence in the pursuit of it.

A year ago Dr. Schaff rounded out a half-century of professional labor, and the University of New York signalized the occasion by conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, which he had already received from the universities of Berlin and St. Andrews. He was made the recipient at that time of many other signal marks of esteem, and the hope was everywhere entertained that he might see many more years of active service, but he never fully recovered from the effects of a stroke of paralysis which he had suffered the previous summer, and a second stroke, following upon a severe attack of angina pectoris, brought his long and useful life to a close on the morning of Friday, the 20th of October.

REMARKS TO POETS.

There is a pleasure in being mad
That none but madmen know.—*Dryden.*

Since Dryden states this as a fact,
Of course it must be so,
But if he were not daft himself,
Pray how did Dryden know?

COALING SHIPS AT SEA.

The recent official test of the device for coaling ships upon the high seas may have a more important bearing upon the foreign policy of the United States than one would believe at a glance. The fact that fuel can be safely transferred from one vessel to another in any condition of weather, is one that is particularly interesting to a nation possessing but a single coaling station in foreign waters. Though it may not render wholly unnecessary such vantage points, the number of them may be safely decreased, and naval operations before an enemy's coast prolonged indefinitely.

In case the United States should find it necessary to send a squadron on distant service, for the purpose of demanding an indemnity or blockading the entrance to some hitherto neutral ports would be closed against us, for coal is regarded as a munition of war. Unless we possess some accessible stations where the bunkers of our vessels could be replenished, the most important factor of the problem, both of defensive and offensive operations, would be a fleet of colliers. These would have to be guarded at any cost, for upon them would depend the life of the squadron.

Suppose, for instance, that hostilities had been declared against Chili. Owing to its great distance from the United States and the fact that we possess no coaling station south of Key West, our squadron would have been forced to depend upon its own resources. Should the admiral of the fleet have found it necessary to blockade the Chilian coast the question of supplying his vessels with coal would have been a most important one, for international law says that "a blockade to be effective must be continuous." This would have necessitated the keeping of each vessel upon her station, and her duty would have been not to remain in port, but to police the coast and chase any merchant craft that might be seen attempting to force the line.

The need of coal at a critical moment would have crippled the entire fleet; and as the vessels could not have left the coast until the blockade was lifted, they would have to depend upon the colliers alone for fuel. Now, in smooth water, beyond the natural chafing of two vessels lashed alongside of each other, it would have been an easy matter to transfer coal either in bags or bulk. But unfortunately it is not always the fate of the sailor to meet only with calm seas and ripples, and even in an ordinary sea it would have been a difficult if not impossible task to transfer coal. It was such a predicament that Captain Philip R. Low's invention would be of prime importance to the country.

Again, if the exigencies of war should render it necessary for the vessels to remain under way, the collier could be taken in tow, and the transfer made under full speed. Indeed, this was the test that took place on board the *Syracuse* and *Kearsarge*, by order of the Secretary of the Navy, on October 18th. And though neither speed nor rapidity of transmission was attempted upon that occasion, the success of the system was established beyond peradventure, and it was demonstrated that the new device could transfer coal at the rate of fifteen tons in more an hour. There is no reason why a second apparatus could not be rigged on the other side of the ships, and the supply increased to thirty tons an hour. The official report of the "Board" found so much merit in the invention that they recommended the fitting up of a regular collier further to test the system in bad weather.

The question of coaling ships at sea has been one that has vexed the navies of the world for many years, and in the British naval manœuvres of 1890 the Admiralty particularly requested the captains to suggest some method of rapidly coaling while under way. Though several different systems were tried, none of them were successful. And it has remained for an American to solve the difficult problem.

The principles involved in Captain Low's invention are simple, and well established by the laws of mechanics. The method consists in transporting bags of coal from one vessel to another by means of an inclined wire, the collier being below of the vessel to be coaled. The transmission wire is held taut by a counterpoise which has a second slope sufficient to permit both vessels to roll and pitch freely, but

it always maintains a grade sufficient to carry the weight over by gravity alone

On board the collier two upright spars are placed forward of the foremast and parallel to each other. These are about four feet apart, and extend a short distance above the topsail-yard, being strengthened by two cross-pieces, one lashed near the head of the spars and the other about two-thirds the distance from the deck. To the latter a long wire pendant is attached. This takes all the strain from the foreyard to which the spars are lashed simply to prevent rolling in a seaway.

Between the two uprights a box filled with heavy weights is fitted. This is the counterpoise, and moves up and down like an elevator in its shaft. This counterpoise not only keeps the transmitting line taut, but it relieves the strain should there be a sudden jerk. Attached to the first cross-piece is an iron block, through which the transmitting line is passed and then secured to the counterpoise. Two-thirds the distance up the vertical spars a platform is erected upon which two men stand to receive the bags from below and attach them to the sliding block.

The receiving apparatus consists of two shear-legs that are lashed together on the port side of the poop of the vessel to be coaled. Across these is lashed another spar, from which hangs a mat that serves as a buffer. When the bag strikes the mat it is automatically detached and thrown to the deck. The distance between the vessels may be anywhere from 250 to 500 feet.

WILLIAM NEPHEW KING, JUN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

A LIST OF WORLD'S FAIR SUBJECTS PICTORIALLY TREATED IN THE FOLLOWING NUMBERS OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

1758. Officers of the World's Columbian Commission.
1768. Colonel George R. Davis, Director-General. Hon. James A. McKenzie, Chief Assistant.
1778. Proposed Plans and Sites.
1780. The Government Building. The Sham Battle-ship.
1791. Bird's-eye View.
1792. The Woman's Building. Miss Minerva Parker. Columbian Monument. Queen Isabella Pavilion.
1793. The Electrical Building. The Mines Building.
1794. The Agricultural Building. The Administration Building.
1795. View looking south through the Lagoon.
1796. The Pier and the Casino.
1797. The Machinery Hall.
1800. The Transportation Building. The Horticultural Building.
1803. The Administration Building.
1806. World's Fair Officers—Moses P. Handy; Hon. Benjamin Butterworth; Halsey E. Ives; W. T. Baker; Charles L. Hutchinson; Anthony F. Seeberger.
1811. View of the Art Building.
1812. World's Fair Commissioners Abroad.
1813. The Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building.
1816. The Massachusetts Building.
1822. The Present State of the Grounds and Buildings—Six Illustrations.
1826. Bird's-eye View of the Buildings and Grounds as they will appear in 1893—Four-page Supplement.
1829. A Visit to the Roof of the Woman's Building.
1832. The Allegorical Group of War for the Administration Building.
1833. Sketches of World's Fair Buildings—Five Illustrations.
1834. Proposed New York State Building—the Van Rensselaer Manor-House. The Art Institute. The Administration, the Mines, and the Electricity Buildings.
1835. Working under Canvas on the Mines Building.
1837. The Congressional Visit to Chicago.
1838. The Statue of "The Republic." Placing Exterior Decorations.
1839. One of the large Iron Arches for the Machinery Building in Place. Plasterers at Work.
1840. The Great Derrick.
1841. The Grand Court.
1842. Man about the Grounds—Four Illustrations.
1843. The Pennsylvania State Building. In the Designing-Room, Bureau of Construction.
1845. The Buildings from the Wooded Island. A Sculptor's Studio. Details of the Fisheries Building. Sunday Visitors at Jackson Park. Workers in Staff. Constructing the Manufactures Building. The North Dakota Building. The Wisconsin Building. The Government Building.
1848. Quitting Hour at Jackson Park.
1849. Pay Day at the Fair Grounds.
1850. Portion of West Front of the Agricultural Building.
1854. Buildings in Course of Construction—Nine Illustrations.
1856. Figure of "Fire" for Machinery Hall. The British Building. Models for Live-stock Entrance.
1858. The Manufactures Building—View from Lake Shore. The Minnesota Building. The Georgia Building. The Ohio Building. The New York Building.
1861. Pediment for Agricultural Building.
1863. Interior of Manufactures Building, showing Base of one of the great Arches.
1865. The Golden Doorway—Main Entrance to Transportation Building. The Manufactures Building, looking northeast. The Administration Building. Statues for the Agricultural Building. South End of the Mines Building. The Algerian Village. The Workmen's Noonday Meal.
1867. Architectural Bits at the World's Fair.
1871. The Dedication Ceremonies in the Manufactures Building. Floral Decorations in the Manufactures Building. The Triumphal Arch and some Street Decorations. The New York Building. Dedication Ceremonies; the Grand Court.
1873. The Horticultural Building.
1876. The Gallery of Fine Arts.
1878. Decoration at the southern Entrance of the Agricultural Building.
1880. A Group of State Buildings—Indiana, Rhode Island, Iowa, West Virginia, Kansas, Connecticut, South Dakota, Arkansas, and Illinois Buildings.
1882. The Woman's Building.
1884. The Kalsomining Machine for covering large Surfaces.
1886. The Statue of "The Republic."
1890. East Entrance to the Horticultural Building.
1891. At Work on the Japanese Building. Buildings at the Columbian Exposition—the Utah, Utah Clam-bake, Maryland, Missouri, and Florida Buildings.
1893. The United States Corner in the Manufactures Building.
1894. Finishing the large Statues.
1895. Unpacking Exhibits in the Art Gallery.
1898. South Entrance to the Electricity Building.
1899. South Entrance to the Manufactures Building. The Opening Ceremonies—the Presidential Party. President Cleveland passing the Manufactures Building; Introducing President Cleveland to the Foreign Commissioners, looking towards Fountain and Manufactures Building; looking south across Plaza east of Administration Building at the Moment the President touched the Button. The Midway Plaisance. The Central Power Plant annexed to Machinery Hall. The Golden Doorway to the Transportation Building. General View of the Buildings from the Lake, and the Peristyle as seen from the Grand Court (Four-page Supplement). The Chicago Houses.
1900. The Sunday Crowd besieging the Gates. The German Village. The Turks and their Sedan Chair in the Midway Plaisance. Well of the Hungarian Village. Entrance to the Turkish Theatre. Javanese at Work. Dedication of the Swedish Building.
1901. The Macmonnies Fountain in the Grand Court. The Obelisk and Entrance to the Stock Pavilion. North Entrance to the Machinery Building.
1902. South Entrance to the Mines Building. Hoo-den, or Phoenix Hall. The Boone and Crockett Club. The Missouri Building.
1903. Sunday opening of the Fair—the Crowd entering the Grounds. Venetian Gondolas on the Lagoon.
1904. In the Manufactures Building. In and about the Midway Plaisance.
1905. In the Terminal Station. Big Guns in the War Department, Government Building. The Grand Court at Night—Electrical Illumination of Macmonnies's Fountain and the Administration Building.
1906. Dedication of the German Building. The World's Congress of Beauty in the Procession. An Egyptian Marriage in the Cairo Street. Procession of Foreign Peoples from the Midway Plaisance.
1907. In the India Building. The great Ferris Wheel.
1908. The Fourth of July Crowds going to the Fair Grounds.
1909. Burning of the Cold-storage Warehouse.
1911. Half Way up the Ferris Wheel. An Evening Concert near the Administration Building. The Johnson Family on the Midway Plaisance.
1912. The Johnson Family visit Jackson Park in the Evening.
1913. The Johnson Family visit the Dahomean Village.
1914. An Evening at Old Vienna. The Post-office in the Government Building. The Johnson Family in Cairo Street.
1915. A Hot Day at the Fair. An Evening on the Lagoon. Mr. Johnson hires a Roller-Chair.
1916. Aboard the Battle-Ship. British Empire Day at the Fair—trooping the Colors. Visitors in the Fisheries Building. The Johnson Family in the Esquimau Village.
1917. In the Cairo Street. The Johnson Family visit Lady Aberdeen's Irish Village and Blarney Castle.
1918. The English Military Tournament. Section of a great Ocean Steamship in the Transportation Building. The Johnson Family visit the Village of the South Sea Islanders. The Lake Shore, looking north.
1919. At the Javanese Theatre in Midway Plaisance. The Russian Horse Exhibit. The Johnson Family ride in a Gondola. At the Arab Encampment.
1920. The Midway Plaisance at Night. The Johnson Family witness the Drill of the Life-saving Crew. The Dance of the Dahomeans in the Midway Plaisance.
1921. The Grand Arch of the Peristyle. The Johnson Family visit the Lapland Village.
1922. Chicago Day at Night, the Grand Court from the Peristyle. Fireworks on Lake Front. The Night Pageant of Chicago Day. The Chicago Day Crowd in the Court of Honor. The Drill of the Life-saving Crew. The Johnson Family visit the German Village. Sketches in the Midway Plaisance.
1923. Waiting for the Fireworks. Bedouins Dancing their National Dance, Midway Plaisance. An Eight-Page Supplement, containing Thirty-eight Interior Views of the various Buildings. The Javanese Dancing Girls.

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A GALLANT KENTUCKIAN.

Lawrence's "Don't give up the ship," Perry's "We have met the enemy and they are ours," and Crittenden's "General Taylor never surrenders," will be remembered as long as there is a patriotic heart in America to thrill with emotion at the recollection of heroic gallantry. Lawrence died almost as he uttered his heroic words. Perry thoroughly a few years after framing his famous despatch, but in the almost half-century that has intervened since Crittenden's reply at Buena Vista we had almost forgotten who it was that gave the rallying-cry to the Whigs in the campaign which ended in the election of Zachary Taylor as President of the United States. Major-General Thomas L. Crittenden, a Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General on the retired list of the United States Army, died the other day on Staten Island. He was the second son of that eminent American, John J. Crittenden, Governor of Kentucky, Representative and Senator in Congress, and twice Attorney-General of the United States. The elderly gentleman who has just passed quietly away in his seventy-ninth year was in his youth, his middle age, and, indeed, during the whole of his active career, a worthy son of so distinguished a father, and one of the most gallant Kentuckians who ever went to battle. He was a lawyer when war was declared against Mexico in 1846, but he quickly put aside his briefs, shut up his office, and joined the Kentucky troops, with the commission of a Lieutenant-Colonel. His first battle was Buena Vista, where he served on the staff of General Taylor. At the close of the first day's fighting in that engagement certain Mexican troops had been driven back and were retreating under the fire of the American guns. General Taylor sent young Crittenden to demand their surrender. Instead of surrendering, however, they took Crittenden a prisoner, and retreating through a narrow ravine brought him before Santa Anna, the Mexican commander. Crittenden explained his business, now too late to be of consequence, and Santa Anna replied:

"Go back to General Taylor and say that I demand his surrender. I have him surrounded by 22,000 troops, and he cannot escape."

"I will deliver your message, sir," replied Crittenden, "but—General Taylor never surrenders."

He was escorted back to the American camp, and delivered the Mexican message.

"Old Rough and Ready" smiled grimly. "Said he had 22,000 men did he? Well, he won't have so many to-morrow."

The next day the Americans won a great victory, and as a special messenger Crittenden bore the news to the President and Congress in Washington. After a visit to his home he returned to Mexico, and served under General Scott until the end of the war, which the unsolicited people in Mexico to this day believe resulted in a Mexican triumph.

When General Taylor became President he appointed Crittenden to the constructive office of Consul at Liverpool. The next stirring episode in the career of Crittenden was when the civil war had broken out. His father, as a Senator and Representative in Congress, had done all in his power to avert the impending struggle. When this was seen to be inevitable, he became an uncompromising Union man, and worked for the cause with might and main during the few remaining years of his life. The second son adopted his father's views, and in October, 1861, became a Brigadier-General of Volunteers in the Federal army. His elder brother, George B. Crittenden, then a Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army, resigned his commission and espoused the Southern cause, and in a little while was witnessed the unnatural and remarkable spectacle of two brothers, each commanding an army corps, and operating against each other in a civil war.

This recalls the fact that at the beginning of the war the people in Kentucky were tried as were no others in the country. We read in the histories of the war of the great perplexity at both Washington and Richmond as to how Kentucky would go, but we hear little or nothing of the perplexities that beset the people of Kentucky themselves. In the early days of Kentucky there was a strong feeling against slavery, and in the first Constitution provision was made against certain features of the trade in slaves. Indeed, the leaders of public opinion looked forward to the gradual emancipation of the slaves. There were undoubtedly changes in public opinion between that early time and the breaking out of the war, but there were many people all over the State who looked upon the institution not only with regret but with loathing. These were all for the Union. Then there were many others who, though they held to the theory of State rights as enunciated by the political leaders, still could not follow those leaders so far as to try to destroy the Union. These men and many others who later went into the Southern army and fought with zeal and stubbornness, desired that Kentucky should remain neutral in the conflict. But this attitude was impossible. When this became suddenly manifest to all, there was a sad parting of the ways. It was necessary for each man to decide for himself, and to decide instantly. Each man felt bound to show his colors so that all could see. Whole families did not stick together at this time, but were divided according to the dictates of individual conscience. And so it came about that fathers and sons and brothers and cousins were arrayed on opposing sides. Such is the impetuous nature of the Kentuckians that, after the hope of neutrality had been abandoned, pretty nearly every able-bodied man in the State was in one army or the other. To the Union army Kentucky furnished her full quota of men, and even a larger number to the Confederacy. There was probably never in modern times so large a percentage of the population of a State bearing arms in actual warfare as there were of Kentuckians during the rebellion. And the majority of these combatants regarded the strife as both unnatural and unnecessary.

The hot-heads in the North and the hot-heads in the South were alike in one regard—both regarded the Kentucky officers high in command with some degree of suspicion, because their State had not rushed headlong into the conflict. The brothers Crittenden both suffered from this cause, and both resigned their commissions before the war was over.

General Thomas L. Crittenden, the gallant gentleman who is the subject of this sketch, was exonerated in calmer times, and was given the commission of Colonel in the regular army in 1866. He commanded a regiment until 1884, when he retired on account of age.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

UNITED STATES COAST-LINE BATTLE-SHIP "OREGON."

AT noon on the 26th of October the *Oregon*, the third of the three coast line battle-ships authorized by act of Congress, appeared June 30, 1890, was launched from the Union Iron works of San Francisco, California.

Picture a steel hull 348 feet long on the water-line 69 feet wide at its greatest breadth, having a pyramidal massiveness 50 feet high, to which must be added a single double-topped military mast of steel, and one has the general appearance of a craft such as the *Oregon*, or her sister ships the *Indiana* and *Massachusetts*.

Grim into giant amidships for a distance of 100 feet with a water-line belt of 18 inch

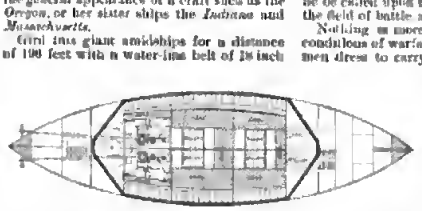

DIAGRAM SHOWING PROTECTIVE ARMOR OF THE "OREGON."

Harveyized steel armor 7½ feet wide—3 feet above and 4½ feet below the water—and on the shelf formed within by the upper edge of this armor belt place a nickel steel protective deck or roof 2½ inches thick over the space occupied by the engines, boilers, and magazines, and on the outside, from the top of the heavy armor up to the main deck, reinforce the ship's sides with four inches of armor backed by ten feet of coal, and you have conquered the principal defensive features of the hull proper.

Away down in the bowels of the craft, below the water line and beneath the protective deck and many feet of coal, each in its own compartment, are four double-ended boilers and two sets of triple-expansion engines—*i. e.*, engines that reutilize the expansiveness of the steam twice after the first cylinder, which receives the heated vapor directly from the boilers, has exhausted it—that will develop the power necessary to revolve the two 16-foot screws at the rate of 128 times a minute, generating a speed of 15 knots, or 17.27 statute miles an hour.

Her main battery will consist of four 13-inch rifles, 40 feet long, eight 8-inch rifles, 25 feet long, and four 6-inch rifles, about 19 feet long. The 13-inch and 8-inch guns are mounted in pairs in six heavily armored barbette turrets, the 13-inch guns being on the forward and after main-deck, while the 8-inch guns are located at the four corners of the superstructure. The 6-inch guns are in armored sponsons, two on each side amidships.

In a broadside action this ship will be able to greet an enemy within a minute's time with a salvo of ten of these guns, discharging almost a ton and a quarter of powder, and a mass of forged steel armor-piercing projectiles weighing over 45,000 pounds.

In addition to the main battery of heavy guns there is what is designated a secondary battery—a force of cannon composed principally of twenty 6-pounder rapid-fire guns. These guns, as their denomination explains, fire a loaded shell weighing six pounds, capable of piercing four inches of wrought iron without breaking in the passage, and with the power of bursting into many fragments after penetration.

The particular office of these small pieces in action will be to form a destructive fire against unarmored parts of a vessel, to rake exposed positions, to drive the crews from partially protected guns, and to resist the attack of light craft, and especially torpedo-boats.

As terrible as these means of offence may seem, there is still a deadlier but more distant agent of annihilation in the torpedo. Launched from the vessel's bow, stern, or two places on either broadside—for a battle-ship may play her part in torpedo warfare—dropped into the water with no more noise than that of a faint report of a small charge of powder, speeding along its course at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, with nothing but a thin line of bubbles to mark its path by day, or a streak of phosphorescence at night, it strikes a foe beneath the water line with all the destructiveness of 100 pounds of gunpowder.

These vessels will form an important part of our coast guard in time of trouble. The idea of self-sufficiency and protracted independence of all other sources of supply are two of the most characteristic features of this craft.

With her bunkers full, it is estimated that she will be able to steam 4000 knots at full speed, and at a cruising speed of ten knots she may keep the sea for two months without recoaling.

The contract price of this ship is $2,100,000, and she should be ready for trial and governmental acceptance in about two years.

R. G. S.

THE ARMY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

OF all the interesting exhibits in the United States Government Building it is safe to say that that of grim-visaged war is the favorite with the peaceful crowds who flock through the building. There is something in the old familiar blue of the uniforms on the well set up enlisted men on duty, the display of bristling bayonets, the array of heavy and field artillery, the relics of heroic deeds of old, and the improved means for performing heroic deeds in time to come that fans the smouldering martial spark in every freeman's bosom and makes him feel that he, too, is capable of deeds of derring-do should he be called upon to do a freeman's duty on the field of battle and hope he won't be.

Nothing is more typical of the changed conditions of warfare than the way in which men dress to carry it on, and the various groups of figures in characteristic uniforms of different periods are correspondingly interesting. One hundred years ago, even fifty years ago, war was a function for which men put on long-tailed coats (unless they happened to belong to the cavalry branch) tailed and cross-belted themselves in decked stiff and outlandish head gear, and went forth in serried ranks to battle, with banners waving and bands playing, in panoply and magnificence designed to strike awe in the hearts of the opposing forces.

The object of the soldier of to-day is to get as near the enemy as he can without being seen himself, and from some strategic point of vantage to pick his adversaries off one by one with his repeating rifle loaded with smokeless powder and an almost invisible projectile. To that end he requires a dress that is easy-fitting, allowing absolute freedom of movement, that is inconspicuous and at the same time is distinctive and military.

It would certainly be difficult to devise a uniform better conserving these ends than the simple comfortable fatigue uniform worn in the army at present. The old time uniforms look as if they must have been designed to be worn by automatons by machines. The modern uniform is worn by men who must think as well as act.

There is no touch of elbow on the skirmish line, and the skirmish-line is the line of battle of to-day. Each private is colonel of a regiment of one—himself—and each corporal a brigadier of seven independent units. War is a serious business, a scientific profession calling for skilled labor in every department, and nowhere is more science and special knowledge required of the busiest men than in the Engineer and the Signal Corps.

The exhibit of the work of the Engineer Corps is comprehensive and interesting, though perhaps rather technical in character, and does not lend itself readily to pictorial treatment.

The Signal Corps wound its sensible way into the public heart in the days when it ran the Weather Bureau, and warned prospective parties of impending showers, but it has its heroes as well as the more distinctly fighting arms of the service. And when General (then Lieutenant) Greely led his gallant expedition into arctic lands, a point of heroism, privation, and unfaltering devotion to duty was reached which comes very close to being "The Farthest North."

A striking tableau showing the return of Lieutenant Lockwood and Sergeant Brainard to Fort Conger in 1883 from the expedition on which they succeeded in planting the stars and stripes at a higher altitude—83° 24' N.—than had ever previously been reached by civilized man, and their welcome by Lieutenant Greely, is one of the most effective exhibits in the War Department's display.

H. G. P.

THIS·BUSY·WORLD·

If any one wonders how American women came to occupy that lofty and authoritative position which makes them envied of their sisters everywhere on earth, he can get some light on the subject by reading what the newspapers have had to say within a fortnight about Lucy Stone. She was born with the resolve that the American woman should get all that ought to be coming to her, and it is worth the while of any student of contemporary history to remark the energy and persistence and indefatigable courage that she devoted to the realization of that resolve. She was a great type of the woman with a mission. Nothing daunted her. She overcame poverty by hard work and pinching economy. She wrested an education from an unwilling generation. She faced mobs with a pluck that was more than fearless, in that it was actually trustful. She was eloquent without being vociferous, and apparently she was combative without being hostile. To beat the enemies of her movement was not so much her purpose as to win them. Since she began to agitate the woman's rights question, nearly fifty years ago, American women have gained pretty much all the rights and privileges she coveted for them except the right to vote; and the main reason why they have not got that seems to be that the men are reluctant to burden them with such an obligation. The prevalent American sentiment about women is that they shall have everything that is theirs, and anything of man's for which they can show a reasonable concurrence of desire. If the woman's rights movement lags somewhat now, it is because men have no more exclusive privileges which women deem worth sharing. The most that the erst-while tyrant ventures in these days to ask of them is that, having appropriated all that was his, they shall appropriate him also, and let him share the usufruct of some of their privileges.

In discoursing the other day at Union College about the various departments of newspaper industry, Mr. Dana omitted to say anything about obituaries. Yet as a department the obituary column seems of recent years to have gained perceptibly in importance. Take the *Sun*, or, as its editor would politely suggest, the *Tribune*. Besides the ordinary paid notices of deaths, its news columns regularly include a column more or less, of obituary notes, varying in length from three lines to a hundred, and which set forth in the course of the year the more significant facts about a very large number of people of varying note. The preparation of even such minor items as these demands knowledge and skill, while the occasional editorial obituary, as most admirably illustrated from time to time in the *Sun*, gives scope for the exercise of intellectual gifts of the rarest and most subtle and discriminating sort. The man who can really say the right thing in a newspaper about some one who is dead, and who is worth talking about, is no slouch with a pen and ink. Professor Johnson, who has charge of the course of journalism in the University of Pennsylvania, should be sure to give his young men some training in the obituary art. It would be good practice if he should have them write occasional obituaries of himself and the other university professors, enlivened perhaps with original stanzas of such mortuary verse as is popular in some of the Philadelphia papers.

A good example of how not to do it appears in a recent obituary note in a metropolitan journal of high literary standing, which contains the lines, "Besides her daughter, she is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Robinson." "Is survived by" is a form of expression which, being compact and convenient, is very common in obituary notices, but to the present commentator, at least, it always seems infelicitous, since it seems to suggest a degree of posthumous achievement which does not accord with the repose which the mind associates with the condition of being dead. To say, "Besides her daughter, three sisters survive her, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Robinson," conveys the same facts, and it would seem, more happily, since it puts the active work of surviving on living people, and relieves the departed of all concern or responsibility about it.

So also the practice of speaking of the subject of the obituary as "the deceased," or simply as "deceased," seems more blest in its breach than its observance. It is accurate, to be sure, and grammatical, but falls somewhat crudely upon the ear, and such verbal ingenuity as it takes to dodge it is well bestowed.

The English and the Americans are both rich, but which are the richer? Perhaps the statisticians know or can find out, but it is not certain that the statistical answer would give the information that one really wants, and which involves the distribution of wealth as well as its mere existence. Most Americans have to work, but, as is well known, a considerable proportion of English people toil not nor spin, and make no pretence of doing anything for a living. Is that because the English are richer than we, or is it a matter of taste, or a result of primogeniture? So also it appears (from close study of documents submitted by Anthony Trollope and other contemporaneous historians) that British gentlemen in respectable circumstances employ from five to fifty servants, and have several houses apiece, all of which they live in, and travel much besides. An American who lives in that way is looked upon as a man of very exceptional resources, but it would seem that an English gentleman who does not live in that way is thought to be somewhat straitened. At this time of year in England there are three or four hundred hunt clubs in active operation, and something like 20,000 Britishers ride pretty regularly to hounds. But hunting is an expensive sport that takes both time and money. These English seem to have both to spare, and that although these present times are not reckoned as times of special prosperity in Great Britain. So Mr. Davis's description in HARPER'S MONTHLY of life in London in the season suggests a notable multitude of people with money to spend and fixed habits of spending it freely. A returned traveller was speaking the other day of the shoals of agreeable English people he met in the Riviera and in all the play-places of southern Europe. When asked if they were rich people, he said not, but that they were able to live as they did because they knew how, and got their money's worth. He thought, too, that the well-to-do English had a more complete domestic apparatus ready to hand than most of the Americans, and could spend a larger proportion of their incomes on travel and amusement. Houses and furniture and such expensive vanities they had already by inheritance and were not compelled to spend useful money in providing them. Regard the English habit of publishing novels in three bound volumes! Would the American buy novels in such costly form? Are not all the habits of living that we borrow from the British, from dock-tailed horses to indoor menservants, more costly than the customs they supersede? They must have a great deal of money to spend, those enterprising islanders. No one would hesitate to say that the Americans are richer than the Russians, or the Italians, or the Germans, or even the thrifty French, but the Briton gives us pause. Is he really richer than we are, or is he merely an older son, and a dweller in a land where servants work for small pay, and clothes are cheap, and novels are rented out by Mudie, and the tax on stimulants is laid for revenue, and not for prevention, and where to loaf and invite one's soul is esteemed a preferable thing to toil.

A lady who staid in Chicago from the middle of July to the middle of October, and went weekly or oftener to the fair, remarked on the great enjoyment the later crowds got out of the show. They had a good time. They brought their lunches with them, and sat down anywhere and ate when the time came. They were there for pleasure, and they got it abundantly and in large chunks. But earlier in the season it was not so. It was a matter of comment for some of the newspaper correspondents in May and June that the fair-goers took their pleasure somewhat despondently, that many of them looked fagged out, and that the prevailing animus was rather a sober sense of duty than exultant pleasure-seeking. No doubt, as the fair went on and the crowds grew bigger, people got more into the spirit of it, and were affected by the sentiment of the majority. And besides that, the big crowds of September and October were very largely made up of people who were used to hard work, and bore the fatigues of sight-seeing better than their predecessors of the early summer. A very large proportion of the visitors in May and June were people of leisure or at least of easy circumstances, who could choose their time. Their eminent respectability was very noticeable, but the later crowds had more fun.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE plumes itself upon the eminent merit of "Cadet Days," its new serial, in which Captain King tells the story of a lad's experiences at West Point. It is no secret that Captain King writes good books, and competent critics say that this new one is one of his best, and gains even by comparison with the most famous book of its class, *Tom Brown's School Days*, by Thomas Hughes. Cadet life at West Point abounds in material for a good story. We see enough of the cadets and read enough in the newspapers about their doings to want to know more about their academical life, and inasmuch as we are the people, and the maintenance of the Military Academy depends upon the consent of our Representatives, it is well on all accounts that we should know more of the school and the life that it fosters. It is our school as very few other schools are, and when we have read Captain King's story we shall know at least enough about it to be interested in the action of our Congressmen when the military appropriations bill comes to a vote.

E. S. MARTIN.

AMATEUR·SPORT

IT WOULD BE A RATHER INTERESTING computation to figure up just how much time the big teams annually waste. Think of the number of hours spent at Princeton this year in trying to make impossible men quarters, and coming back to King finally! Then at New Haven they are still drumming at Brown and Holcomb for tackles, only, likely enough, to wind up at last with Murphy and Messler or Chadwick. At Cambridge they have put enough energy upon men they will never play to make an entire team of average players. The work is not wasted where it brings out possible men for future teams, but trying to shift old men, and then, after all, bringing them back to the former position, has in it no measure of profit, and generally comes not from the captain, but from some coach with a fancy in his head.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE WILLIAMS team is reported as saying that after playing both teams he considers Yale not in the same class with Harvard. Such a statement weakens one's confidence in the Williams captain's judgment. Yale and Harvard have been and certainly are this year in the same class. It is, perhaps, late enough in the season now to pass something like a comparative judgment upon the two teams.

Harvard has certain points of superiority which are decidedly marked, but almost all come from the coaching it has received and Yale missed. The Yale line, which should have been sufficiently superior to Harvard's to make up for the loss of all but one man behind it, has been allowed to deteriorate until even an inferior line like Williams held it, and, indeed, often broke it. Harvard's, on the other hand, in spite of the chase for new men to fill guard, tackle, and end has been growing stiffer and better from week to week under the steady drive of the many coaches, until it is of better playing service than the line of last year.

PRACTICAL FORM IS WHAT COUNTS, and last year the Harvard line was unreliable, as shown in the B. A. A. and the Cornell games, even on the eve of the Springfield match. It is that stiffness of play which Harvard has acquired in her line this season that argues well for its prospects. Yale's line is more limber than I ever saw it before. The big men in their freedom from coaching have loafed, and now even under the whip can hardly be driven to good work. Behind the line, however, the situation changes. Harvard's coaching has been far more effective upon the line than upon the backs, while what little Yale has had previous to Rhodes's arrival was largely directed to the backs, and they were evidently ready to profit by it. In Morris even though Adee be on the lame list, Yale has a better quarter than Harvard, while the other three backs are, with the exception of their catching, already just as good as Harvard's. More than that, Armstrong and Thorne have played together so steadily, practice and games alike, that they assist each other as smoothly as any pair of halves Yale ever had. To sum up, then, Harvard has the better drilled line, Yale the better quarter, and while individually the men behind Harvard's line are stronger, the difference is not great, and the Yale halves work together more satisfactorily. Having always been a believer in line-work, and that Yale's long string of victories is due to superiority in that quarter, Harvard seems to me to have the place to-day.

HARVARD MUST DO MORE CONSISTENT WORK, however, than in the past week if it hopes to keep even with the improvement rapidly making at New Haven. The playing against the team of "old grads," would hardly have been praiseworthy in a school team. All the evidence of snap was lacking, the runners started slowly and ran without spirit, and there was as little team-play as though it had never been heard of at Cambridge. Whatever the cause, the play was very bad and inexcusable. Harvard cannot afford such "horse-play" at any time of the short season. Later in the week there was a perceptible brace, and the men once more began to show a semblance of 'varsity form.

The advent of Gouterman was somewhat of a surprise to those who had supposed the best of the candidates had already been seen on Jarvis Field. He has been prevented from playing by an injury to his hand, but his work Thursday, at half-back, proves him to be a candidate of much promise, the fact of his having made four of the five touch-downs speaks the kind of game he played. He has speed, appears to find some use for interference, and though a little light, his running is in marked contrast to that of Dunlap's and Gray's. He gets away quickly, and once away it is a good man who can overtake him. Certainly he showed more speed than any other half has thus far this autumn. He played on his Freshman eleven last year, and weighs about 150 pounds.

LEWIS AND BREWER HAVE BEEN TAKING LIFE EASILY, and played very little. Mackie and Acton continue steady and improving, though not brilliant, at centre. Newell has been the attraction of the past week. He has been playing like in the old days of his Freshman year, and in consequence he has made it very lively work for the men opposite him on the second eleven. His tackling is much better than it was the early part of the season, and certainly better than it was the early part of last week. Manahan is filling the position of left tackle in a very creditable manner, and with experience he may prove to be the man for the place. There is no doubt, however, that the line would be stronger if Waters was in the position. Emmons likewise has aroused himself, and is doing better work and paying attention to his game. With Waters to help him there would be little fear of many runs around his end.

Stevenson is rapidly learning how the other end should be played, and seems to have taken the lead of any other candidate. Fairchild has not heeded my warning against self-satisfaction, and Foster, who has worked like a Trojan, has become the favored quarter in the estimate of every one who has watched his play. He runs the team with more judgment, passes quicker, and makes better use of himself after the play starts.

WATERS, AT HALF, IS PUTTING UP the same steady reliable game he has played all the autumn. He is easily tackled, however, and if a smaller and nearly as good half can be made, Waters will strengthen and benefit the eleven best by going in at tackle. His presence in the line would have a wholesome effect on Emmons and Acton, the latter especially, who, notwithstanding his improvement, must be considered an uncertain man in action. It would give an experienced man just where one is needed most, and though unfortunate for Manahan the eleven would be a great gainer. With Waters to steady one side of the line, Newell the other, and Lewis the centre, Brewer would find it easy to urge on the half-backs and keep them up to their work. In fact, with such a combination, Harvard's eleven would be in the very best possible arrangement, especially with such men as Clark, Dunlap, or Gouterman filling the position of half-backs.

The play of the team as a whole is good, the interference is being rapidly developed, and the tackling growing sharper every day.

There is no reason why Harvard should not this year have an eleven worthy the name.

HART IS THE NEW LIGHT at New Haven in the half-back line. He has been playing with more or less frequency since the beginning of the season, but it is only in the past week or two that any one has fancied that he might show 'varsity form. He seems to be a man, however, who, while making no very rapid progress, carefully moves up a little bit every day, and holds what he has. In this slow but sure way he has crept along until he is being considered very favorably by the coaches, and in Butterworth's absence takes Thorne's place, while the latter goes to full-back. Hart is of medium weight, but, like Armstrong, well put together, and naturally firm on his feet. He runs well with the ball, is a quick starter, and hard to upset. He does not understand the use of his arm, nor, in fact, the other finer points of half-back play, but he looks like an eminently teachable man, and worth working over. In the Williams game he did some very pretty running, until tackled in the open, when he usually went straight into his man and came down.

THE YALE-WILLIAMS GAME GAVE the clearest line we have had yet on Yale's play, for, with the exception of Butterworth, and possibly Adee, the team was much as it will be made up for the big games. The prime feature was the clean sharp swing of the interference for end runs. All Yale had to do to secure a touch-down at any time, no matter where the ball happened to be, was to let loose her interference and give the runner the ball. Of course this was good. But none of Yale's other plays came off. When Yale tacked the centre, Williams filled up the holes. When Yale tried between guard and tackle, Williams sometimes got the man before he even reached the line. There seemed to be no life in the Yale forwards, and it was quite as true in their defensive as in their offensive work. Williams, in the line, was not by any means afraid of its opponents, and grew more confident after feeling them once or twice.

Thorne can never make a full-back, nor even a substitute full-back, and Yale ought to be working hard on young Richards, who can both kick and run. Thorne is too slow

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with his punts to ever get in his kick against a good team. His place is decidedly half back, and not full. But as a half he mates well with Armstrong; they work together cleverly and Thorne is at present the best catcher of punts behind Yale's line, although not yet sure. His line-breaking is good, and has improved in the last week. Both he and Hart have gone up nearer to a place, while Eaton has remained the same and Hall is being distanced.

BEARD IS PUTTING UP BETTER FOOTBALL every day, and his chances proportionately improving. He is much quicker in every way, and already shows signs of a desire to get out of his position and help in the play—something which Stillman did not do to any marked extent, nor, in fact, has Beard himself ever before shown such symptoms. Beard's past record is against him, in that he has never been able to beat his rival for a place either on the field or in the boat; for he has tried for the 'varsity crew also. This time it looks as though he were in earnest, and had turned over a new leaf. The real test will come when Stillman is again well enough to play, and the two face each other. It has always been at this point that Beard has hitherto failed, so the contest will be carefully watched by the Yale coaches.

Billy Rhodes has made his presence felt by the tackles, and the result of his work is showing in the far sharper movement of that portion of the line. Mesler has come in for a good share of his attention, and has profited by it, but, for all that, Murphy seems first choice yet, and the struggle for second between Mesler and Chadwick. None are good enough for Newell, and if Waters comes up into the line on the other side, Harvard will outclass Yale at two positions which will surely be the most important ones in the Springfield game.

ALTHOUGH THE POPULAR VERDICT gives victory to Pennsylvania in its game against Princeton next Saturday, November 4th, we must stand alone in believing Princeton will carry the day. There is no doubt that Pennsylvania's team on a superficial inspection seems to completely overshadow Princeton's. It has a large percentage of veterans, its line has never had so many heavy, active men—in fact, no forwards on any 'varsity are stronger or more active, while back of the line its material from the very first of the season has been the envy of all the colleges. Neither Harvard, Yale, nor Princeton has a half back who approaches Knipe, nor one that has the natural ability of Osgood. Pennsylvania has, indeed, four backs, any one of whom has the making of a more valuable man than all of Princeton's combined. But with all this natural material as a basis, the finished result has not been what it should be. The Pennsylvania men seem not to have the proper spirit, not to be in touch in their team-play. With a line of forwards strong enough to hold anything, they have nevertheless put up a poor defensive game; while the offensive work, although much better, has been effective only in a limited number of plays. I have seen them play a great game for a few moments only to let through some one at an important time and place. Pennsylvania's defence has not improved the past week and it must improve greatly if they would prevent Princeton from winning. Then, too, their sole method, outside of Reese's run around centre, of advancing the ball seems to be by running the backs, and they are likely to be somewhat the worse for wear in the second half, especially as they are sure to have Princeton's active rushers down on them quite frequently. There is wanting that enthusiasm and individual determination so necessary to success in football.

PRINCETON, ON THE OTHER HAND, although a long way from being all she should be, certainly has two very valuable features to be taken into consideration—remarkably strong defensive play, and the enthusiasm and individual determination. Her backs, individually speaking, are not to be compared with Pennsylvania's, but they are apt to be of quite as much if not more service to their team, because of their better team-play and more skilful interference.

There is no doubt the Princeton line will be able to hold the Pennsylvania forwards, and, besides, break through them, to the great embarrassment of the quarter back and the successful obeying of his signals. This will be the more likely as Vail, the Pennsylvania quarter, is a little slow, and apt, with his forwards coming back on him constantly, to confuse his plays. Although Princeton's backs are weak, they will be aided by the best interference that has yet been developed by the orange and black, backed up by forwards that get into every play. Besides this, Princeton does not depend entirely on her backs to advance the ball. Against the Princeton backs, however, is the charge of fumbling, and if they indulge as freely as they did against Cornell and Lehigh, it will probably result in a touch-down for Pennsylvania, and may lose them the game. As a matter of fact, it will not be surprising if there is fumbling on both sides next Saturday, and some points made on flukes, from muffed punts and dropped ball on tackles.

WHY PRINCETON'S BACKS CONTINUE to run so high is a question. It was evident again in the game against Lehigh last week that no improvement in that respect had been made, only one man, and he a new one, Hearn, hit the line properly, and he spoiled his good work in this respect by the little he did in interference. No half back can get through a line in championship form nowadays with his head up in the breeze. And although Princeton seems to set great store by Ward, if he continues to run high, Yale will dispel Thanksgiving day whatever illusions there may be on the effectiveness of such form. The Lehigh game showed just how weak Princeton is on substitutes, and how dependent on King at quarter. Bradley, who went in at quarter, played a wretched game, scarcely ever getting the ball back properly, while the kicking of Betts at full was not good enough for a scrub team. Should King get laid up, Princeton would be in a bad way. For all Bradley's poor work at quarter, to me he seemed to have the making of a player; he is active, got into the plays, and interfered well. Princeton's condition back of the line is bad—very. Every one of the men needs the hardest coaching. Rosengarten's injury will cripple the team, for while he had much to learn he had given promise of making a good half. He is not likely to play in the Pennsylvania game. It seems curious Burnett does not have a try; he has more experience, and though light, plays a quick hard game; he does not use his head much in finding the opening, but he might be coached in this particular.

THE FIRST HALF OF THE LEHIGH GAME was good football, Princeton playing a quick snappy game, sending interference around the ends for good gains and piling up twenty-eight points. Two places in the line and all four of the positions back of the line were filled by substitutes in the second half, and the play was miserable. Lehigh kept hammering away, however, with a snappy game and a general style of play that reflected much credit on their coach, Harmon Graves. They not only kept Princeton from scoring, but made a touch-down themselves.

Lehigh deserves success, for they have been persistent in their efforts to win recognition. Their game is an improved one, and shows that Hartwell's work with them last year and Graves's this year have done a good bit toward setting them on the right road. In a year or two they will have the needed traditions, and their material will be made into the best shape. There has many a good man come out of Lehigh, but their ideas have not remained behind long enough.

Balliet, Wheeler, and Trenchard are doing such good work in the line that there are none better on any 'varsity. Lea has it in him, and is rapidly rounding into championship form. Holly must give more attention to the ball, not less to wrestling his opponent; the lesson he had in the '91 Yale game should stand him in hand this year. Taylor is playing the game of his life; he is doing well at guard—so well, in fact, that he seems to be of as much service to the team as Hall. He has not the weight, but gets into more plays, and is altogether a greatly improved man. If McCauley would keep on his toes, he could be more valuable to his team. He has not done so well as he should in recent games, and has let men get past him that he should have tackled easily.

To win, it is absolutely necessary for Princeton to have her strongest team on the field, and for every one of them to play the game of his life.

THE PENNSYLVANIA LINE WILL HAVE Thornton at centre, it having been found impossible to bring Woodruff up to proper form, but he will take Oliver's (whose knee was twisted recently) place at left guard, where his great strength may be used to advantage in defensive play. Wharton will be the other guard, and though not brilliant, is steady and a hard man to hold. Reese will fill right tackle and he is chiefly valuable for his runs around centre; otherwise he is slow, and covers little ground. Mackey, the other tackle, is not up to his last year's form, and is, in fact, the weak spot on the line; if Princeton hammers that point they will gain ground through him. Rosengarten will probably have the right end, and he is Schoff's equal in breaking up interference, besides which he is a good ground gainer, and a faster man than Abbott, his rival for the place. The left end

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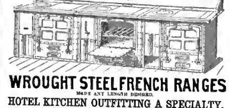

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Since the formation of the Intercollegiate Football Association there have been several occasions upon which its speedy dissolution seemed imminent. The Harvard-Princeton imbroglio was the most serious of late years, and resulted in Harvard's withdrawal. In earlier years an unfinished and undecided game between Yale and Princeton nearly broke up the organization, and only a season ago an exceedingly brutal game between Pennsylvania and Princeton all but resulted in the expulsion of the former. Again, last week, the Association seemed very close to its end, and the disturbing element the same as that which brought about Harvard's resignation—namely, eligibility. Upon this rock it looks as if the wreck will finally come, and if it must be, let it come, as we confess it will be no more deplorable than its continued existence as an excuse for eternal strife, each member endeavoring to gain a temporary advantage through debarring the player of a rival team, and yet saving his own. There is no rule that can be stretched to admit everybody's players, and the everlasting bickering of the last year has just about worn out the patience of college men and sportsmen generally. It is shameful that all this political claptrap and legislation should be tolerated. We had rather see football forbidden by the university faculties than pained by the exhibition of our college boys, sons of gentlemen, resorting to the intrigues of unprincipled professionals. If football elevens are to be maintained at the expense of good honest sportsmanship, let them be dissolved, and the game put aside, until a generation of sportsmen grow up to fill the rank and file of our teams. Better no football, no baseball, than players and managers and advisers who, instead of appreciating and obeying the spirit of the law, spend their time diligently searching for an evasion of the letter.

The Amendment touching eligibility passed last week and printed in full herewith is an excellent one in every respect, though there are one or two particulars in which the line can be drawn still a little closer. Taking the university idea as a basis, in contradistinction to the undergraduate or academic restriction, the lines cannot be drawn too closely. It is not enough that they prescribe so many hours of study, and insist on a year's residence; they must go further, and checkmate the "bona fide enrolled student," who does not return to college until the football season begins and leaves immediately after it ends. The college faculties owe it to the fathers of the boys whose moral and mental welfare is in their keeping, they owe it to themselves, to see that every member of a 'varsity eleven and nine and crew is a student in fact as well as in name. The very life of these sports depends on their windowpane foundation. One might almost assert that the whole undergraduate fabric in its highest sense rests upon honesty in sport, since it cannot be denied that it is the dominating force in the moulding of the boy's character. We do not wish to see an item going the rounds of the daily press, in the middle of the football season, that So-and-so has been induced to return to college to fill a gap in the rush line, nor that the captain is elated because he has persuaded a last year's half-back to return at the eleventh hour.

Amendment to playing rule 13 and to article 10 of the constitution of the Intercollegiate Football Association:

1. No man shall be eligible for the team of any college in this association who is not pursuing a bona fide course requiring attendance on recitations or lectures of at least six hours a week. If a graduate, he shall be pursuing a course for a degree requiring at least one year's study. If an undergraduate, and not pursuing a course for a degree, he shall not be allowed to play during his first year in college.

2. Any man who has attended lectures or recitations in any other college shall not be eligible for the team of any college in this association unless he be a regular member of the Freshman, academic, or scientific class, or until he has spent one year of resident study in that college, and has passed satisfactory examinations upon a full year's work.

3. No man shall play more than four years on any team in this association.

4. Two weeks before each game of this association the two captains shall submit to each other a list of forty players from which his team shall be chosen. If either captain has any objections to make to any man on the list submitted to him, he shall submit the protest within four days to the Advisory Committee and to the other captain. The Advisory Committee shall have power to decide as to the eligibility of players, and shall consider the protest submitted to them within forty-eight hours of its receipt. Either captain may submit a further list of six players not later than five days before the game. Protests to any of these men may be submitted in the same manner, and the Advisory Committee shall pass upon the same not later than forty-eight hours before the game.

5. The referee of any game in this association, at the request of either captain, shall debar from that game any man not included in the lists submitted, or who has been declared ineligible by the Advisory Committee.

The only criticism touching this amendment is that it should have been made earlier in the season. It always creates confusion to enforce new laws once work has begun on the old order. So far, however, as this amendment concerns any of the present members of the association, it must be remembered that the season began with the undergraduate rule in force, and both Pennsylvania and Princeton were aware they were running the risk of disqualification in training men for their elevens who were not eligible under that rule. The new rule leaves Princeton's team intact, but takes some seven players from Pennsylvania, but Princeton will undoubtedly play Pennsylvania without challenging any of them, and it is likely Yale will do likewise.

The opening games of the Western University Association have furnished rather disappointing play, none of them, with the possible exception of Kansas, showing so well as in the first games last year. This may be accounted for, however, by the fact that the season opened several weeks later in '92. The schedules are arranged with much more judgment this year, and undoubtedly all the teams at the close of the season will show an advance over last year.

Kansas opened its season by scoring its first defeat, the Minnesota team winning by 12-6, and showing the effects of the old Yale guard, S. Morrison's, coaching in their snappy play. They made their two touch-downs within ten minutes after the opening of the game and carried the Kansas men off their feet by their sharp work. The Minnesota team hold the '92 championship of the Northwestern League, won from Ann Arbor, Chicago, Northwestern, and Wisconsin universities.

The Missouri University met with a telling defeat, 28-0, in its game against Baker, and showed a rather unexpectedly weak game, even taking into consideration the return of only four old players. Neither team tackled well, though Baker showed some fair interference and played a strong offensive game.

The Iowa 'Varsity was easily beaten by the Denver Athletic Club team (score 38-0), which is stronger this year than ever, and had the additional advantage of a previous game with the Chicago Athletic Club and Northwestern University teams. Some very interesting games are promised.

The West Point eleven played the best game of football last Saturday against Yale it has ever shown, and Laurie Bliss, who has been coaching it, deserves much credit for what he has accomplished. Yale found a team much stronger than they had expected, and were called upon, especially in the second half, to play their hardest game of the year. West Point's centre, Ames, more than held his own against Beard, while Stacy, their half back, went through tackle and end and around the end in a way that surprised Yale and the spectators alike. West Point's offensive play is strong; the men make their holes well, and the backs hit the line hard. They all start slowly, however, and the tackling of the team throughout is high. The defensive play is not so praiseworthy, but their work all round is good enough to promise the strongest team West Point has ever had by the time they meet Annapolis. Yale's line, to repeat myself, seems never to have been so limber.

Football scores week ending October 28th

October 25.—Yale, [illegible], Williams, 0; Harvard 'Varsity [illegible]; Harvard "Scrubs," [illegible]; Princeton, [illegible]; Lehigh, 0; Pennsylvania, [illegible]; Pennsylvania State College, [illegible]; Tufts, [illegible]; Cornell, [illegible]; Amherst, [illegible]; Trinity, 0; Andover [illegible]; Brown, [illegible]. October 28.—Yale, [illegible]; West Point, 0; [illegible] Brown, 0; Princeton, [illegible]; Wesleyan, 0; Pennsylvania, [illegible]; Lafayette, [illegible]; Cornell, [illegible]; Williams, [illegible]; Lehigh, [illegible]; Annapolis, [illegible]; University of Virginia, [illegible]; Johns Hopkins, [illegible]; Boston A. A., [illegible]; Amherst, 0.

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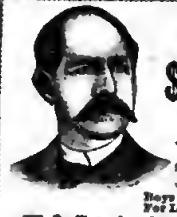

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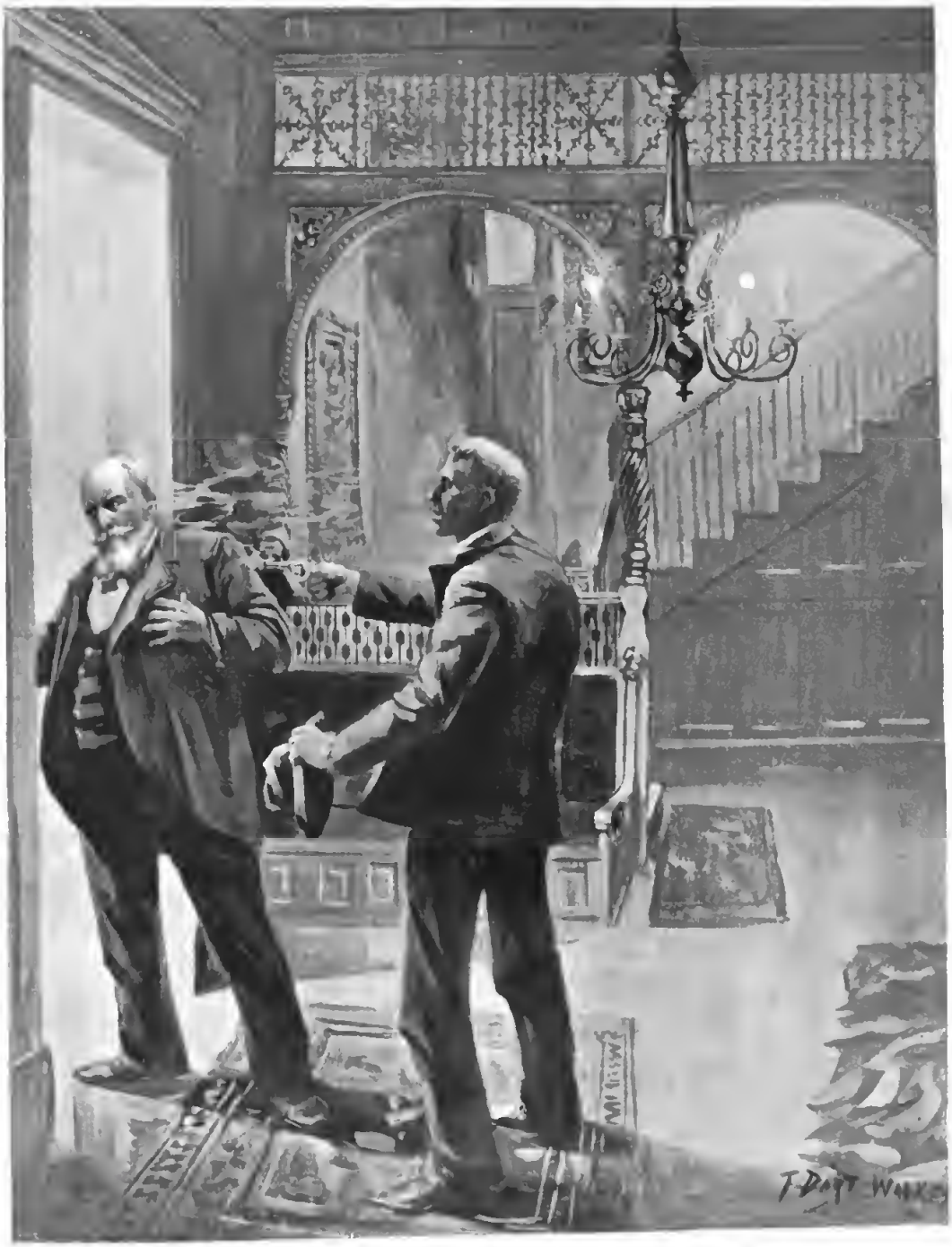

THE ASSASSINATION OF MAYOR HARRISON OF CHICAGO.

The Assassin about to Fire the Second Shot.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.—[See Page 1088.]

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

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THE TRIUMPH OF PUBLIC OPINION.

THE repeal of the silver-purchase act is among the most remarkable and brilliant triumphs in our history of the greatest force in American politics. This force is the intelligent public opinion of the country. It has frequently been observed by foreigners that public opinion in this country is singularly unsettled and fickle in concerning economic subjects. This is only apparently so. In ordinary times, when the country is measurably prosperous, the majority of the people take but a languid interest in questions of finance and taxation, because, doing well on the whole, they are inclined to avoid unnecessary anxiety, and to let things drift. But when economic difficulties and troubles appear, either local or general, the American mind begins to stir, and to bring forth theories and schemes which, especially when they proceed from persons untutored in economic science, are not seldom fantastical, and, if they gain any popular strength, fraught with mischief. As soon as such troubles and difficulties become critical and press for speedy solution, the popular mind begins to think seriously, and its natural soundness soon asserts itself. Thus we have within the memory of the present generation passed through several "crazes," which, sweeping the cowardly politicians into their current, seemed for a time to be almost irresistibly hurrying the country into senseless and most perilous experiments. But whenever the time came for a final decision, the temporary infatuation was always overcome by the common-sense and honesty of the people, and sound reason prevailed. So it was with the irredeemable paper-money craze nearly twenty years ago, and so it is with the silver craze now.

The silver craze was indeed the more dangerous of the two, because in some respects it was more plausible, and had a great industrial interest and a strong, well organized, and desperately determined financial force behind it. A great business crisis, keenly felt in all parts of the land, was required to break its force; but when that terrible object-lesson came, the intelligent public opinion of the country put forth its full power, and the doom of the silver movement was sealed. It is true, the obstacles to be overcome in Congress were by no means inconsiderable. Indeed, the House of Representatives, whose members had come fresh from the people, and were more sensitive to the currents of opinion among their constituents, yielded easily enough. But the Senate was full of obstreperousness. There was in it, in consequence of the admission of the new Northwestern States, a disproportionate number of members more or less interested in silver production. There were men who had, when the silver craze showed its first strength, committed themselves in favor of free coinage, and who thought they could, owing to their long terms, afford to maintain the pride of their consistency even against a change of opinion in their States. There were the men afraid of the Populists at home, like Mr. BUTLER. There were the men with pompous pretensions to statesmanship, and with heads full of crude and confused notions, and a genius for going wrong on every important question, like Mr. MORGAN. There were the political schemers, partly Republicans who would have been glad to see the Democrats do something to rein themselves in the confidence of the people, and partly Democrats who, like Mr. HILL and Mr. GORMAN, started out with the purpose that whatever the final action of the Senate might be, it should not be a triumph of President CLEVELAND.

The most unyielding of these obstructive forces was of course the resistance of the Senators from the silver-producing States, who simply obeyed the impulse received from a powerful home interest. But the most dangerous was the spirit of political intrigue personified in Senator GORMAN. Our readers may perhaps remember that at the beginning of the struggle in the Senate we asked them to watch Mr. GORMAN with especially keen attention. Although pretending to be in favor of repeal, he from the very start covertly suggested the idea of a compromise to be framed by him, and he never ceased to hope that the difficulties in the way of repeal would rise so high as to leave only the alternative of compromise or utter defeat. To this end he secretly and sometimes even openly discouraged the fight for unconditional repeal by every means in his power, and was always ready to proclaim the impossibility of its final success. It was he who would unite the Democratic party, unite it upon a Democratic measure to be known as the GORMAN compromise, which of course would make Mr. GORMAN the recognized leader of the Democracy, instead of that stubborn, impracticable President CLEVELAND. We have repeatedly warned the Democratic party that Mr. GORMAN is its Mephistopheles. How plausible his scheme appeared to many unsophisticated minds at a critical moment, and how near he came to its accomplishment in the Senate, are matters of history. Had he really succeeded in accomplishing it, Mr. GORMAN would indeed have been recognized as the leader of the Democratic party; but the Democratic party, harmonized upon an absurd policy fraught with infinite mischief, would have been doomed to disgraceful defeat and impotency for an incalculable time to come.

But the force of public opinion, at last rising to its full power, swept away all these obstructions and compelled obedience to the popular will. It warned the political schemers among the Republican Senators that this time the country would have no patience with political trickery, and they gave up the pursuit of party capital at the risk of the common welfare. It obliged even Mr. HILL to put his best foot foremost in promoting repeal, and came very near pushing him into something like a position of leadership. It broke up the alliance between the Southern Senators and those from the silver-producing States in the effort to prevent a vote indefinitely. It tore like a whirlwind through the fine compromise plot of Mr. GORMAN, and brought even the inexhaustible Mr. STEWART at last to his final wail of submission to its decree.

If there is any single lesson issuing from this struggle with great honor, it is President CLEVELAND. And this honorable distinction is due solely to the fact that he stood there in his high position the very embodiment of public opinion, resolute and unheeding. But he too should draw a lesson from this great event, and bear it well in mind. With the power of public opinion he could carry this measure through Congress. Without the power of public opinion he would never have accomplished it by mere political management and the use of the patronage. But with the power of public opinion behind him, political management and the use of the patronage were entirely unnecessary. Senators and Representatives who voted for repeal did so either from conviction or because the will of the people compelled them to do so. They needed no bribing to do what they had to recognize as necessary for their own political salvation. The President has been charged with using the patronage of the government to push the repeal bill through Congress. We shall be glad to believe this charge unfounded. But if it is founded in fact, then he has prostituted his high office for nothing. And the consequences of this evil deed will never cease to plague him. When public opinion pronounces itself less strongly on his side, he will henceforth find the "striker" in his path, and he is to pay with plunder for every measure he wishes Congress to adopt.

THE BANK-NOTE QUESTION.

As the prospects become better for getting rid of silver money and money based on silver purchases, the question of a substitute becomes more prominent. Our currency must grow in some form, to accommodate itself to the growth of business transactions. That growth, moreover, cannot take place by the simple process of adding gold to the circulating medium. We are aware that there are able advocates of a reliance on gold imports and gold coinage as the only means of providing for elasticity in the currency, but the solution of the problem is not so easy as this. The bimetallists can say with truth and reason that the gold supply is not sufficient to meet the needs of civilized communities for an expanding currency, if it is proposed to dispense with all credit substitutes for money, or to rely on gold only for the future growth of the money supply. The answer to the bimetallists—and we now refer, of course, to the intelligent advocates of international bimetallism, and not to the silverites who want simply cheap and debased money—the answer is that with a properly guarded system of credit substitutes, gold can be found, and now is being found, without difficulty, and in ample quantities, for performing the function of a basis and standard in the currency, and for carrying on those international exchanges for which credit instruments can not be used. The every-day domestic currency must consist largely of some form of credit money. We have credit money now in the form of greenbacks, silver certificates and silver Treasury notes, and national bank notes. For the future, as need arises for more, we ought to have bank notes; and we ought to have such legislation on bank-notes as will not only provide for the growing needs of the future but will gradually take the place of the present government issues, which ought to be got out of the way.

The proposal of the old-fashioned Democrats to provide for the future by simply repealing the present tax on State bank notes, and so permitting the issue of notes on such terms as the individual States see fit, is bad. It is, indeed, almost absurdly impracticable as a proposal for immediate action. The States at this present moment are utterly unprepared for such a trust—and a trust it surely is. In the thirty years during which State banks have been virtually prohibited from issuing notes, many of the old laws on bank notes have disappeared. Some States now make no provision at all on the subject, in them any one could issue any notes under any conditions of pleasure. In other States the legislation is so slight as practically to be non-existent. Very few States have still on their statute-books any careful and deliberate legislation, such as New York, Massachusetts, and Louisiana had before the war. The result of the immediate and unconditional repeal of the bank-note tax would be simply chaos.

Even supposing the States were given time to get ready for the new conditions, the proposal would still be bad. Some would doubtless prepare for the new freedom of their citizens by providing a sound system. Some would try to provide a sound system, but would fail, and would make a mess of it. Some Western and Southern States, and very likely some not so many thousand miles away, would be lax, more or less intentionally, and would permit wild cat issues. At any rate, divergence in security and a large degree of uncertainty would be inevitable. Uniformity in our money and unquestioned security are benefits which cannot be overestimated. They are vital to the stability of all industry. The case of one is here the cause of all, and a bad currency system in a few States must poison the whole commerce of the nation.

It has been suggested, and schemes have been presented before the House Committee on Banking to repeal the tax on State notes under conditions making the conditions such as to compel the absolute security of the notes. But this is nothing but a return to the method of the national banking system. Why not retain that system once for all, and broaden the basis of issue for the national banks in the same way as it is proposed to create it for State banks? This is the simple and straightforward policy. It has the merit, too, of avoiding the constitutional difficulties in the way of a conditional repeal of the tax—difficulties certainly as great as those which the old-fashioned Democrats find to the present maintenance of the tax. If a method can be found for securing State bank notes in such a way as to make them safe and sound, a method can be found for national bank notes. The United States bonds, it is true, are limited in quantity and high in price, on the present method the national bank system is restricted; but something else can be found. The successive Comptrollers of the Currency have presented various schemes, and this is the direction in which Congress should look for a definitive settlement of the currency question.

It must be admitted that if the national bank note issues are given a new life, other parts of the national bank system must be attended to. It is probable that the system does not now give sufficient opportunity for the banking facilities and for the bank-notes needed in the newer parts of the country, especially in the West and South. Perhaps banks with a smaller capital than the present minimum of $50,000 should be permitted, or a system of branches in the small towns might be tried. Some changes of this character might give the outlying regions the benefits of an extended credit system and so satisfy some real and pressing needs, without endangering the whole currency system of the country. These are questions requiring the careful consideration of experts. They are questions, too, on which it is best to make haste slowly. For the immediate future there is going to be no dearth of currency. On the contrary, in the process of slow recovery from present depression which we are likely to see following the repeal of the SHERMAN act, there will be an abundance of currency, from the old issues, for some seasons to come. The bank note question, and the whole problem of banking legislation and methods, can be considered at leisure. Let Congress appoint a commission to consider carefully and deliberately the remodelling of the national banking system, and then let the currency alone. This would be a very satisfactory outcome of the present session.

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THE STATE OF THE TREASURY.

In a recent communication to the Senate, Mr. Carlisle predicted a deficiency of $50,000,000 at the end of the current fiscal year, June 30, 1894. This deficiency is a book-keeping deficiency. It does not fully state the exact condition of the Treasury. It does not show with precision the excess of the government's obligations over its resources. There is already a deficiency of more than $10,000,000 if the gold reserve, the subsidiary and fractional currency, and the national bank redemption fund were not counted as Treasury assets. If to these items the balances of disbursing officers were added, the deficiency would be even greater. These items are not really available assets. The small coins are not full legal tender, and the redemption fund for national bank notes is composed of money deposited by banks for the redemption of their notes. It is true that this money has been "covered into the Treasury" under an act of Congress; but it is also true that, notwithstanding this statutory spoliation, the money is not the government's, and must be paid on demand. The balances of disbursing officers consist of funds deposited to the credit of the officers to enable them to pay current obligations.

It is quite likely that the Secretary of the Treasury will need nearer $100,000,000 than $50,000,000 to put the finances of the government on even terms with the world. Importations have greatly fallen off during the last few months. This is largely due to the actual and threatened effect upon exchange of the silver agitation. The final and satisfactory settlement of this was discounted, as the phrase goes, and importations, and consequently customs revenues, began to increase before the vote in the Senate was taken. October was a very good month in comparison with the months that immediately preceded it, and it shows to what state the Treasury has fallen since the end of Mr. Cleveland's first term, when there was a large surplus, that a good month is one during which the revenues fell below the expenditures only about $2,664,000. It may be that now that the silver question is settled, merchants will begin to renew their greatly exhausted stocks. If they do, the revenues from customs duties for the coming eight months may be relatively greater than they have been for the first four months of the fiscal year, so that the deficiency may not be so large as is now anticipated.

It will be great enough, however, and, as Senator Sherman pointed out in the speech that he made in the closing hours of the debate on the repeal bill, something ought to be done by Congress to provide the Secretary with an income. The question whether or not under the law of 1875 he has the power to issue bonds is not a practical one. It may be, as lawyers contend, that the power exists, but the bonds authorized by that act are long-time and high-rate bonds. The bonds bearing the lowest rate, four per cent., would run thirty years. Mr. Sherman contended with great force that no Secretary would think of issuing four per cent. thirty-year bonds when he can borrow money for a shorter period and at a lower rate.

Congress, therefore, must intervene, and come to the relief of the Treasury. The country must not repudiate either its public debt or its current obligations. Congress has been appropriating millions in excess of the government's resources. It has been extravagant to the verge of corruption. And now the spendthrift nation is face to face with the problem that sooner or later confronts every one who lives beyond his income. The crimination and recrimination of partisans, the attempts of the Democrats to fix the responsibility upon the Republican billion-dollar Congress, and the efforts of the Republicans to show that the Democrats followed in their extravagant footsteps, do not meet the difficulty. Both parties are responsible, but the present responsibility rests upon the Democrats.

It is not known whether those who have been charged with the duties of legislation are adequate to their task. They were unable, as a party, to relieve the country of the evils following and bred by the Sherman law. It may be that they will be unable to formulate a tariff law, or to bring order and security out of our distracted currency laws. It may also be doubted whether they will give to the Secretary of the Treasury the simple measure of relief that the occasion demands, and that is essential for the preservation and maintenance of the public credit and the national honor. Nevertheless, the country will hold the Democratic party responsible. It is in power in both the legislative and executive branches of the government, and if there is any hint or suggestion of repudiation, it will not soon again be trusted by the country. The American people want their government to be honest, and it will go hard with the party that is unable or unwilling to formulate a measure that will supply the Treasury with the funds needed to maintain the public credit and to pay the public debts as they fall due.

No tax measure will meet the present difficulty. Laws providing for increased revenues may be effective next year and the year after; but the income of this year will come from existing tax laws, and it is not sufficient for the wants of the government. Some temporary expedient must be devised. There is a strong and wholesome opposition in this country to an increase of the national debt. Whatever power is bestowed upon the Secretary, it ought not to include the issue of long-time bonds. At the most, short and low-rate notes should be the extent of the obligations authorized. Probably the bestowal of the power to borrow for pressing needs would do away with the necessity of borrowing at all. At all events, Congress must do something for the Treasury as soon as possible after its reassembling in December.

CHICAGO'S BIG GIVERS.

The immediate future of Chicago is an interesting study for observers. All eyes have been centred upon her now for six months, and in a less degree for nearly two years. Her purposes and her methods of carrying them out have been matters of national moment. It is hardly too much to say that she has been the most important city in the land, and of course she has felt her importance. What will become of her now? Will she drop gracefully down to hard-pan, and become once more a comparatively commonplace big Western town, or will she keep right on, and strive by tremendous hustling to maintain the central and commanding position which was lent to her by the fair? Of course that remains to be seen, but she has given some evidence already that she does not intend to drop an inch farther than she can help. Mr. Marshall Field's subscription of a million dollars to found a museum of natural history may be accepted as an indication of her sentiments. It is proposed to make the museum a memorial of the fair, and perhaps to house it in the Art Building at Jackson Park. Mr. Pullman follows Mr. Field's subscription with one of a hundred thousand dollars, and doubtless before this reaches the reader's eye the entire sum of two millions called for will be made up. What extraordinary givers those Chicago men are! It is exhilarating even at this distance to see the superb confidence with which they back up their town. Other cities get bequests now and then, but Chicago's rich men have not had time to die, and neither she nor they can wait for that. They want to see that investment in actual being. If any Eastern listener in holding his ear to the ground to catch the thud of Chicago's collapse, he might as well get on his legs again and go about his business. There isn't going to be much of a thud. Those amazing hustlers are still at it, and though their tide may ebb a little for a time, it is bound to flow again in due season.

THE IRRUPTION OF "CRANKS."

Asylums for the insane everywhere are crowded to overflowing, but evidently they do not contain all who should be within their walls. The irruption of "cranks" that has followed the assassination of Mayor Harrison by one of the tribe shows that the outside world is still uncomfortably peopled with the insane; for most of these cranks belong plainly to the form of insanity which the alienist terms paranoia—the most subtle, to a layman the most inscrutable, one of the commonest, and by far the most dangerous of mental maladies. Of a sudden these cranks seem to have sprung up like mushrooms everywhere. Yesterday not a paranoiac in sight, to-day you may stumble upon one anywhere. What does it mean?

It means not so much that the cranks have been given a new impetus, as that the sane portion of the community is momentarily alive to their presence. Of course cranks, like other people, do copy after one another, and when one has achieved notoriety by a conspicuous crime, others will emulate his example. But quite independently of any such impetus, the cranks are constantly abroad in the land, perpetrating outrageous deeds hourly. They harass or threaten or amuse their fellow-beings, or, as their mood changes, even shoot them, without exciting especial comment, until the victim chances to be a Mary Anderson or a Dr. Hall, or Russell Sage or Carter Harrison, and then the whole world gives expectant attention, and the hosts of cranks who have been hounding lesser lights unnoticed are suddenly thrust into view. And a general cry goes up, "Why are these lunatics allowed at large?"

The question is pertinent, and fortunately the answer is easy. Dangerous paranoiacs are allowed at large because the public, except in momentary spasms of fear following upon some great tragedy, prefers that they should be at large. It is difficult to keep them in asylums, where they belong, simply because it is easy to find juries that will release them on writs of habeas corpus. Alienists may commit them to asylums, asylum superintendents may receive them there; but both are powerless before a writ of habeas corpus and a sheriff's jury. Any one may swear out the writ, and almost any jury may be depended upon to pronounce the patient sane and competent if his case be not one of actual raving mania. Then people and press will applaud, and it is heralded forth that a "sane man has been rescued from the living tomb of a mad-house." Suits for damages will perhaps follow, and the alienists concerned will be held up to public opprobrium for their iniquitous attempt upon the liberty of a fellow-being. It will seem to occur to no one that the jury, composed of laymen who confessedly know nothing about insanity, might be mistaken, and the half dozen alienists who have made insanity a life study might still be in the right. A case of the kind occurred so recently in New York that it must be in everybody's mind. Does any one recall a newspaper comment that questioned the verdict of the jury? On the contrary, even the least sensational of journals pointed the editorial finger scornfully at the alienists and asked with crushing sarcasm what they thought of themselves now? Not so very long ago a paranoiac released by a jury from an asylum marched home and shot his sister. Did any one think to call upon the jury for its opinion of itself now?

Of course it may be said that Prendergast had never been released from an asylum in this way, having never been committed to one. But he belongs plainly to the class of insane persons who are most frequently so released. He ought to have been committed to an asylum long ago, and very likely he would have been had not alienists learned through experience to fight shy of cases of the kind, which are almost certain to bring them nothing but abuse. Chiago's sad tragedy is made all the sadder by the thought that it might so easily have been prevented. It is well, therefore, to look beyond the crank who committed the crime to the causes that operated to give him such dangerous liberty. It boots little to argue now *pro* and *con* as to the "responsibility" of Prendergast. It matters not what becomes of him, provided he is never again allowed to be at large. But the real responsibility, lying with the populace rather than with the individual, may well be seriously considered. For the moment the lesson is clear to every one. There will be a great shutting up of paranoiacs for a time. But if we may judge from the experiences of the past, most of them will presently be released again, and forgotten until the next series of tragedies brings them once more to view.

OVER-CROWDED POPULATION AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

At a recent medical meeting some of our most distinguished physicians discussed the question of the dangers to the public health of New York from over-crowded population. The unanimous verdict reached was that over-crowding as it exists in our tenements is dangerous. This, to be sure, is something that almost every one had all along supposed to be self-evident; nevertheless, it is gratifying to have even our automatic beliefs weighed and not found wanting. If on one debated except when some novel point was at issue, the silence would be most depressing. If the old idea appears in a new and moderately pleasing garb of words, we need ask nothing more—or will usually receive nothing more if we do ask it. In the present instance at least one of the speakers fulfilled this condition. He contrasted the death rate for a decade of the tenement-crowded metropolis with that of the neighboring city with its isolated dwellings. Considering chiefly such diseases as are directly contagious and those known to be markedly influenced by unhygienic surroundings, he found that in the case of scarlet fever, diphtheria, consumption, pneumonia, and intestinal disorders the death rate of New York relative to the population has been uniformly much higher than that of the other city, the difference in some cases being really startling. In case of only one disease—typhoid fever—has New York the advantage. This is explained by the fact that typhoid is a disease not directly transmissible from person to person, and one that never originates *de novo*, no matter how unhygienic the surroundings. Its germs must enter the body by way of the mouth, and the source of contagion is almost always the drinking water. New York, it would appear, has a better water supply than Philadelphia. Croton is not perfect, but it is better than Schuylkill.

Water aside, the doctors seemed agreed that we have not much in a hygienic way on which to plume ourselves, at least, not in our tenement districts. But then, as we have hinted, we knew or thought we knew all this before. The really significant question, and the one for whose answer we are anxiously waiting, is one made historic in quite another connection by a former mayor of New York: What are you going to do about it? But at this inopportune moment came the silence. One physician did indeed hint that by the "refined methods of infanticide" in vogue—namely, the custom of leaving babies to the tender mercies of unsympathetic nurses, to be slowly poisoned with city milk, prepared foods, and other indigestibles—much was being done to reduce the rate of increase of our native population, and so indirectly the over-crowding. But he intimated that his Fifth Avenue patients were the ones most given to this practice, and spoke incidentally of families of fourteen or fifteen children in the tenements, from which one must infer that the reduction from this source is altogether out of focus, as to speak, and hence not to be depended upon.

Reference was made also to Mr Greeley's well-worn advice to the young man. Considered merely as advice in the abstract, this is excellent. But in practice not only does the metropolitan born young man decline to go West, but the young man whom nature, in anticipation of this advice, has caused to be born in the West, often fails to appreciate this prenatal kindness, and promptly annuls his advantage by migrating to New York, thus adding to the over-crowding.

Accepting the over-crowding as a fact to be reckoned with rather than overcome, another speaker hinted at building laws which should insure more air by allowing the construction of an tenement building more than two thirds as wide as the building lot, after the Berlin method. But imagine a New York builder submitting to such a law as that! Before this worthy could be evolved to such a stage as that, our mechanical friends will have perfected their air-ships, and city residence will have ceased to be a necessity. And that will be some time in the future.

So after the discussion was over, here we were left in our crowded city, amidst dirt and carbon dioxide and micrococci and six-days-old milk, to struggle along as best we might, just as we had been doing all along, with little to console us except that relatively limpid Croton supply. However, even that is something to be thankful for, though it is to be feared that the tenement dweller is too far removed from the prohibition atmosphere of Maine and Iowa and Kansas and too close to the corner saloon fully to appreciate blessings of this nature.

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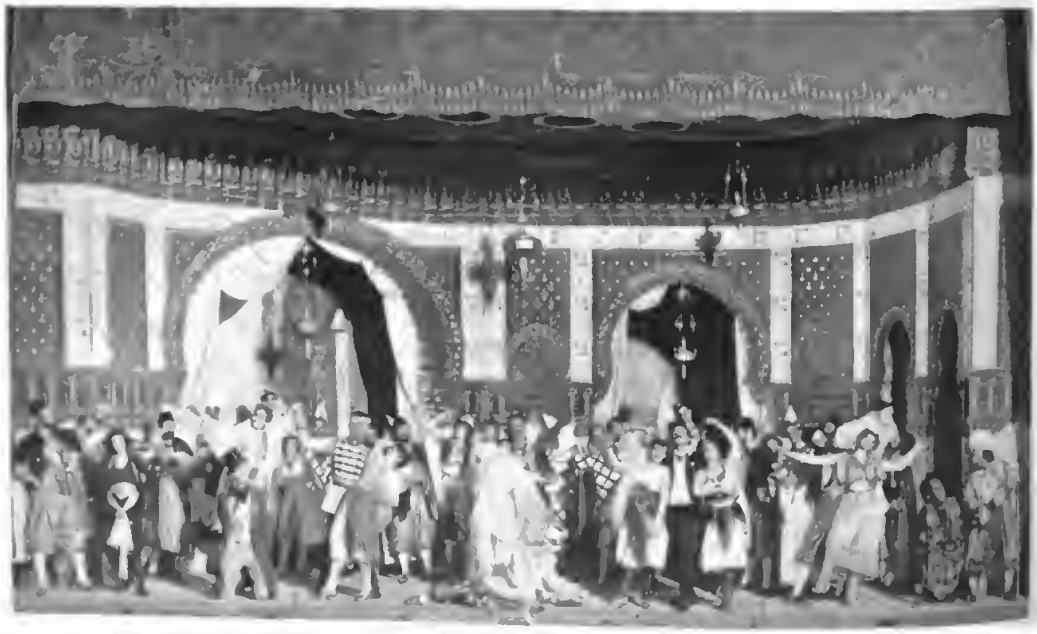
RIFFIAN TYPES.

THE MOSQUE OF SIDI-GUARIAX.
Stormed by the Spaniards in the Fight of October 8.

A RIFFIAN CHIEF AND HIS SON.

GENERAL VIEW OF MELILLA.

THE NEW WAR BETWEEN THE SPANIARDS AND THE MOORS.—[See Page 1066.]



THE "ALGERIAN"—FINALE OF THE SECOND ACT.—[See Page 1073.]

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"SEE HERE, SOPHIA," DEMANDED MRS. SLATTERLY, "AM I AN OGRESS?"

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON.

THERE she stood, mute and white, with the lamp-light in the hall making her pretty yellow hair look still more yellow. Her whole young figure drooped. She was like a slight pithless flower stalk weighted with the forlorn burden of a single white blossom.

Mrs. Slatterly surveyed the girl with a very distinct sense of annoyance, and as she took in those lax lines, that spiritless air, it dimly occurred to her that perhaps beauty entails on its possessor a certain weakness of character, just as a too lavish output of blossom enfeebles a plant.

Mrs. Slatterly's own determined wrinkles and uncompromising solidity of frame were a sort of negative justification of this idea. She herself had never been pithless and drooping. She had never been handsome, either. Yet she had married to some advantage.

Here was Sophia, her own daughter, a girl who in this Indiana town was called beautiful, who had been away to a finishing-school, who had studied music and art—here was she blanching and trembling, all because the most influential man in the place had asked her hand in marriage.

"It is too absurd," declared Mrs. Slatterly, in the piping small voice which seems a special endowment of large women. "You can have no possible objection to Mr. Claypool. He is only middle aged, he is not bad-looking, he is a man of notable piety, and he owns more property than any other man in the county. He will make a kind and considerate husband. I never heard that his deceased wife was other than happy."

"I know," breathed Sophia, faintly. A vivid picture of Mr. Claypool rose before her miserable eyes. She saw a tall man with a coarse inclining to joints, which made themselves obvious in the limp broadcloths affected by Mr. Claypool. She saw a lean, smiling face, a thin black beard, Mr. Claypool's nasal tones, his habit of haranguing at prayer-meeting, his manner of clearing his throat, these details seemed to give Sophia a spasm of desperate courage. "I never expected to marry a man I didn't care for," she faltered. The plea had an illogical sound. Sophia felt this. To avoid her mother's eyes she looked beyond her at the growing dusk which the open door revealed. It was not quite dark, but gas was flaming prodigally at the street corners. Long unglobed tufts of flame wrapped the heads of the iron standards as with ringlets of fiery snakes.

Further off other standards lifted these smoky crests of orange and crimson. The gas burned unrestrictedly as yet. It was easier to use it than to manage it in the pipes. The town thoroughfares, which only a year before had worn the faint and frugal illumination of occasional dim lamps, now blazed in a perpetual gala attire of light. Even by day it was not uncommon to see weird mists of violet hovering spectrally above the iron posts of street corners.

The mere sight of the outer brilliancy gave Sophia a new pang. The very gas itself suggested Mr. Claypool. He owned many of the wells. And as Sophia's mind took in the full import of his financial merits, and a complete sense of her lack of tangible reasons for refusing him, she felt as if chains were riveting themselves upon her wrists.

"Sophia," said her mother, severely, "your remark surprises me. I—well, it gives me a suspicion. You had better be frank with me, Sophia. If you've foolishly allowed your affections to rest on some one else—" She paused with an excited air. "I—really I must beg you to be frank with me, Sophia!" Her tone was very insistent.

Sophia's face, however, wore the same expression of tranquil despair. Even despair with Sophia had a certain inertness.

"I don't see what difference it would make," she murmured. "Perhaps it would only make things a little worse. No, mother, I have no confession to make. I guess it's just as well that I haven't."

"See here, Sophia!" demanded Mrs. Slatterly. "Am I an ogress? Am I a—a—ghoul, or anything resembling those fabulous creatures? Do you suppose I should ask you to consider Mr. Claypool if you love some one else? You horrify me. I am your mother, Sophia. I ask you again to be frank with me, and tell me just—" She came to a discreet pause, being suddenly aware that her tone was exponential of excited feelings, and that there was a step on the porch outside.

She gave a sigh of relief as a man's figure, appearing in the doorway, disclosed the proportions of Mr. Slatterly himself.

"Good-evening, my dears," he said, not seeming to notice the overcharged state of the moral atmosphere. Indeed, he was used to atmospheres of this nature, being a lawyer whose practice had not been attended with success of a notable sort. His whole manner was apologetic. His mild face reduplicated as with a leathern mask the soft passivity of Sophia's features.

"I suppose you've heard about young Clinton?" he asked, putting his hat on the rack. "There is considerable excitement about it downtown. I'm not sure that they did well to keep it quiet these three days. But his aunt, Mrs. West, is a most conservative person—most conservative."

"What are you talking about?" asked his wife, with considerable directness. "What has he done? You mean Miles Clinton, I suppose?"

"Certainly," agreed Mr. Slatterly, in the conciliatory tone of one addressing the bench. "He has disappeared."

"Disappeared?"

"Most mysteriously. He's been missing for three days. Had they at once sought legal advice, some clew might by this time have been forth coming. But they did not. Instead of searching for him they examined his accounts. He kept books for the pulp-mill, you remember—a position of some trust. But Clinton's books were found by his employers to be straight—quite straight. So they now judge that he has been foully dealt with. His sole living relative, Mrs. West, the aged aunt with whom he boarded, is certain that he has been foully dealt with. They are going to drag the river to-morrow. He's probably been sandbagged and robbed. There is a very tough element down around the new bagging factory. If the municipal authority of this town would seek legal advice as to the proper means of dealing with this low and—"

"He was a person of a great deal of method," meditated Mrs. Slatterly. "The last person on earth to disappear."

"If he was sandbagged— You see, my dear, a perfectly irreproachable man may be sandbagged."

"But he never seemed to me the sort of person to be sandbagged," protested Mrs. Slatterly, as she remembered Mr. Clinton's looks.

He had been a tall young man, with a long upper lip, a stiff manner, and a sleek head. He had been inclined to take himself very seriously, and since anything of a gracefully frivolous character was utterly lacking in him, his friends had been obliged also to take him seriously. But though nature had evidently not modelled him with a view to the adornment of light social scenes, Mr. Clinton had been a figure of some moment in the town. He belonged to the ante-gas epoch—a period which, though only a year or so removed, was beginning to take on an air of illustrious antiquity.

To count back to it was to have family distinction. Decidedly Mr. Clinton had been very respectable. He had been progressive, too, and had belonged to the Literary Club and to the Chautauqua Circle. Mrs. Slatterly remembered the last circumstance, because he had sometimes escorted Sophia to these learned gatherings.

"Why, he was here at the house only last week?" declared Mrs. Slatterly, as if contributing a powerful argument against the fact of his disappearance. "Sophia, you remember, don't you, his being here last Thursday evening?"

She faced about, directing her remark to her daughter, who still stood half way up the stair.

Sophia's face wore a strange look. Her head was no longer drooping, but had an erect poise, as if some stern rigor had passed into the slender neck. Her eyes were fixed. She seemed unaware of the two people in the hall. She did not even appear to notice her mother's question.

"Sophia!" cried Mrs. Slatterly, sharply. She herself had begun to tremble, and her heavy cheeks were paling. Sophia started, and she met her mother's gaze steadily. Then she turned, and, without speaking, went slowly up the stairs.

Mr. Slatterly grasped his wife's sleeves.

"Was there something between her and Clinton?" he questioned. "Good heavens, Martha! why wasn't it told? What did you let me blurt it all out right before her for? How was I to know?"

"I didn't know myself," said his wife, breathlessly. "I never dreamed of anything. I've been scolding her all afternoon because she seemed so blind to the wisdom of marrying Mr. Claypool. Oh dear!" She stayed herself against the wall. "Something she said made me suspect that perhaps—oh dear!—she was just on the point of telling me all when you came in, Henry. I suppose nothing was really settled between her and Clinton—just an understanding."

She went hastily up stairs, and tried Sophia's door. It was locked.

"Sophia, let me in," she besought. "I—I understand all about it, dear. I'm not going to scold you."

There was a little sound within. "I would rather be alone just now," said Sophia.

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Slatterly, feeling awed. In some strange way her daughter seemed to have entered a solemn sphere of passion and sorrow. A majesty of bereavement encompassed her. "It shall be as you wish, my child," said Mrs. Slatterly, humbly.

"I wish you had told me about it all. Then I should not have mentioned Mr. Claypool to you. I will write to him at once, Sophia. I will tell him that it cannot be as he wishes."

"Well, mother," said Sophia, in the same voice. Her tones had a sort of constraint which moved Mrs. Slatterly to tears.

"If she would give way, if she would confide in me, I should feel different," she told Mr. Slatterly.

"I guess she'll feel different to-morrow," said Mr. Slatterly. He had taken his coat off, and he looked round for it. Shirt sleeves appeared a sort of wanton affront to the tragic spirit which had descended upon his roof. "He'll probably turn up before long. I'm not perfectly sure that anything's happened to him. Statistics prove that—"

"I beg of you not to quote statistics," sobbed his wife. "It shows very little feeling, Henry. He was your daughter's choice. I will not sit by and hear him disparaged!"

"But, my dear—"

"No, Henry. Do not attempt to justify yourself. Mr. Clinton's cruel murder may mean little to you. It means everything to Sophia. A first love, Henry. I do not ask you to try to understand what a delicate girl's feelings may be when the assassination of her betrothed is heartlessly related to her—I do not attempt this, Henry. But perhaps when Sophia's health gives way from brooding upon this awful tragedy—perhaps then you'll reflect that it was you who maliciously bore the cruel tidings, and who afterward sought to injure the character of the blameless dead!"

"Martha, I—"

"Let it pass, Henry. Let us hope that Sophia's grief may be as light and passing a thing as you predict. Let us hope that she will feel different to-morrow."

But if Sophia's feelings had undergone any change overnight there was nothing in her manner next day to show it. A stubborn sort of reserve seemed to possess her. She was very calm, but a furtive uneasiness haunted her blue eyes—an uneasiness which, however, found no expression at Sophia's lips.

"You know, dear, that my sympathies are entirely yours," Mrs. Slatterly ventured to remind her daughter. "I'm sure I should have been very fond of—of Miles, as soon as I had got better acquainted with him."

Sophia's brows drew painfully together. "Do not," she said, with an effort—"do not speak of him."

"The suspense is killing Sophia," said Mrs. Slatterly to her husband.

It was the seventh day of Clinton's disappearance, and there was still no clew. The river had disclosed nothing. But Mr. Slatterly, as he heard of Sophia's desperate state of mind, seemed to revolve in his brain an idea he had not meant to communicate.

"I had decided not to mention this to you, Martha, till more evidence was forth-coming. But perhaps I'd better tell you that an old fellow has turned up who claims to have seen Clinton spring on the platform of a moving train—the very tail end of it. His memory is not good, but he thinks it was on the very night of Clinton's disappearance. I sincerely trust they have put the matter into competent legal hands. You will know best about informing Sophia."

"It might waken false hopes," mused Mrs. Slatterly. "But perhaps I might hint around just enough to rouse her a little. She's so pale— And she hasn't any appetite."

"I think you'd be justified in suggesting—not stating, of course; as a legal measure I could not advise the absolute statement of a mere surmise—but in suggesting that Clinton will undoubtedly turn up soon."

Mrs. Slatterly went up to Sophia's room in rather a cheerful state of mind. Sophia sat much by herself in these days. She was listlessly working at a bit of embroidery. At her mother's rap, she started and glanced up with a vague troubled expectancy in her eyes.

The window was open, and the blossomy blue of the June sky leaned low upon a distant line of fields which disclosed a single moving object. This object, as the sun smote it, seemed to be a plough which was being used to turn up clods for a new street. Smoke-stacks rose black and narrow to the southward, all of them breathless, as if no great fires burned below.

"Your father feels real hopeful to-day," hinted Mrs. Slatterly, coming into the room. "He didn't tell me to say anything—but from a word he dropped—I don't know. He didn't just say so, Sophia, but Clinton's friends seem to have got hold of something which makes them think it won't be long till they get word—" Her voice flagged.

Sophia had risen. Her eyes looked oddly dark and big. She thrust out her hand.

"You are saying that to comfort me," she said. "Tell me the truth. Tell me they haven't heard anything—anything. I can bear that best."

Mrs. Slatterly felt scared. "It's really true, Sophia," she faltered. "My poor child, I would not deceive you."

Sophia gave a little sob, the first sound of the sort which her mother had heard on her lips during all this trying time.

"Mother," she said, hoarsely, "your goodness to me hurts me. It hurts me."

And then in some inexplicable way Mrs. Slatterly found herself in the outer hall again, with Sophia's closed door confronting her. Sophia had seemed to motion her to go. There had been a little beseeching touch on her arm as if Sophia softly swept her from the room.

Not a sound broke the stillness as Mrs. Slatterly paused to listen. Evidently Sophia's small sob had not been the prelude to that hysterical outburst which Sophia's mother half expected. Sophia's sternly calm way of bearing her sorrow made it seem the more tragic. Not a tear, not a word. Nothing but this inflexible restraint, broken only by such startings and tremblings as a hunted thing might have that hears the baying of hounds in the rustling of forest leaves. The very house seemed to be oppressed with a stifling breath of suspense.

Mrs. Slatterly cast the hall door wide, letting in a sweep of yellow sunshine. It was a day of startling clearness, so smooth that the new cement walks stretched away like lengths of white ribbon. Their gleaming expanse was broken in places by spaces, in which the old brick paving still showed a cheerful and unabashed cherry-color. Old houses, well built and plain, new houses, poorly built and pretentious of peaks and paint and porches, outlying factories, green fields cut through with a railway to process of building—these things came dimly to Mrs. Slatterly's confused perceptions. People were passing. Mrs. Slatterly remembered that it was about the hour of noon, and that these human creatures were probably going home to dinner.

A neat little woman in a lilac print gown called out a greeting as she paused outside Mrs. Slatterly's fence.

"How you been?" she asked, surveying the solidly poised old figure with the grim face. "I haven't seen you or Sophia for a week. All well? That's good. Kind of funny 'bout Miles Clinton, ain't it?"

Mrs. Slatterly's eyes grew piercing. "Funny!" she repeated. "I must say I don't see anything very funny about a sad and mysterious disappearance."

"Law, well!" laughed the other, "you haven't heard, then?" She opened the gate, and with small cautious steps came confidentially closer. "He's back," she said.

Mrs. Slatterly's face assumed a wild sort of look. "Back?" she stammered.

"Yes, 'm. And the funny part is that he's brought a wife with him—a little bit of a black-eyed thing. I saw 'em pass in the 'bus. They came on an early express this morning. From what his aunt says, it seems that Miles met her last fall in Texas, the time he was down there on business for the pulp-mill. Case of love at first sight, I guess. Her folks own a ranch down there. It seems that the girl has a step-mother she didn't get along with; and from what Miles's aunt says, things got real serious between the two women. They had a misunderstanding, and the girl she wrote for Miles. I suppose he thought things were worse than they were, for he just stopped long enough to drop a line to his aunt and then rushed off to the train. But the boy he gave the note to never delivered it at all. They say that Miles was completely took back to find what a row folks had been making over him. He thought his aunt would send word to the pulp-mill, and everything would be all right. They say he's completely wrapped up in his wife—little Mexican-looking thing she is! You're looking real pale, Mrs. Slatterly. The heat's real strong out here. Maybe you better go in where it's cool."

Mrs. Slatterly made an effort to speak steadily. "I—believe I will," she said.

The little woman in lilac tripped away. Mrs. Slatterly watched her go. She felt overpowered at the hideous complication affairs were manifesting. How should she tell Sophia? For Sophia must be told, and told at once, of Clinton's perfidy. If the tidings had been a definite assurance of his death, Mrs. Slatterly felt that her task would have been easier. But a wife! A wife! How should she tell Sophia? She moved heavily toward the door, staying herself by the porch rail as she went. Everything seemed as if moving. Strange whirring noises sounded in her ear. A blur of burning crimson appeared to rise before her as she drew herself over the door sill.

And that—was that a figure rushing down stairs—a light buoyant figure in a whirl of summer muslin? Mrs. Slatterly stared up at it with a sense of dreaming.

Sophia, coming nearer, wore a beaming face whose cheeks were swept with pink. Sophia's lips were smiling. Sophia's eyes— Her mother drew a quick breath.

"Sophia," she said, "listen. Listen to me, Sophia."

"I've heard it all," cried Sophia. "My window was up. I've heard it all. He's back. Oh, mother—"

"Sophia, listen. You don't understand. Oh, I can't tell her! I can't. Sophia, he's—he's married."

"Yes, mother. I told you I heard it all. It's you who do not understand. Mother, I have deceived you. I'm ashamed to say it, but I have. I am a very wicked girl, but I've suffered for it terribly this last week. I couldn't have kept it up much longer. Mother, don't you see how it was? I didn't want to marry Mr. Claypool. And when you said that if I cared for any one else—don't you remember? And just then father came in, and it darted into my mind that if Clinton was dead I might pretend that I'd cared for him. And before I'd considered the idea you jumped to your own conclusions. And afterward I was so afraid he'd come back I began to feel absolutely guilty—almost as if I wished that he was really sandbagged and thrown into the river. And you—oh, mother, when you were so kind and gentle to me that nearly killed me! And when I heard he was back and married, my heart leaped, for I knew then I must tell you everything—"

"Sophia—"

"Everything, mother. For I wasn't going to see you grieve because you thought my heart was broken. Are you angry? Are you, mother? Are you? Oh, don't be!"

She gave a little nervous sob, and flung her arms against her mother's shoulder and hid her face there.

Mrs. Slatterly drew a breath. "I guess I'll be angry after a while," she said, "but just now it seems as if I was more relieved than anything else."

THE LAST DAY OF THE FAIR.

THE flags were at half mast in Jackson Park on the last day—on the great day of victory. There is always a touch of tragedy in the career of Chicago. It is the pathetic penalty of great achievement. In the hour of triumph is the note of sorrow. It seems to be the law that there shall be no success without sacrifice, and it is the sacrifice as much as the heroism that consecrates. The history of this marvellous city is a record of suffering nobly endured, of disasters made the stepping-stones of unexampled progress. Destiny has always some surprise in store for her, and if in the opinion of the world she is the child of fortune, there is the inevitable note of pathos in her life, without which no man and no city is taken to the heart of the world.

It had been planned to be a jubilation. The last day of the finest spectacle this continent has ever seen was to be made memorable by a display worthy of it. It was to end in a final blaze of glory. But on Saturday night the Mayor had been assassinated in his own house. The quick news ran over the town, startling the clubs, adjourning public dinners and public meetings, carrying horror and shame. The official head of the rejoicing city was stricken down by a lunatic—it seemed like a blow of irresponsible Fate—and it was as if the city itself had been struck. In the very moment of triumph came the inevitable tragedy, and the curtain fell to slow music, while the spectators stood with bowed heads.

Yet there is a dignity in tragedy, and perhaps in no other way could the White City have been so impressive in its last hours as in this shadow waiting its fate. It remains in all our minds in its dignity and its beauty. The day was clear, cool, sparkling. Against the blue sky and by the blue waters the white palaces stood out with photographic distinctness. Immense crowds thronged all the avenues and every building, and if they were saddened by the thought that they were looking their last on the great vision the drooping flags did but emphasize this feeling, and did but express the sentiment of the city so soon to be silent.

And the end was beauty, simple, calm beauty, without noise and without excitement. The setting sun faded it in color, and the daily miracle was wrought at twilight, while the chimes were rung, of transformation into an unearthly and spectral city. Then, with darkness, the lines of fire ran along the water's edge, along all the cornices and over the domes, the electric beams fell upon the grand fountain, upon the great statues, upon the towers, and the twin electric fountains began their weird and entrancing dance. So the end was in beauty and in dignity and in repose, and one could imagine that when at midnight the city stood alone with the night it was itself conscious of the pathos that is in all the splendid monuments of the genius of man when they pass into history.

Only in the Midway was there another spirit at the end, and some hours of unrestrained revelry gave vent to the semi-restrained exotic and native depravity. It may well have been that the representatives of the barbarous and semi-civilized tribes there, who have contributed so much to our knowledge of the world, were astonished at this final flare-up of a civilized country. Was it a nice example for the gentle Javanese and the vigorous South Sea Islanders? Was it a needed lesson for the past-graduates in all sin from Persia and Algeria and Paris and Egypt and Turkey? But doubtless this low comedy at one end of the great fair sets in high contrast the pathetic beauty at the other end. It was an exhibition of the world, of all that can be so fine, and all that is wilful to be so evil.

The fair is ended, and yet that phrase does not mean anything in Chicago. It is a city which has no yesterday. It does not brood upon the past. More than any other community in this country it is a civic entity, not a mere aggregation of a million or two of men, but conscious of a personality in which is merged the personality of its citizens, as was the case in Rome and in Florence, and occasionally in passionate Paris. In the minds of all its inhabitants is an image of something great, distinct, full of splendor, which is called Chicago—a name which evokes enthusiasm, and almost subordinates personal ambition. With such a spirit nothing is impossible, nothing too exaggerated to be expected and worked for.

That the fair succeeded was enough for Chicago. It had other views than that of being a huckster of the occasion. Its view of what pays is imperial, and it draws on a long future. There was not a regret that the city had sunk five millions of dollars in a subscription, and the citizens of Chicago had sunk five and a half millions in stock. It was quite enough that the debts and obligations were all paid. The ten and a half millions that Chicago contributed was a free-will gift. It liked to read the big figures. The treasurer received from all sources, stocks, bonds, admissions, concessions, $32,796,103. He drew his checks for $30,558,849. And he closed the fair with a cash balance in hand of $2,237,254. The total cost of construction was about $19,000,000. The operating expenses were $6,670,000, making a total of disbursements of over twenty-five and a half millions. The receipts, exclusive of admissions after October 30th, and of salvage, are $10,230,000. From the concessions have been received about $3,800,000, making over fourteen millions. The fair, therefore, falls eleven and a half millions short of paying expenses, and the stockholders would get nothing but for the souvenir coins given by the government, which amount to about $2,430,000. Congress withheld half a million dollars of its appropriation. It is possible, therefore, that the stockholders will get back about a million and a quarter, or fifteen per cent. of their subscription.

When the fair officially closed there had been a total of 21,477,212 paid admissions, and a total of 27,539,400 of paid and free admissions. This total is less than that of Paris in 1889, which was 28,149,353, but the admission fee at Paris was on an average less than twenty cents, while that at Chicago was fifty cents. The Philadelphia admissions in 1876 were 9,910,966. But for the financial panic in the summer there is no doubt that the number of the Paris admissions would have been far exceeded, and that the fair would have been pecuniarily profitable to all concerned.

But aside from the money panic, the midsummer attendance would have been larger but for the ignorance of the country at large of the summer climate at Chicago. There was an idea of the repetition of the heat and discomfort of this season at the Philadelphia Exposition, and perhaps of its bad water and bad sanitary condition. But July and August were in many respects the most enjoyable months at Chicago, and the sanitary arrangements were so good, with an abundance of excellent water, that there was not a healthier watering-place in the country than Chicago. The administration of the White City in this respect shows what is possible in any city. The City of the Fair was clean every morning, because the refuse and garbage were removed every night and consumed in a crematory erected not far from the Forestry Building. The whole refuse of the fair was thus consumed every night, without odor or any disagreeable reminder that the consuming furnace was so near. This is one of the most important lessons of the fair, namely, that any other city can by honest and intelligent management be kept clean. That no other city is kept clean, under our majority rule, is considered a demonstration that the majority of voters do not want either an honest or an intelligent management.

But is the fair ended? Not in Chicago. Nothing is ended in Chicago. Every day is a day of new enterprise. While thousands were thinking "what a pity that this vision of beauty by the lake shore should vanish," those men who make Chicago were already recasting a greater future for Jackson Park. It was in the bargain of the Park Commission that the park should be promptly restored to its condition before the exhibition. But is not a park for pleasure and for beauty, and could anything be created that would be more beautiful than the Court of Honor? Could any park be more attractive than one that could show such buildings and make such a midsummer display? And why should not Chicago have a park that had a unique distinction among all the parks of the world, attractive as much by its architectural display as by its landscape, with museums and halls for music and for expositions—a sort of Venice of pleasure and beauty? Why not keep it for a yearly Inter-State summer exposition? The material is perishable, it is true, but the buildings about the Court of Honor and the Fisheries will last for some years with not very expensive repairs, and in time may be replaced by permanent ones as beautiful

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The magnificent picture-gallery is fire-proof, and that at least can be spared; but with what shall it be filled?

The busy brains of Chicago are revolving these things in the last days, and presently it is suggested that the Fine Arts Building shall be a museum, and that the nucleus of its treasures can be secured from the present exhibition. There is not much talk about this, no appeal is made, the hat is not sent round, as it might be for a Marble Arch. The association needs, in order to secure the building and set it up as a museum, the sum of a million and a half of dollars, to be raised at once. The people turning this over in their minds are thinking about Chicago—always about the glory of Chicago. And one of them, Mr. Marshall Field, of the same strain of merchant princes as those who made Florence and Venice, said quietly to his friends, "Here are a million dollars for the museum, on condition that a half-million more is raised." And the thing was done—done at the moment when the flags of the generous and ambitious city went to half-mast in the tragedy that sealed her triumph.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

MODERN COACHING OF MODERN FOOTBALL.

BY J. H. SEARS, CAPTAIN HARVARD, '93.

THE game of American football, as time goes on, is coming to represent more of science, of skill, of careful foresthought, and theoretic and practical study, than any other American game. The great variety and the constant change, the fact that no two games or two plays are alike, lends a certain element of uncertainty to any game that is pretty sure to conceal, from the spectator's view at least, much of the hard work of preparation that has been expended on the teams. You do not at once recognize how much care and attention has been given the men in order to make them capable of dealing with anything that is new, or that may be sprung upon them at any moment of a match.

Most persons watching the Harvard-Yale game of 1892, at Springfield, did not realize what the playing of the so-called flying wedge, and the checking of it before the ball had advanced thirty yards, really meant. On one side, the Harvard team had given much careful attention to the play under the instruction of Mr. Deland, who in turn had thought the matter out through many an evening half a year before. On the other hand, the Yale men had had such consummate instruction from Mr. Camp and his fellow-teachers that, new and startling as the play was, they stopped it before it had become dangerous.

The play was begun and ended before any one but a few experts had realized anything more than that a spirited and attractive detail of the game had been adventured and checked. And yet the preparation for the play devoted to one team, and the preparation of the other eleven to be ready to receive and deal with anything of this sort, meant a great deal more than mere school-boy athletic practice. To prove this it is only necessary to watch weaker teams all over the country playing the same play this year, when it is no longer a surprise, and to see how easily they carry the ball more than half the length of the field each time.

The development of this kind of theoretical work is where American football is bound to progress, and the head and front of this progressive work rests with the coaches. The game itself is settling down among the other athletic sports as an accepted fixture. It has already done with new rules, but, unlike baseball, tennis, cricket, its very variety makes it full of possibilities which reward the man who takes it home with him and studies it out on paper by lamp-light. This, again is the work of the coaches, and thus it really rests with the coaches to advance football, to lead it out into new lines, to refine it down year by year.

It was patent to any one who understood the game last year that even big matches can be directed by the coaches from the fair lines. The captain and his coaches understand each other thoroughly by the end of the season, and a common understanding of all the strong and weak points of the team, besides a very accurate knowledge of the opposing eleven, made it possible for the captain to catch his cue from his coach, for the coach to take a general view from the outside, and practically direct the policy of the game. It is not, therefore, a great stretch of the imagination to see in the future a contest of coaches playing so immensely active game, each with eleven men.

This development is all of very recent date, and the credit for its discovery and exposition belongs, without the smallest doubt, to the Yale men. They, with Mr Camp at their head, began to watch their teams a little more closely as far back as '89, but it was not before '86 that the business of coaching began. At that time Mr Camp had accumulated a good deal of experience by coming back to the football field each year and helping the captain and his man in every way he could. If a new method for some play were proposed, he was able to check it on the spot by showing that several years before it had been tried and found useless. The captain at most had only known the college game three years, while his coach could bring in to aid him the result of a longer experience. Next year that captain had gone, but the coach had only added this player's experience to his own and that of the predecessors.

This, together with the fact that the coach was older and was out of the excitement that must always hedge round the undergraduate captain, was of immense value, and it showed its results in the increased victories of Yale against Harvard and Princeton. Each year the increasing fund of experience and method was handed down as methods of warfare are in the army, and consequently Yale developed the game each year to a greater extent than the other two elevens, and the latter followed rather than guided the progress.

Gradually, as time went on, the captains and crack players of the previous year or years came back from their different occupations for the months of October and November, and the system acted like a rolling snowball. Each man after being taught the Yale game came back and helped to teach his successor the same methods. In this way Terry, Beecher, Richards, Rhodes, Stagg, Corbin, Hartwell, Woodruff, Gill, Bell, and half a dozen others, all players within the last decade, have helped to coach the teams of the last six years.

The development of individual coaching was a most natural outgrowth of this increased supply. One man had been a typical end rush, or centre, or quarter, or full back, and his felt himself better able to help the team by paying attention almost entirely to the man who was now filling his old place. Other men who had been captains took charge of the team play of one kind or another, or devoted themselves to the backs or the forwards exclusively. And now each fall there is the remarkable occurrence of a dozen or more men coming together for the last three weeks of the season, and falling at once, without apparent difficulty or dispute, into their several positions, all tending towards bettering the team, all working on the old lines and therefore harmoniously, and all having Mr Camp, who lives in New Haven and has watched the game more closely than any of them, as a general chief of coaching staff.

The advantages of such a system were too apparent to escape the Harvard and Princeton men, and they both naturally fell into attempts at similar methods, altered in this or that manner as the particular college tradition might require. Of the two, Harvard seems to have perfected within the last three years a more complete system than Princeton. In 1886 there was a distinct break in Harvard football history. The preceding year had gone by without a game, and when Captain W. A. Brooks, Jun., began to collect a team in the fall of 1886, he not only had no old players to call upon, but the game had advanced to such an extent that he could scarcely find a coach who was abreast of the times except C. F. Adams.

Since then, however, a somewhat similar accumulating of experience process has been struggling on after the manner of Yale, without, however, a representative to fill the place which Mr Camp fills at Yale. This naturally did not bear fruit for several years, and it was only in 1890 that it began to show results. The importance of having some amateur who might not only hand down the traditions of the game, but go along himself with them, has been fully recognized, and it is probable that some such systematic work will follow as time goes on. This present year the return of men who have recently played themselves, for the purpose of assisting in the coaching is in a fair way to rival the university's old athletic enemy, and there can be little doubt of the value of the method. George Stewart is likely to be with the captain as his chief of staff during the entire season, and such men as Cranston, Perry Trafford, Cumnock, Hollowell, Bernard Trafford, Crosby, Deland, Dean, Holden, Brooks, and Harding are likely to be on the field towards the closing weeks of the season, some of them being there now.

Besides the plan of coaching individual players on the one hand, and the general team play on the other, there is considerable work done toward the close of the season in the evenings by the use of the blackboard, with open discussions over the merits and defects of different plays. Here a play is discovered planned, and arranged for trial the next day, and on the next evening some one of the coaches, or all combined, have discovered a means for stopping the same play. In the mean time Mr Stewart tries to relieve the captain of as much responsibility and work as he may, and makes himself his supporter in every way. The result is a material lifting of the weight of responsibility from the captain's shoulders. He has more time for his own play, and for estimating the abilities of his men. If this method can be maintained half a dozen years, the Harvard teams will show the benefits in better match play.

Somewhat similar, though altered by the different customs of the college, is the coaching system of Princeton. The old men come back year by year, sometimes more, sometimes less; but though there has certainly been more regularity than at Harvard, there has been little or no approach to Yale's consistent systematic work. Cuyler, Harris, Moffat, have kept in close touch with the teams since their graduation, but until recently there has not been any very clear organization of coaches, where a definite policy was followed year by year after careful discussion upon the merits of the different cases. It must not be understood by this that coaching at Princeton has been lax. Far from it. The mere fact that Princeton has put better teams into the field than Harvard on the average, and quite as good as Yale, with less than half the number of students to draw from, speaks ten well for the coaches and their work to suggest that. They have in the past had more graduates to coach their teams than Harvard, but at the same time there has not been that unity, that system, that consistency year by year, that has certainly been apparent at Yale. The traditions of the college have been, in the main, to give the professional trainer a somewhat closer supervision of the men than at either Harvard or Yale. The Princeton trainer is on the practice field oftener, eat at the training table, and goes about with the team, watching the boys far more critically than at either of the other universities, and on this account the trainer, McMastere, and Robinson before him, has had more authority in different matters connected with strict training and playing than most other professional trainers in the country. Aside from this professional trainer, who has little more than a trainer's duty to perform, there has been no one at Princeton to fill any such position as Camp has long filled at New Haven, or as Stewart is this year filling at Harvard. Yet there can be little doubt of the value of the continual presence of some one man who represents the permanency in an organization that must necessarily be fleeting.

Outside the three most prominent football colleges there has sprung up within three years a natural, but, nevertheless, a remarkable system of coaching among others. Other colleges realized, of course, the supremacy of these universities, and soon argued among themselves that they would do well to secure as teachers some of the graduates of these institutions. The result is that about thirty Yale men alone are this season coaching other college or school teams. It was simple enough to figure out that Princeton, Harvard, and Yale did not really have a different race of human beings. They won over other colleges by large scores, and yet their men were no heavier, often not so heavy, and they certainly did not average any greater strength. The only other place for superiority was in the fact that they knew the game better, and this was because they were better taught. Thus the securing of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton graduates as coaches began. This is now largely confined to Yale men. Bliss is at West Point, Woodruff at the University of Pennsylvania, Stagg at Chicago, Hartwell at Annapolis, and so on. And it has only taken two or three years of this to knock off the scores of the big elevens with the smaller college teams materially. We do not see any more hundred-point scores. Thirty is large to-day, and it is the result of experienced coaching far more than of anything else.

What, then, does a coach really do day by day? That would be a difficult question to answer, because each coach works differently from any other. One man is valuable at the opening of the season, another is hardly useful until the end. One can teach the members of the team to fall on the ball, to tackle, to kick, or to dodge. Another has no ability at this, but is perfect in the last few weeks, when all the preliminaries having been settled the whole team needs only to be "pulled together," or the rush line needs a dash and spirit put into it. Still another can do neither of these, but he can stand all the afternoon on the side lines, and after dinner "size up" the whole team, state its faults, its good points, and give the captain a concise list of what is wanting, and how he may best use his hour or two hours of practice the next day. There may often be another who has an original brain, and can invent new plays which the other coaches will teach the team, and still more men who are invaluable for the faculty they have of keeping down all the hostile elements among coaches, captains, and men which are constantly cropping out. Camp, Stewart, Cowan, Deland, Woodruff, Bull, Cranston, King, Trafford, and Stagg are men who fill one or more of these positions, and they represent the best kind of coaching in the world, probably—in America, surely.

Their work begins with December, with the beginning of a new football year. It is their duty generally to help the captain in his football meetings where games, rules, and dates are arranged. In the early spring they go out with the new captain and watch for valuable material among the new men who are taking part in the spring squad. In the summer they go with a few chosen men to some country place and practice plays and take up new methods, and in the fall when the great public first hears of them, they are very near the end of their year's work.

As time goes on the requirements in coaching are increasing. It is certain for example that a "change of voice" is a capital stimulus to any team. That is, if two or three coaches have been at work upon the team for a fortnight or more, the players may become too accustomed to their voices. Then a new set of coaches who understand what has already been taught the team, will take charge for the second fortnight, and produce wonderful results upon the eleven. The original coaches returning on the third fortnight, with still other men for the final days of the season, will have a similar effect.

The real work that is being done for American sport by the coaches of the university football teams is of the greatest importance. These men represent as a class an almost typical amateur sporting spirit. Graduates of the teams they are coaching in most instances, they have stimulus enough in their college feeling to preserve the purity of the sport, and by the introduction of scientific team play they have almost entirely eliminated the fighting element of the game. American football is free from the professional element, and this is due to the coaching. It has few disagreeable features to day, and this again is due to the coaches, and it is becoming almost the ideal "personal combat" sport of the world, and the coaches are raising its standard year by year.

"THE ALGERIAN."

IT is not necessary that the nice distinctions preserved in the musical terminologies of Italy, France, and Germany should be enforced here to explain an expression of regret that one no longer knows what to expect when invited to "assist," as the French say, at the first performance of a "comic opera." Every one who has reflected for a moment on the ambiguity which has seized upon all the terms descriptive of dramatic forms, but more particularly those with which music is intimately consorted, knows that the phrase "comic opera" has come to mean almost anything but logical comedy. Now we may be willing to beg the question whether or not the word opera should be used when operetta is meant, but we ought to settle the point for good and all whether a mixture of vulgar farce, grotesque buffoonery, Bowery ball music, and semi-nudity is to be permitted longer to masquerade under a title which belongs to refined humor, gracious if light-footed music, and kindly mirth. It is seemingly too late to rescue operetta from the farcical element which came into it from the French meagrel called *opera bouffe*, nor would it be necessary to try to do so if our librettists had the sense of refined comicality possessed by Mr Gilbert. Farcical comedy, as manifested in amusing paradox handled by a high faculty of wit, has from the beginning been his best hold, and Sir Arthur Sullivan's music was never more humorous than when it gave mere expression to the lines of the book in the same serious spirit that was reflected in the conduct of the stage folk. Unhappily it is become necessary to speak in the past tense of the happily mated English collaborators. They have plainly gone into a decline, and since *The Mikado* we have had from all sources only few exemplifications of what comic operetta might and ought to be. One of the few is the *Robin Hood* of Messrs De Koven and Smith, which, without reaching the artistic plane of the genial Britons, has yet attested its capacity to divert the intellect, delight the senses, and refresh the spirit without violating decency or outraging a healthful taste in art.

It is pleasant to make public note of the fact that in his latest venture Mr De Koven has again been conspicuously successful. His collaborator in *The Algerian*, which was produced first in Philadelphia, then at Boston, and finally, on October 26th, at the Garden Theatre in New York, was Mr. Glen MacDonough, one of the clever young journalists of whom the metropolis boasts so many. Mr. MacDonough, in casting about for a subject, hit upon Alphonse Daudet's *Tartarin of Tarascon*, and from one of its incidents borrowed the fundamental conceits for his comedy, the construction of which discloses a most admirable degree of ingenuity and deftness. More adroit handling of a dramatic motive than he has given to the device for unmasking the braggart Tartarin could scarcely be conceived, and the touch of an adept rather than a novice is seen in the delightful surprise provided in the discovery of the murderer of the decrepit menagerie lion, whose skin Tartarin vainglorious lays at the feet of the supposititious queen of a supposititious harem.

Comedy is in its native local, and no device is better justified in providing it with musical integument than what composers call local color. One of Mr De Koven's ideals in music was pre-eminently represented by M Délibes, some of whose most delicious strains are saturated with the languorous mood of the Orient. It was to have been expected that Mr De Koven would make much of the opportunity to emulate his exemplar in this respect, and he has done so—it may be a little too persistently, but the fault can easily be pardoned when there are so many invitations to make the appreciation of eyes and ears harmonize as is the case in *The Algerian*. Besides this, however, he has provided dance music with piquant rhythms, pretty sentimental music of the English ballad order, at least one song with the tender grace of Suppé's romances, a comic song of the "fetching" kind, and a sufficient number of swinging choruses. Altogether his score is a pleasing reality but a fairer promise.

H. E. KREHBIEL.

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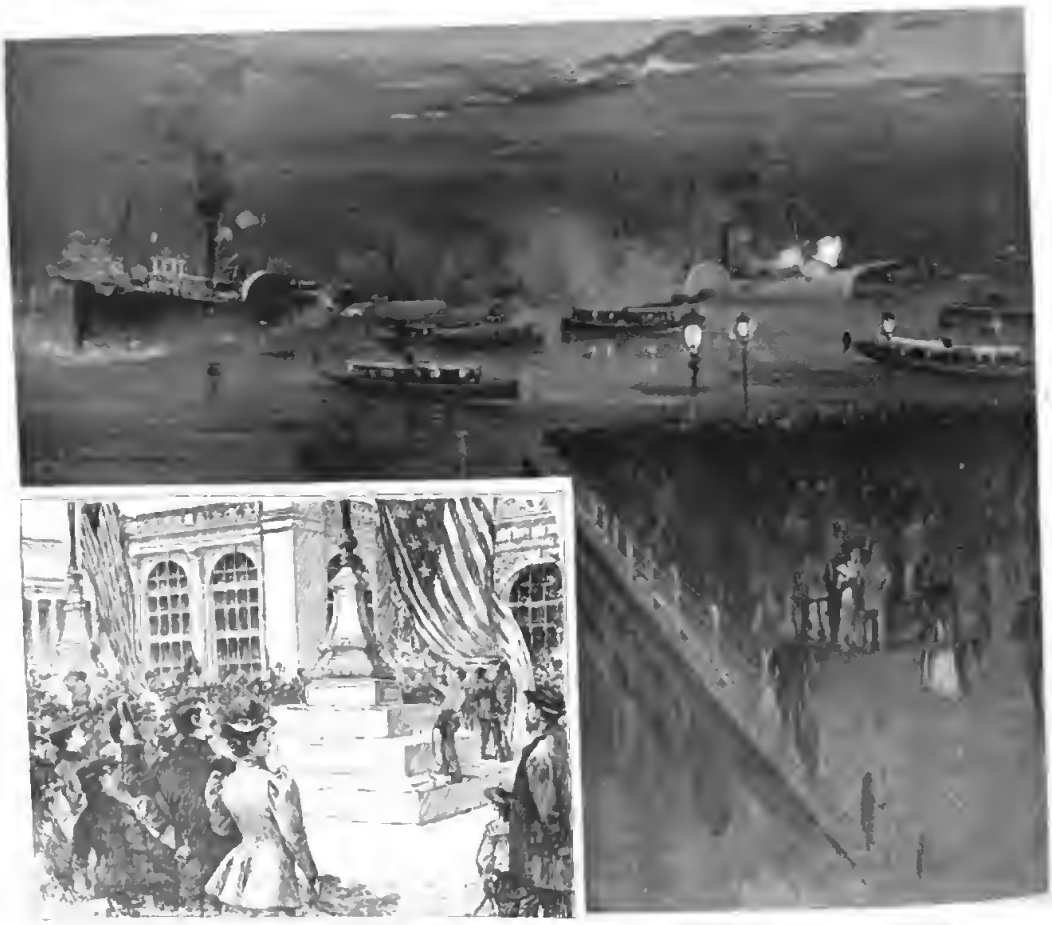
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.



LOWERING THE FLAGS IN FRONT OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING. FIRING THE NATIONAL SALUTE AT SUNSET

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE CLOSING CEREMONIES.—FROM SKETCHES BY CHARLES MENTE.—[SEE PAGE 1074.]

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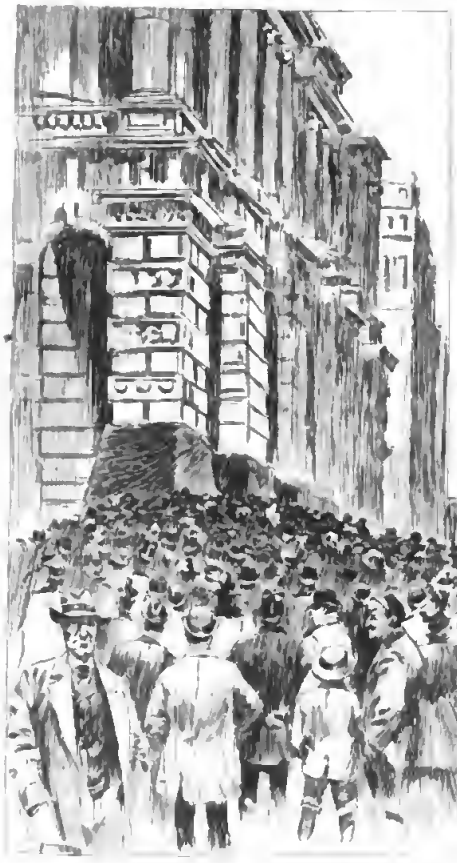
IN FRONT OF MAYOR HARRISON'S HOUSE ON THE NIGHT OF THE ASSASSINATION.



LYING IN STATE IN THE CITY HALL.

AT THE CLARK STREET ENTRANCE TO THE CITY HALL—CROWDS WAITING TO SEE THE REMAINS.

THE ASSASSINATION OF MAYOR HARRISON OF CHICAGO.

FROM SKETCHES BY CHARLES MENTE AND T. DART WALKER.—[SEE PAGE 1068.]

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BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

THE CRANK

It was an unkempt fellow, with a shock of auburn hair,
Who came to beard me as I sat defenceless in my lair,
He had a satchel in one hand, plumb full of dynamite,
And in his hinder pocket was a box of melinite.

His other hand held firmly a right ugly-looking stick,
With poisoned prickers on it that would make a cobra sick,
And 'twixt his teeth he held a knife—its edge was very keen
In short, his aspect it was such as turned my visage green.

I asked him what his business was. He modestly replied
He wanted me to let him have my daughter for his bride,
And sixty million dollars, and a two-four trotting horse
And did I run? I didn't: I just answered him, "Of course!

"I'll let you wed my daughter and my cousins and my aunts"—
I had no female relatives and so could take the chance—
"And 'stead of sixty millions, since the sum, my friend, 's for you,
Suppose we make it more; let's say an even eighty-two?

"A nickel on account to bind the bargain is the thing
And you can have the lady when you've bought the wedding-ring,
And while we're getting in the gold from brokers and from banks,
I'll draw a draft on Bonner for his trotter Nancy Hanks."

The fellow looked me in the eye, and laid his weapons down,
He bit the nickel viciously, as cockneys bite a crown,
To see if it was genuine and not a counterfeit,
And then passed gayly down the stairs and out into the street.

And I am now possessor of a bag of dynamite,
A poisoned club, a bowie, and a box of melinite,
Which cost a nickel only, so that, far as I can see,
The crank is not so profitless as he is thought to be.

And I would say to millionaires, and others who are scared,
In days like these 'tis well that all for cranks should be prepared.
Lay not up stores of pistols, for the case they rarely serve
So well as does one nickel and a little bit of nerve.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BENJAMIN JOWETT, dead, figures as one of the most eminent Englishmen of his time. Thousands of tolerably well-informed Americans never heard of him while he lived, but since his death the literature of him has so abounded that not to know about him now is to argue one's self particularly obscure. Even his lineaments, which only an exceptional American would have recognized six weeks ago, have become as familiar as—say, Matthew Arnold's or Renan's. He is a delightful person to know, even after his death, which, by-the-way, one of the correspondents says, really took place two years ago, when he had a fatal illness, the termination of which was postponed. Andrew Lang says of him, "He is mourned by more friends, perhaps, of ranks and ages more various, than any other man of his day." Mr. Lang himself is one of his sincerest mourners, though he says, "He said to me, in undergraduate times, 'Don't write as if you were writing for a penny paper.' It seems to have been a form of original sin."

England produces delightful things now and then, and the Master of Balliol seems to have been one of her most admirable products. He was generally accepted as the representative of the best spirit, the highest learning, and the most successful teaching that has been developed at Oxford in the last half-century. He stood for the best that Oxford had. No living American whom I can recall represents university education in America as he represented it in England. Professor Norton probably comes the nearest to it. No doubt there will be a book about him presently, and if it is worthy of its subject, and brings our into close relations with him, it ought to be a liberal education to read it. The great beauty of him seems to have lain in the circumstance that profound cultivation of his intellectuals never impaired the action of his heart. If he desired to know all things, and attained to something like the realization of that wish, it seems to have been in order that he might have more to share with learners, and in him the ardor of acquisition never crowded out the ardor of disbursement. He spent himself continually all his life long and died, as Mr. Lang says, one of the best-loved men in England.

There was an American scholar and teacher who was perhaps at least as good to know as Professor Jowett, and with whom it has just begun to be possible to cultivate a posthumous intimacy by reading his letters. But who thinks of Mr. Lowell as a scholar or a professor, and not rather as a poet and a citizen? His labors in his vocation are forgotten in admiration of his success in his avocations. But as the student of intellectual life in England during the Victorian age must know Jowett, so the student of intellectual life in America during the same period must know Lowell. And so, too, the student of political life must know Curtis, that other scholar and illustrious citizen, whose name that of Lowell always suggests, and whose letters and speeches will quickly follow Lowell's from the press. These are three good men to know; and for all that there are such marked differences between them and between their tasks and their development, they have this much at least in common, that all three will interest the same class of readers, and that each in a different way demonstrates how and why it is worth while to be a scholar.

The *Outlook's* recent portrait of Mr. Charles A. Dana does him injustice. It gives an effect of rubicundity to the end of his nose which is not the case, and fails to convey the benignity of his expression. Mr. Dana is a much prettier man than the *Outlook* makes him out. Its portrait of him is too much like what one would expect to find in the *Evening Post*, if the *Post* dared trust itself to have portraits.

Mrs. Amelia Barr thinks that "whether literary women will marry more frequently in the future depends upon the mental elevation of the coming man." Perhaps it depends on that in some degree, but not so much as it does upon the perpetuation of the prejudice against bigamy. So long as monogamy continues legal and stylish, literary women will only marry on the average about once each, as at present. The only class of professional women whose matrimonial frequency seems really likely to be affected by the mental elevation of man is the actresses. Perhaps if the coming man's mental elevation is pretty high, a single husband will go farther than at present, and actresses and Terpsichorean artists will not have to marry so often as now. A woman who has a settled house, as most literary women have, cannot swap husbands without great annoyance and disarrangement of domestic affairs, as the average woman usually prefers to keep the husband she has, even though he may be inadequate. But actresses live unsettled lives anyway and can change husbands with comparatively little inconvenience or disturbance to their belongings. Yet even for them such shifts have been found to have drawbacks as witness the familiar dramatic proverb, "Three divorces are as bad as a fire."

A contemporary paragrapher remarks,

"Marshal Macmahon will be longest remembered for his famous words uttered before Sebastopol, '*J'y suis; j'y reste*'—I am here, here I stay."

Presently they will be raising a monument over Marshal Macmahon's bones in France and then that famous reply will be the particular inscription that they will wish to carve upon it. And then there will be trouble, as is obvious. A certain man once proposed a jack-pot. But a moment after ward circumstances were such that he felt compelled to exclaim, "This is my receptacle but I am not in it." Which was a clumsy exclamation but better on some accounts to carve upon a tomb than Macmahon's "*J'y suis! j'y reste!*"

No one who cares anything about the army has a good word to say for the law passed during Secretary Proctor's administration of the War Department which limited the term of service of private soldiers to ten years. So far as appears, the law strikes officers who have watched its results as one especially suited to damage the service and drive out of the army the particular material which makes the best soldiers. If a man does make a good soldier and likes the business well enough to wish to stick to it, it is hard to imagine what possible gain there can be in driving him out of the army, so long as his efficiency continues. Men are not climbing over one another to seize the chance to enlist. The pay of a private is small, and his duties are rather onerous unless they happen to be to his taste. There is no obligation to turn him out so as to give some other aspirant a chance. It is to be hoped, then, now that Congress is really doing something again, it will follow General Schofield's recommendation and remove the legal restriction upon re-enlistment.

It has been reported that since his retirement from the priesthood (or pulpit, is it?) of the Episcopal Church Mr. Henry A. Adams has been writing plays, and now rumor has it that two of his dramas have been accepted by Richard Mansfield. Mr. Adams is full of various talent, and certainly has shown decided indications of dramatic ability. There has been much speculation among his friends as to the direction his energies would take, and this may be the solution. But to write gives scope to only one side of Mr. Adams's gifts. He has been used heretofore to speak his piece as well as to compose it. And it need not surprise any one if he follows the same course with his plays.

The Christian Home for Intemperate Men, which is established on the corner of Madison Avenue and Eighty-sixth Street, sends word that the hard times have so affected its resources that it lacks the funds necessary to carry on its work. Mr. Bunting, the resident manager, writes that the depression in business has compelled many of the regular contributors to the home to withhold their usual yearly gifts, and has also caused a falling off in the number of patients who can pay for their support, while the number of applicants who can pay nothing continues as large as ever. It is irksome to be an intemperate man at any time but when the times are as bad as they are now, it is intolerably inconvenient and distressing. For the first time in eleven years the home on Madison Avenue is hard put to it to meet its expenses, and any help that it may receive from readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be exceedingly welcome, as well as very worthily bestowed.

E. S. MARTIN.

OUR COMING DEFENCES.

"We fortify in paper and in figures."

THE great city of New York, like a frank and honest man, lies open to the assaults of its enemies. Quite three million people dwell upon and about the waters that surround Manhattan Island and on the busy tongue that stretches out at the southern end of the land is wrought the gain which means to these three million what they enjoy of comfort and luxury, and to many even existence itself. And yet the wharves to which is tied the commerce of the world are lapped by waters that are not yet frowned upon by the appliances of the modern art of defence. They, and the rich stores of wealth behind them that have been garnered these two hundred and fifty years are not so well protected as was the original New Amsterdam by the Dutch fort at the Battery. But the assertion that a modern maritime city is not so well protected as a Dutch trading post of the seventeenth century cannot be taken literally. Measuring the strength of the defence both of the elder and the younger time against the force of the attack, the power of the ordnance, the velocity of the projectile, measuring the materials of war of the two periods against one another, and the Dutch fort would stand intact against the English cannon longer than our present antiquated granite structures would hold out against the high-power gun of the latter part of the nineteenth century. This statement is not to be taken as of scientific accuracy, but it is illustrative of the manner in which the arts of fortification and gunnery have advanced. The target has not kept pace with its enemy.

In 1664, however, as now, men had a good deal to say as to how the battle should go, and as men did then what cannon could not accomplish, so doubtless the courage and mind of man would now work out the defence of the gunless, fortless harbor of New York. Ships exist, war and otherwise, and men to man and fight them. So long as there are explosives in the country, and so long as we have tug and other boats in the East and North rivers, and so long as Yankee ingenuity retains its cunning, New Yorkers need not fear actual capture, but if war should come—and war has been, within two years, very near to us—our preservation would cost us very heavily, not only in the dollar which is the traditional object of our worship, but in human life and human misery and suffering.

This is not a preachment nor a warning. The work of defending New York has begun, and the time for urging upon Congress the duty of recognizing the necessity of heaping the jewels of the country in a strong-box has passed. Congress has been convinced, and has started out on the expenditure of many millions of dollars that will enable the army and navy to protect the metropolis against the assaults of a foreign foe much more effectually than the task could be accomplished now, and at a much less cost. The plant for defence, to apply a despised term of commerce to the noble and gentlemanly art of war, is very expensive, but it does not begin to compare with the expense of resistance without the tools of war. It is probably true that the wars of the future will grow more and more infrequent, owing partly to the greater danger and expense of war, and partly to the growing spirit of civilization, and the growing obliviousness to all arts, including war and poetry, but the humanizing art of traffic. Fighting with modern ships and modern ordnance, with smokeless powder that leaves the vision of the killer unobscured and destroys the artistic atmosphere of a battle-field—such fighting means not only killing and maiming and the loss of property to both the contending parties, but it means, more than all else, the disturbance of trade, and the interruption or diversion of the beneficent tides of bills of exchange and of bags of gold.

It is one of the curious features of the great metropolis which is the home of millions and the bread-winning place of a million more, that so little is known about its outposts. You may easily find men who do not know that the noble Hudson River is, after its flood, burdened with the sewage of a hundred villages and there meets the hundred *dramas* of the great metropolis. There are many thousands of the inhabitants of this great city, which among all the cities of the country, is distinguished for its lack of local pride and conversely, as a matter of course, for its lack of local prejudice—there are many thousands of people in this strange city who do not know its shores, and who, if by chance they take an occasional excursion down the bay, or on the East River as far as where Throgs Neck and Willets Point oppose one another wonder at the sights they see, and ask strange questions concerning the identity of the islands and shores by which they pass.

And most of all they wonder at the gray-stone structures that come suddenly upon them, and startle them by their unaccustomed lines their embrasures, their old fashioned cannon pointing out at an imaginary enemy to whom they could do no manner of harm unless he were good enough or foolish enough to come conveniently near.

"And what is that?" asks some old citizen, who heard of forts when the war was going on, but who has never dreamed of them as permanent adjuncts of a great city.

"Why, it must be—bless my soul, it is a fort! There are real guns!" And so he blinks at the feeble old stone walls of Schuyler, pride of engineering art in the good year 1833, and at the big-breeched innocent Rodmans, and wonders why it is that the tremendous press can dare to be talking of the defenceless condition of the country in the face of such stalwart structures as that, and that other at Willets Point, especially when the latter warns the mariner in very large letters that he must not anchor if he does not wish to be blown to atoms by torpedoes.

It is a pleasant and gratifying thought that war is very far from the consciousness of the every-day American citizen. Very few people object to this agreeable phase of the national character; but those few are deserving of our commiseration rather than our condemnation, for they are the men whom we have educated to do our fighting and whom we deprive of their occupation and its resulting advantages by declining to get into a fight. Still, the country has a good deal of the fighting spirit left in it, and very recently in a perfectly causeless quarrel, even some of the plain people began to show their teeth in a way that made the valiant and the ambitious glad and the judicious grieve.

Far out in the harbor of New York, where the channel broadens into the ocean, the incoming stranger sees a long stretch of sand, and when the ship passes the northern end of Sandy Hook she turns into a great bend of water flanked by the hills of New Jersey, and sweeping around this horseshoe curve, she presently comes to the Narrows, where the shores of Long Island and Staten Island approach each other so closely that no wholesome and trustful imagination doubts that the old fashioned giants were constantly stepping over. This is the southern gateway to the inner harbor of New York, which lies within, fair and broad and as hospitable to commerce as one tariff laws will permit.

And at this point are what were once formidable forts Hamilton, Townsend, Wadsworth, are the more modern structures, while older than these is the dismantled burnt-out brick structure called Fort Lafayette, once the enforced abiding place of rebels and their suspected sympathizers. Down at Sandy Hook another work was once begun, but was long since abandoned, and there are testing grounds for modern guns. This will be the exposed frontier post of

whatever new system of defence will be constructed at this entrance to the harbor of the chief city of the country.

The Narrows is not the only gateway to the harbor of New York. At the end of the East River is another gate, guarded now by old Fort Schuyler and the work at Willets Point. This enemy's fleet could sail down the broad and beautiful Long Island Sound, to the injury of our fair city, and from one of several coverts might shell the town to our discontent. For nearly ninety miles this beautiful waterway affords an ample bosom for the floating of a hundred ships. At its eastern entrance are Fishers and Plum islands, and here some day forts and turrets and mortar batteries are to be constructed for the purpose of preventing an enemy from laying waste the fair country that borders on the Sound, and from capturing and destroying the important harbors of New London and New Haven.

Near the New York end of the Sound this great body of water narrows and the channel makes its way along the Long Island shore. At Sands Point it runs between the two light-houses at the Point and on Execution Rock, and when it passes Stepping Stones and comes to Willets Point and Throgs Neck the Sound is only three-fourths of a mile wide. Here is the other gate through which an enemy's fleet would be obliged to make its way if the ships were to anchor directly off the wharves of the city.

There are several innocent fortifications on the Sound between Plum and Fishers Islands and the innocuous works at Throgs Neck and Willets Point. In the report of what is known as the Endicott "Board on Fortifications" it is somewhat humorously asserted that the entrance of the New London Harbor "is defended by Fort Trumbull and Fort Griswold." The character of Fort Trumbull as a work of defence is in perfect harmony with the single battery of artillery that is maintained at that post. Excellent men are the gunners of the United States army, and the officers of that arm of the service are an honor to their profession. But, after all, a captain with thirty-five or forty men cannot accomplish very much beyond keeping the walks clean and the grass on the parade ground reasonably short. Of course, in case of necessity, the fort could be filled up with regulars and volunteers, but even then it would bear the same relation to a modern fort as the battery of the army to-day bears to a well-equipped and effective battalion.

As to Fort Griswold, it is not garrisoned. It is like a good many others of our old-fashioned structures for defence. It is of no use to any one except the military antiquarian, and to him it furnishes an opportunity to air his indifference to the real military conditions of the country, and to the uselessness of simply maintaining an idle pageantry. The old ordnance sergeants who are scattered about among the various archaic forts of the land lead a solitary existence, but they have comfortable homes in the deserted structures, shelters for their families, and pastures on the parade-grounds for their peace-loving cows. Their contentment and their feebleness, so far as the power of waging war is concerned, are no more incongruous behind such walls as those of Fort Griswold than the walls themselves.

"New Haven Harbor is defended by Fort Hale," continues the narrative of the Board on Fortifications. This is a fort which is not even known to the army, and its name does not appear in the official list of posts. It is one of the few earthworks that scarred the Atlantic seaboard during the last war, and that now help to recall the names of once dreaded Confederate cruisers, swift and deadly allies of the protective tariff in driving the American flag from the ocean.

The important bays along the Sound and near New York are on the southern shore. There the enemy would find plenty of water, good anchorage, and in every way an admirable vantage ground from which he would be able to drop his shells into the metropolis. Huntington, Oyster, and Hempstead bays can be entered at low tide by vessels drawing eighteen feet of water. In these bays a fleet of large and small vessels could find shelter, and could leisurely bombard the city; while below the other gateway to the harbor, that at the Narrows, the enemy could take a position in thirty feet of water near Coney Island, and within eight miles of the Navy-yard, and shell Brooklyn and the lower part of the city.

It is not the great cities alone, however, that the government should consider in preparing for the defence of the coast against a naval attack. The towns and villages along the Sound would now be at the mercy of a hostile fleet, and, from east of Willets Point, Flushing, Whitestone, and a number of other small places would be within range.

This description of the approaches to New York indicates the defensive positions that the government must take in order thoroughly to protect the principal part of the country. There must be works and guns to prevent the enemy from shelling the city and the towns in the neighborhood, and there must be other works at the two gates that will prevent his entrance into the inner waters of the harbor. In the first place, the object of the defending force will be to keep the enemy beyond the point whence his guns can reach the city, and to make the effort to capture the place or to exact a ransom very expensive by destroying one or more of the ships of the attacking fleet.

As a rule, bombardments are not so destructive as the uninitiated would naturally suppose them to be. The English ships at Alexandria played havoc, but they had a free field and a direct fire. When the bombardment of Petersburg was in progress during our own war, most of the Union army's shells dropped harmlessly in the streets, and the women of the city became so accustomed to them that they went about on their shopping and visiting missions comparatively undisturbed. Indeed, a Confederate artillery officer tells me that these women were more accustomed to being under fire than the troops, who were partially protected by bomb-proofs. When this artilleryman visited Petersburg, on one occasion, he was struck with wonder at the coolness of the women on the streets. Apparently they had no fear of the shells which he was dodging in trepidation. They had learned by experience the very small percentage of damage done by these missiles.

The bombardment of New York from off Coney Island or from Hempstead Bay would be an inconvenience to the people who desired to go on doing business, but it would not be nearly so harmful as one might suppose from reading the accounts of the tremendous distances travelled by projectiles, and the marvellous penetrating power of the modern shell. The ships stationed at this distance would be firing at an unseen mark. The direction of the city would of course be known, and the guns would be so directed that the shells would fall within the limits of Manhattan Island, but that is all. A few years ago, in an article on the Artillery School at Fort Monroe published in the WEEKLY, I described the great jubilee shot fired from a 9-inch gun at Shoeburyness, England. That shot travelled more than twelve miles, and the trajectory was shown in the article. In the picture a ship was placed at the angle of firing, and the roof of the Stock Exchange at the angle of incidence. Thus was indicated what might happen, not what would or was necessarily likely to happen. In the first place, the angle at which the gun was fired was about forty degrees, and with present devices the angle of firing from a floating platform cannot exceed twenty degrees. This is the first objection that will occur to the professional gunner ashore or afloat, soldier or sailor. But to the hopeful mind whose imagination is beginning to grasp the infinite possibilities of inventive genius in the field of ballistics and its correlated subjects this is no small and insignificant difficulty. The mind that conceived and the cunning hand that wrought out the ordnance of our time are there to still further activity, and the high power gun will yet have its platform, on land and on sea, from which it may be fired at any angle.

Granting that it may be so fired, however, the firing at long range must be in the dark, until Edison or his subtilmated successor shall invent a means by which the eye can follow an electric wave as it traverses space and penetrates fogs, brick walls, or whatever obstacle may stand between the gun and its target. Still, there is probably a long distance in time between the invention of the gun platform and of the optical electric instrument, and the enemy of our generation who undertakes to bombard New York from a distance must be content to shoot out into space in the hope of hitting something of value and importance. But he will not have the target in sight, so that his shells may fall in the middle of Central Park or in the street. (The chances are very great that shells fired at New York from a distance and in a general direction would bury themselves in the streets, and would cause great disturbance in such underground works as our sewers, water and gas pipes, etc.) This suggests that a bombardment would most likely work most harm by smashing a water-main or breaking a gas-pipe. The bombardment might also destroy some of the familiar architecture of the city, and in time it would undoubtedly be wise to buy off the attacking fleet with a good round ransom; but the ransom paid for relief from a long-range bombardment need not be nearly as large as to greatly induce it by millions, for delay would increase the risk run by the enemy of the construction of some ingenious and effective device that would ruin some of his costly ships.

The real damage from an attacking fleet will be done by the direct fire of the high power guns. If the enemy should succeed in passing through either one of the two gateways to the harbor, the destruction of the city would be a matter of very short time. With his heavy guns trained directly on the buildings of the town, he would knock them down block after block with as many successive shots. The great value of the high power gun consists in the enlargement of the dangerous field. A 12, 10, or 8 inch gun could be fired without any perceptible elevation from a vessel anchored off the city in the East River or the North River. The huge projectile would easily travel through a block of ordinary business or dwelling houses, scattering about death and destruction. The question of how long such a bombardment could be stood by the commercial metropolis of the country may be left to those who will be compelled to foot the bills.

The force of a modern projectile is something awful. Not many months ago a gun was fired in England, and the penetration of its shell, even in this day of much literature on the subject of modern ordnance, must astonish the untutored mind. This gun was very large, 110 tons, larger than any made in this country, and larger then any successfully made in England. Nevertheless, the ordnance officers of our army and navy are sure that they can manufacture guns as large as this one, and that they will not disclose or develop the defects that have made the great guns of England useless. There is every reason, based on their successful achievements in the making of guns, why their expectations should be accepted as within the range of probability. There is really no room for doubt that a 110-ton gun will soon be made in this country. The very gun of whose performance I am about to speak is evidence that the English makers will eventually overcome the difficulties of their problem.

This gun, with a charge of 960 pounds of powder, sent a projectile weighing 1800 pounds into a target especially made for the experiment. The projectile went completely through 20 inches of compound armor, 8 inches of wrought iron, 20 feet of oak balks, 5 feet of granite, and 11 feet of concrete. It stopped in the brick beyond this concrete. The brick was 6 feet thick, and the projectile opened cracks entirely through it.

This is the kind of gun that would play upon the buildings of New York if the ships carrying them could get within such a range that they could fire directly into the city. But it would not be necessary, in order to work great damage, for an enemy's fleet to enter the harbor through the narrow gateway. A fleet stationed near Coney Island, for instance, would effect the destruction of a great deal of property in South Brooklyn.

It is necessary for the protection of the commerce entering and leaving the port that works should be established as far out as possible. When it comes to driving off a blockading fleet, the navy of course must be depended on. So we shall have works on Sandy Hook and somewhere on the Coney Island shore, while there must be eventually mortar batteries and other fortifications on Plum and Fishers islands.

The modern fortification is expensive, but it is very substantial and enormously powerful. The moral effect of the situation will exercise a wonderful influence in causing a foreign power to hesitate and to wait for the last moment for the ultimate cause of hostilities, before hazarding an attack upon a well-defended city. For first rate guns and good gunners can make a place for which nature has done next to nothing almost impregnable.

In the first place, the modern ship represents a very large investment of money, and even the richest nation cannot afford to unnecessarily risk $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 worth of property that is liable to be absolutely wiped out of existence by a single well directed shot. There is no battle-ship afloat or projected that is sufficiently strong to resist the projectile of the guns that are now being manufactured for the United States government in the workshops at the Washington Navy-yard and at the Watervliet Arsenal, while as to the decks called protective, they offer practically no resistance to a shell dropped upon them. Protective decks, as shown in our own experience with the *Philadelphia*, cannot be made very heavy without affecting the stability of the ship. War will never again be undertaken without such a careful counting of the cost as would have been considered, twenty years ago, on indication of national cowardice.

The first question that arises in establishing defences is as to their character. Shall they be floating or land defences? New York is being provided with both, although there was a tendency in determining this important part of the problem, on the part of each of the two branches of the military service, to exaggerate its own importance. There have been naval officers who would rest the protection of the coast mainly, if not altogether, on vessels. Coast-defence vessels there must be, as a matter of course, and for some of the smaller ports of the country they will be the main dependence. Vessels for warfare are of all kinds, and we shall doubtless have an abundance of harbor-defenders like our double-turreted Monitors, and of submarine boats, torpedo-boats, and islands battle-ships.

The naval spirit of the country has been aroused by the gigantic preparations that were made in anticipation of a scrap with Chili, that by the utmost stretch of imagination could not have been dignified into a war. There will be plenty of war ships. The only doubt is about the land fortifications. A mortar battery or a turret does not fill the eye of the beholder so completely as does a well manned and beautiful ship, nor can it go cruising about the world, gladdening the patriotism of American tourists by a vision of the flag and a suggestion of national power. But nevertheless, land fortifications are not only useful but necessary means of defence, and now that the work of constructing them has begun, Congressional niggardliness in the matter would be a very grievous mistake.

There is a good deal to be said in favor of land defences for great harbors. In the first place, the first cost of a coast-defence vessel is about three times as much as that of land works. Moreover, her maintenance is very expensive when she is in commission, while the chances of her destruction in an engagement are very much greater than those of a land work. Then, again, the land works are always in their place, ready for the performance of their duty, while the coast defence fleet may be away at the moment when the enemy pokes the nose of his vessels into the harbor and they are wanted for war. The admiral in command may have taken it into his head that the hostile movement is to be made through the Sound, in which event he will run his fleet up toward Bridgeport and New Haven, where he can have plenty of sea-room for his anticipated fight. While he is off looking for the enemy, that enterprising adversary can sail up the Ship Channel, through the Narrows, and go on knocking the city to pieces while the harbor defence fleet is discovering its mistake and making its way back to town. These considerations clearly indicate the necessity for land works that cannot be sunk with a shot or two, and that will be always on hand when the occasion demands.

The land works will be of various kinds. There will be turrets and earth works, while the present stone fortifications will be utilized as much as possible. The gray-stone walls that have for so many years excited the wondering admiration of excursionists down the bay or on the Sound will still remain, possibly unchanged in their outward appearance, but greatly strengthened, and furnished with modern guns, a projectile from any one of which would penetrate the heaviest armor afloat.

Our new forts and new ships are not built nor our new guns constructed without a clear comprehension of the demands that will be made upon them if the country should ever go to war. The idea of the ordinary newspaper writer, who possibly reflects the notion of the ordinary newspaper reader, that our army and navy officers are simply wearing out their uniforms in idleness, is very far from being true. The mass of information that has been gathered by the officers of both services concerning the war material of foreign nations would astonish any one who has not closely followed the subject. In the War and Navy departments at Washington are records compiled from the observation and reading of officers, of all the fleets and arsenals of the world. Our navy and army know just what ships can reach the port of New York, how much coal capacity they have; how much speed, what are their complements of crew, who is in command; what are the number and calibre of their guns, and what the weight of metal. In other words, the government knows precisely what it will have to encounter in a conflict with any given foreign power, and is therefore prepared to defend the country against any attack that may be made upon it, so far as the modern arts of engineering and gunnery permit. And, as has been said before in this article, these arts are very far advanced, and the target once hit in a vital spot cannot survive.

The turret for land work is of various forms, but the central idea is the same. It is a heavily armored, revolving mechanism, suggested of course by the Ericsson turret first used on the original *Monitor*. The land turret is the same in principle as that on board ship, but on account of the differing conditions afloat and ashore, the construction varies. It is only necessary to say, by way of further explanation in a paper simply intended to indicate the plans that have been devised and that are being carried out for the defence of New York Harbor, that the army and the navy have faced the same problem with respect to armor, and that the land turrets will doubtless be armored with the nickel and steel compound armor, which, as recent experiments have shown, offers the strongest resistance to high-power guns. There will be two embrasures in a turret, the guns being mounted side by side. The top of the turret will be like the back of a turtle, and will thus present the smallest possible object to the gunners of the attacking party; and from this top, and from one side of it only, will protrude the muzzles of the two guns, so that all the rest of the top is solid. The fire being delivered, the turret revolves, and while the guns are being loaded the enemy has nothing to fire at except an almost invisible turtle back so heavily armored and so shaped that his projectiles are liable to glance off harmlessly. The guns will be of from 12-inch to 16 inch calibre. Eventually the government will be able to turn out the larger guns, but at present it will have to be content with the smaller. Still these will be good enough weapons with which to fight anything that can be sent against us.

Armored casemates and barbette batteries will be used. The latter will be constructed of earth and rubble, the rubble constituting a core. On the barbette there will be mounted guns varying from 8 to 12 inches calibre. The 12-inch guns will be manipulated by a hydraulic lift. By means of this powerful engine the gun will be lifted into battery after being loaded, and will be lowered after its discharge. The smaller guns will be mounted on disappearing carriages, of which there are a great variety. Mounted on one of these carriages, the gun disappears immediately after it

MOAT AND WATER BATTERY, FORTRESS MONROE.

NEW YORK HARBOR, SHOWING PRESENT FORTIFICATIONS

is fired. In modern warfare all the heavy guns in a land defence work will be loaded under protection.

Neither the existing forts nor the present light ordnance will be entirely useless for purposes of defence. It will be readily understood that there can be no quarters in the turrets or armored casemates. In New York Harbor, both in the lower harbor and at the opening of Long Island Sound the turrets and casemates will be constructed in the vicinity of the forts now there, and the officers in charge of these works and of the mortar batteries will continue to occupy the quarters that now face the parade grounds on which the game of tennis is a sight more customary than a military pageant. Other quarters will be outside the walls, as a matter of course, and there will be a general consensus of opinion among engineers and other military men that in a modern bottle quarters, like ships, will be very likely to yield to the weight and energy of a modern projectile.

There will probably be high power guns mounted on the parapets of the old forts. There is no necessity for the demolition of the latter. They do not seem to be occupying any part of the comparatively limited space that will be required for the modern works, and the government can afford to maintain them until an obliging enemy comes along and knocks them to pieces with his hostile ordnance. As to the old guns—the 15-inch Rodmans and the 8-inch converted rifles—they will still be of some service. The defences of a harbor in the face of an immediate attack will be far from complete without a mine of torpedoes stretching from shore to shore, and if an enemy is in earnest in his purpose to capture the town he will necessarily send out light boats or lightly armored boats for the purpose of countermining our torpedoes. Then the old fashioned ordnance will come into action, and may do most effective service in driving back or demolishing the force sent out against the torpedoes. Rapid fire guns will also play an important part in the ordnance of the future defences of New York. For close and hot work the rapid-fire gun that showers balls upon the enemy is the best arm of modern times.

Among the most important of the arms with which the homes and commerce of the metropolis will be surrounded is the mortar. The modern mortar is a strange development from the old fashioned iron pot which was wont to sit on its royal breech with its mouth looking skyward. The round shells that were thrown from this usually harmless weapon described high parabolas and attained a range most remarkably short. Accurate fire was almost an impossibility, and it was not difficult for an alert man to dodge the shells as they descended.

The modern mortar is an affair of a quite different character. It looks like a very large and somewhat stubby cannon, and is mounted on an enormously high carriage. Its projectile weighs between 600 and 700 pounds, and the shell can be thrown with a fair degree of accuracy about five miles. These mortars are to be arranged in groups of four, and usually there will be four groups in a battery. The fire of the sixteen mortars can be concentrated within a small space, and a ship sailing through the field of fire will be constantly menaced by immense shells. If one of these shells should strike the deck of a battle ship, no matter how thick it might be, there would be great danger of its penetrating into the vital parts of the vessel. It might explode in the machinery-room, or tear open the boilers, or enter the ammunition-room, in which event no one would escape to tell the tale of the ship's destruction.

These are the kinds of works that will be erected in the vicinity of New York. Some of them are already in process of construction at the two entrances to the harbor. The ordnance is being made at Watervliet, and pattern guns are being tested at the Sandy Hook grounds. Congress, after years of hesitation, has at last begun to appropriate money for a work whose necessity was admitted a score of years ago. It is one of the curious features of our government that Congress assumes to direct and superintend all administrative work, even that whose proper conduct demands scientific training. Thus, in the matter of building the new navy, the law making power was not content to confine its share to making the Navy Department an allowance of money, leaving to its experts the selection of type, size, arrangement, and the other details of building and fitting out war ships. Just as in Jefferson's day the building of frigates was discontinued and gunboats were substituted for the larger and more powerful vessels on the decree of a body of lawyers, planters, and merchants, so in our own times statesmen from the prairies and the towns have learnedly argued about the value of sail power in modern cruisers and battle-ships, and on the comparative merits of different forms of disappearing carriages hydraulic lifts, barbettes, turrets, and armor. It may be that Congress has lately found itself getting beyond its depth on these subjects, for it is a noticeable fact that by discussions on seem-ship problems are more infrequent than they were a few years ago.

The works on Sandy Hook and at Coney Island, with their high-power guns and mortar batteries, will be depended upon to keep the enemy's fleet out of range of the city. With complete works at these points it would be almost impossible for a ship or a fleet to reach the works at the gateway of the Narrows. In order so the enemy would be obliged to run up the channel and comes close inshore at the northern end of Sandy Hook. His escape from under the tremendous fire that would be for several minutes would be little less than miraculous. In passing through this preliminary ordeal he would encounter marine torpedo-mines, torpedo boats, floating batteries and ever coast-defenders the navy might have on hand. If by means of resistance, the hostile ships should get into the bay they would then be subject to a perfect hail of the fire of Hamilton, Wadsworth, Townsend, and the turrets and batteries in their vicinity and on the site of old Fort Lafayette.

In a word, it will be next to impossible for a hostile fleet within striking distance of New York when the defences in contemplation are actually constructed, armed and manned, so far as absolute certainty can be predicated of human matters, it would be absolutely impossible for a hostile sail past such defences and into the city. Even more great are the chances in favor of an invasion by a hostile in large enough force to overrun the country, and to make defences as useless as a front door after the thief has through a rear window, is patent to all intelligent Americans.

At the other or Sound end of the harbor the conditions are as favorable for a complete defence of New York. It is true long as Plum and Fishers Islands are unfortified, a hostile and many important towns as will be at the mercy of an enemy, but so far as the metropolis is concerned it is safe from bombardment or more immediate hostile demonstration works that have been already begun.

The channel of the Sound as has already been pointed out in close to the Long Island shore as it approaches New York. A mortar battery is in process of construction on Pierce Island and pits are being dug for sixteen mortars. This island is a post, a rendezvous for recruits. It is near the main channel, a mile from the channel, and is a little southwest of Fort Schuyler.

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CASEMATES NOW USED AS OFFICERS' QUARTERS, FORTRESS MONROE.

ERNORS ISLAND AND THE NARROWS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

the Long Island shore, where another mortar battery is to be ted. The thirty-two mortars of these two batteries will make passage of a hostile ship through the narrow channel, considbly less than a mile in width, very disagreeable. The mortars be so trained that the whole thirty-two shells may fall within the e of a ship's deck, and if a ship happen to be there when the ls actually fall, the fragments of the wreck will be exceedingly ll

fter the channel passes Davids Island it trends slightly to the hwest, and approaches Throgs Neck considerably to the west ort Schuyler, so that a ship having progressed thus far on its to New York would go about and present its broadside to the herly veil of the fort for some distance. It would then turn ut at right angles, and pass between the fires of the works at Schuyler and Willets Point. At these two points there will rrets, barbettes, and mortar batteries and between them there be a line of submarine torpedoes. The torpedo experiments e army are now being made at Willets Point, where is situated chool of the engineer corps. A heavy stone operating-room lready been built at Fort Schuyler.

e plans presented in this paper constitute the barest outline s task involved in constructing a system of works for the de- of New York. The layman who is not interested in mathes applied to materials of resistance, in gun metal explo- projectiles and the mechanical operations by which heavy nce is mounted and manipulated, would find a technical s on the subject very hard and dry reading, and would t without any clearer comprehension of the general scheme d described than he possessed before undertaking the ar- task. But the art of defence and attack is still rapidly ssing. If the engineer and ordnance corps of the army een authorized to fortify the coast at the time when Mr. wrote his famous letter, the country would by this time nasted a good deal of money in experiments that have been for our instruction by foreign powers that must always be efended, no matter how rapidly conditions may shift, or how essentially new inventions are making their adopted guns and armor obsolete. As it is, we have not only learned from our involuntary preceptors, but our experts have greatly improved upon the lesson taught them. Even yet, however, it is too soon to say precisely what kind of work will be located here or there, whether turret, mortar battery, or armored casemate, but the general scheme of defence is as has been indicated, and its adequacy must certainly be apparent to any one who has had the patience to follow me to this point. Whether or not the scheme will ever be completed is a question for Congress to decide. New York cannot expect to secure all the appropriations, and the plan for defending the two ocean coasts, the lakes, and the Gulf of Mexico involves the expenditure of many millions of money. Experience has taught us that Congress often grows tired of spending money before the completion of plans that have been begun. How much money has been wasted in this way it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find out, and the shock that would result from the ascertainment of the truth would hardly pay for the trouble and labor of the search. Still, it is to be hoped that, as the work has been entered upon, it will be prosecuted until the country has at least a system of defence—such a system as will make the trembling money-changers reasonably sure that the government may vindicate its honor by going to war without great risk that the bank safes will have to be opened for the satisfaction of a demanded ransom.

It is a great accomplishment, that of assuring the inviolability of the bank safes; but bank safes are large, they are commodious, and they possess great spaces, recesses that must be filled. They also bear a striking resemblance to our bodies in other respects. We might be securely housed and covered with a rain-repelling roof, but if we had no store of groceries and butcher's meat the pains of hunger would deprive us of the blessing of sleep, and, in time, of any use for the roof. And if our circulating medium ceased to flow, our stores of food would soon come to have an meaning to us. So is it with the bank safe, to adopt an introductory phrase familiar to the mouth of June. The current of coin and notes must go on flowing through the bank safe, or its stone will be useful for nothing except the purchase of the necessities or luxuries of life. If there is no game of commerce going on in which the bank safe can take a hand, the vital circulation must come to an end, and the store of gold become uninteresting to the business man, whose chief pleasure consists in seeing his capital move.

The big guns and mortars may keep the enemy's fleet out of range of the town, but if the ships hover off the mouth of the harbor they can effectually kill the commerce of the port, and, next to the call for a ransom, the bank safes would dread that alternative. Therefore the blockade must be broken up, and to that end the navy is an absolute necessity. Forts may effectively resist an assailant, but they can't follow him after he escapes beyond the reach of their guns, and scatter his component parts over the broad surface of the ocean. Ships alone can deal with ships when it comes to a question of sea-legs.

There is sound sense in making ready for a war even when we do not intend to fight. If Thomas Jefferson had been ready and willing to back up Mr. Monroe and Mr. Livingston when those two energetic diplomats were trying to bully Napoleon into surrendering New Orleans to the young and feeble republic, and if Spain had understood that Mr. Pinckney's request for his passports really meant blood or Florida, the United States would not only have obtained the orange groves and sugar plantations sooner and cheaper, but England itself might have been convinced without a real war that it would be best to give up the reprehensible practice of visiting our merchant ships for the purpose of supplying herself with able-bodied seamen.

No one wants to go to war in this country. This same Thomas Jefferson, who obtained his diplomatic objects by teasing, and by making his protagonist familiar with his wants very much after the fashion in which a persistent youngster familiarizes his parent with his desire for a new toy, had a passion for peace, and millions of his fellow-countrymen have inherited his tastes. In fact, every American who has property or who expects to acquire it is desirous of avoiding bloodshed, for your soldiers and sailors cannot shed blood without meeting a corresponding shedding of gold. If New York and the other harbors of our money making country should be put into such a condition of defence as the engineers of the army have devised, and the navy should be expanded to meet the hopes and expectations of the officers of that admirable service, the very aim and purpose of the soldiers and sailors would be defeated, and the anxious fears of the industrious successors of Thomas Jefferson would be calmed. Wars will cease to be when lucrative genius has perfected the implements of destruction upon which it is now busily exercising itself, so that a battle will mean the demolition of both sides, and the bank safes of New York will be absolutely secure when it is thoroughly understood by all our possible enemies that their ships can neither get in nor stay around.

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THE BOOTHS—FATHER AND SON.*

SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY HENRY SEDLEY.

STRIKING coincidences sometimes present themselves that justify Hamlet's profound assurance to Horatio, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy; but they are apt, in the air and bustle of life, to be put aside and forgotten until another example of like sort is offered to sharpen wonder and revive discussion. To such a coincidence, so to call it, as a preface to some personal recollections of the renowned actors, the Booths, father and son, attention is hereby invited.

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH.
From the Painting by Thomas Sully. By Courtesy of the Players Club.
Frontispiece to Lawrence Hutton's "Curiosities of the American Stage."

In the mystical drama called *The Corsican Brothers* the spectator is more than once shown not only what has happened, but what is to happen. Coming events, as Campbell puts it, cast their shadows before. That which is and that which is to be may not be identical. There may, in some instances, be a wide divergence between them—as wide, that is to say, as what divides the tragic from the comic, the terrible and the trivial. And yet there will be a certain unmistakable family likeness between them, a resemblance so close as to make it impossible, after the double event, to doubt that one was the herald or suggester of the other.

Whatever in these thoughts may be real and whatever fanciful, many persons have known illustrations, and the one now to be related has long seemed to me to be forcibly in point. When a little boy I remember hearing several curious anecdotes of the famous Junius Brutus Booth, the tragedian. One of the number was told as having been a sequel to one of his performances of Shakespeare's *Richard III.* It was at the Tremont Theatre in Boston, and, as usual, had been received with vast applause by a crowded house. Mr Booth played, it was said, with rare fire and imaginativeness, his repeated shouts in the battle scene for "another horse" being given forth with uncommon insistence and energy. At the end of the scene he refused to be slain by Richmond, as the stage directions if not history enjoin, but rushed instead to the rear of the stage. Before the astonished witnesses could interfere he had leaped on the back of a horse, which stood ready saddled by the back door, and, throwing a cloak over his person, gallaped away into the darkness. The stage door of the Tremont Theatre opened close by a stable, and egress thence was had into a little street then called Cook's Court, now Chapman Place. Mr. Booth made his way, my informants were told, into the suburbs, and only ended his mad ride at the town of Salem, some thirteen miles away.

It is not needful to dwell here on the various motives that were assigned for this singular proceeding. They readily present themselves to the mind, and require no suggestion or discussion. The purpose in hand, however, is to ask the reader to consider how far the liveliest bears upon, as cause or suggester of, the awful calamity, years after, at Ford's Theatre in Washington, when the tragedian's son, John Wilkes Booth, was chief actor in a real drama as dreadful as any his parent had ever simulated. Here are all the same features—the saddled horse, the calculation that surprise would baffle or impede pursuit; the rush out from a back door into the darkness; the crowded theatre, the foreshadowed effect of utter unexpectedness—all alike in both episodes, the difference lying alone in the practical insignificance of one action and the tremendous importance of the other. But would the second action ever have occurred if the first had not preceded it? Let others ponder and reply.

I first saw both Junius Brutus Booth and his son Edwin at an inn called the Pemberton House, in Howard Street, Boston. Mr. Booth senior and my father were old acquaintances, and I had been sent by the latter with a note to be delivered to the tragedian at his hotel. This was in the fall of 1847, and Booth was about to play an engagement in Boston, where he had many strong admirers. The actor was famous, and I looked upon him, for the first time, with much curiosity.

His figure was short and rather thick set. The torso was large for his height, and he was "bandy" legged. On the other hand, the head and face were handsome. The nose had been broken by a blow from a bottle, struck by Thomas Flynn, an actor. But the head was massive and nobly shaped. The general appearance, with the noted exceptions, was in harmony with one's ideal of the classic Junius Brutus, in whose honor the player had been named. Mr Booth met me kindly and hospitably; but there seemed to me in his manner, then and always afterward, a depression which indicated mental suffering. His hair was short and iron-gray. The eyes, too, were gray, although at night and by gas-light they looked black. He was dressed in a suit of "pepper-and-salt," unfashionably cut, and, on the whole, but for a certain distinction in the carriage of the head and shoulders, and for the imposing outlines of the features, he might have been taken for a respectable farmer who had come in the city to buy his supplies. For the rest, his voice was husky and slightly nasal, and he was habitually taciturn. In this latter respect Edwin was like him. I have been with the two for what seemed an hour when neither spoke a word.

Mr Booth asked about my father, whom he called by his Christian name—or, rather, by its familiar diminutive—and about my own work at school. He complained a little that Edwin would not study. It was his wish, he said, to give him a classical education, but the boy would have none of it. So he took him travelling with himself that he might be of some use, he added, and be kept out of mischief.

Edwin presently came in—a slight, dark, shy-looking lad of fourteen. The father introduced us, calling his son "Ted," and said something about our being so unlike, one being so brown, the other so fair. Mr Booth then insisted upon having refreshments. He took brandy and water, to name details. Edwin a "port wine sangaree," and I lemonade.

Edwin Booth's face looked mature for his years. Indeed, I saw little change in it for a long time afterward. His manner, too, reflected the gravity and thoughtfulness of his father's. Both, besides being markedly of few words, left on my boyish mind the impression that they were either brooding over some sorrow or anticipating one. It did not then occur to me, as it might have done thereafter, that the elder man's air of gloom or despondency was a token of reaction from the sharp excitement of acting or of other exhilaration, of which hitherto I knew nothing.

After this I saw nothing personally, of either father or son until one night when taken behind the scenes of the theatre by the manager, Mr. Booth's near friend. The player spoke to us between the acts. He was arrayed in the coronation robes of Richard III, and I gazed on him with admiring awe. He spoke a kind word, and then remarked that, Edwin having "cleared out somewhere," he would be much obliged if I would procure and fetch him what he very seldom used, a piece of chewing tobacco, which I did, with much amusement and surprise, and never forgot the incident. For a Plantagenet to be asking himself thus on Bosworth field was surely a sufficiently diverting anachronism.

After this I saw him in several of his Shakespearian parts. Mr Booth in most of his characters wore wigs, the "Brutus," of dark hair closely curled toward the face, being perhaps most frequently used. But his taste varied at times, and I saw him begin to act Hamlet one night in a "Brutus" which certainly made him look younger than he looked in his own iron-gray hair. When, however, he was fairly under way in the second act he deliberately pulled the "Brutus" off and threw it into a corner, and finished the play in his own hair, observing that it was not only much more comfortable but much more becoming.

Not long after this Mr Booth and Edwin came to us for a visit. We occupied a little cottage at Cohasset, a sea-side village near Boston. It was on what was called the "Jerusalem Road," and was close to the shore. Here some time was passed in boating, fishing, bathing, and an occasional drive. No intoxicating drink was allowed in the cottage, and the understanding was that none should be taken by the inmates out of it. This was imparted to me and received without question. At that time the temperance reform was widely accepted or acted upon, and I was not even concerned when one day instructed that I was on no account to bring any spirit or wine to the house. I assented obediently, but added that such a thing had not been thought of by or proposed to me. That was well, was the reply; but some one might propose it to me, especially in the absence of the speaker, who was liable to be called by business to Boston.

We had a pleasure craft, with two fore and aft sails, a little larger, possibly, than an old fashioned whale-boat. This being watered and provisioned, and the crew, consisting of a man and a boy, being duly aboard, the two Booths, another excursionist, and myself would start forth for a day's sailing and fishing. On one occasion there was a lively sea running, and one after another of the little party became distressingly ill. All at last were as except the elder Booth, who sat in grim silence in the stern sheets, and, I thought, rather enjoying the misery of his companions. Fishing from the rocks was also practised, and this sport appeared to harmonize with the grave if amiable reticence of our visitors. They would sit holding their poles by the hour, almost without a syllable, interrupting the silence only if a big fish was caught, or by a demand for fresh bait.

One incident happened during this sojourn at Cohasset that threatened a dismal conclusion. Had what was so nearly in fact occurred, Edwin Booth would never have been seen on the stage. An inmate of the cottage was a good swordsman. Taught by his father, who, in turn, had been a pupil of Angelo, reputed the best fencing-master in Europe, this young fellow was a well-trained handler of the foils. Now when the visitors came it was directed, by way of instruction and entertainment, that lessons should be given to young Booth in the use of the small sword. Edwin was anxious to learn, and the work was begun with energy and pursued with regularity.

It had been carefully enjoined that the foils were on no account to be handled without masks and appropriate buttons, and this good rule had been always rigidly observed. One day, however, the scene hung the green turf outside the cottage windows, there was an exception. The masks were unhappily mislaid; but the foils were there, Edwin was anxious for a bout, and with youthful folly the teacher and the pupil engaged. The result is easily anticipated. In practising some swift counters the point of a foil struck Edwin sharply in the right eye. The blade was well buttoned or the effect would have been disastrous. As it was, the blow was bad enough. The eye was dreadfully blackened, soon became suffused with blood, and for days was in a state of dangerous inflammation. The white of the eye was long like crimson velvet. To the general joy there was ultimately a complete recovery; but it was a severe lesson, and those immediately concerned never used foils without masks again. With characteristic sweetness and fortitude, Edwin made no complaint, either at the time of the accident or afterward, and referred to it in years following with admirable equanimity, closely as it came to marring his whole future career.

Edwin Booth early manifested a wish to go upon the stage. On this point I can speak with certainty, since, as a boy, he often told me so. It was understood that his father was opposed to it. Like Edmund Kean, and, in truth, nearly all eminent players, he disliked to have his children follow in his footsteps. Like many such, too, Booth was in this wise disappointed. He told me that, apart from other objections, he doubted Edwin's talent or fitness for this vocation. His eldest son and namesake had gained at this time an honorable but not a brilliant position on the boards, and the father saw no reason to expect better things for Edwin. However, as the world knows, the young man had his way, and

EDWIN BOOTH.
From a Photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

*Junius Brutus Booth, born in London, May 1, 1796. Made his first appearance as an actor December 12, 1815. Died, on passage from New Orleans to Cincinnati, Mississippi River, December 1, 1852.

Edwin Booth, born in Harford County, Maryland, November 13, 1833. Made his first appearance as an actor Boston, September 10, 1849. Died at the Players Club, New York, on June 7, 1893.

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his parent clearly made up his mind to make the best of it, for he not only at last assented, but permitted his son to make his first appearance in the same play with himself.

Edwin's début was effected on the stage of the Boston Museum September 10, 1849. The play was *Richard III*, that personage being acted by Booth senior, and Edwin's part was Tressel. This is a comparatively easy character, and, for a novice, a very favorable one. He has, to begin with, the sympathy of the audience. Having in substance but one scene—that wherein he relates to King Henry VI. the fateful news of the battle of Tewkesbury, and the subsequent assassination of the young prince, his son, by "crook'd Richard, Clarence, and the rest"—Tressel is called on to risk little action. He does not even cross the stage—always a perilous experiment for a beginner—but stands and tells his story close to the proscenium, only advancing a step or two to kneel to, in saluting, his captives and bereaved master.

I was present on this interesting occasion, and must admit that Edwin's performance, while entirely inoffensive, was a colorless one. He was almost inaudible, and seemed to have but slender appreciation of the overwhelming purport of his message to the King. This early imperfectness of delivery is worth note as compared with the well-known fact that clearness of speech became, in time, a positive and recognized characteristic of the actor's elocution. It was not a highly promising first appearance, although most of the newspapers of the time said it was, but Edwin's Tressel was graceful and becoming, and became better firmer—that is to say, more individual, more sympathetic, and more significant—with each successive performance. Good judges of acting did not assuredly augur future greatness from it; and one of them, Rufus Choate, a great admirer of his father, on the contrary predicted that the young man would never rise above mediocrity.

My object is not so much to compare or criticise acting as to set down recollections; yet I hope to be forgiven for recording the powerful impression made upon me by the elder Booth through the utterance of a single word. I have found no notice of this elsewhere, and it certainly warrants commemoration. It was in John Howard Payne's affecting tragedy of *Brutus*. The last words of the play spoken by the hero after the execution, by his order, of his son, are, "Justice is satisfied and Rome is free." Mr. Booth repeated the word "Justice," giving the repetition sharpened emphasis, and coming to the word "Rome," he gave it as mournful and so emphatic a prolongation as to make the passage indescribably moving. It told the whole story—how that for Rome said the preservation of her liberties the patriot father had made his heart-rending sacrifice, and gained all for his country in losing all for himself.

Garrick said, with what Mr. Lecky calls "pardonable exaggeration," that Whitefield could pronounce the word "Mesopotamia" in such a way as to move an audience to tears, and Booth's utterance is a fitting companion to the anecdote. Let me add that, not by a single word alone but by a single letter, the tragedian wrought more effect than any one else in my remembrance. This was in Hamlet, in the soliloquy, "O that this too too solid flesh would melt," the "O" being prolonged to a wonderful expression of impatient suffering.

Why did J. B. Booth make a home in America? The question has often been asked and various answers given—by Booth himself as well as others. There was one person, however, who answered it, whose testimony I heard as a boy, and who was held by able contemporaries to be absolutely trustworthy and correctly informed. That person was Thomas Comer. He was leader of the orchestra at the Boston Museum, and he was furthermore a respectable actor. I remember that he led the band on the night when Edwin Booth made his first appearance. Now Mr Comer was a member of the famous Drury Lane company whereof John Philip Kemble was manager. In the splendid cast of *King John* when Kemble was the King, Charles Kemble, Fauconbridge, Macready, Hubert, and Mrs Siddons, Constance, Comer was the Austria. This gentleman remained at Drury Lane until after the appearance of Edmund Kean, and was present on the subsequent famous occasion when Booth played Iago to Kean's Othello.

Mr Comer repeatedly told me in Boston and at Cohasset that Booth fairly shared the applause with Kean that night, that the excitement and enthusiasm were prodigious, that, whereas it had been freely and widely asserted that Booth was an imitator of Kean's, no judge could see the two men act together without seeing that this charge was unfounded. He stated, however, that Kean's friends were very powerful, indisposed to brook the success of a possible rival, and that by all sorts of means, in the press and elsewhere, they labored to discourage Booth and to drive him from the London stage. Not a little proof of this is to be found in contemporary dramatic literature, a well-known letter addressed to Booth by William Godwin the author of *Political Justice*, being a conspicuous case in point, but high value naturally attaches to the oral evidence of Comer, a man of solid character and attainments, who lived with and among the persons concerned, who was behind the scenes in a literal sense and upon whom the events and performers involved had made a deep and lasting impression.

It is well known that Booth was an exquisitely sensitive man, and that his reception in the United States was from the first hearty and appreciative. Putting these and the foregoing facts together, one needs hardly go farther to justify an acceptance of Comer's emphatic declaration as to the cause of Booth's taking up his abode in the United States, to wit, that he felt that he had been unfairly treated in England, and was unlikely, at least while Edmund Kean held the stage, to get justice there. It is true that he went back to London and acted in 1825, but the visit was avowedly a flying one, and the experience it brought did not encourage its repetition.

The direct personal recollections of a competent observer have value in such cases even when they relate to details merely, or when they are but affirmations of what has been heard before, and therefore it may be added that Mr Comer said that Kean and Booth were nearly of a like height and size Mr Booth having slightly the advantage in both. Mrs Siddons said to Kean—of course before "the pit rose" at his Shylock in Drury Lane—"What a pity you can never do anything because there's so little of you!" but the lady's notion of the proper heroes of tragedy had been warped by her stalwart brothers, and, great genius though she was, she did not foresee that what Hazlitt called Kean's "rapid descents from the hypertragic to the infracolloquial" were destined to eclipse the longest-drawn periods and the loftiest conventional declamations of a school that was passing away.

Mr Comer said that Kean was of a Gypsy-like swarthiness, his eyes very large and dark, and that his most electric "points" were mainly such because of their startling abruptness. Booth's elocution was the smoother, he averred, as befits Iago, his voice more musical than Kean's, his delivery of the soliloquies original and impressive, and his handling of the trying scenes of the third act quite on a plane, in respect of force and subtlety, even with the magnificent acting of Kean.

At the time noted, and soon after, I saw Mr Booth senior in all of his other celebrated characters, and had also the advantage of seeing, at or about the same period, both Forrest and Macready in nearly the same parts notably in King Lear, Hamlet, Othello, Richard III., and Macbeth. Somewhat later the Booths, father and son, went to California, the former, after a short stay, returning, and the latter remaining there. It was my good fortune to visit the same romantic and beautiful State during Edwin Booth's first sojourn there, and, at about 1856 to see a good deal of him, both in public and in private. Some events whereof I thus had personal knowledge, and which so far as known to me, have not hitherto been described in print, may now be set forth.

The sometimes rough and often highly diversified professional work done by Edwin Booth in California was of lasting benefit. It brought him ease, vocal strength, and that confidence in his own resources generally that in the histrionic as in other arts is so essential to success. The young actor played not only in the larger towns, San Francisco, Sacramento, and others, but in a number of the mining camps. He travelled much in stages and in the saddle. In these journeys I must have accompanied him far six as seven hundred miles. Thus there was encountered much physical as well as mental fatigue. Edwin was exposed in those times—perhaps, for that matter, at most times—to much temptation and I have always thought it most creditable to his courage and self respect that he accomplished so much in his later career after going through what he did at its outset. He disliked the drudgery of his calling, especially the night-to-night study of new parts formerly so commonly required of members of theatrical stock companies, and he frequently assured me, half in jest, half in earnest, that in the future he was determined either to "star or starve."

Like others in those wild days, Edwin Booth passed through many vicissitudes. On one occasion—the tale may have been made public before, but my eyes have not lit upon it—he came very near making a marriage that might have ruined his life. This was the proposed consummation of a conspiracy devised by unprincipled persons who hoped to profit by it. The proposed bride was said to have been old enough to be the groom's mother, and the unsuitableness otherwise will not here be dwelt upon. Edwin was moved in this wretched business chiefly by the resolute intervention of one devoted friend, to whom, to his honor, the actor never ceased to be grateful.

On another occasion when I was present a desperate fight took place in the auditory of a mining town theatre when Edwin was on the stage. As memory serves me this was either in Oroville or Columbia. Revolvers were freely used, and several shots were fired in the direction of the foot-lights. We afterwards found bullet holes in the proscenium, and it seemed a miracle that no one on the stage was hurt. As it was, two men were shot among the audience. The popping of pistols was often heard in those days outside a theatre during a performance, the structures being usually near drinking and gambling places, and many an "honest miner" I have seen wounded, sometimes unto death, in such neighborhoods. There existed, however, an almost universal feeling of kindliness toward the players, the rough folk of the mines feeling grateful, no doubt, toward those who brought to their doors diversion, with which their lives were not overburdened.

The wayfarer in the Californian mining regions saw strange sights in those days. Lynch-law prevailed in the remoter diggings, and it was not seldom that offenders were hung to "flumes"—wooden conduits of water needed for gold washing purposes—and left dangling there as a terror to other possible evil-doers. Horse stealing and "raincasting" the latter a process of cheating by the sale of alleged rich claims wherein gold-dust had been scattered in the ground, were among the crimes most severely dealt with. I heard of but did not see, a poor wretch who was said to have hung a long time from a flume with a board attached to his breast bearing the ghastly inscription, "Death loves a Mining Shark," at once explaining the culprit's offence and cautioning others.

Edwin Booth's most decided bias in his early professional life was toward the acting of stage "villains." In fact, this was always his inclination. He did not like the worthy heroes and love-makers of the drama, but sought to portray rather the wicked persons who "foiled" or were foiled by them. He was fond of Stukely in the *Gamester*, and he made, when a youth, a pronounced success of Paul Lafont in Mme Lovell's fine but now seldom seen *Love's Sacrifice*. He detested Romeo, although he acted the part sixty-eight successive times on the opening of his own theatre in Twenty-third Street, New York, in 1869. There were here exceptional reasons. It was thought desirable to open with a play of Shakespeare's and with the original text, a play comparatively unhackneyed, and with abundant scope for scenic and other pictorial embellishment; and, finally, to afford for Miss McVicker, who soon after became Mr. Booth's wife, the chance to play Juliet.

Doubtless he instinctively perceived that sombre and sinister emotions fell more readily within his scope than their opposites, but the truth beneath this is, he had seen that his father, strong in all that he undertook, was yet most clearly and beyond dispute without a rival in Sir Giles Overreach, Richard III., Iago, and Pescara than any performer of his day. Of the last, the incredibly wicked person of Shiel's *Apostate*, a bit of history exists of pertinent interest. Mr. Booth was cast for this part on the first production of the tragedy in London, at Drury Lane. He refused it on the ground that his engagement entitled him to the leading character of any play in which he might be called on to appear and that this character in the *Apostate* was Hemeya, which had been assigned to Mr. Charles Kemble—Charles Young being the Make and Miss O'Neill the Florinda. On Booth's refusal of Pescara, the part was given to Macready—not then the celebrity he afterward became—who made a profound impression in it. Booth finding that in acting if not in reading, Pescara was the dominant figure of the drama, soon after adopted it, and it became a feature of his repertory to the end of his career. He did not seem to fancy love-making much more than Edwin did, and although both, in turn, were deservedly praised for their acting of Richard's amorous passage with Lady Anne, it must be remembered this is not love-making, but rather an ostentatious and devilish simulation, to which Richard presently ridicules Lady Anne for succumbing and which Shakespeare would hardly have retained in its order but for a supposed necessity for quickness in historical action.

While speaking of Richard III., which filled so large a space in the professional career of the Booths, father and son, I may be permitted to say that the usage of both in acting the Cibber version, instead of the original text, always seemed to me entirely wise. This Cibber Richard is far more effective than the parent text, and attempts to restore the latter have always been practical failures. This, of course, relates to the stage, not to the closet. No one wants a Cibber Macbeth or Julius Cæsar, and no one has ever tried to make one; but Colley Cibber was a very clever man, and his version of Richard III.—call it a patch-work melodrama if you please—is far more impressive on the boards than the unpatched original.

The elder Booth's dress and general appearance have been described as seen in 1847. His son's, as seen eight or nine years after in California, was oddly picturesque, although always modest and unpretending. Edwin produced the effect of a somewhat unusual, not to say a unique, personality without aiming to do so. He habitually wore long boots—what people there called "top boots," they being really "Hessians"—a plain suit of dark stuff, an overcoat hanging on the shoulders—the arms not being thrust through the sleeves, so looking like the outer jacket of a Hussar—and a slouch felt hat. It is to be borne in mind that the variable weather, often presenting considerable extremes in temperature on the same day, the ordinary state of pavements, and the frequent rains, prescribed certain adaptations in dress that to present eyes would seem unusual.

Edwin's bearing in private was somewhat reserved and mournful, and I fear that then, as in later life, he smoked more than was good for him. He was uniformly gentle and considerate, and if he ever spoke harshly to or of any human being I failed to hear it, or to meet any one who bore contrary testimony. There was scarcely any domestic life in California in those days. For a young man in Edwin's situation, apart from the theatre, the hotel, the bar-room and the gambling room were almost the sole resorts available, and to keep fairly clear of evil habits, which Edwin in the main did, was correspondingly praiseworthy.

At this time Edwin had picked up a little Spanish, still, as corrupted, the mother tongue of not a few of the population. In mining towns, saloons, the haunts of the mounted and faro dealers, and almost always from the lips of the dusky *señoritas* who turned roulette wheels, this speech was common, and a few words or sentences of it were often in Edwin's mouth. I recall that on one occasion it was found requisite to produce a fresh play with heedless haste. Whether it was in anticipate the rival theatre in Sacramento, or for whatever reason, the piece, it was thought, must be hurried instantly before the public. The drama had just been received from the East, and was no other than the *Two Loves and a Life* of Tom Taylor and Charles Reade.

Now the consequence of the precipitancy with which this piece was brought forth was that hardly any of the actors on the first night knew their words. *Two Loves and a Life* is at best a literary rather than an acting play and the climaxes are somewhat forced and hazy. The principals had a vague notion of what the whole thing meant, and the others none at all; and the general result was unlike aught I ever witnessed before or since. Of course every one was on edge and struggling to "keep it up," as the players say, and eking out what they did not know of the dialogue by pell-mell guesses from other plays which seemed to bear some application to the situation. Scene after scene followed in most admired confusion, the actors occasionally raising their voices and shouting something to round off a dramatic encounter or "bring down the curtain."

Some scenes I am certain were improvised almost to a word, while, strange to say, the audience, who must have been bewildered to the last degree, occasionally applauded with vehemence. At last this startling representation drew to a close, and I heard Edwin Booth—he was in a priest's dress; why, neither he nor any one else appeared to know—exclaim in Spanish, as the descending curtain shaded his face, "Thank God it's over!"

It might be supposed that the prompter on this occasion would have helped the performers out of their difficulties. But this was just what the gentleman who held the book could not or would not attempt to do. He was too good a prompter to prompt. He saw that the players were so wide of the text that to try to force them into it would surely make things worse. Hence he contented himself with getting the characters on and off the stage at something like the right moments, and with ringing down the curtain whenever he saw a favorable opportunity.

On another occasion, whereat, however Edwin Booth was not present, there was no need for a prompter at all. It was necessary to make a sudden substitution of one play for another, and there was no time either to rehearse or to advertise the change. Worse still, there were no books. None of the company had any such. In these untoward circumstances it was found possible, with a few adroit "doubles," to cast Kotzebue's *Stranger*. The actors all treated to their memories, and with some nudging from those best "up" in the words, the play was pretty smoothly rendered, although there was probably no book of it within a hundred miles.

Before the sun of prosperity shone upon him, Edwin Booth went through, in California, much of the chill and gloom of adversity. This was substantially ended with the production and remarkable success of the play called *The Marble Heart*. That event occurred at the theatre in Sacramento. The piece was entirely novel to the Pacific slope, in fact, to the Atlantic as well. It was beautifully put upon the stage. Everything was new except the theatre itself, which was old and dingy. The scenes, dresses, and music were as good as need be. The first set, the workshop of Phidias, the Greek sculptor, had, for example, no "profile" a-peek in the way of busts and statues. These were numerous and all solid; and this was a type of the general equipment of the whole drama. Edwin made a conspicuous success of Raphael, that hero being Phidias in the first act. His fellow-performers had also the hearty support of the public, and *The Marble Heart* had a "run" altogether without precedent in the then annals of the California stage.

Among other curious incidents witnessed at that time was the performance of a drama upon billiard tables—the sole available resource to make a raised platform—set side by side and boarded over, the improvised stage being covered by canvas. The oddest of stages, however, within my personal observation was that of the stump of one of the "big trees" in Calaveras County, which was, notwithstanding,

LOOKING ACROSS THE CORRIDOR.
Showing old Chinese Cloisonné Enamels loaned by George F. Baker, Esq.

IN THE SOUTH GALLERY
Showing the Garland Porcelains and Paintings from the Belmont Collection.

A CORNER IN THE CORRIDOR.
Showing Bronzes from the Bishop Collection.

IN THE LOAN EXHIBITION—NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW YORK.

much larger than the billiard-table affair, besides being vastly more substantial. At entertainments set forth in remote places through these and like devices, I have known gold coin to be thrown in considerable amounts, and even "angels" of respectable dimensions to be included in the largess thus quietly bestowed.

At a time when so much diversity of opinion exists as to the sufficiency and character of the circulating medium, it may interest some readers to recall that at the period and places now written of there was seldom enough coin to "go round." Purchases from stores were often paid for in gold-dust, the means for weighing and testing which were always at hand, and it very commonly happened that the entrance-money for theatrical and other entertainments was largely paid in the same way.

On first seeing the younger Booth, Edwin Forrest is said to have summed up his judgment in the words, "Good voice, good eyes, and his father's name." The worth of this sententious dictum may of course be impugned for obvious reasons, but that the opinion was shared substantially by numerous old play goers, and especially by many of the elder Booth's strong admirers, is undeniable. The latter missed in Edwin his father's volcanic energy, his potent and sometimes rugged individuality, the sweep and glow and color of some of his memorable passages—such as, for instance, the fourth and fifth acts of his *Richard III.*—and a certain virile potency that was characteristic of all his work. They found the son comparatively languid, flexible rather than powerful, producing effects, as contrasted with his father, that a graceful modern colorist produces as contrasted with an old master. The work was clever, they said, but never grand; it represented a high order of plastic and adaptive talent, but not genius.

Others held that the distinguished position the son undoubtedly attained was largely due to the absence of rivals. Forrest himself was a vanishing figure on the scene at that time, and that famous actor had no real successor. In a word, in the country of the blind the one-eyed man was king. The Drury Lane company already spoken of included, to illustrate, seven men each of whom was at various times accepted as a first-rate Hamlet by the highest critical authorities of London. The American stage when young Booth first came into prominence could assuredly boast nothing approaching this. He was, in this sense, "himself alone." At the same time with his advent, and partly as a reaction from the robust and long harmonously popular school of Edwin Forrest, a dainty æstheticism was coming into favor, which young Booth's picturesque figure was well fitted to inform and develop.

Still other observers maintained that Edwin Booth had a signal advantage over his father in the nature of his theatrical surroundings and in his elaborately cultivated relations with the current press. The elder Booth was always shabbily costumed, his stage settings were coarse and paltry, his opponents in the public eye—notably Forrest and Macready after Kean—were strong and had influential followings and he never had a tithe of that systematic "writing up" which was bestowed upon each of those performers. He was never ballooned by endless puffs of gaseous and honeyed rhetoric. And yet if such a man were now to appear, the public, if not the press, would be startled, not cajoled, into tumultuous recognition. The comparative splendor of the accessories in all, no nearly all, of Edwin Booth's metropolitan courses in his art need not be insisted upon, that many brilliant writers and artists joined hands to assure his triumph is equally patent, and the general public, ever eager for novelty, welcomed with heartiness the dreamy-faced, handsome young artist, tacitly assuming that if he was supple rather than powerful, a Saladin rather than a Richard, each may legitimately have his merits and win his victories and be glorified in his turn.

It is proper to any survey of the qualities and reputations of the two Booths to consider the foregoing estimates and circumstances; but it is not necessary to accept the former or to attach too much weight to the latter. Charles Kean thought that his father's towering reputation did him, Charles, more harm than good. People expected too much, he said, and did not judge him on his own merits. This, perhaps, was true, in a measure, in the case of Edwin Booth, and there was, in any case, a lack in the son of the kind of magnetism which so imbued the personality of the father.

The comparison of artists is always a delicate task, and one wherein it is not always easy to do justice to one without doing apparent injustice to the other. In such a paper as this, however, some balancing of merits will naturally be looked for, especially if it is remembered that the writer has published not a few criticisms on the performers in question in times past.

Edwin Booth's style and methods, then, were of course substantially founded upon his father's. The son learned the text of nearly all his chief parts by hearing his parent's recitals of them. Told on every hand that the latter was a supremely fine actor, acceptance of the fact was fortified by filial regard in establishing Edwin's conviction that his father's ways were the best possible ways, and so were not to be improved upon. This extended to action, reading, and the divers "points," traditions, and conventions that entered into the older actor's embellishments. So beginning, it naturally took some time for Edwin to mature into such self-mastery and originality as rightly belonged to or were attainable by him, and he passed through various phases of development in doing so.

His Iago, for example, was at first purely mimetic; but it became in the sequel a better performance than his father's had ever been. It took on elegance, refinement, subtlety. It became "probable to the thinking," a figure that might really have imposed upon Othello, which so palpable a rascal than as Booth senior's Iago never could have done. The latter, with its unflinching diabolism, its consistent mockery, and its curious unity of treatment as to the soliloquies and the rest of the text, wore his heart on his sleeve as plainly to Othello as to the audience and everybody else. Edwin Booth grew beyond this, and deserves high credit for it. Something of the same praise is to be awarded to his Hamlet, which ripened into a very admirable effort, full of grace, finish, and variety, in all of which the father's Hamlet was deficient, superb as it was in certain detached passages, such as the play and closet scenes and the chief soliloquies.

Edwin lacked first and always, his father's strength and positiveness of grasp. It may be said of course, that other elements than force are essential to high art, and this is beyond dispute. But force is nevertheless indispensable herein; and the actor can no more attain the highest tragic flights without it than the eagle can soar without its pinions. The wonderful domination of the scene, the Rembrandt like depth and force of—to repeat—the fourth and fifth acts of Booth senior's Richard, and all of his Sir Giles Overreach, Edwin never could attain, although he tried manfully to do so. Physical limitations thwarted him here, and he learned ultimately to trust rather to what he could do unquestionably well, and to avoid what fell outside his province. He could not be, as his father sometimes was, Titanic in his outbursts of rage, vengeance, and despair; but he was more fertile of method, more versatile and elaborate, and he compassed results that can neither be denied nor forgotten.

THE LOAN EXHIBITION.

A PUBLIC exhibition to which the distinction and charm of a private collection have been communicated is an attractive rarity. Such an exhibition has been produced at the Academy of Design. It was organized for the summer months, when exhibitions of any sort are few, but in spite of the semi-deserted condition of the city during hot weather it was keyed up to concert pitch in the quality of most of its contents, and it lingers on now, by far the most interesting gathering of artistic objects which the autumn has to show. It owes its high character to the generosity of collectors, who have recognized no limits in assisting the committee to form really adequate groups of various special productions. Take, for instance, the bronzes loaned by Mr. Heber R. Bishop. There are many of them, and they are precious examples of a unique and beautiful art. We say unique, for the metal workers of the Orient embodied in their creations not only a national genius utterly foreign to the conventions of Western design, but a daring and a perfection of craftsmanship which the artists of Europe have never touched. The bronzes in the Loan Exhibition are seldom as graceful in form as they are original and striking; for dignity and sculpturesque feeling they are not to be compared with the works of a man like Barye, and there is always a certain grotesqueness in the imaginative accent which animates their wonderful realism. They are extraordinarily artistic, on the other hand, in all that relates to beauty of decoration and color and to the refinements of chiseling.

There is, in fact, an exceptional brilliancy attached to the different little collections at the Academy—to the cases of cloisonné enamels loaned by Mr. George F. Baker and Mr. Samuel P. Avery, to the group of metal book-covers loaned by the latter, to the exhibits of decorated and single-color porcelains for which recourse was had to Mr. James A. Garland and Mr. Henry Sampson, and to the display of Greek figurines and vases made by Mr. Thomas B. Clarke. In each case the collector has loaned a small body of masterpieces. Among the paintings there is not the same felicity of selection to be observed. The Belmont collection is present in its entirety, and it contains an undue proportion of pictures by foreigners who were fashionable in the sixties and have since lost their vogue. From other collections, however, from Mrs. W. T. Blodgett, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. Henry G. Marquand, and others, there have come some delightful specimens of the English school of portraiture of the last century, and these, with a famous portrait of Washington by Gilbert Stuart and a handful of miscellaneous works, maintain the standard set by the bronzes, statuettes, porcelains, and tapestries.

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Governor of Kentucky.

Governor of Georgia.

Governor of Arkansas.

A SYMPOSIUM OF SOUTHERN GOVERNORS.

The following articles were furnished by the Governors of their respective States in response to an invitation extended by Harper's Weekly, with a view to pointing out some of the advantages offered by the Southern States for settlement and colonization, which were brought out in the sessions of the recent convention of Southern Governors at Richmond, Virginia.

STATE OF KENTUCKY.

Of Kentucky's 41,298 square miles of territory, less than 1000 are unsuited for agriculture; at least 19,000 are equal in fertility to the very best lands in England or Europe.

The geological conditions for a diversified agriculture are exceptional. For fifty years the State has held first place in the census with respect to some agricultural product—notably tobacco and hemp.

Among the Southern States in 1890 Kentucky stood first in the manufacturing of wood, and eighth in that of cotton.

The State has a great mining and manufacturing future, based on its extraordinary mineral and timber resources. It is rich in iron ores of great excellence, and has 15,680 square miles of coal measures. It has the largest area of cannel, the largest area of high-grade coking coal, and the finest body of hard-wood forest to be found in this country, while no State in the Union has so great a system of natural waterways.

The largest tobacco markets, of their kind, in the world are located at Louisville and Henderson.

The true assessable wealth of the State, exclusive of railroad and certain other corporate property, listed for 1892, amounted to about $780,664,020, a gain of $270,644,848 since 1882.

Population in 1890, 1,590,462 white, and 268,071 colored—total, 1,858,533, a gain of 209,045 since 1880. About 96 per cent. were native born.

Governor of North Carolina.

Permanent school fund, invested in bonds and bank stock, $2,368,127. State bonus, derived from foregoing and general taxation, in 1893, $2.50 *per capita*, which is equalled by that (derived from direct general taxation) of but few States.

Output of commercial coal in 1890, 914,000 short tons. Output in 1892, 3,026,482 short tons.

John Young Brown.

STATE OF GEORGIA.

What does Georgia offer to those who seek homes and investments?

She offers cheap, comfortable homes amid a hospitable people in a genial climate. She offers to the farmer and gardener a soil that responds with bounteous harvests to his labor, and which produces everything that can be grown between the tropics and the arctic circle. The fruits of Italy, the grapes of France, the rice and tea of China, the cane and tobacco of Cuba, the grain and grass of the West, the live stock of Ohio, the apples of New England, can all be raised with profit, while cotton is in its home, and vegetables, peaches, and melons attain to a perfection not found elsewhere.

Virgin forests, embracing many useful woods, stretch from border to border. Her yellow pine is at once the cheapest and the most valuable timber on the globe to-day.

Stored in the rich treasuries of her hills is an incalculable wealth of minerals. Her iron ore is equal to that of Norway, and her marble to that of Italy, while other natural resources abound, such as coal, building-stone, and slate, phosphates, mica, corundum, and gold.

Her streams and rivers furnish an immeasurable power for manufacturing purposes, and her navigable rivers and her system of railroads offer every necessary facility for transportation.

But it has been charged that in this land of abundance and opportunity investments are not safe. This is false. Not only does money invested in Georgia yield profits undreamed of in the Old World, but it is as secure as in London or New York. The credit and honor of the State are

Governor of Alabama.

Governor of Missouri.

Governor of West Virginia.

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above suspicion, and both are pledged to make good every obligation assumed by herself or her people.

STANHOPE SAMS,
Secretary Executive Department.

STATE OF ARKANSAS.

We have in Arkansas one church to every three hundred and twenty two and one school house to every three hundred and seventy five inhabitants. One college or seminary to every twenty two thousand inhabitants.

In no country in the world of equal population are the laws more generally enforced and obeyed.

Our climate could hardly be improved. Our death rate, including even the swamp and overflowed districts, is much smaller than and our birth rate nearly double that of most of the Northern States.

The negro population is confined to the alluvial districts mostly. I travelled three hundred miles in a carriage last summer in Arkansas, and did not see half a dozen negroes on the entire route.

Our fruits have taken the premiums all over the United States, and but the other day, I am informed, the Agricultural Department at Washington reported Arkansas sorghum to be the best in the United States.

The census of 1880 shows the cash value per acre of our farm products exceeds that of any other State except Louisiana.

We have inexhaustible mineral resources, except the precious metals, and our timber resources are enormous, and comprise thirty odd varieties of commercial value. We have perhaps the most extensive and one of the finest marble fields in the Union. Our zinc supply is inexhaustible.

Our fields of enterprise are all new, and many of them entirely unoccupied. Fortune awaits energy and enterprise in almost every department of life here.

W. M. FISHBACK.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA

North Carolina is situated between parallels 34° and 37° and meridians 76° and 85°, having an extreme length of 500 miles and greatest breadth of 185 miles. The topography rises gradually from the Atlantic Ocean to the culminating point of the Appalachian chain, a height of 6711 feet above the sea. Passing between these two points, one beholds every variety of climate and soil, from the semitropical growth of palmetto and live-oak near Wilmington to the balsam clad peaks of the Smokies in the west.

With health and climate as near perfect as that of any country under the sun, it is not wanting in any desirable requisite for the immigrant. Home-seekers need first in be convinced of the healthfulness of a climate to which they are invited. By reference to the sanitary department of the census reports it will be found that two of the three most healthy localities in the United States are to be found in North Carolina, and the entire State is remarkably exempt from that dread disease consumption, and epidemics of fatal diseases are unknown.

It is a well-known fact that in North Carolina *alone* are all the divisional columns of the census reports completely filled, with her great variety of agricultural products. The following are some exceptional yields per acre: 100 bushels of corn without fertilization; 250 bushels of peanuts; $600 worth of bright tobacco, 60 bushels of wheat, and a weight of 64 pounds per bushel; and in one instance 1000 bushels of potatoes.

Canning factories for oysters and truck in her eastern counties; the mining in the Piedmont and western section; the large manufacturing interest widely disseminated throughout the State, consisting in part of 100 cotton mills, many of them paying an annual dividend of 25 per cent., and last, but by no means least, a constitutional limitation to taxation, the caption tax being fixed at $2, and property restriction to 66⅔ cents, on each $100 worth.

ELIAS CARR.

STATE OF ALABAMA.

Alabama is a well-equipped State, and has entered with greatly encouraging results the race for a position of leadership among the commonwealths of the Union. The least flourishing of her institutions are her poorhouses. Not that her several counties have failed to make ample public provision for this last misfortune of poverty; but neither the very wealthy nor the very poor are numerous in Alabama, the comforts of life being well distributed, and the conditions of earning a livelihood easy beyond the thought of men in colder climes.

Alabama has an area of 52,250 square miles in, as a whole, sparsely populated, one-half her arable lands being as yet untouched by the plough, vast stretches of her forests have never heard the ring of the woodman's axe, great areas of her mineral fields are still unexamined and unsurveyed, and the wealth of her rivers and her bays has as yet been little vexed by fishermen's fleets or the oysterman's intrusion. There is wealth to be garnered and work to do for five million thrifty people.

Since 1880, when the rebound from the disaster of civil war became effective, tax values have increased from $189,000,000 to $260,000,000, and the rate of taxation has decreased from 65 cents on the $100 to 50 cents on the $100. The acreage of cotton, the great money crop of the State, has increased from 2,530,000 acres to 2,761,000 acres and the yield from 699,000 bales to 915,000 bales. The acreage of corn, the great food crop of the State, has increased from 2,056,000 acres to 2,513,000 acres, and the product from 29,079,000 bushels to 30,000,000 bushels. The production of pig-iron has increased from 77,000 tons per annum to 1,000,000 tons per annum. The number of blast furnaces has increased from 15 to 52, and the capital invested from $3,000,000 to $16,500,000. The output of coal has increased from 340,000 tons to 6,000,000 tons, and the capital invested from $2,870,000 to $9,600,000. Saw mills have increased from a number so small that no record was kept to more than 200, with an annual cut of 300,000,000 feet.

I speak for all the people in the State, a people world famous for their open hearted generosity, hospitality, and candor, and a people eager for assistance in the development of their resources, when I say to every good man of every clime that he will be welcomed as one of us, and given an equal share with every other man in the struggle of life. We believe in Alabama that we have but entered on a career of development that assures munificent returns. We have done with rebuilding the shattered fortunes and structures of war. We are not hoarders of money, but are investing our all and bending our every energy to greet the first day of the twentieth century as a commonwealth prosperous in every department of human endeavor, and abreast with every improvement and condition of twentieth-century civilization. Come and join us.

THOMAS G. JONES.

STATE OF MISSOURI.

Missouri is one of the largest States in the Union in area. It is the fifth State in population. Its chief city, St. Louis, also ranks as the fifth in point of population. Kansas City, on its western border, now has a population of about 150,000. St. Joseph, in the northwestern part of the State, has a population of about 75,000. Other cities in different parts of the State have populations ranging from 5000 to 35,000.

The chief industries of the people are agriculture, horticulture, mining, and manufacturing. The soil is rich and productive. Wheat, Indian-corn, oats, rye, barley, timothy, clover, blue-grass, and tobacco are produced in great abundance. A large amount of cotton is raised in the southeastern counties. Southern Missouri is the choice spot of the American continent for apples, peaches, plums, grapes, and berries. The largest peach orchard in the world is located in Howell County. All these fruits are grown abundantly in all parts of the State. There are large areas of excellent commercial timber, such as cypress, pine, walnut, hard maple, oak, ash, and hickory. Building-stone of a very fine quality and also fire-clays abound. Lead, zinc, and iron ores are mined in large quantities. Practically two-thirds of all the zinc mined in the United States is produced in Missouri. The central, northern, and western sections are underlaid with vast and inexhaustible beds of bituminous coal of fine quality. The State is a net work of navigable streams and railroads. The public debt is small, about $6,500,000. The annual tax levied to support the State government amounts to only fifteen cents on the $100 valuation, and the valuation is low. Missouri has the largest available public-school fund of any State in the Union, and no State has a finer or more complete system of schools, public and private. Its educational, eleemosynary, and penal institutions are among the finest and best managed on the continent.

Missouri is the leading State of the Southwest, and in all respects the greatest State west of the Mississippi. It is essentially a new State. Its population is composed of those who have come from every State in the Union, and from nearly every country in Europe. They are a wide awake, progressive, moral, high-minded, hospitable people. No State can offer greater inducements to immigrants desiring pleasant homes, or to capital seeking safe and profitable investment.

WILLIAM J. STONE.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA.

In a national convention ten years ago a newspaper reporter mentioned a recalcitrant member as hailing from the "Little Wild State of West Virginia." Would that be true to day?

The State is three times larger than Massachusetts.

In West Virginia there is the largest nail mill in the world. There are invested in the industries of Wheeling alone ten million dollars, with annual sales aggregating fifty millions.

In 1880 railroad mileage was 691 miles; in 1892 it was 1700—the second State in the Union in railroad building.

In 1860 the "Big Injun" sand was not touched; to-day oil output is 625,000 barrels per month—the second oil-producing State. The rich Gordon and Berea sands only touched in two places. The Sistersville field is to-day the greatest oil-producing field.

In 1880 we produced 1,400,000 tons of coal; 1892 produced 8,710,888 tons, making the fourth coal producing State.

In 1880 we produced 124,715 tons of coke, 1892 1,313,668 tons, making second coke State. New River coke outselling Connellsville in Chicago. The great Pittsburg seam scarcely touched.

We have 15,000 square miles of coals, making our coal area the greatest.

In Flat Top region, in 1880, there was nothing but a wilderness. Last year the coal output was 2,300,000 tons; the coke, more than 400,000 tons.

We have largest area of hard-wood in the Union, good iron ore, fine glass sand and salt water, splendid building-stone.

Our taxes are only 3½ mills on the dollar for State purposes. Our school system is excellent, with less than a million people, we spent last year $1,400,000 for education. The State has not a dollar of debt.

Our natural resources of forest, farm, and mine are boundless, our people rapidly progressive, we have low taxes, a salubrious climate, no locusts, grasshoppers, cyclones, or droughts.

We offer the heartiest welcome to our Northern and Eastern friends desiring to change their homes. This welcome is especially extended to the small farmer; for him, in our fertile soil, is a very possible hope of success, both in regular agricultural lines and in fruits. The State is the gateway between the West and North, and it is right at the market.

WILLIAM A. MACCORKLE.

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN DOCTORS.

A NEWSPAPER report, which reads as though it were based upon full information, says that the Board of Managers of the Mount Vernon Hospital, in Westchester County, has refused to admit any homœopathic physicians to the house staff of the hospital, and that the homœopathic doctors of Mount Vernon are very wroth in consequence. They say that part of the money for the hospital was contributed by persons of homœopathic preferences, who expected that their doctors should "have a look" (as the vulgar put it) at some of the patients. But the regulars will not have it so. They are in, and have succeeded, with the connivance of the Board of Managers, in devoting the entire hospital to allopathic experiments and Westchester County resounds in consequence with homœopathic lamentations.

So runs the newspaper's story, and it all sounds credible, because it is not really a new story, but an old and familiar one in a new setting. It is a sad plight for those homœopaths, for their case is probably hopeless, since all followers of Hahnemann will agree that there is only one thing that it is harder to get out of a hospital than an allopathic doctor, and that of course is his patient. Not but that a homœopath is just as bad if once he gets a footing inside. The truth of the matter seems to be that physicians are very troublesome in hospitals anyway. A suspicion is current that in a hospital that accepts his gratuitous services a doctor is only saved by grace and wisdom from being an egregious despot. Grace and wisdom are vouchsafed to physicians in comparatively ample measure, but occasionally one of them misses his share, and if he is a hospital doctor, it is only a question of how long it will take him to get the hospital into the newspapers, or at least into bankruptcy. The only thing that ever stumps a hospital doctor is his Board of Managers. Usually he has his board under abject control, but once in a great while the two come to loggerheads and have to be separated. There is a hospital in (or very near) New York in which this happened not long ago. Owing to some lack of humility on the part of the board, the entire outfit of physicians resigned, and the board had to hire a substitute to do their work. At last accounts that hospital was still open and apparently doing a fairly successful business.

Doctors have improved in some respects since they dropped the tonsorial end of their vocation, but in many particulars they have retrograded. They know more than they used to. They cure now in a good many cases wherein their predecessors usually killed. But since they have given up shaving and cutting hair they have lost very much of their old-time merkness. They are not as good gossips as they were either, and they cost a great deal more than they did. There are occasional signs of dissatisfaction with them. The faith-cures, for instance, are persuaded that they are no good, and an odd story comes from London that the Duke of Westminster one of the greatest of London landlords, is tired of the whole healing brood, and has given orders to his agents to make no new lease of any house of his to any surgeon, physician, medical man, or dentist. No one has guessed as yet just what has set the duke against the doctors, and he himself declines to explain, but it seems obvious enough that he has had his eye on them, and has determined that doctors and dukes cannot thrive in the same neighborhood, because there is not power enough to go around. He has noticed, of course, that any doctor has more real power than any duke, and perhaps he does not like it.

The only civilized contemporary who does not bow down before the doctor is his brother of the rival school. He will have none of his nonsense, and is always ready to take him by the throat and shake it out of him. Of course, in the good time coming, the homœopath and allopath will lie down together, and the Christian scientist will treat them, but it may be some years yet before that happens, and meanwhile, in view of the tendencies of the rival schools to distrust one another's methods, hospital boards who think that a single permanent of doctors is enough for any one hospital are entitled at least to the forbearing judgment of their fellows. What the homœopathic doctors at Mount Vernon will probably have to do is to build a hospital for themselves, or, if that is impracticable at present, and their distress is keen, it might relieve them (and it would be cheaper) to hire an air-gun and fire pellets at a mark.

THE WAR ABOUT MELILLA.

A RELIGIOUS war in which a European power is engaged seems an anachronism so near to the beginning of the twentieth century. But there appears to be no other satisfactory cause for the little disturbance between the Spaniards and Moors in Morocco than the desire on the part of the tribesmen, or the Riffians, as the inhabitants of the mountainous regions in which Melilla is situated are called, to extend Mohammedanism and the old hatred which has made the Spaniards for centuries enthuse over the battle cry, "War against the Moor." The Spaniards have occupied Melilla since the sixteenth century, but they have not extended their occupation much further, nor has European civilization had any apparent effect upon these Riffians. It is said that for centuries, whenever Spain has wanted to give her army a little practical experience in warfare, a quarrel has been picked with the Moors. That may be the cause of the present war, and it may be that there is a less idle excuse, and that the Spaniards wish to crush out the smuggling by which the English and French get an advantage of the Spanish in trade. But the old religious antagonism is always sufficient to get up a little war.

At this writing several small battles have been fought. At first the Spanish were rather worsted, and General Margallo, the commander in chief of the Spanish troops at Melilla, was killed, and his troops driven back to the citadel with a loss of seventy killed and one hundred and twenty wounded. This was a blow, indeed, to Spanish pride. Since then the Spaniards have had some successes. There is no doubt that the Spaniards could subdue the Riffians and occupy the country. But will England and France consent to this? That is the question. Despatches from Paris,

SPANISH MAP OF CAPE TRESFORCAS AND MELILLA.

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Madrid, and London indicate that the members of the diplomatic corps are about to take an active hand in the quarrel.

Since the occupation of Melilla by the Spaniards, as has been said, no serious impression has been made upon the Riffians. The conquerors remain shut up in their fortifications, and the gates of the town are closed at nightfall. Should Melilla be evacuated, in a few days not a trace of the centuries of occupation would remain. One-half hour's gallop would take a traveller into one of the most unknown countries in the world—a land in which the inhabitants can see from their hill-tops the commerce of the world passing at their feet through the Strait of Gibraltar. The Riff is not a desert, as some have asserted, but on the contrary is cultivated in some places like a market garden. The population is thick, and here and there are little towns. A few Spanish explorers at great risk have passed through the country. Save for their meagre reports, though separated only fifteen miles by water from Europe, the country is little known. In type, in habits, and in walk the Riffs more nearly resemble Europeans than Arabs, being burly of frame, often ruddy in complexion, and totally lacking in that grace of manner and distinction of bearing so characteristic of genuine Arabs.

HARPER'S WEEKLY AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

A LIST OF WORLD'S FAIR SUBJECTS PICTORIALLY TREATED IN THE FOLLOWING NUMBERS OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

Any of these numbers can be had from the publishers at ten cents a copy.

1768. Officers of the World's Columbian Commission.
1769. Colonel George R. Davis, Director-General. Hon. James A. McKenzie, Chief Assistant.
1778. Proposed Plans and Sites.
1790. The Government Building. The Sham Battle-ship.
1791. Bird's-eye View.
1792. The Woman's Building. Miss Minerva Parker. Columbian Monument. Queen Isabella Pavilion.
1793. The Electrical Building. The Mines Building.
1794. The Agricultural Building. The Administration Building.
1795. View looking south through the Lagoon.
1796. The Pier and the Casino.
1797. The Machinery Hall.
1800. The Transportation Building. The Horticultural Building.
1805. The Administration Building.
1808. World's Fair Officers—Moses P. Handy; Hon. Benjamin Butterworth; Halsey E. Ives; W. T. Baker; Charles L. Hutchinson; Anthony F. Seeberger.
1812. View of the Art Building.
1813. World's Fair Commissioners Abroad.
1815. The Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building.
1816. The Massachusetts Building.
1822. The Present State of the Grounds and Buildings—Six Illustrations.
1826. Bird's-eye View of the Buildings and Grounds as they will appear in 1893—Four-page Supplement.
1829. A Visit to the Roof of the Woman's Building.
1830. The Allegorical Group of War for the Administration Building.
1833. Sketches of World's Fair Buildings—Five Illustrations.
1834. Proposed New York State Building—the Van Rensselaer Manor-House. The Art Institute. The Administration, the Mines, and the Electricity Buildings.
1835. Working under Canvas on the Mines Building.
1837. The Congressional Visit to Chicago.
1838. The Statue of "The Republic." Placing Exterior Decorations.
1839. One of the large Iron Arches for the Machinery Building in Place. Plasterers at Work.
1840. The Great Derrick.
1841. The Grand Court.
1842. Bits about the Grounds—Four Illustrations.
1843. The Pennsylvania State Building. In the Designing-Room, Bureau of Construction.
1845. The Buildings from the Wooded Island. A Sculptor's Studio. Details of the Fisheries Building. Sunday Visitors at Jackson Park. Workers in Staff. Constructing the Manufactures Building. The North Dakota Building. The Wisconsin Building. The Government Building.
1848. Quitting Hour at Jackson Park.
1849. Pay-Day at the Fair Grounds.
1852. Portion of West Front of the Agricultural Building.
1854. Buildings in Course of Construction—Nine Illustrations.
1856. Figure of "Fire" for Machinery Hall. The British Building. Models for Live-stock Entrance.
1860. The Manufactures Building—View from Lake Shore. The Minnesota Building. The Georgia Building. The Ohio Building. The New York Building.
1861. Pediment for Agricultural Building.
1863. Interior of Manufactures Building, showing Base of one of the great Arches.
1866. The Golden Doorway—Main Entrance to Transportation Building. The Manufactures Building, looking northeast. The Administration Building. Statues for the Agricultural Building. South End of the Mines Building. The Algerian Village. The Workmen's Noonday Meal.
1867. Architectural Bits at the World's Fair.
1871. The Dedication Ceremonies in the Manufactures Building. Mural Decorations in the Manufactures Building. The Triumphal Arch and some Street Decorations. The New York Building. Dedication Ceremonies; the Grand Court.
1873. The Horticultural Building.
1874. The Gallery of Fine Arts.
1878. Decoration of the southern Entrance of the Agricultural Building.
1880. A Group of State Buildings—Indiana, Rhode Island, Iowa, West Virginia, Kansas, Connecticut, South Dakota, Arkansas, and Illinois Buildings.
1882. The Woman's Building.
1884. The Kalsomining Machine for covering large Surfaces.
1888. The Statue of "The Republic."
1890. East Entrance to the Horticultural Building.
1891. At Work on the Japanese Building. Buildings at the Columbian Exposition—the Utah, Haiti, Clam-bake, Maryland, Missouri, and Florida Buildings.
1893. The United States Corner in the Manufactures Building.
1894. Finishing the large Statues.
1895. Unpacking Exhibits in the Art Gallery.
1898. South Entrance to the Electricity Building.
1899. South Entrance to the Manufactures Building. The Opening Ceremonies—the Presidential Party; President Cleveland passing the Manufactures Building; Introducing President Cleveland to the Foreign Commissioners; looking towards Fountain and Manufactures Building; looking south across Plaza east of Administration Building at the Moment the President touched the Button. The Midway Plaisance. The Central Power Plant annexed to Machinery Hall. The Golden Doorway to the Transportation Building. General View of the Buildings from the Lake, and the Peristyle as seen from the Grand Court (Four-page Supplement). The Chicago Hussars.
1900. The Sunday Crowd besieging the Gates. The German Village. The Turks and their Sedan Chair in the Midway Plaisance. Wall of the Hungarian Village. Entrance to the Turkish Theatre. Javanese at Work. Dedication of the Swedish Building.
1901. The Macmonnies Fountain in the Grand Court. The Obelisk and Entrance on the Stock Pavilion. North Entrance to the Machinery Building.
1902. South Entrance to the Mines Building. Hooden, or Phœnix Hall. The Boone and Crockett Club. The Missouri Building.
1903. Sunday opening of the Fair—the Crowd entering the Grounds. Venetian Gondolas on the Lagoon.
1904. In the Manufactures Building. In and about the Midway Plaisance.
1905. In the Terminal Station. Big Guns in the War Department, Government Building. The Grand Court at Night—Electrical Illumination of Macmonnies's Fountain and the Administration Building.
1906. Dedication of the German Building. The World's Congress of Beauty in the Procession. An Egyptian Marriage in the Cairo Street. Procession of Foreign Peoples from the Midway Plaisance.
1907. In the India Building. The great Ferris Wheel.
1908. The Fourth of July Crowds going to the Fair Grounds.
1909. Burning of the Cold-storage Warehouse.
1911. Half Way up the Ferris Wheel. An Evening Concert near the Administration Building. The Johnson Family on the Midway Plaisance.
1912. The Johnson Family visit Jackson Park in the Evening.
1913. The Johnson Family visit the Dahomean Village.
1914. An Evening at Old Vienna. The Post-office in the Government Building. The Johnson Family in Cairo Street.
1915. A Dry Day at the Fair. An Evening on the Lagoon. Mr. Johnson hires a Roller-Chair.
1916. Aboard the Battle-ship. British Empire Day at the Fair—trooping the Colors. Visitors in the Fisheries Building. The Johnson Family in the Esquimau Village.
1917. In the Cairo Street. The Johnson Family visit Lady Aberdeen's Irish Village and Blarney Castle.
1918. The English Military Tournament. Section of a great Ocean Steamship in the Transportation Building. The Johnson Family visit the Village of the South Sea Islanders. The Lake Shore, looking north.
1919. At the Javanese Theatre in Midway Plaisance. The Russian Horse Exhibit. The Johnson Family ride in a Gondola. At the Arab Fantasiya.
1920. The Midway Plaisance at Night. The Johnson Family witness the Drill of the Life-saving Crew. The Dance of the Dahomeans in the Midway Plaisance.
1921. The Grand Arch of the Peristyle. The Johnson Family visit the Lapland Village.
1922. Chicago Day at Night: the Grand Court from the Peristyle; Fireworks on Lake Front. The Night Pageant on Chicago Day. The Chicago Day Crowd in the Court of Honor. The Drill of the Life-saving Crew. The Johnson Family visit the German Village. Sketches in the Midway Plaisance.
1923. Waiting for the Fireworks. Bedouins Dancing their National Dance, Midway Plaisance. The Javanese Dancing Girls. An Eight-Page Supplement, presenting Thirty-eight Interior Views of the various Buildings.
1924. Manhattan's great Day. Lady Aberdeen's Irish Village; seven Illustrations. The Johnson Family rest at the Kentucky State Building. A Page from the Fine Arts Building. Search-lights on the Balloon. The Night Pageant. An Eight-Page Supplement, containing Twenty-nine Interior Views of the various Buildings.

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"EL CID" AND "FEISEEN."

POLITICAL sympathies have comparatively little to do with the general interest aroused by the purchase of several fleet American steam vessels by representatives of the recognized government of Brazil for use against Admiral Mello's rebel fleet.

That *El Cid*, the fastest merchant steamer, and *Feiseen*, the speediest pleasure craft, ever built in the United States, are being entirely fitted in this country for their deadly mission, has brought to the interested attention of the world the rapid progress made by Uncle Sam in the arts and sciences of naval warfare.

"EL CID."

In *El Cid* Brazil will have a steel ship of a gross tonnage of 4600, with a recorded speed averaging 19½ knots during a voyage from New Orleans to New York. She is 460 feet long over all, 390 feet 8.5 inches on the water-line, and draws 23 feet when loaded. She will have the distinction, or perhaps the fate, of being the first naval structure to use dynamite in actual warfare. For this purpose she is being fitted with a dynamite gun weighing 43 tons, which moves on a circular track on the bow. Compressed air is the medium by which the projectiles with their destructive charge of nitro-glycerine will be propelled. The smallest charge of 200 pounds of explosive is four times greater than the largest quantity heretofore used experimentally; 500 pounds is the maximum charge, and will be contained in tubular shells of a like weight. What the destructive power of the latter quantity is can hardly be estimated.

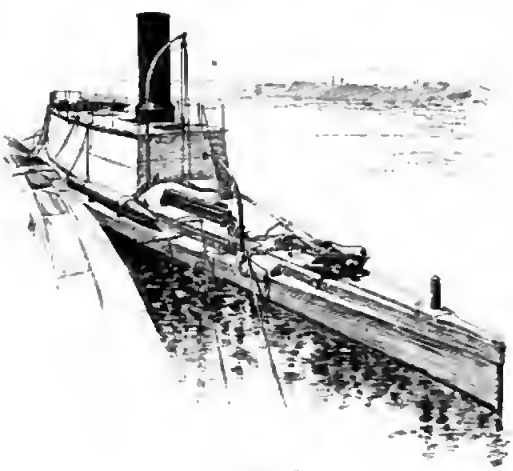
"FEISEEN."

In the limited time allowed for the partial improvement of the vessel's armament a protection against any but musketry fire is out of the question. *El Cid* will therefore greatly depend upon ordnance of a different character to make possible the use of the dynamite gun, with its limited range of 6000 yards. For that purpose she will carry two 55 pound rapid fire guns, two 23 pounders, two 14-pounders, and twelve 6 pounders. The latter will be placed in the deck house.

Feiseen is a marine wonder, having once developed a speed of 31.67 miles during a run of seven miles. She is constructed of mahogany and oak, and will be 81 feet long when fitted as a torpedo boat. A steel conning tower will take the place of the deck-house, and a 1 pound rapid fire gun in it will give some slight protection to the fleet little craft. The torpedo tube will move on a pivot forward, and thus have a range of nearly 180 degrees. She is to be carried to Brazil on the deck of *El Cid*. The Ericsson torpedo boat *Destroyer* has also been bought in this country by the Brazilian government. Coincident with these purchases are naval preparations on the part of Brazil in England and France.

Whether the formidable fleet thus acquired, which is to meet at some Brazilian port, presumably Pernambuco, whence, under the command of Admiral Cordovin Mauritz, it is to sail to the relief of Rio, will succeed or not in crushing the rebellious Mello is an interesting question. Upon its answer will largely depend the future of naval warfare. If it establish that dynamite can be safely handled aboard ship under the emergencies and stress of battle, then the age of gunpowder and armor-plate will be superseded by that of nitro-glycerine and speed.

M. DE LIPMAN.



"DESTROYER."

THE CHICAGO TRAGEDY.

THE murder of Carter Harrison, the Mayor of Chicago, on Saturday, October 28th, was precisely such a crime as those which robbed the nation of two Chief Magistrates. It was startling beyond all proportion to the office held by the victim, because Mr. Harrison had become a national figure. He had served in Congress, and had been twice elected Mayor of Chicago before he achieved that place again this year. Between these periods of public service he had addressed himself to the whole country in speeches, in interviews, and in letters, and at least one book descriptive of his travels abroad. Finally he had become the executive of the city government during the period of the World's Fair, securing his election by a campaign which revealed to the fullest extent the versatile genius of the man and the deep hold he had upon the masses of the people, for he was opposed by all the leading newspapers except the one he owned, and by the majority of the more thoughtful and sagacious people of his city. The campaign was of such a nature and was so managed as to attract the attention of the whole country, and helped to make him more than ever an object of general interest.

After his election the Columbian Exposition gave him frequent opportunities to address the city's visitors, to entertain them, and to speak for Chicago. These not only extended but improved his reputation, for, apart from his peculiar principles and practices in politics, he was marvellously well equipped for this uncommon test, and carried his honors brilliantly and easily. He had read widely and deeply, he had travelled far and often, he knew men and manners very well, and he was kindly, witty, engaging, wise, and even brilliant. More than all, he admired and loved Chicago and was able to speak for it with a voice that echoed the noblest as well as the deepest notes of its enthusiastic pride in its own achievements. Thrice he had swept the majority of the people along with him to the polls, and at last he made them admire him more than ever. Such was the man who was horribly murdered without warning, and, so far as is known, for no specific fault of his own. He was the idol of the masses in his city, and their instant anger and subsequent grief were sufficiently deep to astonish and impress the nation.

Patrick Eugene John Prendergast, his assassin, is believed to be a maniac. If he is shamming the fact has not yet been made apparent. He seems to have worked in a very humble way for the election of Carter Harrison, and the expectation that he was to be rewarded with an office grew in his disordered mind until he seems to have fancied that Mr. Harrison had promised to employ him in the city government. His failure to obtain a place took the form in his mind, as it had in that of Guiteau, the murderer of President Garfield, of a breach of faith on the part of his victim. Whether there was any basis for this, whether he ever applied for a place, and, if so, what treatment he received, are matters unknown. He was himself unknown to the politicians and the public until, on that Saturday evening, he called upon the Mayor at his residence, and, with an angry declaration that he had come to get satisfaction, shot him three times—in the abdomen, near the heart, and in the hand. Carter Harrison lived only seventeen minutes. When taken into custody, Prendergast, who is only about twenty-four years of age, was dressed as a laborer. It was discovered, later, that his mental disorder had revealed itself in letters to the Mayor upon other matters than his failure to get office, and also to United States Senators upon the financial bill that was occupying the attention of Congress at that time. Unfortunately, his murderous tendency was not suspected.

Carter Harrison was born in Kentucky, of good parentage, in 1825. He claimed that his grandfather was a brother of President William Henry Harrison. He was graduated at Yale in 1845, and at thirty years of age he went to Chicago. He was a Democrat, and as such was elected to the Forty-fourth Congress. As a Democrat he was elected Mayor in 1879 but in 1880 when he sought another term in that office he failed to secure the nomination from his party. He ran independently, and was defeated by a handsome majority, despite formidable opposition. Again this year, though the regular nominee of his party, he met with and triumphed over great and determined opposition. He believed in making office the reward of party service. He carried this system to such an extreme that, at least during one term as Mayor, he personally distributed all the patronage of the city government, not disdaining to appoint even the scrub women and lamplighters. Another Mayor of Chicago once said of this plan that it left the Mayor no time for the performance of any other duty. Carter Harrison believed that gambling, the social evil, the grog-shop nuisance, and kindred evils were ineradicable, and he preferred to recognize and govern rather than oppose them. The effect of these views of his duties during previous terms as Mayor was such as to arouse the opposition over which he so signally triumphed at the polls. Yet it is but just to add that of his last service, so terribly abbreviated, his critics remember only his distinguished and enthusiastic work as spokesman for the city during the exposition.

The funeral of the late Mayor took place on Wednesday, November 1st, and the grief-stricken citizens combined to pay unusual honor to his memory. The pageant, the crowds, and the general grief will be long remembered. The honorary pall-bearers were chosen from among the most eminent men of Chicago. They were Thomas W. Palmer, Harlow N. Higinbotham, Major-General Nelson A. Miles, ex-Governor Richard Oglesby, Ferdinand W. Peck, Judge Lyman Trumbull, Frederick H. Winston, General Charles Fitzsimmons, H. J. Jones, C. K. G. Billings, Adolf Kraus, Philip D. Armour, Frank Wenter, ex-Mayor John A. Roche, ex-Mayor Joseph Medill, ex-Mayor Washburne, Judge Francis Adams, Judge B. D. Magruder, Judge C. P. McConnell, and R. A. Waller.

ACTING REAR-ADMIRAL OSCAR F. STANTON, U. S. N.

THE RECALL OF ADMIRAL STANTON.

ON one occasion, during his command of the European squadron after the civil war, Admiral Worden, the hero of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* episode, was fired upon by a Turkish fort as he was steaming by it in his flag-ship. In an instant the order was given to beat to quarters, and had the shot been repeated, a broadside from the flag-ship would have been the answer to this distinct challenge of war. Fortunately, instead of the expected demonstration of hostility, no apology was received from the Turkish officials for what had been the blunder of some subordinate.

This incident shows how ready a trained navy officer is to act with promptness upon occasion, and how necessary it is for him to deal with a *prima facie* case without waiting for investigations or instructions. Our officers afloat have often won the applause of the country by the readiness they have shown to act upon their own judgment in a difficult situation, and there are not wanting examples of a disposition to hold these to a strict accountability when the situation they have created has proved embarrassing to the government. The Ingraham-Koster affair and the Mason and Slidell imbroglio are cases in point.

The action of Commodore and Acting Rear-Admiral Stanton in saluting the flag and returning the visit of the rebel Brazilian Admiral Mello is to be considered in the light of naval training and navy precedents. In the absence of proof to the contrary, it may be assumed that an officer of his experience will be able to offer satisfactory explanation of his conduct. The matter of salutes between vessels of different nations is regulated by international agreement, and our navy regulations require officers to observe certain rules "in which the maritime powers generally have concurred." These rules direct the prompt return of visits and salutes from foreign war vessels, and when the officer extending the courtesy is of or above the grade of captain the flag officer must return the visit in person. It is true the navy regulations forbid the firing of a salute "in honor of any nation or of any official of any nation not formally recognized by the government of the United States,' but will it not be difficult to show that Commodore Stanton has violated this regulation? It is to be remembered that our officers in Chilian waters were subjected to the harshest criticism because they did not show more favor to what proved in the end to be the winning faction in the Chilian civil war.

"They who in quarrels interpose must often wipe a bloody nose," says Hudibras, and the perils that environ those who interpose in domestic difficulties of any sort are well known. They will be damned if they do, and they will be damned if they don't. It is with the Brazilian nation that we must deal in the end, and possibly Commodore Stanton on the ground may have been as well situated to determine as those at home how far the circumstances required him to follow the strict letter of the regulations.

The instinct of fraternity between navy men, without regard to nationality, is undoubtedly strong, and this has been intensified by the incidents of our recent centennial parade, in which Admiral Mello took part. It is not impossible that this may have had its influence upon the action of the acting rear-admiral. A striking instance of this fraternity is found in the action of Commodore Tatnall, then of our service, and later a Confederate rear-admiral, in joining in a British attack on Chinese forts. The exclamation of "Old Tat" on that occasion, "Blood is thicker than water," still rings in the ears of Englishmen.

WILLIAM CONANT CHURCH.

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE JOHNSON FAMILY VISITS THE JAVANESE VILLAGE.

MRS. JOHNSON. "W'AT'S DEM RINGS ON DE ROOFS OR DE HOUSES FO', EZWELL?"
MR. JOHNSON. "TEB RYARDY UM BY, I S'POSE. DEY'S ALL BROUGHT FROM DE OLE KENYEY."

AMATEVR SPORT

This department went to press Thursday, November 2d.

EVERY SPORTSMAN, WHETHER AMERICAN OR ENGLISH, must regret Lord Dunraven did not sail away with that statement in his pocket which he left for publication. There was no occasion whatever for any statement from Dunraven, except so far as the future movements of the *Valkyrie* were concerned, and in this one previousness and disappointment make a combination that grates on the sportsman's sense of propriety. We admire a good loser, and Dunraven has not placed himself in such a light before us. To say the *Vigilant* did not fairly demonstrate her superiority as an all-round boat is to give the lie to facts demonstrated in five races where the conditions were equal, and it is enabled persistence to claim the races indecisive as to the merits of the two boats. We are glad the *Valkyrie* will be laid up here this winter, and that she will race in our regattas next season. We suspect Dunraven's opinion of his boat, but we beg him to take his beating, which was fair and square, like a sportsman. And next season we will race him with our other two 85-footers, *Jubilee* and *Colonia*.

THE COMMENTS OF THE LONDON "FIELD" are so warped in assertions and conclusions, that we cannot overlook making them a matter of record here for future reference, even though it is so long past the *America's* Cup races. Probably there is no more effective manner of doing this than by publishing excerpts from the article in question, that American yachtsmen all over the land may read for themselves:

"It is not surprising to find an impression prevailing that our yachts do not sail as well in American waters as they do at home; in fact, that directly they enter upon a contest for the *America's* Cup they 'go all to pieces' in their sailing. Two more effect wrought upon the imagination by the defeat of the yacht which had been so successful at home in sufficient to account for this impression, but in reality there is good reason for its existence. In the first place, it must be remembered that, so far as the sailing-master is concerned, he is placed in a novel situation; that is, the courses are fresh to him, and so are the whole surroundings—including the presence of steamboats and their hideously disturbing greetings. With regard to the yacht herself, she usually undergoes some alterations in hull, ballasting, trim, and sail plan at the last moment before starting to cross the Atlantic, and in the end has to enter upon the contests without proper trials to determine the value of such alterations."

If the British yachts do not sail as well in American as in English waters, no tangible evidence of their retrogression has ever been forth coming. On the contrary, from all the figures obtainable, and the observation of American yachtsmen, the British boats sail quite as well in our as in their home waters. Certainly none that ever came over here went "to pieces."

So far as the "courses being fresh" to the visiting boat, it is well known that our courses are the fairest in the world, and, as compared with those in British waters, they are the simple A B C's of the sailing master. The performance of the *Valkyrie* in a couple of the races, where jockeying for wind tested the two sailing masters, proved her to be entirely equal to solving the mysteries of our "fresh courses." Not only are our courses unusually fair, but *Valkyrie* had one of the best pilots on the coast, to say nothing of her very able captain.

"THE PHALANX OF STEAMBOATS" has been talked of and written about until one who had not been at the races might be pardoned for imagining they had really steamed right alongside the *Valkyrie* and taken her wind. As a matter of plain fact, there was no time in the entire series of races that the British boat's performance was handicapped by the accompanying "steamboat phalanx." The only time in the series that one of the racers was actually bothered was in the final race, and then *Vigilant*, not *Valkyrie*, was the sufferer. And this is asserted after having followed the yachts in every race of the series. That the great interest displayed by Americans (attested by the thousands who crowded the steamboats) may have surprised Lord Dunraven is probably true, but to claim his yacht's work suffered in consequence, as compared with *Vigilant's*, is a statement utterly without foundation. Speaking of "fresh courses," those of Great Britain are well known to be the most difficult of racing waters for a racing yacht, but we call Lord Dunraven's and the *Field's* attention to the fact that their notoriously "fresh courses" have not been even referred to in American newspaper comments on the *Navahoe's* performances over them this past season.

WHAT LITTLE ALTERATION DUNRAVEN had done to the *Valkyrie* after her arrival on this side turned out to greatly favor her performance. He lightened her up, and shortened her l. w. l., thus obtaining more time allowance from the *Vigilant*, and increased her sail spread somewhat by a longer boom, besides strengthening her canvas with battens. All the races but the last one were sailed in light to good racing weather, but in the last race, which was in a heavy blow and nasty sea, *Valkyrie* had taken on enough lead to lower her in the water quite a bit, and consequently give her additional stability in a seaway. Neither American yachtsmen nor the newspapers made comment on Dunraven's shortening and lengthening his boat's l. w. l. to suit the weather conditions.

"We cannot say that it is altogether satisfactory, from a sporting point of view, that a yacht should visit a foreign country and sail herself out in a number of open matches like *Navahoe* did here, and finally compete for international challenge cups; but it is at least more satisfactory to the challenger, and we cannot help thinking that our future British yacht which challenges for the *America's* Cup should get over to the other side early in July and take part in every available race."

On this point, at least, the *Field* is level: the next challenger they send should reach here easily enough in the season to allow the races to come off on the scheduled dates. The late arrival of the *Valkyrie* necessitated the postponement of the contests, and in one way and another upset individual plans at much individual expense.

"We have all along expressed an opinion that in anything like a breeze *Vigilant* would prove too powerful a craft for *Valkyrie*, and after her performance on Monday last, there can be no possible doubt about this. In fact, as we said three weeks ago, if *Valkyrie* wins a race, it will be in a light wind. Unfortunately this wind came so so light that it is not possible to sail the course of thirty miles in the prescribed time of six hours; and although *Valkyrie* may make an exemplary display of light-wind sailing, she cannot win a race on these special merits. The time limit, from one point of view, is a good one, but we question whether a seven or even an eight hours' limit would not be fairer and more desirable. It is all very well to say a six-hours' limit, while preventing a drifting match, insures a trial of fairly high speed; but we must remember that one great feature manifested by the improvement in modern yachts is their capability in very light airs, and this capability under some conditions is quite as valuable, and perhaps more so, than half a knot difference of speed in a smartly moving breeze."

How much chance the *Valkyrie* had in light or moderate air almost every school boy in America knows by this time, but we may again state for the benefit of the *Field*, and also for Lord Dunraven, as he seems to have forgotten it, that the *Vigilant* gave *Valkyrie* a very sound and thorough trouncing on all points of sailing in very light, fairly light, moderately light, and, in fact, every kind of light air known to the sailor-man. The *Vigilant* demonstrated her superiority with equal ease in moderate, fairly strong, and stiffish sailing breezes. The only conditions under which the English boat was "in the race" in the entire series were those stated in this department several times before the races, and which obtained on the last contest, viz., a heavy blow with a nasty sea, so that our British commentator's light-air sermon seems to have lost steerage way.

THE ARGUMENT PUT FORTH for an extended time limit has too little in it to waste much space upon. A breeze that cannot carry a yacht thirty miles in six hours (our time limit) is not worthy the name, and the contest becomes a drifting match, which is not considered good or even fair sport in this country. In England, I believe, there is no time limit, races lasting into the night, as did the Goelet Cup farce last August, off Newport. There is no question of not only the desirability but necessity of a time limit for interesting racing and good sport, and the six hour limit is by all odds the best. While it is true that the performances of a boat in light airs bear importantly on her general capability, it is likewise true that there is a point where light air ceases to be a propelling force, and the boat begins to drift. That is the point at which to establish the time limit, and we know from experience that the six hours is that limit on American waters, whatever it may be in the land of Dunraven's nativity.

"It should be noted that for Wednesday's race the managing committee reluctantly started the yachts, because they thought that they could not get round the course in six hours. Whatever the committee may have thought, we do not consider they had any right to decline to start the vessels, and they should have been especially careful of giving effect to any preconceived ideas in the face of the fact that *Valkyrie's* best, in short, her only, chance of winning a race was in an extremely light wind."

It really is pitiable how hard they try to find something at which to have a fling. There is about as much to this statement as to most of the others. We should have thought Dunraven would have set the *Field* straight on this point, but

"RIDERS OF MANY LANDS."—By COLONEL THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE.—ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY REMINGTON, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS. 8VO, CLOTH, $4 00.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

apparently he remains as churlish as he was on the day the signals were flown from the flag-ship *Luy*. For the *Field's* enlightenment, then, let us say that the committee did not "decline" to start the "vessels"; they were sailor-men enough to see there was not sufficient wind to sail the race within the limit, and they flew the signal asking *Valkyrie* and *Vigilant* if they agreed to postpone until it was seen whether the breeze would freshen, to which both yachts agreed. Later the conditions continuing the same with no prospect of wind, the committee signalled for consent to postponement for the day, to which the *Vigilant* assented, but the *Valkyrie* made no reply at all, and the committee started the race.

WE HAVE GIVEN CONSIDERABLE SPACE to this matter, because each race for the *America's* Cup becomes a matter of its history, and we wish every American to know just what were the facts concerning these races. The *Valkyrie* was fairly beaten and, as I have said before, she was actually not fast enough in all the races but the last to make the contest even interesting. The event was well managed by the New York Yacht Club Committee and good sportsmanship marked the handling of the series and of the *Vigilant*. Besides C. Oliver Iselin, the Corinthian crew of the *Vigilant* contained Oliver Belmont, August Belmont, Dr. Hopkins, E. A. Willard, Herbert Leeds, and N. C. Thoms.

I cannot leave the subject of our eighth successful defence of the *America's* Cup without commenting on the un-American attitude of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has lost no opportunity of sneering at the *Vigilant*, while the statements found in its yachting columns were actually pathetic in their ignorance. That the coddling of Englishmen by an American should be made an excuse for maligning the Cup defender is a nauseating exhibition to American sportsmen.

THE HARVARD ELEVEN HAS REACHED that point in its existence from which it will either develop into the greatest team that ever met Yale, or it will go steadily backwards, and only by a supreme dying effort make a showing at Springfield. The game against Brown showed the possibilities of the eleven at its best, and the Andover game showed how loose it can play at its worst. At times the play was brilliant, not individually, but collectively, the interference as perfect as ever seen on Jarvis Field. The defensive play was strong, as a rule, and what gains the Brown men made were principally through Connor, who was taking Newell's place at tackle. There were times, however, when Harvard's men seemed to wander from the game, and needed but a cradle to be rocked into somnolence. At such times Brown forced her way for gains of five, ten, and fifteen yards and Andover scored a field goal. The fact that these periods of listless play and fumbling would be joined by intervals of hard, snappy work by Harvard, when they had no difficulty in holding their opponents, presents the more ground for criticism. Such careless playing should not be tolerated by the coaches, the eleven must defend its fifty-yard line with just as much determination as the five-yard line. It is no longer a credit to a team to be able to prevent their opponents from gaining the last five yards of ground, for it is through their carelessness and weak playing that the other side has reached that point. If they can stop them on the five-yard line, they could have done so yards before.

IT IS THIS ERRATIC STYLE OF PLAY that makes one fear for Harvard in the big games. The secret of it is that the men on the team do not work until they are forced to. They must be hard pressed before they will put forth their best efforts. There is an air of uncertainty about their whole play that produces a feeling of distrust and makes it impossible to judge from one day's play what the next is likely to be.

At present many of the men are laid up with injuries of more or less severity, and in consequence the team is somewhat demoralized. Foster, just as he was about to take Fairchild's place at quarter, has been taken ill with pneumonia, and is in the hospital. Waters has a bad knee, but will probably be all right in a few days. Brewer has a weak ankle which needs watching in order to be kept in working condition. Stevenson's youth has at last shown the strain of the hard work he has been given, and he is over-trained. The condition of the other men, while not perfect, is still good enough to be depended upon.

THE ELEVEN IS PRACTICALLY MADE UP, with two exceptions—right end and left half. The fixtures are Emmons, left end, Manahan, tackle, Acton, Lewis, and Mackie in the centre, and Newell on the other side. Emmons has been doing such fine work at his end that he is not very far behind Frank Hallowell at his best. Manahan has improved so much Harvard need fear no weak spot in his vicinity. But of all the improving players, Acton is the most notable. His present form shows what determination and hard work will accomplish. Last year he was an impossibility, but now he is playing so good a game that he is really as good as if not better than Mackie. Harvard will have a strong, active centre. Stevenson's end is the weak spot on the line, and Blanchard (L. S.), who has been playing with the B.A.A., has become a candidate, and ought to fill it in a creditable manner. He is of good weight, understands the game, and has the courage and keen insight which a man should have to play in one of the most important places in the line.

It has seemed to me since Waters began playing half that he could be of much more service to his team up in the line either at his old place, guard, or, in case Acton became a fixture at tackle, and I have said so quite repeatedly. But in the light of the new system of interference Harvard has recently developed, unquestionably Waters's best place is behind the line, where his activity and weight will make him invaluable. This all goes to prove that we do not know as much sometimes as we think we do, and that Captain Waters knows his own business better than any one else. Brewer, of course, will play full back, and for the other half back position there are many candidates. Gonterman is the latest, and one of the fastest, but does not as yet know the position; he runs away from his interference. Hoag is a strong man, but inclined to muff the ball. Gray is all right so long as he lasts. Clark seems the most likely just now.

Harvard's system of throwing a guard back for use in the interference worked well against Brown. It is all right theoretically, but how it will work against an eleven which has men quick enough to break through and stop the interference before it gets started remains to be seen. If it is not stopped, the end rusher's life will be a hard one.

TROUBLE HAS NOW COME AT YALE where it was least anticipated, namely, in the position of guard, and it has been growing steadily until it has assumed serious proportions. McCrea and Hickok, whatever they might have been at the end of last season, are not so good as Wheeler and Taylor or Mackie and Acton at the present date, and the coaches at New Haven are lying awake nights pondering on the situation. It was expected that McCrea would be good enough this year to help out Messler, but so far is he from fulfilling such a hope that Murphy has been transferred over to that side of the line. For Yale sees that it will never do to have Messler and McCrea against Newell and Mackie. It would be much safer to have the slower Messler against a new tackle, if the guards are not able to help him out. Cross is able to be out again, having nearly recovered from his sprained ankle. Upon him it is evident Rhodes's eye is fixed as a most likely guard, and McCrea may be displaced by this giant at almost any time. He is a larger and stronger man, but not aggressive enough in his play. His long period of enforced idleness has had its effect upon his game, for he is green, and hardly up to 'varsity form in knowledge of the play. Beard and Stillman are still fighting it out for the privilege of snapping the ball back in the big games. The former has gone of late into that ex

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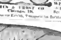

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patic condition which characterized his play in former years, and there are days when it seems that Stillman from his steadier work is sure to be the final choice. But Stillman is slower than ever since he has had a rest, and his work reminds one of last year, when it was impossible to help commenting severely upon his slowness of play.

ARMSTRONG HAS BEGUN TO BE THOUGHT about right by the coachers, and rather than run any risks they are giving him a rest. He is to be Yale's star half back this year, and Hinkey intends to keep him just where he is rather than undertake to improve him on the chance of making him too fine. Hart's sprained ankle at this stage of the struggle combined with DeWitt's final refusal to come out, makes Thorne almost sure of the other place. The talk in the newspapers relative to Graves and Sanford being taken on to the Yale team is probably part and parcel of that enterprise which announces a fact one day to take it back the next. It is unlikely that Hinkey will consider the use of either of those men, for he is himself very radical upon the subject of an undergraduate team, and in addition is a man who would not in the least mind any amount of criticism, from graduate departments or anywhere else.

ALTHOUGH AT PRESENT WRITING there is a cloud between Yale and Pennsylvania as to the eligibility rule, there is no doubt that their game will be played, and with the full strength of Pennsylvania. It is entirely proper that the new rule should go into effect at once, on paper, as a matter of principle, though I fail to see just where it comes in, but there is only one sportsmanlike thing for Yale to do, and that is to play Pennsylvania without challenging any of her team so far as their eligibility under the new rule is concerned. This season has been an exceedingly distasteful one, with its "politics" and evaded rules. It would hardly become Yale to refuse a game to Pennsylvania because of the latter's nonconformity to the law that Yale was the most diligent in framing, and the first to break after it had been declared operative. Before this is in print, therefore, I expect to see the matter closed.

THE LEHIGH-ANNAPOLIS GAME gave those who had previously seen Lehigh against West Point two weeks earlier an opportunity of comparing the two cadet teams. There is, in fact, little choice between them, and to-day only a very hard-fought game could decide the question. The defensive play of Annapolis showed a marked improvement on any previous work, but it was more than counterbalanced by their weak running and interference. It was surprising to note the marked contrast in the determination and viciousness of their tackling and blocking, as compared with their attempts to advance the ball. There were some exceptions to this general apathy, notably in the case of Davidson at half back and Karns at guard. Both these men made their distance whenever called on and usually fought for it. The most representative feature of Annapolis play, however, was the way the cadet backs allowed their opponents' punts to bound and roll along the ground. Time and again they stood within a yard of the ball, and made no attempt to catch it. Unless this can be remedied in the coming weeks, the West Point full back will have his navy opponents at his mercy. Individually the cadet ends, McCauley and McCormack, showed up strong and can be depended on to do their share of tackling and interference in every play. Boukwalter at quarter back played a steady game, but was entirely too slow to be effective, and missed many opportunities of tackling the Lehigh backs. Kavanaugh, captain and centre rush, blocked well, and found some good openings, but seemed unable to get in as many plays as was desirable. It will be an interesting and exciting duel between him and Ames, the West Point centre. The other men played rather inferior games, and unless a marked improvement takes place West Point will find easy work in forcing the tackles and guards.

THE OPENING OF THE HORSE SHOW next Monday will be watched with particular interest this year, since we are curious to know whether the diminution in entries means a corresponding elevation of quality. We shall hope also to see an improvement in the handling of tickets for the public. Heretofore the speculators have beset the sidewalks in such quantities, and with wares at such high prices, one wondered if the pick of the box office had been given over to these ticket sharks. The number of special prizes is rather limited this year, and with the exception of E. C. Potter's $100 "for best thoroughbred stallion for getting hunters," and $100 offered anonymously "for best stallion for getting polo ponies, and two of his get," are simply duplicates of the regular prize list. It really looks, and it probably is true, as if the donors cared more to get their name in print than for lending aid in the general work of improving our horses. The hackneys, as usual, receive more than their due in the matter of prizes. The classes are divided, and divided again, until plate or money is offered for a hackney of every shape, condition, and size. If there was anything to be gained especially on all this subdivision, it would be well enough. Strange enough, road tandems have been entirely ignored—a most curious omission of the association—while one donor offers a prize for "best tandem," imposing rather a difficult task upon the judges.

Some excellent provisions have been made in the hunter and saddle classes, though here again the subdivisions are as unending as they are tiresome. Ponies have a greater prominence than ever, and deservedly so. Altogether there are 900 entries—enough in all conscience if their quality is equally as satisfactory—divided as follows: 8 thoroughbreds, 40 trotters, 47 roadsters, 119 hackneys, 8 coaching stallions, 118 horses in harness, 96 carriage-horses, 11 horses, carriages, and appointments (in all these classes the hackney figures over and over), 29 tandems (a fine showing), 21 four-in-hands, 37 ponies in harness, 34 ponies under saddle, 26 pony stallions and brood mares, 92 saddle horses, 115 hunters—74 jumping class (the same horses figure in these three classes)—11 municipal police, 28 park police, and 42 entries for special prizes.

TRACK ATHLETICS ARE NEW TO NEW ORLEANS, though the Young Men's Gymnastic Club, the oldest athletic organization probably in the South, has been prominent at in-door work time out of mind, and counts some of the most skilful gymnasts in the South among its members. The athletic situation, in fact, in New Orleans is just about what it was in New York and the East in 1876, with the difference that there are better models to follow. Little had been accomplished in out-door work until the organization of the Southern Athletic Club, which has a number of college men on its roll, notably the Bayne brothers, ex-Yale athletes, and these with others have set the athletic boom in motion at the Crescent City.

Nor is this all. Very recently the New Orleans Duck Hunters' Club has been organized, and though unwieldy as to name, its aim is the extremely laudable one of game preservation. An immediate crusade will be instituted against the pot-hunter and all game-law transgressors.

We congratulate Southern sportsmen on the good work begun. One by one these clubs are being formed throughout the country, to the everlasting confusion of the unsportsmanlike and the unprincipled.

THE MEETING HELD LAST SATURDAY—the first of the Southern Amateur Athletic Union and the second under any auspices in that part of the South—marked an epoch in Southern athletics. Preparations had been made on a scale never before attempted—almost unheard of—and the result surprised the city of sunshine and "to-morrow." The attendance was of the right kind, and so large that spectators fell to wondering why these games had never been attempted before. From every point of view the meeting was a success, even the events following on in a much smoother manner than is usual where experienced officials are few and far between. The performances for a first meeting were good, though it is reasonable to suppose the timing was not exact.

100 yards—Jordy, 10⅘ sec.; in this event Goodwin was second in 10⅘; Bering third in [illegible]. 220 yards—Bering, 23 sec. 16-lb. hammer—Miltenberger, 90 ft. Mile walk—McCann, 9 min. 49 sec. 440 yards bicycle—Abbott, 37½ sec. Running high jump—Jones, 5 ft. 4½ in. Mile run—Verdelin, 5 min. 1½ sec. 120 yards hurdle—Rendall, 21 sec. Standing broad jump—Miltenberger, 10 ft. 5 in. Running broad jump—Weinecke, 20 ft. Mile bicycle—2 min. 59 sec. 440 yards run—Bering, 59½ sec. 16-lb. shot—Miltenberger, 18 ft. 6 in. Pole vault—Schwartz, Lombard, and Weinecke tied at 10 ft. Five-mile run—Morkel, 40 min. 30½ sec. Two-mile bicycle—Hickman, 6 min. 24½ sec. 220 yards hurdle—Weinecke, 30 sec.

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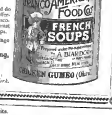

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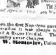

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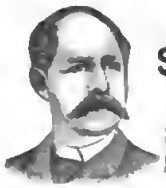

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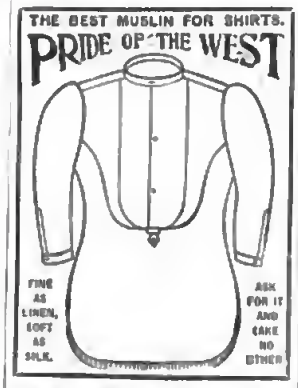

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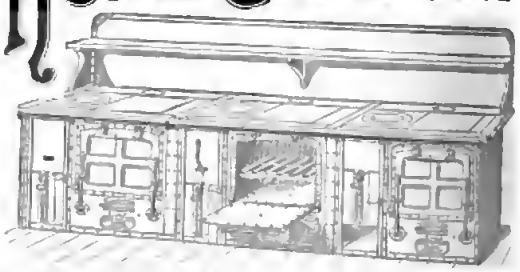

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW—A TANDEM IN TROUBLE.

DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.—[SEE PAGE 1009.]

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A GREAT LESSON.

IF the Democrats do not wish the crushing defeats they have suffered at the late elections to be only the beginning of a series of similar defeats, they must, above all things, look the truth as to the causes of the disaster straight in the face. It will do them no good to accept the explanation of the bosses, who, in order to call away popular attention from their own misdoings, pretend that the great overthrow was wholly owing to the "bad times," for which the ruling party was always, no matter how unreasonably, held responsible. If there had been only a change of some thousand votes from the Democratic to the Republican side, the business troubles disturbing the popular mind might be held accountable for it. But great political upheavals are not explained in such a way, especially when they occur in "off years," when ordinarily the interest in politics is but languid.

The truth is that the Democratic party has in a conspicuous manner failed to justify the confidence of many good citizens who last year, at the Presidential election, gave it their support. The business disturbance would not have produced such sweeping political effects had the party in power—that is, the majority of the Democrats in Congress—shown themselves capable of dealing with the most pressing problem of the time as sagaciously, vigorously, and promptly as the crisis demanded. It is true, the final repeal of the SHERMAN act satisfied the immediate requirement of the day. But this result is generally believed to be due to the unwavering firmness of the President, and not to the wisdom of the Democratic majority. It produced much more the impression of a lucky escape than of an act performed by the party in power according to a well-settled policy. The public mind has conceived a serious misgiving as to what the Democratic majority would do when unrestrained by a very vigorous Executive leadership. And here a word to our Southern friends is in order. Their Senators and Representatives in Congress, who, either from natural muddle-headedness or from cowardly dread of the Populist movement in their States, abet those financial heresies which have become so dangerous to our honor and prosperity as a nation, are in a fair way again to ruin the Democratic party in the confidence of the Northern people, and thereby in the whole country, as thoroughly as it was ruined during the civil war and for many years afterwards. In the Democratic defeats this autumn they should recognize the beginning of a revival of that fatal distrust which, when fully developed, will utterly destroy for an indefinite time the prospects of any party against which it is aroused.

If the Democratic party wishes to remain a strong factor in American politics, it will have to disarm that distrust by a wise treatment of the financial problems still to be solved, and by the fulfilment of the promises with regard to the tariff policy which found so much favor with the people in the national elections of 1890 and 1892. It can no longer stake its fortunes upon the esteem in which Mr. CLEVELAND is held, for he will not remain its leader much longer; and besides, the prestige of his name, too, has been impaired by his deplorable action in the VAN ALEN case, and by the spoils politics which his administration has been carrying on. These things have played a subordinate, although by no means unimportant, part in the recent election, but they will show their full effect when public attention is no longer directed from them by questions of immediate urgency.

The Democratic party will have to show that it has profited by other lessons recently administered to it. The Democratic defeat in the State of New York was of peculiar significance. It has demonstrated the existence in great strength of the Democratic mugwump. The time is past when, as the saying was, a wooden Indian in front of a tobacco store would get the whole Democratic vote if he had the regular nomination. The selfish tyranny of the Democratic party bosses in this State has of late years been so audacious in its wickedness that at last in the most rigidly disciplined of political parties the outraged dignity of human nature asserted itself in open revolt. When upon the snap convention of last year followed the nomination of a notorious criminal for a seat in the highest court of the State, not only those who last year manifested an independent spirit, but even thousands of Tammany men refused to obey, and voted against the obnoxious candidate. In Brooklyn and Buffalo it was an uprising of honest Democrats that swept the candidates of insolent bosses from the field and transformed Democratic into Republican majorities, and on the day after the election hundreds of Democrats were seen on the streets jubilantly congratulating one another upon Republican victories. The question for the Democratic party to consider will henceforth be, not merely how to attract the independent vote which formerly had been Republican, and had cut loose from that party on account of its misconduct, but how to hold the Democratic mugwump vote which formerly belonged to it, but now stands ready to punish the Democratic party with defeat whenever it shows itself unworthy of support.

Under these circumstances the Democratic party cannot remain under such leadership as that which has of late ruled it in the State of New York without dooming itself to impotency and disgrace. All the old disgusting stories that formerly were told of Democratic lawlessness and fraud and corruption have been made true again by these leaders and their henchmen. The continuance of their rule will make the party a stench in the nostrils of the nation. The HILLS and the SHEEHANS and the MURPHYS and the CROKERS and the MCLAUGHLINS can be tolerated as leaders only by a party devoid of moral sense, of honor, and of self-respect. Any party depending as to its success upon the esteem and confidence of the people must break down under such a load. It is vain to say that the bosses have learned something, and will in the future be careful to avoid the errors of the past. The errors of the past are the only kind of politics they understand. They will always employ the same methods, because they do not know any other. They will always do the worst they dare. They must be made utterly powerless to prevent them from doing mischief. Their places of leadership must be filled by men who are not only not their friends, but who are openly and aggressively their enemies. To effect this the party must go through a process of reorganization in which "harmony" with the late bosses is not thought of.

The signal defeat of boss rule in this State is a promising step toward this end. But let us indulge in no delusions. Tammany Hall is not yet crushed, and no reorganization will put the Democratic party upon a healthy footing so long as Tammany Hall remains a potential force in it. Tammany Hall is the citadel of the powers of tyranny and corruption. From it radiate all the influences of evil. All patriotic Democrats must make up their minds to this: No effort to reorganize and purify the Democracy in New York State will be of permanent effect unless Tammany Hall is destroyed.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT IN AMERICA.

THE time seems ripe for the revival of an old subject, the discussion of which has been permitted to lapse of recent years. Twenty years ago there was a vigorous movement in this country, and especially in this city, for municipal reform. Ardent young men of keen and interested intellects entered upon a task which has not only not been accomplished, but which has distinctly lagged.

The reason for this is not difficult to find. The early movement was directed against the system which permits the proletariat to rule the people and prey upon the property of American municipal corporations. It was recognized that TWEED and his plundering gang were the legitimate offspring of the opportunities that were afforded them by the constitution of our city government. This subject is now the theme of political philosophers, essayists, and pamphleteers; but the active men of the time, the men who entered upon municipal reform, as they have since undertaken other reforms, had ambitions, and a desire to accomplish something. For nearly a generation a large number of educated young men in this country have been struggling for a place in American politics. They have been beaten by organized ignorance and corruption. They are the victims of the bosses, and they have transferred their energies from the long and waiting game of real municipal reform to the task of overthrowing the bosses—a task which seemed ready to their hands, and to demand immediate attention.

While some success has attended their efforts, it cannot be said that anything like permanent good has been accomplished. TWEED was overthrown in New York when further toleration of Tammany would have made every citizen an accomplice in the crimes of its boss. But CROKER succeeded him, and CROKER reigns. On the 7th of this month he carried New York, in the name of the men whom he ordered to be candidates, by majorities ranging between 55,000 and 60,000. A majority of more than 60,000 even ratified his appointment of the notorious FELLOWS to the District Attorneyship. The government of New York to-day is an ignorant and degraded autocracy.

What happens here happens elsewhere. The cities on our right and left, Jersey City and Brooklyn, have risen up against their masters, and have thrown off their rule. But their relief is only temporary. The roots of the evil, under whose shadow free institutions are blighted, are still alive. There is not a city in this State that is not governed by bosses. In other States a similar condition prevails. The recent disgraceful squabble in Chicago between rival claimants for the Mayoralty is symptomatic. The aldermen who claimed succession to the murdered Mayor could hold office but a few weeks. But the prize was so profitable and their own vulgar greed so great that to attain the one and gratify the other they were willing to violate the law and to outrage decency.

The money value of the municipal prize is out of all proportion greater than that of any other object in American politics. The head of the triumphant machine, whether he is the Mayor, or the boss who directs his fellows from the secure and irresponsible shades of a "Hall," is the distributor of plunder. Behind him are crime that buys police protection, sordid and eager avarice that lives to prey upon the community, and worthless voters to whom the extravagant and corrupt management of the common property of their thrifty fellow-citizens means food and drink, means the luxury of idleness with the rewards for which honest men must toil.

Most of the men who made up CROKER'S 60,000 majority have no proprietary interest in New York. Many of those who do pay taxes pay them upon plunder which they have gathered in their public or semi-public capacities. And yet New York is simply a corporation, organized under the laws of the State for the purpose of managing the common property of those who dwell within it. It enacts no law touching the life or liberty of a single being. It merely receives and disburses the revenues of the corporation. It owns parks and docks for the pleasure, rest, and convenience of the people. It provides streets, and cleans and lights them. It maintains a police force which acts under the laws of the State. It protects the property of individuals from fire and depredation. It is charged with the duty of maintaining the city in healthful condition.

The laws which are administered by the municipal authorities are enacted by the Legislature of the State. The people have their voice in the making of these laws when they vote for legislators. The authorities of the municipality simply raise and expend the money for carrying on the business of the corporation. They are the agents of the tax-payers, but under the system which prevails everywhere in this country they are selected by the people who do not pay taxes. Not only that, but those whom the bosses control, and on whom they depend for their ascendency in city affairs, are the men who profit by excessive and corrupt expenditure of the tax-payers' money. Under such conditions the organization of the proletariat is easily effected and preserved. The essential element is furnished in the cohesive power of public plunder.

So long as the system remains—a system which Professor BRYCE has declared to be the weak point in American politics—so long shall we have to deal with TWEEDS and CROKERS. War upon the bosses must be kept up, because the temporary triumphs over them are not only wholesome, but are encouraging signs that public virtue survives even when it appears to be most deeply buried. But along with this war there should go a movement for a revolution in our municipal system of government. The weak spot should be cut out. It threatens the health of our whole political system.

BRAZIL AND OUR WAR PARTY.

THE outbreak of the revolution in Brazil against President PEIXOTO'S government has galvanized into a somewhat feeble semblance of life the political warriors of this country. There is not so much of the party, either in numbers or in power of lung, as there was at the time Mr. HARRISON was intent on waging war against the Chilians, but there is enough to show that the desire for slaughter, and incidentally for international conquest, survives in certain American bosoms.

Considering the valor that has been expressed by our amateur sons of Mars, it is a cause of deep concern that they should never have an exciting cause except against a comparatively weak power. It would seem to the disinterested on-looking philosopher as though distracted South American republics would be the last objects of dislike that could tempt the truly valiant to search for glory. It is as if a first-class bull-dog, of a fighting strain, should prefer to demonstrate his nerve and prowess by a conflict with a pampered lapdog.

The situation in Brazil is that which at present occupies the minds of those who long for war, if only to prove that we have still the men and material of a great naval power. The situation is not extraordinary when we consider the country and its people. Brazil has been struggling towards republicanism for a little more than a hundred years. Its advance has not been steady, but it has been long and its slow progress has been educational. Probably no form of government which the country has possessed did so much to advance the love of the Brazilians for free institutions as the mild and intelligent reign of Dom PEDRO. Now that the

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country has achieved independence of the crown, and has the opportunity to establish a republican form of government, its military and naval martyrs, after the fashion of their race, are putting difficulties in the way of the achievement, for the gratification of their own ambitions.

The warriors of this country have also come in to help along the difficulty. The news that the powers of Europe were about to interfere in behalf of the restoration of monarchy comes later than it was to have been expected, but it was inevitable, and it has come at last. It is announced that the MELLO revolutionists are plotting to restore the empire, and to place the family of Dom PEDRO on the throne. This attempt is to be supported by the war-ships of Europe that are now in the harbor of Rio Janeiro. It is assumed that in some way or other, the MONROE doctrine forbids any American people from restoring a dethroned monarch, once a republic has been proclaimed on paper.

There is no doctrine whatever which holds that it is the duty of the United States to force a republican form of government on any people. If the Brazilian people want an emperor they have a right to him. They do not want him, however; and as for the European war-ships at Rio, there is no reason at all to suppose that they are there for any other purpose than that for which our own vessels are there—the protection of the property, interests, and persons of the citizens of their governments who are residing in Brazil.

Intelligent and patriotic Americans esteem our navy, and desire to see it built up to meet all the requirements that are likely to be made upon it, but the absurd war party in this country, that makes every outbreak in South America the basis of a demand for war ships, will destroy rather than stimulate pride in the service, and will cause good people who love peace to inquire whether it is well to go on building war-ships if their possession is to stimulate the desire to pound some weaker power to pieces with our modern ordnance.

THE INDEPENDENT VOTER.

WHAT so conspicuous a Republican leader as CHAUNCEY M DEPEW has to say in regard to the cause which was mainly instrumental in bringing about the result of the recent elections will be read with interest by voters of all parties. We give the following extract from an interview with him, published in the New York *Tribune* of November 9th, in which he remarks:

"Independent voting is like jumping into a cold bath. It is only the first plunge that takes away the breath. The revolt against the Republican machine, which defeated FOLSOM—and created CLEVELAND—made 100,000 Republicans in this State independent voters. They had gone steadily with their party on war issues, and had considered it sacrilege to vote other than the Republican ticket. Since then they have been making the Democratic majorities in this State.

"At least 100,000 Democrats have taken the same plunge in this election against the machine. A large majority will continue to exercise the right of private and independent judgment, regardless of caucus and convention. Our State will become more than ever a doubtful State, with at least 200,000 voters ready to vote for one side or the other, regardless of previous associations. These voters are intelligent, honest, non-office-seeking, and fearless. Their potentiality will compel good nominations."

FOOTBALL ETHICS.

AS the interest in football increases, and enthusiasm and love for the game cause more and more people to attend the important matches, there loom up, side by side with the growth of the game and the increasing interest, two evils which threaten not simply to dampen the enthusiasm, but to entirely put a stop to the sport. These evils are brutal tactics on the part of the players, and drunkenness on the part of their supporters.

The average college football player, through no fault of his own, but rather from his youth, with its untrained judgment, fails to grasp the fact that by showing lack of self-control he lowers the standard which education is supposed to give him, and places himself on a level with the uneducated brute who for the sake of a few dollars would knock another human being down. In his desire to win the applause of a certain class of spectators who applaud brutally, in his zeal to win the game by any means, in his readiness to resent some supposed or real affront, he so loses control of himself that he performs some deed of violence which in after-years, as he thinks it over, will bring a blush of shame to his face.

Looking over the reports of the games, there is scarcely one to be found which does not contain either in the rulings of the umpire or the running account of the game, some evidence of foul play. Why does this sort of thing continue? The college representatives have legislated upon it. They have drawn up a set of rules, and they have said that a man shall be chosen to see that these rules are obeyed. But one man cannot watch twenty two. One pair of eyes cannot follow the game, and at the same time observe the hidden, unsportsmanlike blows, the wicked digs and cruel tactics on the part of the unrestrained youths who represent some institution of learning. To a man, then, must we turn for help against this evil, which so severely threatens the existence of a game which should stand pre-eminent among sports as a developer of men, and as a fitting school for after-life? Who is responsible for the class of men to be found in any college? Who is responsible for the way in which these young men are brought up, and given their ideas on manly conduct?

The young men have tried to control by rules what should be controlled by education in a great measure. They have failed. The only convention in which these matters were brought up, discussed, and ruled upon has now become a thing of the past. The responsibility of the whole matter rested not with them, however. Each and every college has its corps of instructors, and upon *them* rests the responsibility.

Professors, instructors, gentlemen, you have delayed too long in doing your duty. You have shirked the responsibility. Occasionally you have stopped this game or that, kept your boys from what was theirs by right, and posed before the American public as antagonists of healthy sport, instead of seeking by proper means to control, first, the kind of men who should try to play, secondly, the way the game should be played, you have been waiting for some excuse which would give you the apparent right to stop the whole sport.

Some day in the near future, when a player falls never to get up again, because his opponent in the heat of the contest has struck a little harder than he intended, you will seize the opportunity to say, "No more football." But the responsibility of that man's death will rest upon you. You have, and have had, the power to make football what it should be, a clean, healthy, open handed game. You are responsible for the character of the men who represent your college or university. If it is beneath your dignity to leave your study, mingle with your young men, and teach them what manliness is, then far better would it be that you give your vote on the governing board to some one who has an appreciation of boyish spirits, and the requisite tact to deal with and control them.

Thus far you have shown a lamentable lack of ability and courage to deal with these questions. You have aimed your blows at the game, and have flattered yourselves that if that were stopped all would be well. But if it is not football, it will be something else. You cannot longer shift the responsibility of coming into closer contact with your students, finding out the sort of men they are, and whether they belong with you or not. You must enter more closely into their sports, tell them firmly but kindly what will be allowed, and what will not. Teach them self control, honorable dealing, and manliness under all circumstances. If you have not the time for such things, then have some one appointed whose duty it shall be to be present at the different contests; and not only be present, but also have the authority and courage to say to your students, "Boys, either control yourselves or leave the field." A little plain speaking, a few teams disqualified—the members expelled from college if necessary—and we would seldom have such an exhibition as was seen at Manheim on November 4th.

The responsibility for the second evil—drunkenness—rests in the same hands. Examples must be made. The courage must be found for wholesale expulsions if it is demanded. The evil must be stamped out. The cry has been, "Stop the game!" It is the cowardly cry of those who have the power but not the courage to deal with what is their duty to attend to.

THE HEART AGAIN IN EVIDENCE.

SYMPATHY with one neighbor need not prevent our drawing a lesson from his misfortune. We trust, therefore, that we shall not be thought unfeeling in suggesting that there is an interest quite aside from its pathos in the case of the unfortunate Brooklyn woman who the other day, after paying $13,000 for what purported to be $200,000 worth of gold, fell dead of heart failure on discovering that the "gold" was only brass.

Now of course every one knows that there was a time when broken heart was a favorite disease with the romancer. The neglected heroine or the jilted hero contracted it almost as a matter of course, and went into an interesting decline, permeating numberless chapters with mild melancholy, a tragedy or a reunion being the sequel, according to the state of the author's digestive system. But latterly it has been darkly hinted that all this was a mistake, that the broken heart was a pure myth, having no better title to a place in literature than the antiquated ghost, and love at first sight, and numerous other obsolete figments of the romanticist's ill balanced brain. It was said, in short, that hearts had very little cause to appear in fiction at all, that things were not what they seemed, and that an emotion no more resided in the chest because it was felt there than did a horse, for example, extend its legs together in running because it seemed to do so to the unenlightened eyes of our ancestors. The camera has settled the horse question, showing that this animal in motion really sprawls its legs about without regard to artistic appearances, producing effects far more like those obtained by a school boy with a encumber and four matches than like the paintings of the masters. And science had settled the heart question, showing that this organ had no nearer relation to love and other intricate emotions than the utterly inconsequential one of supplying blood to the brain, which took to itself the task of living and feeling and feeling in general, and which should, if it understood its business, carry on these functions in a cool, logical way, quite at variance with the inflammable method that was believed before the heart was put out of court. And at last, capping the climax, and presumably setting the last lingering doubt forever at rest, came a scientific cabal branding love itself as a condition bordering very closely on the pathological.

But now all this iconoclasm has its answer. The heart is again in evidence in as literal and unequivocal a way as the most uncompromising realist could demand. It has shown that it may stop on occasion under the influence of emotion, let that emotion reside where it will, and when it does stop, the brain is silenced forever. True, there was no love in the novelist's sense involved in the case in point, but there was grief over the loss of something loved, and it would be hair-splitting to attempt to separate this emotion from the grief and despair of the traditional lover. So the broken heart may be restored to fiction, and the most unyielding realist may introduce it as freely as he would small pox or measles in a backwoods district. He must use it, however, in a distinctly modernized form. There must be no fonts of type wasted upon it. In keeping with the spirit of our age, it must compass but a paragraph, and the reader may without discomfort hold his breath, as tradition requires, while it runs its full course. The victim will simply appear on the scene as the faithless one starts to elope with the successful rival, and realizing that all is lost, will, without necessity for harrowing words, express his feelings in the most appropriate and dramatic manner possible by falling dead on the spot.

It should be borne in mind, however in the interests of photographic literature, that there are limits to the possibilities of this treatment. The hero—or villain—thus disposed of cannot be chosen indiscriminately. It is almost absolutely essential that he should be middle aged at least. For be it known that a perfectly normal heart will not vouchsafe to stop under the influence of any emotion whatsoever, and the weakened, dilated heart which will so succumb on occasion is seldom developed in youth. This is the reason why the modern renouncer has gotten so off the track in the matter of broken hearts. Young hearts usually do the most fervent loving, and these are precisely the kind that react, refuse to be broken, and seek a new recipient of their affections. But the middle aged lover does exist nevertheless, and the current saw which tells us "there is no fool like an old fool" certainly gives him credit for unabated fervor, though scarcely stating the matter felicitously. So in future he may be fearlessly introduced, and overcome by his young and successful rival with a glance; and any instances of romanticism may be promptly repudiated in a footnote or produce calling attention to the case which fare takes our text. Now that the duello is almost obsolete, and no longer generally available as a means of eliminating supernumerary lovers, this newer method will surely be a boon inestimable to the builders of realistic fiction.

THE UMBRELLA AS A WEAPON.

IN the Western world the umbrella was primarily a weapon, or rather no article of defence, a protection against the sun and rain. In the East, where it originated, it is, and has been for time immemorial, an insignia of honor, a badge of high caste. There is a tradition in the United States army that the use of an umbrella as an article of defense in its primary form once caused a court martial. General HARDEE, the author of *Hardee's Tactics*, was something of a martinet. At a post commanded by him—it may have been West Point, and the time, of course, was before the war—he observed the officer of the day going the rounds protecting the gold lace and tinsel of his epaulets from the rain with an umbrella. The post commandant remonstrated, saying that the umbrella was unmilitary. But there is no question in the world in the minds of those who have considered the umbrella in its various aspects that it is a most dangerous and formidable weapon of offence.

We suggest that a board of ordnance officers of the army be appointed to study the umbrella as an implement of warfare. The army men seem to be the last to have discovered the value of the umbrella used in this way. Indeed, we fancy that they have not discovered it, though pretty nearly all other people are well acquainted with it. Take the men who make what the editors of funny papers technically call "comics," for instance—they know the umbrella in all its varying moods. When other ideas run short, these artists have but to draw a bull charging a sketcher's umbrella, and then in a companion piece show the catastrophe after the bull and the offensive umbrella have met. Or if this has been used too recently, what is easier than to have an old lady raise her umbrella suddenly when a dude is cantering past? A catastrophe now is the natural sequence, for the umbrella is offensive to the horse. This well known phenomenon long ago, it seems to us, should have suggested to the army men the use of the umbrella both as a weapon of offence and defence. Cavalry, we believe, cannot charge successfully against infantry with fixed bayonets. Nor could cavalry charge suddenly opened umbrellas. Suppose a troop of cavalry should gallop up against a hollow square of infantry, and just before the moment of contact each infantryman should raise an umbrella. The consequence would be direful. Each horse would stop short, and the majority of riders would be projected, as though from catapults, over the horses' heads and into the hollow square. There they would be easy captives.

But in civil life the umbrella is a most offensive weapon. A little while ago a ruffian insulted a lady and gentleman on the street. The gentleman lunched out with his slender silk umbrella. Without intending any serious harm, he touched his assailant in the eye and penetrated the brain, causing instant death. This proves the umbrella in personal encounters to be, sometimes at least, as deadly as the unloaded revolver. And then consider how offensive the umbrella can be, and is, on the stairs of the elevated railways. A man who was seriously hurt by being poked in the eye by an umbrella while going up the stairway of an elevated railway station once stood for an hour on a threatening day and made a census of the way the passengers handled their umbrellas. During the hour 487 men and women with umbrellas went up the stairs—402 men, 85 women. Of these, 297 men and 77 women carried their umbrellas under their arms, with the point sticking out behind, so that those immediately following were in danger of being jabbed more or less seriously, 80 men and 5 women carried their umbrellas by the handles, and swung the points behind them as they waddled up the steps (all of these were fat); the remaining passengers—25 men and 3 women—so carried their umbrella that no harm could be done with them. And on the street it is only a little better. Now these civilian carriers of umbrellas do not mean to give offence, but yet they are most offensive and most dangerous. There is no doubt in the world that if the Chief of Ordnance can spare some of his bright assistants from their arduous duties of examining smokeless powders and testing new projectiles, he will find that the umbrella is well worthy of their study, for 'tis a fearsome instrument even in innocent hands.

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MATABELE BRAVES MUSTERING FOR A ROYAL REVIEW.

KING LO BENGULA.

AN ATTACK OF THE MATABELES.

THE COMPANY'S FORCES MOVING INTO THE INTERIOR.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.—[See Page 1099.]

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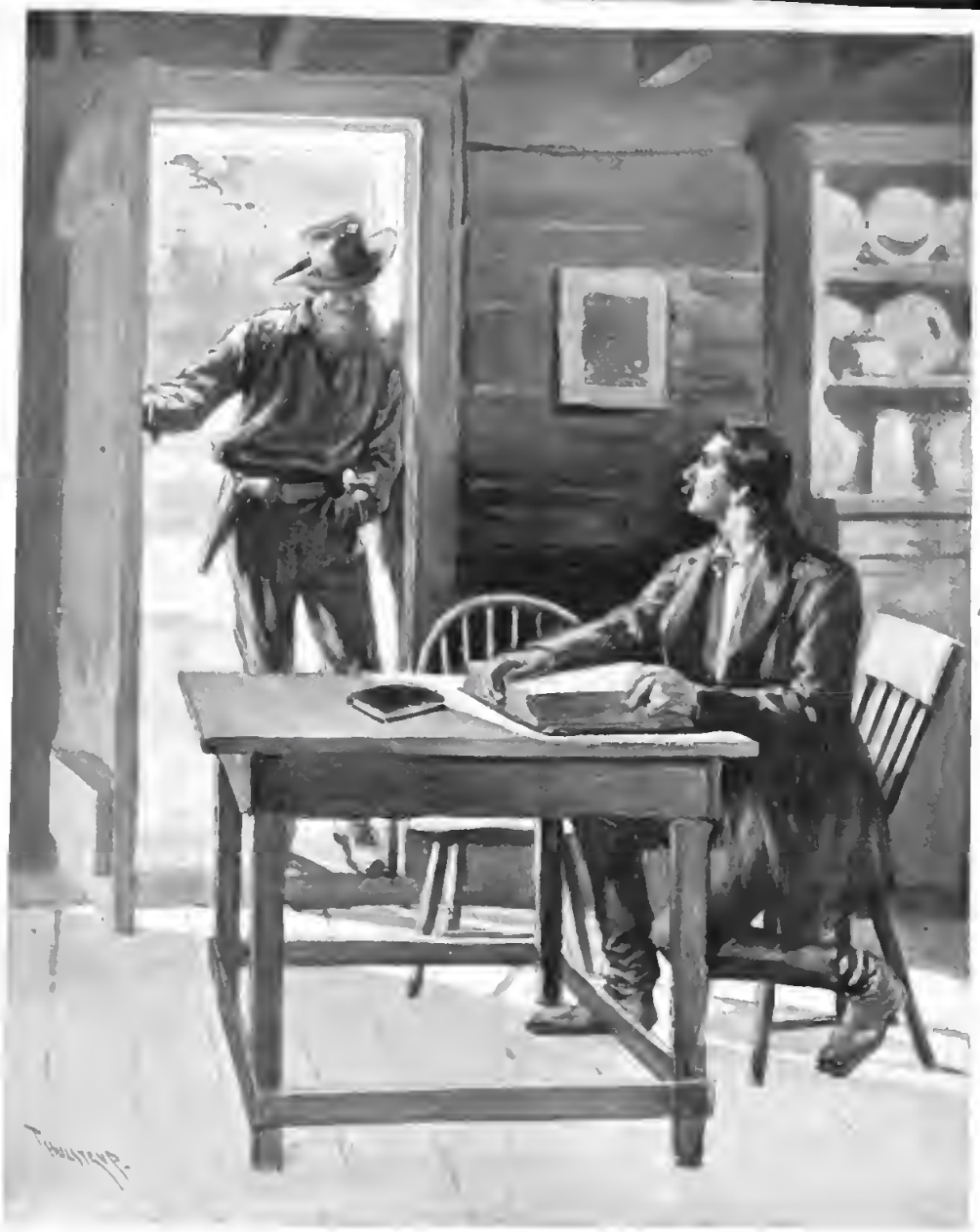

"'Don't let me disturb ye. I was only meanderin' by.'"

THE BELL-RINGER OF ANGEL'S.

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER I.

WHERE the north fork of the Stanislaus River begins to lose its youthful grace, vigor and agility, and broadens more maturely into the plain, there is a little promontory which at certain high stages of water sits like a small island in the stream. To the strongly marked heroics of Sierran landscape it contrasts a singular pastoral calm. White and gray mosses from the overhanging rocks and feathery alders trail their filaments in its slow current, and between the woodland openings there are glimpses of vivid velvet sward, even at times when the wild oats and "wire-grasses" of the plains are already yellowing. The placid river unstained at this point by mining sluices or mill drift, runs clear under its contemplative shadows. Originally the camping ground of a Digger chief, it passed from his tenancy with the American rifle bullet that terminated his career. The pioneer who thus succeeded in its attractive calm gave way in turn to a well-directed shot from the revolver of a quartz prospector, equally impressed with the charm of its restful tranquillity. How long he might have enjoyed his Iparian seclusion is not known. A sudden rise of the river one March night quietly removed him, together with the overhanging post oak beneath which he was profoundly sat unconsciously meditating. The demijohn of whiskey was picked up further down. But no other suggestion of hese successive evictions was ever visible in the reposeful serenity of the spot.

It was later occupied and a cabin built upon the spot by ne Alexander McGee, better known as "The Bell-ringer of Angel's." This euphonious title, which might have suggested a consistently peaceful occupation, however, referred to his accuracy of aim at a mechanical target, where the piercing of the bull's-eye was celebrated by the stroke of a bell. It is probable that this singular proficiency kept his investment of that gentle seclusion unchallenged. At all events, it was uninvaded. He shared it only with the birds. Perhaps some suggestion of nest-building may have been in his mind, for one pleasant spring morning he brought hither a wife. It was his *own*—and in this way he may be said to have introduced that morality which is supposed to be the accompaniment and reflection of pastoral life. Mrs. McGee's red petticoat was sometimes seen through the trees—a cheerful bit of color. Mrs McGee's red cheeks, plump little figure, beribboned hat, and brown, still girlish braids were often seen at sunset on the river-bank in company with her husband, who seemed to be pleased with the discreet and distant admiration that followed them. Strolling under the bland shadows of the cottonwoods by the fading gold of the river, he doubtless felt that peace which the mere world cannot give, and which fades not away before the clear, accurate eye of the perfect marksman.

Their nearest neighbors were the two brothers Wayne, who took up a claim and built themselves a cabin on the river bank near the promontory. Quiet, simple men, suspected somewhat of psalm singing and undue retirement on Sundays, they attracted but little attention. But when, through some original conception or painstaking deliberation, they turned the current of the river so as to restrict the overflow between the promontory and the river bank, disclosing an auriferous "bar" of inconceivable richness, and establishing their theory that it was really the former channel of the river, choked and diverted through ages of alluvial drift, they may be said to have changed also the fortunes of the little settlement. Popular fleeing and the new prosperity which dawned upon the miners recognized the two brothers by giving the name of Wayne's Bar to the infant settlement and its post-office. The peaceful promontory, although made easier of access, still preserved its calm seclusion, and pretty Mrs. McGee could contemplate through the leaves of her bower the work going on at its base, herself unseen. Nevertheless, this Arcadian retreat was being slowly and surely invested; more than that, the character of its surroundings was altered and the complexion of the river had changed. The Wayne engines on the point above had turned the drift and débris into the current, that now thickened and ran yellow around the wooded shore. The fringes of this Eden were already tainted with the color of gold.

It is doubtful, however, if Mrs McGee was much affected by this sentimental reflection, and her husband in a manner lent himself to the desecration of his exclusive domain by accepting a claim along the shore, tendered by the conscientious Waynes in compensation for restricting the approach to the promontory, and thus participated in the fortunes of the bar. Mrs McGee amused herself by watching from her eyry, with a presumably childish interest, the operations of the red-shirted brothers on the bar, her husband, however, always accompanying her when she crossed the bar to the bank. Some two or three other women—wives of miners—had joined the camp, but it was evident that McGee was as little inclined to intrust his wife in their companionship as to that of their husbands. An opinion obtained that the

McGee, being old residents, with alleged high connections in Angel's were inclined to be aristocratic and exclusive

Meantime the two brothers who had founded the fortunes of the Bar were accorded an equally high position, with an equal amount of reserve. Their ways were decidedly not those of the other miners, and were as efficacious in keeping them from familiar advances as the reputation of Mr McGee was in isolating his wife. Madison Wayne, the elder, was tall, well knit and spare reticent in speech, and slow in deduction; his brother, Arthur, was of rounder outline, but smaller, and of a more delicate and perhaps a more impressible nature. It was believed by some that it was within the range of possibility that Arthur would yet be seen "taking his cocktail like a white man," or "dropping his scads" at draw poker. At present, however, they seemed content to spend their evenings in their own cabin, and their Sundays at a grim Presbyterian tabernacle in the next town—to which they walked ten miles—where it was currently believed "hell fire was ladled out free," and "infants damned for nothing." When they did not go to meeting it was also believed that the minister came to them, until it was ascertained that the sounds of sacred recitation overheard in their cabin were simply Madison Wayne reading the Bible to his younger brother. McGee is said to have stopped on one of these occasions—unaccompanied by his wife—before their cabin, moving away afterwards with more than his usual placid contentment.

It was about eleven o'clock one morning, and Madison Wayne was at work alone on the bar. Clad in a dark gray jersey and white duck trousers rolled up over high India rubber boots, he looked not unlike a peaceful fisherman setting stakes for his nets, as he labored in the ooze and gravel of the still half-reclaimed river bed. He was far out on the bar, within a stone's-throw of the promontory. Suddenly his quick ear caught an unfamiliar cry and splash. Looking up hastily he saw Mrs. McGee's red petticoat in the water under the singularly agitated boughs of an overhanging tree. Madison Wayne ran to the bank, threw off his heavy boots, and sprang into the stream. A few strokes brought him to Mrs. McGee's petticoat, which, as he had wisely surmised, contained Mrs. McGee, who was still clinging to a branch of the tree. Grasping her waist with one hand and the branch with the other, he obtained a foothold on the bank and dragged her ashore. A moment later they both stood erect and dripping at the foot of the tree.

"Well!" said the lady.

Wayne glanced around their seclusion with his habitual caution, slightly knit his brows perplexedly, and said, "You fell in?"

"I didn't do nothin' of the sort. I *jumped* in."

Wayne again looked around him, as if expecting her companion, and squeezed the water out of his thick hair. "*Jumped* in!" he repeated, slowly. "What for?"

"To make you come over here, Mad Wayne," she said, with a quick laugh, putting her arms akimbo.

They both stood looking at each other dripping like two river gods. Like them also, Wayne had apparently ignored the fact that his trousers were rolled up above his bare knees, and Mrs. McGee that her red petticoat clung closely to her rather pretty figure. But he quickly recovered himself. "You had better go in and change your clothes," he said, with grave concern. "You'll take cold."

She only shook herself disdainfully. "I'm all right," she said. "But *you* Mad Wayne, what do you mean by not speaking to me? not knowing me? You can't say that I'm changed like that." She passed her hand down her long dripping braids, as if to press the water from them, and yet with a half coquettish suggestion in the act.

Something struggled up into the man's face which was not there before. There was a new light in his grave eyes. "You look the same," he said, slowly, "but you are married, you have a husband."

"You think that changes a girl?" she said, with a laugh. "That's where all you men slip up. You're afraid of his rifle—*that's* the change that bothers you, Mad."

"You know I care little for carnal weapons," he said, quietly.

She did know it. But it is the privilege of the sex to invent its facts, and then to graciously abandon them, as if they were only arguments.

"Then, why do you look the other way when I pass?" she said, quickly.

"Because you are married," he said, slowly.

She again shook the water from her, like a Newfoundland dog. "That's it. You're mad because I got married. You're mad because I wouldn't marry you and your church over on the Cross Roads, and sing hymns with you, and become *Sister* Wayne. You wanted me to give up dancing and buggy ridin Sundays, and you're just mad because I didn't. You mad—just mean, baby mad, Mr Maddy Wayne—for all your *Christian* resignation. That's what's the matter with you." Yet she looked very pretty and piquant in her small spitefulness, which was still so general and superficial that she seemed to shake it out of her wet petticoats to the vicious flap that disclosed her neat ankles.

"You preferred McGee to me," he said, grimly. "I didn't blame you."

"Who said I *preferred* him?" she retorted, quickly. "Much you know!" Then with swift feminine abandonment of her position she added, with a little laugh, "It's all the same whether one is guarded with a rifle or a church presbytery, only—"

"Only what?" said Madison, earnestly.

"There's men who'd risk being shot for a girl, that couldn't stand psalm singin' palaver."

The quick expression of pain that passed over his hard dark face seemed only to heighten her pretty mischievousness. But he simply glanced again around the solitude, passed his hand over his wet sleeve, and said, "I must go now, your husband wouldn't like my being here."

"He's workin' in the claim—the claim *you* gave him," said Mrs McGee, with cheerful malice. "Wonder what he'd say if he knew it was given to him by the man who used to spark his wife only two years ago! How does that suit your Christian conscience, Mad?"

"I should have told him had I not believed that everything was over between us, or that it was impossible that you and me should ever meet again," he returned, in a tone so measured that the girl seemed to hear the ring of the conventicle in it.

"Should you, *Brother* Wayne?" she said, imitating him. "Well let me tell you that you are the one man on the Bar that Sandy has taken a fancy to."

Madison's sallow cheek colored a little, but he did not speak.

"Well," continued Mrs. McGee, impatiently, "I don't believe he'd object to your comin' here to see me—if you cared."

"But I wouldn't care to come unless he first knew that I had been once engaged to you," said Madison, gravely.

"Perhaps he might not think so much of that as you do," retorted the woman, pertly. "Every one isn't as straitlaced as you, and every girl has had one or two engagements. But as you like—stay at home if you want to—and sing psalms and read the Scriptures to that younger brother of yours. All the same, I'm thinkin' he'd rather be out with the boys."

"My brother is God fearing and conscientious," said Madison, quickly. "You do not know him. You have never seen him."

"No," said Mrs McGee, shortly. She then gave a little shiver (that was, however, half simulated) in her wet garments, and added, "*One* saint was enough for me. I couldn't stand the whole church, Mad."

"You are catching cold," he said, quickly, his whole face brightening with a sudden tenderness that seemed to transfigure the dark features. "I am keeping you here when you should be changing your clothes. Go, I beg you—at once."

She stood still, provokingly, with an affectation of wiping her arms and shoulders and sopping her wet dress with clusters of moss.

"Go, please do—Safie—please!"

"Ah!" she drew a quick triumphant breath. "Then you'll come again to see me, Mad?"

"Yes," he said, slowly, and even more gravely than before.

"But you must let me show you the way out—round under those trees—where no one can see you come." She held out her hand.

"I'll go the way I came," he said, swinging himself silently from the nearest bough into the stream. And before she could utter a protest he was striking out as silently, hand over hand, across the current.

CHAPTER II.

A WEEK later Madison Wayne was seated alone in his cabin. His supper table had just been cleared by his Chinese coolie, and the setting sun, which for half an hour had been persistently making a vivid beacon of his windows for the benefit of wayfarers along the river bank, had at last sunk behind the cottonwoods. His head was resting on his hand; the book he had been reading when the light faded was lying open on the table before him. In this attitude he became aware of a hesitating step on the gravel outside his open door. He had been so absorbed that the approach of any figure along the only highway—the river bank—had escaped his observation. Looking up he discovered that Mr. Alexander McGee was standing in the doorway, his hand resting lightly on the jamb. A sudden color suffused Wayne's cheek; his hand reached for his book which he drew towards him hurriedly, yet half automatically, as he might have grasped some defensive weapon.

The Bell ringer of Angel's noticed the act, but not the blush, and nodded approvingly. "Don't let me disturb ye. I was only meanderin' by, and reckoned I'd say 'How do?' in passin'." He leaned gently back against the door-post, to do which comfortably he was first obliged to shift the revolver on his hip. The sight of the weapon brought a slight contraction to the brows of Wayne, but he gravely said,

"Won't you come in?"

"It ain't your prayin' time?" said McGee, politely.

"No."

"Nor you ain't gettin' up lessons outer the Book?" he continued, thoughtfully.

"No."

"'Cos it don't seem, so to speak, you see, the square thing to be botherin' a man when he might be doin' suthin' else, don't you see? You understand what I mean?"

It was his known peculiarity that he always seemed to be suffering from an inability for lucid expression, and the fear of being misunderstood in regard to the most patent or equally the most unimportant details of his speech, all of which, however, was in very remarkable contrast to his perfectly clear and penetrating eyes.

Wayne gravely assured him that he was not interrupting him in any way.

"I often thought—that is, I had an idea—you understand what I mean—of stoppin' in passing. You and me, you see, are sorter alike; we don't seem to jibe in with the gin'ral gait o' the camp. You understand what I mean? We ain't in the game, eh? You see what I'm after?"

Madison Wayne glanced half mechanically at McGee's revolver. McGee's clear eyes at once took in the glance.

"That's it! You understand? *You* with them books of yours, and me with my shootin' iron were sort o' different from the rest, and ought to be kinder like partners. You understand what I mean? We keep this camp in check. We hold a full hand, and don't stand no bluffing."

"If you mean there is some effect in Christian example and the life of a God fearing man—" began Madison, gravely.

"That's it. God fearin' or revolver fearin', it amounts to the same when you come down to the hard pan and bed rock," interrupted McGee. "I ain't expectin' you to think much of my style, but I go a heap on yours, even if I can't play your game. And I sez to my wife, Safie'—her that trots around with me sometimes—I sez 'Safie, I oughter know that man, and shall. And I want *you* to know him.' Hol' on," he added, quickly, as Madison rose with a flushed face and a perturbed gesture. "Ye don't understand. I see wot's in your mind, don't you see. When I married my wife, and brought her down here, knowin' this yer camp, I sez: 'No flirtin', no foolin', no philanderin' here, my dear. You're young, and don't know the ways o' men. The first man I see you talkin' with I shoot. You needn't fear, my dear, for accidents. I kin shoot all round you, under your arm, across your shoulders, over your head, and between your fingers, my dear, and never start skin or fringe or ruffle, but I don't miss *him*. You sorter understand what I mean,' sez I. 'I do don't.' Ye've noticed how my wife is respected, Mr Wayne? Queen Victoria sittin' on her throne ain't in it with my Safie. But when I see you not herdin' with that cattle, never liftin' your eyes to me or Safie as we pass, never hangin' round the saloons and jokin' nor winkin' or slingin' muddy stories about women, but prayin' and readin' Scripter alone here along with your brother, I sez to myself, I sez: 'Sandy, ye kin take off your revolver and hang up your shot gun when *he's* around. For 'twixt *him* and your wife ain't no revolver, but the fear o' God and hell and damnation and the world to come.' You understand what I mean, don't ye? Ye sorter follow my lead, eh? Ye can see what I'm shootin' round, don't ye? So I want you to come up neighborly like, and drop in to see my wife."

Madison Wayne's face became set and hard again, but he advanced towards McGee with the book against his breast and his finger between the leaves. "I already know your wife, Mr McGee. I saw her before you ever met her. I was engaged to her. I loved her, and as far as man may love the wife of another and keep the commands of this Book, I love her still!"

To his surprise, McGee whose calm eyes had never dimmed or blenched after regarding him curiously, took the volume from him, laid it on the table, opened it, turned its leaves critically, and, earnestly, "That's the law here, is it?" and then held out his hand. "Shake!"

Madison Wayne hesitated, and then grasped his hand.

"Ef I had known this," continued McGee, "I reckon I wouldn't have been so hard on Safie, and so partikler. She's better than I took her for—havin' had you for a beau. You understand what I mean? You foller me—don't ye? I allus kinder wondered why she took me, but wen you've told me that you used to spark her—in your God fearin' way—I reckon it kinder prepared her for me. You understand? Now you come up—won't ye?"

"I will call some evening with my brother," said Wayne embarrassingly.

"With which?" demanded McGee.

"My brother Arthur. We usually spend the evenings together."

McGee paused, leaned against the door post, and fixing his clear eyes on Wayne, said: "Ef it's all the same to you I'd rather you did not bring him. You understand what I mean? You follow me? No other man but you and me. I ain't sayin' anything agin your brother; but you see how it is—don't you?—just me and you."

"Very well, I will come," said Wayne gloomily. But as McGee backed out of the door, he followed him, hesitatingly. Then with an effort he seemed to recover himself and said, almost harshly, "I ought to tell you another thing—that I have seen and spoken to Mrs. McGee since she came to the Bar. She fell into the water last week, and I swam out and dragged her ashore. We talked and spoke of the past."

"She fell in?" echoed McGee.

Wayne hesitated. Then a murky blush came into his face as he slowly repeated, "She *fell* in."

McGee's eyes only brightened. "I have been too hard on her. She might have drownded ef you hadn't took risks. You see? You understand what I mean? And she never let out anything about it, and never boasted o' you helpin' her out. All right—you'll come along and see her again." He turned and walked cheerfully away.

Wayne re-entered the cabin. He sat for a long time by the window until the stars came out above the river, and one other star—with which he had been long familiar—took its place apparently in the heart of the wooded crest of the little promontory. Then the fringing woods on the opposite shore became a dark level line across the landscape and the color seemed to fade out of the moist shining gravel before his cabin. Presently the silhouette of his dark face disappeared from the window, and Mr McGee might have been gratified to know that he had slipped to his knees before the chair whereon he had been sitting and that his head was bowed before it on his clasped hands. In a little while he arose again, and dragging a battered old portmanteau from the corner, took out a number of letters tied up in a package, with which from time to time he slowly fed the flame that flickered on his hearth. In this way the windows of the cabin at times sprang into light, making a somewhat confusing beacon for the somewhat confused Arthur Wayne, who was returning from a visit to Angel's, and who had fallen into that slightly morose and irritated state which follows excessive hilarity, and is also apt to indicate moral misgivings.

But the last letter was burnt and the cabin quite dark when he entered. His brother was sitting by the slowly dying fire, and he trusted that in that uncertain light any observation of his expression or manner—of which he himself was uneasily conscious—would pass unheeded.

"You are late," said Madison, gravely.

At which his brother rashly assumed the aggressive. He was no later than the others; and if the Rogers boys was good enough to walk with him for company, he couldn't run ahead of them just because his brother was waiting. He didn't want any supper—had had something at the Cross Roads with the others. Yes, *whiskey*—if he wanted to know. People couldn't keep coffee and temperance drinks just to please him and his brother, and he wasn't goin' to insult the others by standing aloof. Anyhow, he had never taken the pledge—and as long as he hadn't, he couldn't see why he should refuse a single glass! As it was, everybody said he was a milksop and a tenderfoot, and he was just sick of it!

Madison rose and lit a candle, and held it up before his brother's face. It was a handsome youthful face that looked into his, flushed with the excitement of novel experience and perhaps a more material stimulation. The little silken mustache was ostentatiously curled; the brown curls were redolent of bear's grease. Yet there was a certain boyish timidity and nervousness in the defiance of his blue eyes that momentarily touched the elder brother. "I've been too hard with him," he said to himself, half consciously recalling what McGee had said of Safie. He put the candle down, laid his hand gently on Arthur's shoulder and said, with a certain cautious tenderness, "Come, Arty, sit down and tell me all about it."

Whereupon the mercurial Arthur not only relieved of his nervousness but of his previous ethical doubts and remorse, became gay and voluble. He had finished his purchases at Angel's, and the storekeeper had introduced him to Colonel Starbottle, of Kentucky, as one of "the Waynes who had made Wayne's Bar famous." Colonel Starbottle had said in his pompous fashion—yet he wasn't such a bad fellow after all—that the Waynes ought to be represented in the councils of the State, and that he Starbottle would be proud to nominate Madison for the next Legislature and run him too. "And you know, really, Mad, if you mixed a little more with folks, and they weren't—well—sorter *afraid* of you—you could do it. Why, I've made a heap o' friends over there just by goin' round a little, and one of old Selwidge's girls—the storekeeper, you know—said, from what she'd heard of us, she always thought I was about fifty, and turned up the whites of my eyes instead of the ends of my mustache. She's mighty smart. Then the postmaster has got his wife and three daughters out from the States, and they've asked me to come over to their church festival next week. It isn't our church, of course, but I suppose it's all right." This and much more with the volubility of relieved nervousness.

When he stopped, out of breath, Madison said, "*I* have had a visitor since you left—Mr McGee."

"And his wife?" asked Arthur, quickly.

Madison flushed slightly. "No; but he asked me to go and see her."

"That's her doin', then," returned Arthur, with a laugh. "She's always lookin' round the corners of her eyes at me when she passes. Why, John Rogers was joking me about her only yesterday, and said McGee would blow a hole through me some of these days if I didn't look out! Of course," he added, affectedly curling his mustache, "that's nonsense! But you know how they talk, and she's too pretty for that fellow McGee."

"She has found a careful helpmate in her husband," said Madison, sternly, "and it's neither seemly nor Christian in you, Arthur, to repeat the idle profane gossip of the Bar. I knew her before her marriage, and if she was not a professing Christian—she was, and is, a pure good woman! Let us have no more of this."

Whether impressed by the tone of his brother's voice, or only affected by his own mercurial nature, Arthur changed the subject to further voluble reminiscences of his trip to Angel's. Yet he did not seem embarrassed nor disconcerted when his brother, in the midst of his speech, placed the candle and the Bible on the table, with two chairs before it. He listened to Madison's monotonous reading of the evening exercise with equally monotonous respect. Then they both arose, without looking at each other, but with equally set and stolid faces, and knelt down before their respective chairs, clasping the backs with both hands, and occasionally drawing the hard wooden frames against their breasts convulsively, as if it were a penitential act. It was the elder brother who that night prayed aloud. It was his voice that rose higher by degrees above the low roof and encompassing walls, the level river camp lights that trembled through the window, the dark belt of river-side trees, and the light on the promontory's crest—up to the tranquil passionless stars themselves.

With these confidences to his Maker this chronicle does not be obtrusive and ostentatious though they were in tone and attitude. Enough that they were a general arraignment of humanity, the Bar, himself and his brother, and, indeed, much that his Maker had created and permitted. That through this hopeless denunciation still lingered some human feeling and tenderness might have been shown by the fact that at its close his hands trembled and his face was bedewed by tears. And his brother was so deeply affected that he resolved hereafter to avoid all evening prayers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

Death may be viewed as less enemy than friend to those fortunate men whose special life work has been purposeful from the first, distinguished by success and honors, and granted a ripe completeness. The death of Mr. Francis Parkman, which occurred at his home in Jamaica Plain, near Boston, Massachusetts, on Wednesday of last week, subtracts a figure of peculiar nobility from the now very small group of American men of letters contemporary in activity with Hawthorne and Bryant, Longfellow and Lowell, and more particularly with such eminent toilers in the field of history as Prescott and Motley. Mr. Parkman's individuality and achievements shine with clear lustre, even in association with the brightness of the last two names, and the notable series of volumes due to him, upon our early history, are a memorial to him of his own making in which we may feel a national pride. Mr. Parkman was born in 1823, of a stock honored in the story of the commerce and pulpit of Massachusetts. His college was Harvard. Very early his bent toward historical study, and toward adventure more or less a part of it, bore practical fruit. His vacations were passed in historic, often in wild, localities of New England and New York State; toward 1850 he embodied part of some experiences of a certain journey which he undertook across the country (under something like pioneer conditions) in his *The Oregon Trail*—a book which immediately drew general attention to the author as a marked, if young, writer, promising much. This debut, however, was almost overlooked when he presently threw himself far more into the thoroughly historical current, and began to put forth member after member of that series of works devoted to illustrating particularly the pre-Revolutionary period of our country, continuing the undertaking with researches of the most arduous and original nature, collecting and adjusting the masses of material desired with no sparing of time or expense, and accomplishing no small part of it with that indomitable resolution which makes light of ill health and even of a temporary loss of sight. A quiet determination, the genius which is shown in part through concentration on details, expressed itself in those books now well known to America and far beyond our country's reading public, in which our history became fascinating as romance, while never deflected from truth. It is only necessary to recall the titles of such volumes as *The Pioneers of France in the New World* (1865), *The Jesuits in North America* (1867), *The Great West* (1869), *The Old Regime in Canada* (1874), *Count Frontenac and New France* (1877), *Montcalm and Wolfe* (1884), and the series was concluded with *A Half Century of Conflict* (1892)—with which last the author practically laid down his pen, a life task fulfilled; fulfilled with the happiness of complete recognition of its significance and uniqueness.

In Parkman's hand history charms as only the finer fiction can charm. Clear, sober, and elegant in his style, a natural artist in his diction, he gave picturesqueness, life, movement, to what he wished to set before his reader. The child and adult reader alike find him acceptable. He sacrificed nothing to mere literary effect—sincerity was of his essence. Passages in his books linger in one's memory like chords of grave music, but not as if the temper and premeditation had enabled them to be put into the page. To Americans his works are of thoroughly high interest and importance, and even in view of the impermanency of so much that is delightful, useful, and distinguished in the world's literature, it is not easy to fancy that they can be superseded.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

OUR ANNUAL HORSE SHOW.

When the history of the development of American sport is written, the horse will fill one of the longest and most important chapters. We are indeed a progressive nation, and our horsemen have kept pace with the advance. How short a time it is, not over a dozen years, since there were neither horse shows nor any especially concerted movement outside the trotting-stables for the improvement of our horseflesh. As a nation we have always had an inclination towards good stock, and individual cases are numerous where considerable money has been expended in that direction. The horse shows of this country are legion, and they are not all within the walls of Madison Square Garden, or any other city amphitheatre. The stock farms and ranches South and West, that represent thousands upon thousands of dollars, some invested for the love of it, some as a business venture, are, after all, the national horse shows of the United States.

But I do not mean for an instant to detract from the New York show which is in progress this week at Madison Square Garden. It must be considered our national show from its importance in the horse-breeding world, and the quality of entries it attracts annually. It is about nine years ago that the National Association held its first show, and to those who remember it well and are this week walking about the stalls of the entries of the 1893 exhibition the improvement seems incredible. Nor has the improvement been only in the horseflesh, for the general equipment has advanced to an equally marked degree. Traps, harness, and what is called the "get up," have long since left the ordinary and reached the "smart" stage.

Rarely nowadays do we see the bizarre effects in equipage that were wont not so long ago to set our teeth on edge. One need not await the opening of the Madison Square doors to note this. It is a daily show for those who care to go up to the Park and watch the long line of afternoon drivers returning through the Fifth Avenue entrance. Maybe you will note a stray black sheep now and then, possibly see a cockade on the box of some brougham, where newness without bliss of newness within, but the sight is not a frequent one. And the increase of gentlemen whips is quite as noteworthy. The appearance of a tandem in the Park used to be a sight for the gods, and a signal for calling out the police reserves, but it is not so any more. Tandems are plentiful, and though it is still possible to see that distressed look of uncertainty in an afternoon's drive, it is the exception where formerly it was the rule. Not a single class has been passed over by the general wave of progress, besides which it has rolled one or two new ones into prominence. The hackney has come upon us inside of three years in all his glory; our moneyed horsemen have spent thousands on him alone, and visitors at the show this week will see more of him than of any other single individual. We speak of this week's show as "our" show because it really does stand for our national progress in horseflesh. There are others of considerable prominence given at different points, but no one attracts the widespread interest or holds the diversity or quality of entries as the New York affair, which is accounted for by the fact of our ranking as a city, and the further fact that New York is the centre of all waves of progress, and we are the people.

Philadelphia has the distinction of holding the second-best show (an open-air one); Boston has held one or two in the winter with success; Chicago's one attempt was a dire failure, owing to miserable management.

But the horses are not the only show at Madison Square Garden this week. There is a beauty show second to none in the world, with who shall say how many faultlessly gowned entries, returned from the summer outing to begin the winter's social campaign by a bit of preliminary skirmishing at the Horse Show!

It is beauty and the beast done over on improved lines.

THE MATABELE WAR.

The British have been waging another little war in South Africa, and angry echoes of it have of course been heard at Westminster, where all the British linen is exhibited, whether it be fair or foul, or whether it ever be washed or left to be dirty. Persons with inquisitive minds have been anxious to know what this war was about, and numerous have been the answers. The British government says that the war has been occasioned by the depredations of the Matabeles into the British territory of Mashonaland, and the unwillingness and inability of Lo Bengula, King of Matabele, to give to Sir Henry Loch, Governor of Cape Colony, assurances that these depredations and incursions into British territory would cease. On the other hand, the English radicals, led by Mr. Henry Labouchere, insist that the war is waged merely to extend the possessions of the South African Chartered Company, and so to raise the price of the shares that are dealt in on the London Stock Exchange. Doubtless there is something in both of these statements, for Lo Bengula could not maintain his supremacy as king and at the same time entirely suppress the depredations of the young warriors of his tribes. They are predatory by nature, and any serious effort to suppress them would have resulted in the overthrow and probably the execution of the king. Lo Bengula, who is not all savage, knew this, and Sir Henry Loch knew better than to trust to assurances which, if the king had given, he could not have kept. Therefore, war was an administrative necessity. And it is no secret that the Matabele country is richer in minerals than Mashonaland, and therefore would be a very valuable possession to a speculative company trembling on the verge of bankruptcy. Mr. Labouchere is very probably more than half right in his charge that the South African Company has fomented the trouble.

But the real cause of the war is to be found in human nature itself, and if one thing had not brought it on this year, something else would have caused it the next year or the year after. European civilization cannot exist next door to African savagery. This was the condition in the part of South Africa under consideration. A little study of the map of South Africa will show that Lo Bengula's people were almost surrounded by European territory and armed forts. It was inevitable that the savages would come in conflict with the Europeans, and that the contest would afford another illustration of the truth of the theory that the fittest would be the survivors. On the north of Matabele, separated by a narrow strip of Portuguese territory, the British have the Zambesi River, on which ply two strong British gunboats. On the south the British have the Transvaal, and that part of British Bechuanaland known as Khama's Country, and which, still further west, adjoins the German Southwest African possessions. On the east the British are separated from the Indian Ocean by Portuguese territory as settled by the convention of 1890, but through which they possess the right of way from Port Beira, which has just been doubly assured by Mr. Rhodes's new railway. The Portuguese have held a thousand miles of coast-line for three centuries, but have not done so much in the way of colonization in all that time as the British have done in a very few years. Now these Matabele boundaries are guarded by British forts as follows: Macloutsie and Tuli to the south, and forts Victoria, Charter, and Salisbury to the east and northeast. These forts are from 100 to 250 miles distant from Lo Bengula's chief kraal, Buluwayo, and the movements of his 200,000 people, 15,000 of whom are fighting men, are kept under constant observation. The British officers in South Africa have been sure that this conflict would come, and we may be sure that they have done nothing to prevent it. In an English journal we hear Colonel Sir F. Carrington, lately commanding the Bechuanaland border police, bemoaning the sad chance by which he was induced to resign his post there and return home just before hostilities began. This officer says that Lo Bengula and his people must be driven out of their country, so as to make room for British colonists.

Lo Bengula has been King of Matabele since 1870. His father was a noted Zulu general, who rebelled against Cetywayo and set up a kingdom of his own. At thirty years of age, when Lo Bengula succeeded to the chieftainship of this savage kingdom, he was partly civilized, and wore European clothes. He has long since forsaken these for the more congenial monkey-skins and feathers of his forefathers. He is very corpulent, but those who have seen him represent him as looking every inch a king. Mr. Rider Haggard and Mr. Selous, another South African explorer, represent Lo Bengula as a bloodthirsty savage not one whit better than the bloodthirsty people over whom he rules with arbitrary cruelty. Others say that he is as good a man and ruler as his environment will permit him to be. These say that he has to be arbitrary in his rule, or else abdicate; they represent him as just in his decisions and faithful in his promises. For practical purposes it does not now appear to be of consequence what kind of man Lo Bengula is or was, for the power of the Matabele king has been effectually and finally overthrown, and that in quick order.

When it was decided that hostilities should begin against the Matabeles there were concerted movements from the various British stations surrounding the doomed savages. The troops consisted of border police, colonists who had volunteered, some English regulars, and the tribes from Khama's Country, numbering some 5000. The British forces numbered something like 3000 men, and the men were splendidly armed, each command having several machine-guns—Maxims and Gatlings—and seven-pounder cannons. Skirmish after skirmish took place, but the Matabeles could do nothing against their European adversaries. They attacked again and again, with the same kind of bravery that made the Zulus such formidable foes, but the machine-guns were too much for them. At length, toward the end of October, Lo Bengula gathered his people together, and made a stand near his chief kraal, Buluwayo. Though he outnumbered the whites ten to one, he had no chance whatever, and in a few minutes so many of his men were killed that his army broke and fled. While the negroes were in the open the machine-guns mowed them down as a reaping-machine mows wheat. When the English advanced on Buluwayo they found the kraal deserted, and that Lo Bengula and his people had fled to the hills, where at present it will be impracticable to follow them, on account of the rainy season, which has already begun.

The Matabeles are a warlike and slave-owning people. They are not as manly as Zulus, as the fathers of the present generation intermarried with the timid women from Mashonaland, and the descendants show the effects of the mixture of blood. In their own country the men will not work, leaving all menial occupation to women and slaves. Taken away, however, from their native influences, they make excellent laborers, and it is thought that the breaking up of the tribes will be of great benefit in furnishing new laborers for the struggling industries of the Cape Colony.

THE FLOWER SHOW.

There is fashion in flowers as well as in dress, and though our women may look to Paris and our men to London for pointers on apparel, the standard and fashion in flowers are set for this country at the annual flower show in New York.

As the chrysanthemum is still the fashionable flower, it appropriately dominated the fall exhibition of the Florist's Club which closes next Saturday at the Industrial Palace on Lexington Avenue and Forty-third Street.

At a first glance the impression was of a chrysanthemum show, pure and simple. Wherever one looked, on every hand, were the great white, yellow, crimson tousle-headed beauties. Valuable prizes had been offered for them in one hundred and three hundred square feet lots, and the entries had been sufficiently numerous to fill the great hall of the building. Still, tucked away under the galleries were many entries for the prizes offered for other varieties of flowers, but as the prizes were smaller in value, the entries were not many, though the specimens on exhibition were in most instances very fine. Under the north gallery a somewhat larger crowd than elsewhere showed where the roses were, and where the real affections of the people were placed, in whatever other direction they might be swayed by the fad or fashion of the hour. Gorgeous as was the display of the almost countless varieties of the splendid Japanese chrysanthemum, which has practically driven out our modest little common or garden Chinese chrysanthemum, it loses much of its strikingly picturesque out-door effect when displayed in hundred yard lots and in "groups arranged for effect." The little tickets with the names of the different specimens, which are largely those of more or less well known people, as Mrs. Alpheus Hardy, Joey Hill, George William Childs, Colonel W. B. Smith, H. E. Widener, Maria Simpson, and Emma Hitzeroth, convey the impression of visiting-cards, and cause the looker-on to feel that he should not approach these haughty blooms familiarly, or without the formality of an introduction. Messrs. Pitcher & Manda, of Short Hills, carried off the lion's share of the chrysanthemum prizes, but Mr. W. Bayard Cutting and Mr. L. R. Powell earned well-deserved premiums, the former for large displays of uniform excellence, and the latter for exceptionally fine individual specimens. The Golden Wedding, which was a great favorite last year, still holds a place in the front rank, but the hairy flowered or ostrich-plumed varieties have been relegated to the button-holes of imitation dudes from Gotham.

Not the least interesting part of the exhibition is that devoted to new plants, which florists seem to invent much as Edison does telephones, phonographs, and electric-light plants. The most striking of this year's crop are a large green foliage plant with great silvery splashes, and a pretty little red-leaved acanthad with a name long enough to tie it up with and send it home.

A strong effort has been put forth to make this a comprehensive and representative exhibition, and it has certainly surpassed in general excellence those of previous years. It is to be hoped that in future exhibitions a still more general interest will be taken by growers, many of whom seem to stay out under the impression that a few of the largest houses are bound to gather in most of the premiums. Perhaps a more liberal offer of prizes for flowers not largely the specialties of some of the big dealers would contribute best to that result.

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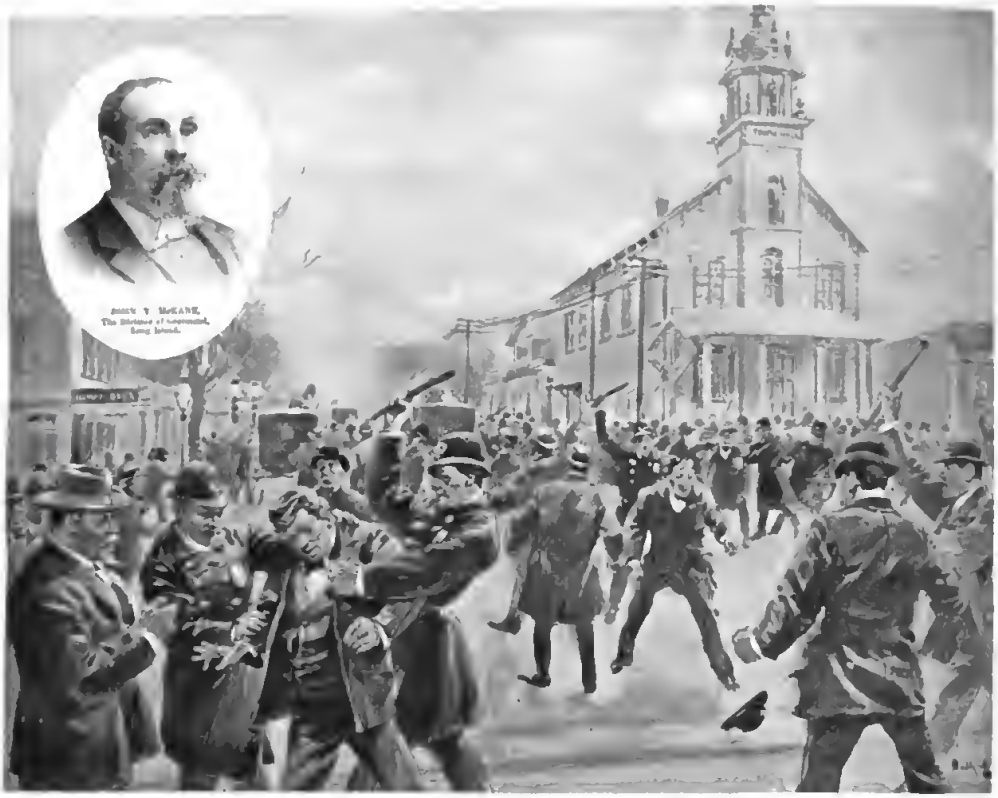

A REBELLION IN NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY NADHERNY.

John Y. McKane's police at Gravesend defy the order of the Supreme Court.—[See Page 1110.]

NEW YORK'S ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW.—DRAWN BY VICTOR PERARD.—[SEE PAGE 1099.]

A World of Chrysanthemums.

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A SPORTING WEEK

BY GEORGE ROLLER

I

"NOW look here, Charlie, are you going to ride old Dazzle for me, or not? You must just make up your mind."

"Well, old man, I have been thinking it over, and there are several reasons why I would rather not. First and foremost, I am not anxious to break my neck; secondly, if the brute is really so bad as his reputation, I don't see much use in your running him, except on the chance of getting rid of him, as I should think he is quite as likely to break his own neck as his rider's; and thirdly—here my natural modesty appears—I don't see why you should think that I am more likely to get him along than any other Johnny. So, on the whole, I think I had better 'send in my jacket,' as the jocks say."

"Very well, then, he shan't start, for although I have backed him for a bit on the strength of your promise to ride, I should be very sorry to be instrumental in smashing you up, and now that he has turned so confoundedly nasty over his gallops, I think perhaps it would, after all, be as well, in the interests of humanity, not to run him. Don't you think so, Clifford?"

"Yes, I think you are right, but we have all heard so much of Mr. Beresford's riding that I confess to feeling disappointed that we shall be deprived of the pleasure and instruction we all expected from the display, but if he's at all nervous he is wise to decline the mount, without regard for your book or our chance of learning something."

This conversation took place in my cousin Joe Helyar's comfortable smoking-room, where we had adjourned for cigars and soda water after the ladies had gone to bed. Charlton Grange was a capital house to stay in, as my cousin and his charming wife were renowned for doing their guests well, and at the time of my story his house was full of young people, all anxiously looking forward to a ball, which was to take place on the following night, some point-to-point races at the end of the week, and such other amusements as the house and neighborhood afforded and the month of May permits. I was lucky enough to form one of this merry party, and I fear I was by no means the quietest or best behaved amongst the dozen or so other guests. My excuse for any liveliness which may have distinguished me is that I am a bachelor, twenty three years of age, and in the service of the Queen. As I belong to a line regiment, I am, of course, very fond of riding (my brother officers in the cavalry prefer bicycle or any mode of progression to that on a horse), and I had come to spend the last week of my leave with my amiable relatives at Charlton Grange.

On several occasions I had been fairly successful as an amateur jock and hence my cousin's anxiety to secure me for his horse Dazzle, which was entered in the hunt point-to-point race, to be run the next Friday afternoon. I had seen this animal once in his box. He looked a rare sort, a brown, with grand raking shoulders, apparently great jumping power behind, and plenty of quality, although he was not quite clean bred. Unfortunately, without being actually vicious, he had of late earned the reputation of losing his head and being an inveterate bolter. Every infernal invention in the way of bits for curing this infirmity had been tried, but without success, and in the stable he was regarded as incorrigible, although his enormous staying and jumping powers were universally admitted. Only one of the grooms had ever been able to ride him, and lately his gallops in preparation for the race had to be discontinued, owing to his having so terrified his rider on the last occasion he was out that this otherwise plucky horseman had declined running any more risks of being brought home on a gate. There seemed a unanimous sense amongst all who knew the horse that he was not safe to ride in anything like a race, but that if he could only be kept in a course, there wasn't another in the county that could touch him. My cousin, whose pretty wife had cost him his nerve, never rode him now, but he was loath to part with him, not only on account of his being undoubtedly a grand horse, but he felt some responsibility as to the possible results of his getting into the hands of some one either ignorant of his evil propensities or incapable of overcoming them.

I do not know whether it is a general experience, but when I find myself in a house party, or any similar crowd of people, there is generally some individual amongst them (in my case almost invariably a man) to whom I take a violent and uncontrollable dislike, and on this occasion Captain Clifford was the object of such animosity as, under the otherwise pleasant surroundings, it was possible to direct against any one who had, so far, done nothing particularly injurious to me or my feelings. Our antipathy was evidently mutual, which seemed to me curious as I have considerable command over my features, and had treated him with every show of courtesy, although I met with little encouragement from the lurid and soul quelling glare which accompanied any notice of my attentions. He was a good looking fellow enough, and, having large means, had the reputation of being a good sportsman, but I thought him from the first a brute, and I don't think any one cared very much about him. I had quite decided that my cousin's proposal that I should ride his horse was not good enough, when Captain Clifford's last-recorded remark made me change my mind. No man likes to have his courage called in question, and I determined not to give him any chance of throwing doubts upon my nerve, whatever my ability might be, to ride any horse that was ever foaled. Half an hour afterwards on taking my candle from Joe, I said: "Could I be called at seven o'clock to-morrow? I think after all, I should just like to see whether I can make anything of your chaser. It will give me an appetite for breakfast."

"By Jove!" said Joe; "do you really want to have a shy at the old beggar?"

"Well, I should just like to see how we get on together; but keep it dark, old chap, as I don't want them all laughing at me if I don't go to the post."

"Good man!" exclaimed my cousin, evidently more relieved than he liked to say. "But take care of yourself, and let me hear all about it before breakfast. I shall be more than pleased if you will ride for me, for, to tell you the truth, I have backed him for a good deal, and besides, I am awfully anxious to knock out that chap Clifford, who fancies himself and his mare to a sickening extent. I am sure with your hands and seat you will be all right, and enjoy the fun. Good luck to you, and good-night!"

I had just had my morning gallop on Dazzle, and was watching him have his rub-down in the stable yard, when my cousin joined me.

"Well, Charlie," he said, "the fiery one hasn't done for you after all; I knew you were the man for him. Now tell me what you think of our chance. Is he good enough?"

"That is rather a difficult question to answer," I replied, "especially as I don't know the course, or anything about the other entries, and the fact is I was considering this very point when you came out. There is no mistake about his being a grand horse; he gallops very hard and strong, but perhaps goes a bit too high for a racer, which would give a thoroughbred the legs of him. He's a good plucked one too, for I rode him this morning quite three miles at top speed, and he was pulling right up to the bitter end."

"Did you find him get very excited or unmanageable?" inquired Joe, rather anxiously.

"Yes, I did, rather." (I thought it as well not to admit that for the first mile I was nearly scared out of my life by the sense of utter helplessness, which was produced by Dazzle's remarkable callousness to my hands and voice.) "But I think that with a little gentle treatment we shall get along all right. That awful Chifney bit only irritates him; we must try a plain snaffle next time."

"I'm afraid you won't be able to hold him," said Joe, doubtfully.

"I must take my chance of that. As far as I can see, if the old beggar is once upset, no bit in this world will stop

"I CAN SEE HER NOW, AS SHE RODE UP."

him and I think he is less likely to 'raise Cain' if I use a snaffle. Anyway, I am going to try it. By the way, what sort of a course is it to be?"

"That," said my cousin, "will be kept a secret up to the time of starting, but I believe it will probably be a sort of half circle, over very stiff country somewhere in the neighborhood of old General Hatfield's park."

"Ah!" said I, "I don't like those half-circle courses. They have come into fashion of late in order to give the spectators a chance of seeing more of the race, and may be all very well from their point of view, but for those riding it is simply a benefit for the local men who know the country well. Give me either a regular flagged out course or else a good old fashioned point-to-point in the true sense of the word, a straight line from the start to some visible object in the distance. I don't know a yard of your country, so I speak feelingly on the subject."

"Well, old man, all you will have to do is to stick behind any one who should happen to be leading, that is to say if Dazzle will let you."

"Now that is the very thing I want to avoid," said I. "He will go a hundred per cent better if I let him go his line of his own, of that I am confident. Besides, with a good stout horse, my game must certainly be to make the pace as hot as possible throughout, but we must leave ways and means to chance, and do the best we can. Anyway, if Dazzle goes to the post, I think it will be good business to lay the field at evens against Captain Clifford's Firefly. Isn't that about how the betting stands at present? I hear he will back his mare to almost any amount, so if you are going to have anything on with him, you can let me have a hundred of it. I am not a betting man as a rule, but I should very much like to score off him."

"Right you are," said my cousin; "and now for some breakfast. We won't say anything in doors about your ride, as I want to surprise them a bit on Friday."

As we were returning to the house I asked him a question that had been uppermost in my mind during the latter part of our conversation, as to who was the General Hatfield that he had mentioned in connection with the races, and was he the father of a certain Miss Amy Hatfield with whom I had some slight acquaintance?

"Why, of course he is!" answered Joe. "I thought you knew all about them. She caused quite a sensation in town last season, and no wonder, for she is one of the prettiest and nicest girls I have ever seen. The men are all mad about her down here, and some say that Clifford will be first past the post, as he is always hanging about, doing the agreeable to the old general by eating his infernally hot curries and pillaus that make most people first weep bitterly and then feel very sick, in order to make the running with Miss Amy. I am bound to say, though, she gives him no encouragement, and is much too good for him, especially as she will have a pot of money when the old buffer dies. She is coming to our ball to-night, and if you have met her you ought to try and have a cut-in before it's too late. Fortune always favors the brave."

I endeavored as well as I could to conceal my interest in Joe's last remarks, but I was conscious that my heart was beating more rapidly than usual and it required the distractions caused by our sudden invasion of the breakfast-room to enable me to recover myself, and remember how very absurd and fatuous all this internal commotion about nothing was. I had certainly met Miss Hatfield at several dances during the season, and had been lucky enough to find a seat near her occasionally at Hurlingham or Lords, and intoxicate myself, not with my modest libations of Pommery, but with deep draughts drawn from her beautiful blue eyes. We had certainly danced a good deal together, and I fancied somehow that she seemed to like my society better than that of some of her most avowed admirers; but how could I, a humble sub., with only a few hundreds a year above my pay, think seriously of aspiring to so much beauty and so many charms, combined with what certainly enhances all human attractions so much money? Still she had never been out of my thoughts, and it was strange that I had not found out before this that she was living so near, and that I should see her again to-night, and revive the slumbering hopes I had tried in vain to extinguish. How glad I was that I had decided to ride Dazzle in spite of my misgivings, and I now felt doubly keen to make an exhibition of Clifford, who very likely had been amusing his friends with accounts of my funking and backing out of my engagements. As my cousin said, fortune favors the brave, and I could at any rate prove that when I entered for a race, of whatever kind, I did not flinch like a coward from the obstacles and difficulties in my path.

After breakfast I heard Joe say, as he met some of the men in the hall, "I say, Clifford, I will take the field for a level monkey against your mare. I know you are anxious to back her."

"Done along with you," said Clifford. "I shall leave your house richer than I came."

The time for the ball duly arrived, and everything went off as well as possible, but as this is a sporting story I must stick to my line and not run riot over descriptions, such as I am told—for I don't read much myself—novelists delight in, of the nobility and gentry, their dress, ornaments, and general appearance, what they said, and what they didn't say but only thought, etc., etc. I must not even make the usual digressions to describe the sensations attributed to waltzing, nor to tell you what Byron and Moore have to say about them, as if you didn't know, which in these days of Board Schools and cheap editions of the poets, and the tendency of youth to read those particular authors and poems which their seniors wish to monopolize, is alone an insult to the budding intelligence. It is enough to say that it was a delightful ball, and that Amy Hatfield looked more lovely than ever, and greeted me with undisguised warmth; her bright fair hair, deep blue eyes, and refined features would have made her a noticeable figure anywhere, and to-night she was undoubtedly the admitted belle of the ball and the object of all the men's attentions, and a good many of the women's jealousy. Of course she used me very badly about the dances; I didn't get half as many as I wanted. She knew so many people that could not be ignored, and amongst them Captain Clifford, who waltzed confoundedly well, much better than I did; it made my blood boil to see her in his arms apparently enjoying it, too. How well women can hide their real feelings! I thought. I took it for granted she must share my dislike for her partner, which was really not very reasonable.

I, however, was not the man to go and sulk in the corner, so footed it with the best of them, and found my time well taken up by duty dances with the many ladies I knew in the room, but they seemed for the time to have lost all the attractions I had formerly believed them to possess, they had grown heavier and displayed no sort of facility, still I dragged them about until they generally begged for mercy, for as my eyes were always following the object of my thoughts, I was unable to display my usual dexterity in the avoidance of the terrific onslaughts from the rush and impetuous [illegible] to pick who with the usual lack of skill which [illegible] most hunting men in a ballroom, were dashing about regardless of everybody and everything except getting round the room more often than any one else whilst the music lasted and being less blown at the end.

As a reward for my labors, and a set off to the openly expressed and justly merited annoyance at my stupidity and clumsiness of several of my partners whom at any other time I would have given worlds not to offend, I had the last

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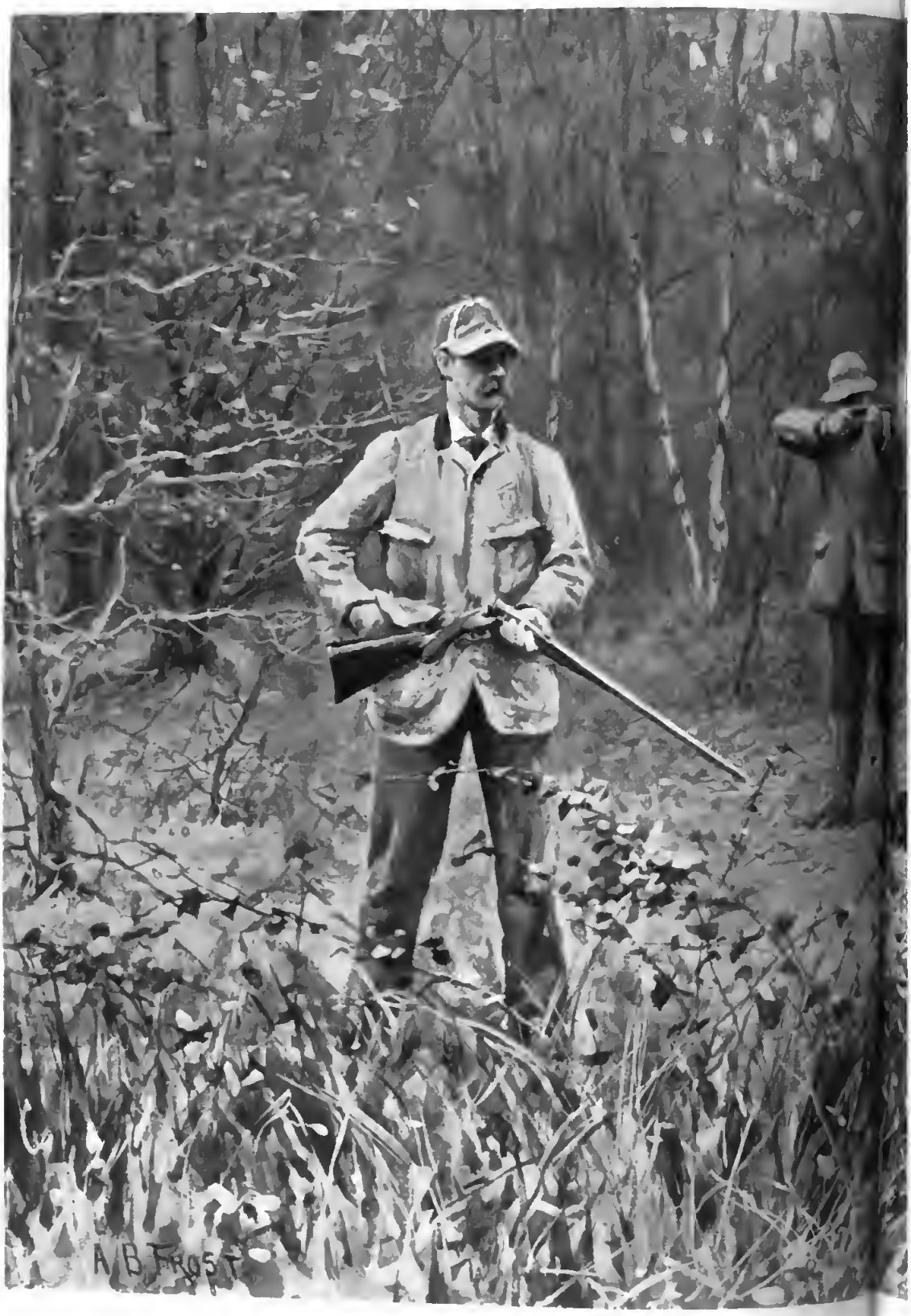

QUAIL-SHOOTING—A W[illegible]ER.

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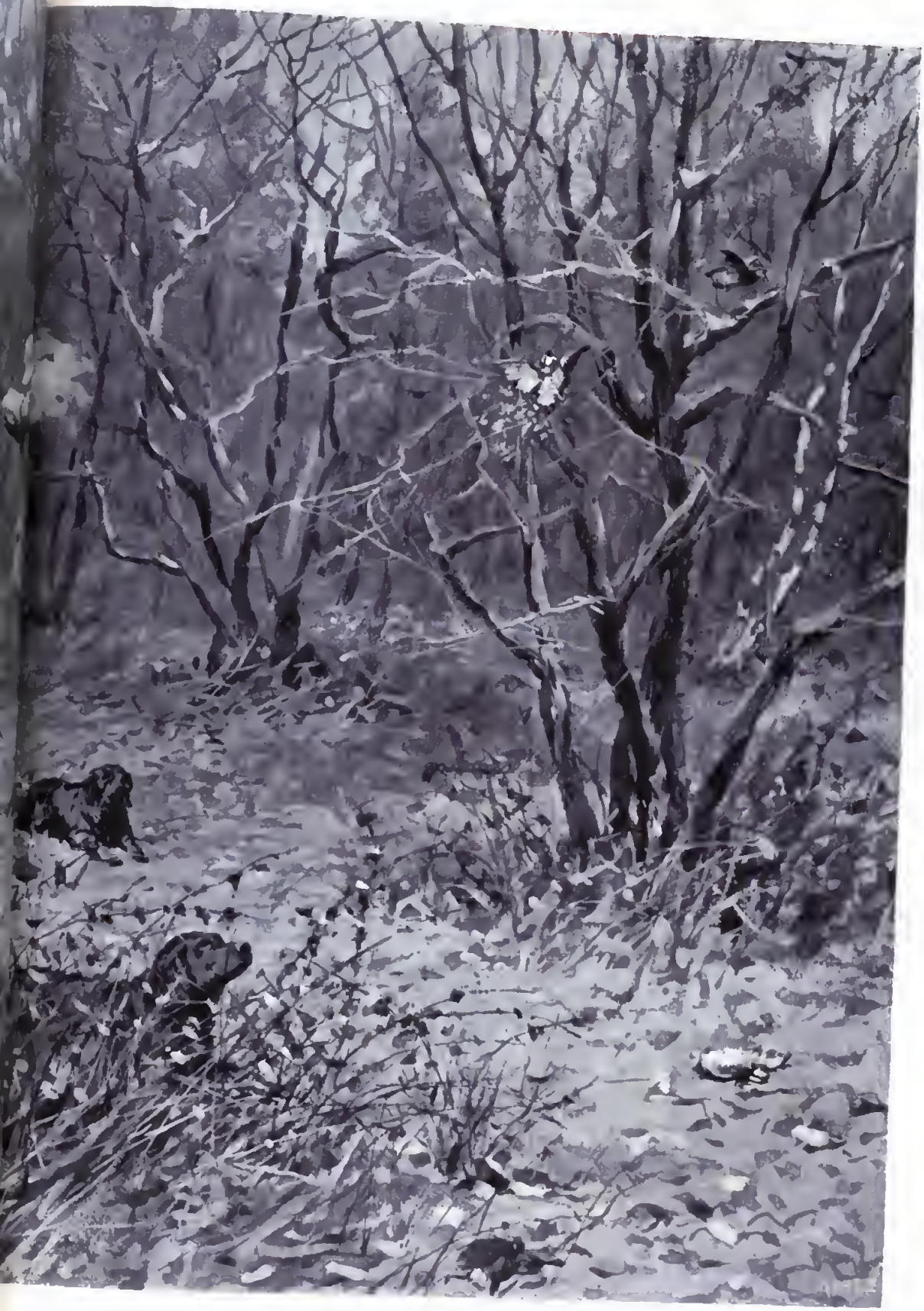

ER.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

waltz (the sixth extra) of the evening—or rather morning, for it was past four o'clock—with *her*, and afterwards mine was the inexpressible bliss to sit with her in the large bay-window of the hall, watching for the sun to rise, waiting for her carriage, and hoping—at least I was—that it would not come round too soon. I was very happy, but, I must admit, our conversation was on the most prosaic subjects, and not at all sentimental. At last she said, "Of course you are coming to our races to-morrow?"

"Yes," I replied. "I shall be there. I am going to ride."

"Oh, I am so glad! Are you going to ride a horse of your own?"

"No, my cousin's horse Dazzle; but you mustn't say anything about it, as it is a secret. Joe is anxious that no one should think his horse is going to start, as there has been some difficulty about getting a rider, and it was doubtful whether it would be much use in any case, but he now wants to provide a surprise for a few of them on the course."

Her head was turned from me as I was speaking, but I thought I noticed a slight movement of surprise or uneasiness when I mentioned the name of my mount. She sat still until I had finished the admonition to secrecy which my unintentional admission made necessary, and then, rising and turning towards me, she said, almost angrily: "Mr. Helver ought to know better than to let any one ride such a brute! I fear, Mr. Beresford, I know the horse better than you do, and he is really not safe to ride hunting, let alone in a steeple-chase. I shall just tell your cousin, when I get the chance, what I think of him. Still, I know nothing I can say will be any use now, nor prevent you riding."

I almost interrupted her to assure her that for her sake I would give up even this pleasure, when she continued: "I shouldn't think much of you if a girl's fears of danger were of enough weight to deter *you* from doing anything you intended, so I will finish by giving you a good scolding. What do you mean by dancing and drinking champagne and keeping bad hours when you ought to be thinking of your nerves? Captain Clifford, who is also going to ride, went to bed hours ago. Oh, here's our carriage at last, and I can hear father calling me. Now go to bed and take care of yourself, for I want you to win. Good-night."

She was gone, but I felt no inclination to turn in, so I went out into the cold morning air and smoked a weed until the grooms were up, when I changed my clothes and did my last morning's gallop. Dazzle, as I expected, went much better with the plain snaffle, indeed, we seemed to be getting to understand each other, and I began to feel more confident about my mount. When I returned I went in and had a few hours sleep, turning up at the very late breakfast feeling fit and well.

II

Next day at about lunch time all was hurry and bustle. Three men staying in the house besides Clifford and myself were going to ride in the races, and they were all worrying over the boots, breeches, and ties which were presently to be displayed for the calm approbation of the rank, beauty, and fashion of the whole county side, and the audible admiration and envy of the humbler spectators, who on so popular an occasion were expected to be present in large numbers. The ladies on their part were also, no doubt, feeling a becoming anxiety about their looks and toilets, and were engaged in those sacred and mysterious rites which,

"MUCH TO THE SURPRISE OF TWO BOYS WHO WERE SITTING ON THE TOP RAIL."

like the functions of the *bona dea*, no male eye has ever penetrated, and to which I cannot even darkly refer without a sensation of awe and reverence.

Joe was going to drive the whole party on his drag to the place of rendezvous, the Three Crowns, Purley, which was close to General Harfield's park gates, his wife and I were to follow them in a dog-cart. The starting point for our race was, of course, still a secret, and formed the subject of much speculation. I had agreed with Joe not to don my war paint until the drag had started, so during lunch I was a good deal chaffed and congratulated on my wise choice in preferring the ladies' society to the chance of breaking my precious neck, with other similar witticisms at my expense, all of which I took in good part. At about two they departed, in the best of spirits, and I at once got into my togs, and found my cousin Eva waiting for me, already seated in her cart and her pony anxious to be off. Away we went, and a very pleasant half hour's drive we had, as we were both in high glee at the thought of the little surprise that was in store for our friends. We had a good deal to say about Miss Harfield and my interest on the subject did not escape her attention, she seemed also to have remarked something peculiar in my conduct at the ball, and evidently traced it to its true origin, for I was soon under fire from those batteries of inquisition with which every married woman is armed, my reticence was overcome, and a capitulation agreed on the terms of my making a full confession. I then told her in a rhapsody of words, that fortunately for my self-respect I can't remember, of my love—no, love was too vulgar a sensation—adoration, worship, for the divine goddess who had condescended to approach this sublunary sphere in the person of Miss Amy Harfield, no doubt selecting the General as a foster father to accentuate the difference of their origin. I qualified this admission by acknowledging the futility of my aspirations, and that I knew only too well that I had not the remotest chance of success, even if I had the presumption to declare myself. My cousin, a born match-maker (dealing in more combustible material even than Messrs. Bryant & May), was much interested in my exuberant confidences, and not only promised me such help as was in her power, but so encouraged my faint hopes that I plucked up spirits amazingly, and by the time we arrived at the Three Crowns I was able to descend from my seat with all the airy lightness and gallantry of an accepted suitor. We were rather late, and found that every one had already moved off to the starting-point, so no time was to be lost. I jumped into the cart again, after making inquiries, and we hurried along the road by which we were directed, and soon came up with the tail end of the crowd, when I knew that all would be right, and that we were in plenty of time, as the groom in charge of Dazzle, having had orders to lead him to the starting-point, would be there awaiting me. A very pretty sight soon greeted our eyes, for besides the many horsemen, there were assembled in the road numbers of smart carriages and traps of all kinds, their inmates being radiant with good temper, and resplendent in the gala costumes suitable for so fashionable and popular an assembly. The eighteen starters for our race, which was to be run first, conspicuous in their pink coats and white breeches, were assembled on the brow of a hill in a large grass field. But the interest and beauty of this scene was entirely lost on me; my eyes were riveted on the one object of which my heart was full. It did not require the gentle pressure of my cousin's elbow to draw my attention to the fact that Miss Harfield was riding in our direction. I can see her now as she rode up, her hair seeming to shame the sun into shining more brightly, her straw hat, neatly arrayed tie, open shirt front, and every detail of her well-fitting habit, framed by the dark trees of the park beyond. She gradually made her way to where we had pulled up, threading a path through the maze of vehicles and groups of spectators with the ease and dexterity of a finished horsewoman, her hands down, elbows close, body erect but supple, yielding to every motion of her horse with that undulating grace which is, alas! not common to all lady riders, and managing her horse in that easy confident style that can neither be acquired nor described. there are some women who look as if they should never get off a horse, as if they were made for each other, and Amy Harfield was certainly one of these. She was lovely enough in her ball dress, but to my idea she seemed doubly attractive now, as she leant from her old hunter, with sparkling eyes and heightened color, to greet us.

"Ah, Mr. Beresford," she said, "I was afraid you would be too late. Your horse is over there, looking very fit, but rather wicked." As I was getting down from the dog cart, Captain Clifford rode up on his mare, Firefly, a slashing thoroughbred, for which he had recently given a great price. He seemed much surprised as he caught sight of me in my hunting things.

"So you are going to ride something after all!" he exclaimed. "Whom have you got to trust you with a mount?"

I was going to reply with some asperity, when my cousin Eva stopped me by saying, "Why, don't you know he is going to have a gallop on our old Dazzle, and as I think the stable ought always to support their own candidate, I have invested some of my pocket money on him."

Clifford didn't seem overpleased, but merely replied, "Well, I'm glad, for the sake of the service, that he has made up his mind, after all, to ride. I wish him luck." Then turning to me, he asked, "Do you know the country we have got to ride over?"

"Not a bit," said I. "Do you?"

"Yes," he replied, "I may say I know every stone of it; and I can tell you one thing, if you only break something less valuable to you than your neck you may consider yourself jolly lucky."

"Now don't listen to Captain Clifford," said Miss Harfield to me. "He is only trying to put you off. I know you will be all right, and when you have won the race, come over to our coach; you will want a whiskey and soda after a four-mile gallop over our country."

"Bless you!" thought I, as I walked away to find old Dazzle.

Captain Clifford raised his hat to the ladies and rode off, looking very black.

I was just going to mount, when I heard some one ride up behind me, and felt a light touch on my shoulder. Turning round, I saw an anxious and excited pair of blue eyes looking down into mine.

"Mr. Beresford," said Miss Harfield, pointing towards the opposite hill, "you see that fence about half a mile off. Well, it's a nasty double, with a boggy lane between run

"HE LANDED A BIT SHORT, THE BANK GAVE WAY, AND WE ROLLED OVER AND OVER."

deep. You must make for that solitary fir tree on the right, the fence is lightest there."

She then rode off without waiting for my thanks for this kindly advice, and leaving me in a state of pleased and hopeful excitement. Did not her anxious face and manner suggest something more than a sporting interest in the race, or was it only my own foolish fancy, begotten of man's customary leaning towards the interpretation which most favors his self-conceit? Somehow I felt confident that I was not mistaken in my first impression, and it was with a light heart that I once more turned my attention to Mr. Dazzle, and went through the process of mounting him, which at times was no such simple undertaking as it sounds. However, after looking him well in the eye, and talking to him gently, he let me take the reins and mane in my left hand, and, my foot once in the stirrup, I drew myself gently into the saddle, when, with just a suspicion of a buck, he allowed himself to be ridden fairly quietly to the further corner of the field, where the others were already gathered round the starter, who was also mounted, and swelling with the dignity of his office.

Many were the exclamations of surprise as I rode up. "Hullo, old chap! Going to ride the fiery untamed one, after all?" said one. "I shall give you a jolly wide berth," said another. "What price funeral, done in our best style?" "Who's going to pick up the pieces?" "Have you remembered me in your will, old man?" "Looks rather green about the gills, don't he?" These were a few of the encouraging and cheerful remarks with which my appearance was hailed by my fellow-riders. Fortunately I could not allow myself to dwell long on the anticipations of my probable fate, which it was the tendency of all this friendly badinage to convey to my perturbed understanding, as I was obliged to give all my attention to the starter, who was saying something to the following effect: "And now, gentlemen, as you are all here, listen to me, please. You see that white flag over there? Well, that's your direction. You must keep to the left of that, and, after crossing 'something' lane, you will come to 'so and so's' farm; you must then bear to the right, when you will see a red flag; pass this on your left. When you come to Lea Brook, you will see a hay cart" (here a smile wandered over the speaker's face; we all knew why before half an hour was over). "Well, you must keep to the left of this, and then—" But why continue? It was all Greek to me and probably even more uninteresting and unintelligible than that language would be to my cultured readers; being quite a stranger in the land, all these names conveyed nothing but confusion to my mind, so I gave up as a bad job all attempts at trying to understand the starter's instructions. There was nothing for it but to play the waiting game, and try to follow whoever might be leading, much as this scheme was against the chances of my making a good shew at the end.

I thought as I took my place that nothing could well be more exciting than the start of a four-mile steeple-chase over a strange country. The number of things that may happen in the next quarter of an hour is overwhelming, your horse may bolt, or he may refuse the first fence, you may cannon and come down; some one may ride over you; there is no bone in your body that may not be broken; you may kill your horse or your horse may kill you; but, after all, you may win the race. The contemplation of so many possibilities, most of them unpleasant, engrosses all the energies of the mind, and whatever elation a rider may feel at the prospect of success, it is largely tempered and diluted with certain irrepressible doubts and misgivings which must always assail the most confident horseman at such moments. In another instant we are off to a good start and the large field of eighteen spread out fan-shaped, and make for the fence at the bottom of the field. "Ah, you old sinner, I thought you would try that game on," said I, as Dazzle got his head up and fairly bolted at the fence. We were too near now for me to steady him, so I just let him go. It was nothing of a jump, but he rushed it badly. "If that's the way you're going to take your fences, you fool, you'll never get the course. Now, then, down with your head—come steady—there's a good lad!" Dazzle seemed to think then

was some reason in what I said, for the next field being a fairly large one he let me make friends with him, and I was able to pull him back on the other horses, which were still all in a cluster. He continued to do his fences quicker than I liked, but so far I had nothing much to complain of in his behavior. We were rapidly approaching the formidable double that Miss Harfield had described and pointed out, and I noticed at once that the others evidently knew it only too well, as they all steadied down to a slow canter. I tried in vain to follow suit, so turning to the right, I made for the fir tree. I had time to watch Tommy Gordon, who was riding a horse called Baronet, and Captain Clifford bob in and out in fine style. They were followed by two or three others who bobbed in all right, but failed to appear again in the next field. Then a man named Halgrave on a clever thoroughbred negotiated both banks successfully. And now it was my turn. "Come, steady, old man," said I, as I vainly endeavored to pull up a bit. "You won't? Then do it your own way." Dazzle promptly took me at my word, and how he managed it I don't know. It was one big scramble with a drop in the middle of it, and we picked ourselves up with the double behind us without really ever coming down. How I blessed my guardian angel for her timely warning, for had the first fence been stronger, we should never have got through. The field was now somewhat thinned. Clifford and Halgrave were well to the fore, and taking a line of their own, and I determined if possible to follow them, keeping about twenty yards in their wake. This little arrangement, however, did not last long, as we almost immediately approached a small brook with what looked to me an unjumpable fence on the near side of it. The two men in front evidently knew the place, as they made straight for the farther corner, expecting to find a gap; in this, however, they were disappointed, as the farmer, in that spirit of philanthropy which sometimes distinguishes the practical agriculturist, had by the erection of some heavy posts and rails, transformed the gap into the most impregnable section of the whole fence. Water and timber will stop most men, and it stopped these. At least their horses both swerved off in opposite directions without much conflict with their riders. I thought of trying to pull up, but before I knew well what I was doing old Dazzle had cleared the lot. I don't believe any horse has ever done a much grander jump under such circumstances. It was at least twenty-five feet from take-off to landing, and a four-foot rail into the bargain.

I was now alone, with the race, to all appearance, practically in my hands. I went easily down the next bit of plough, plumped into a lane and out again over a gate, much to the surprise of two boys who were sitting on the top rail. Dazzle's blood was fairly up now, and I think he would have jumped anything. We were sailing gayly along across two or three fields divided by big, awkward fences, when it suddenly occurred to me, "Where the deuce am I?" Not a flag was to be seen, nor anything to indicate the course, and as yet not a horse was in sight. It struck me suddenly that I must have come too much to the right. I was foaming with rage at this turn of affairs, and decided to pull up, when, "Ah, hurrah! here comes somebody at last!" said I, as some one in a pink coat came tearing towards me; but, alas! it was only young Grigg on a horse that was evidently running away.

"Which is the way?" I yelled as he galloped past.

"Goodness only knows," he managed to shout before disappearing into a quickset hedge at the end of the field. "Any way but this, I should say."

This was a cheerful predicament! I was nearly giving up all hope of hitting the right line, when, turning in my saddle, I saw to my consternation about half a dozen riders, sole remnants of the eighteen who started, with Clifford in the van, all going hard about two hundred yards to the left of me, and after them I had to bucket. Dazzle was as fresh as paint, and never, in his eagerness to catch up to the horses he saw ahead of us, did he gallop stronger. I presently saw one of the guiding flags right in front of us, but, to my surprise, all the others turned off to the left. "Ah!" thought I, "they must know of something nasty between us and the flag, and are going round to avoid it. Now's my chance; a straight line for the flag, old horse, and no mistake, please." On we galloped, getting well over about six easy fences, whilst the rest of them were still edging away in a half-circle on my left. I was just beginning to congratulate myself on the result of my manœuvres, thinking that, after all, there was nothing very bad, and that there was every prospect of my getting a good lead, when right in front of me there loomed up, grim and menacing, a horribly big fence of thick and high blackthorn, quite bad enough to excuse craning, even if there were nothing on the other side. It was a case of do or die, and as I jammed my hat on my head, clinched my teeth, and sent Dazzle along at a goodish pace, I almost forgot in the excitement of the moment the dangers in which my temerity and ignorance had involved us. It was an awful jump. And how nobly the old horse spread himself out when he caught sight, too late, of the deep-cut drain on the other side! It was too much even for him. He landed a bit short, the bank gave way, and we rolled over and over.

I can only give a very hazy and confused account of all that happened afterwards. I have a dim recollection of having scrambled on to my feet with the reins still in my hands, a vague idea that I saw some riders coming down the sort of cart track into which I had fallen, almost at right angles to the line I had taken. As my horse struggled to his feet I must have thrown my leg across him, though I can recollect nothing of it, for I next found myself thundering along again with one or two of the others about a couple of lengths behind.

At the end of the track crossing a wide brook was a bridge; this was blocked by a large wagon. The others again left me, going toward the right for some narrower part of the stream, I supposed, but still I kept the old horse straight. He sprang from a good take-off, faltered for one brief moment, but recovered—good plucked one that he was—and I once more set him going on the other side.

On nearing the last jump I felt that my knees had completely lost their grip of the saddle, and so tried to hold on to the cantle with my right hand, when I noticed for the first time that my arm was numbed and useless, and became conscious of acute agony below the shoulder.

How I managed to keep my seat I don't know, as I was now faint and giddy with pain, and the blurred prospect was turning round and round and forming such curious and fanciful arrangements of form and color as I remembered to have seen in a kaleidoscope when a child.

I knew, however, that my work was not yet done, and that we had now come to the straight run in. From this point to the winning-post the crowd formed two lines about three hundred yards long, and as I tried to pull myself together for a final effort, I heard, amidst much incoherent clamor, one friendly though bucolic voice, quavering with excitement, exclaim, "Stick to un, marster; they'll have to go fast to catch yer."

"Poor Dazzle! The past strain must have tried him terribly, and there was a slight hill to breast before the goal was reached. As he struggled nobly on, with two or three thoroughbreds close to his heels, I could feel his powers failing him; he rolled a bit across the course. Some one was rapidly coming up to me. I could hear the sound of hoofs and labored breath getting more and more distinct every second. I just felt Dazzle with the spur, and shouted to him in a voice hoarse with pain and fatigue. Amidst the roar and tumult of the excited crowd, he seemed once more to lift himself along in a last expiring gallant effort. But at this moment something went in my brain, and I remember no more.

When I returned to consciousness I found myself lying in a comfortable bed, with the anxious face of my cousin Eva bending over me.

"Where am I?" I said.

"In General Harfield's house," she said, "where you were carried straight from the course."

"But what's the matter with me? Why am I trussed up like this?"

"A broken arm and concussion of the brain. You have been very, very ill for three days."

"But you'll be all right now, old fellow, if you'll only keep quiet," said a bass voice in the background. It was Joe's, and I noticed, good old chap that he is, that his tone was none too steady.

"Did I win?" I asked.

"Of course you did," answered Joe, "and then fell off; but the damage was done before, and all the world is wondering how on earth you managed to remount and stick on for so long with such injuries. Dazzle was first, Firefly second, and Ratcatcher third. It is no use my saying now how grieved I am I let you ride, or how grateful I am to you for winning; you know me well enough to believe that I would far rather have been smashed up myself. We have had our punishment, though, as our feelings when you were picked up for dead will not be forgotten in a lifetime."

"It wasn't Dazzle's fault," I said. "I don't believe any other horse in the country could have followed the line we took."

"Every one says the same," Joe replied. "It was a magnificent race. We can now afford to pension him off for life. You and he together have won me quite a hatful, but it has been dearly gained, and if any one else had been riding him, the result would have been very different. It was a grand piece of horsemanship throughout."

"Oh, rot! You old humbug!" I muttered.

Eva now leant over me and said in a tone too low for her husband to hear: "Charlie, you have pounded the field in another way, and won something much more valuable than the Point-to-Point Stakes. Can you guess what it is?"

Without waiting for my reply, she left the room and presently returned, leading Amy Harfield by the hand. She was looking pale and anxious, but as sweet as ever, and I saw to my joy something in her look that made clear the answer to my cousin's question.

No word was spoken to break the solemn silence of the darkened room, but as she put her hand in mine, making no attempt to withdraw it, I raised it gently to my lips, and her eyes, more eloquent than words, overflowed with tears, which spoke not of pain or sorrow, but of the exulting joy and gladness which, so long as the world revolves and human hearts beat, will attend the heaven-born gift of newly dawning love.

Need I say more? Could there be any better ending to a right sporting week!

THIS BUSY WORLD

Let us be thankful that election is over, and we are no longer called upon to exercise ourselves in the endeavor to determine what conduct is and what is not justifiable in a lawyer. The average layman usually knows whether he is doing right or not. If he really has doubts it is natural enough for him to consult a lawyer about it. But that he should have to consult himself as to the legality and amenity of something a lawyer has done strikes him as a hardship. Many honest men have really distressed themselves within the last two months over Judge Maynard's case. Not a few were puzzled on the very eve of election by the imputation of misconduct against Mr. Bartlett in drawing what turned out long afterwards to be a contract between two rascals for a partition of their "swag." It is not too much to say that it is the earnest desire of many weary laymen in the State of New York that hereafter lawyers that are nominated for judicial offices may be tried before election, before competent tribunals, and that questions concerning their professional behavior may not again be left to the adjudication of lay voters.

The liberty of the religious press as understood in the Roman Catholic Church seems to be the liberty to express permitted views. But the American press seems not to have adequately illustrated that understanding. At a meeting of Roman Catholic Archbishops in Chicago, in September, notice was taken of the "injury done to religion" by the propensity of editors of Roman Catholic journals in America to criticise bishops and high ecclesiastics, and carp at and condemn their actions. For the better guidance of such unruly scribes copies of certain decrees of the third plenary council at Baltimore were directed to be circulated among the Roman Catholic editors. Great must be the persuasive and other powers of the Roman Church if it can induce its American editors to take practical notice that its bishops are greater men than they, and are to be treated with obedience and respect. The last thing any American editor, religious or secular, wants to be told is that there is any one on earth at whom he may not hurl his boomerang if the occasion seem to demand that exercise. If, when a bishop will not listen to reason, an editor is not to tell him things, whatever is the use of being an editor? One might as well have been a mere bishop from the start. It seems almost a pity not to have left the bishops and the editors to settle their little differences in the hitherto customary way; the editor to "sass" the bishop in respectful language and quote canons at him, and the bishop to fulminate against the editor and try to strike him in his circulation. By that method there was some chance that a fight would get fought out, and that the best man might win.

What may happen to a Roman Catholic editor who does not edit acceptably appears in the case of Professor St. George Mivart, who argued out in the *Nineteenth Century Magazine* just about a year ago that people might perhaps be happy even in hell, and that there was nothing in the Bible which compelled one to believe that every one who went there suffered acute discomfort. But the Roman Church does not believe in upholstering hell with extenuating theories, nor does it favor any hypothesis which represents it to be other than a place which it is worth profound effort and even expense to keep out of. That venerable institution the Inquisition read Professor Mivart's article, and promptly sat upon it, declared it to be heretical, and proscribed that and other pieces by the same hand from the consideration of the faithful. Their author must either correct his views or show his confidence in them by submitting to be excommunicated. That is the Roman method. There is no particular hardship about it so long as no one can be compelled to be a Roman Catholic unless he chooses. No doubt it is the inevitable method of every great machine, from Tammany Hall down to the Russian autocracy. It only becomes intolerable when the exits are closed up and the retirement of recalcitrants is hindered.

In an introductory address at the opening of the medical school attached to St. Mary's Hospital in London, Mr. J. Ernest Lane, F.R.C.S., quoted with approval the words of a distinguished member of the medical profession who had lately given it as his opinion that

"If a boy destined for a profession were to be taught nothing but reading, writing, and arithmetic till he was eleven, and after that nothing but Greek, Latin, and mathematics till he was eighteen, at fifty that boy would turn out a more widely cultured, better-read man than if in his early years he had been stuffed with geography, history, philosophy, and the twopenny-halfpenny fragments of chemistry, botany, and zoology which constitute school science."

Here is a scheme of preliminary education definitely set forth. No doubt it would work well with some boys. But one of the discoveries of modern education is that boys differ one from another, and that in providing them with literary food it is desirable to pay some attention to their individual appetites.

This same Mr. Lane who had such positive approval for an old-fashioned education warned his medical student hearers against the British institution known as the Medical Aid Association, which he described as a system by which a lay committee made money by farming out the services of a qualified physician, who in return for a fixed salary was obliged to give his services to any member of the association who required them. The members of the association paid an annual fee of three or four shillings, which seems cheap for a year's doctoring, even for a healthy family. Mr. Lane said that the committee saw to it that their doctor did his duty by their clients, the result being that the hired physician almost always broke down through overwork. No doubt in this country, where we have all the modern degeneracies, we have medical aid associations too, but hardly as yet in sufficient numbers to make them a subject of professional complaint. An analogous institution, that was a subject of some complaint by doctors in council in New York the other day, was the free dispensary. It was not condemned; indeed, it was highly praised, but it was criticised on various grounds, among others because, as at present conducted, people took advantage of it who could well afford to pay a physician, which often made it hard for the skilful but struggling physician to pick up any business.

What singularly protracted ladies are the contemporary English dames of letters! *David Grieve* went on and on, books without end, and now *The Heavenly Twins* demands to be known to an extent of six books and nearly seven hundred closely printed pages. Speaking of some famous talkers of the English universities—Jowett, Thompson, Whewell, Clark, Donaldson—Mr. James Payn says that "none of them except Clark knew anything of contemporary literature, a thing that was invariably set down to their credit rather than otherwise." Some minds may question whether these learned gentlemen chose the better part, but there cannot be much doubt among coevals of Sarah Grand and Mrs. Humphry Ward that they chose the *easier* one. There are limits to the classics, and a learned man may read them all, but to keep abreast of contemporary literature nowadays is only possible for such gormandizers of books as Mr. Gladstone, who begin early in life and make a specialty of longevity.

The *Sun* calls Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie a long and apparently opprobrious name because, when asked how much time it pays to spend in reading the daily newspapers, he replied, "Just as little as possible after getting the news." Mr. Mabie's answer seems a good one in being oracularly adapted to the needs of every reader and to the dimensions and other qualities of every newspaper. So long as he does not define "news," no part of the newspaper need consider itself slighted. There may be news even in an editorial; there often is news of importance among the advertisements. News is relative and depends upon the reader. When any reader has got out of any newspaper all the news it has in it for him, it is surely time for him to lay it down and take up the next one.

A contemporary paragrapher speaks in commendation of the current disposition to furnish dining-rooms with high-back chairs. Dining-room chairs ought to be thoroughly comfortable, but nothing is gained by making them high enough to support the head, or in running little steeples up along each side of them in the vicinity of the sitter's ears. The head is too busy in the dining-room to need much support. If the chair backs reach up to the shoulder-blades they are quite high enough. If they go farther than that they tempt diners to slumber at the table, which is bad manners. Another objection to the very high backed chairs is that waiters or waitresses of ordinary stature find them a serious hinderance to the prompt distribution of food. A short waitress cannot take a short cut over a chair back four or five feet high. She must steer her dishes around the corners of such chairs, and that is more of an inconvenience and detriment to good waiting than most diners realize. One day this summer at a hotel where high-backed, twin-spire chairs prevailed, a waiting damsel made a pathetic complaint of the extreme weariness she had in her arms because of the constant lifting of dishes over the high backs of the dining-room chairs.

E. S. Martin

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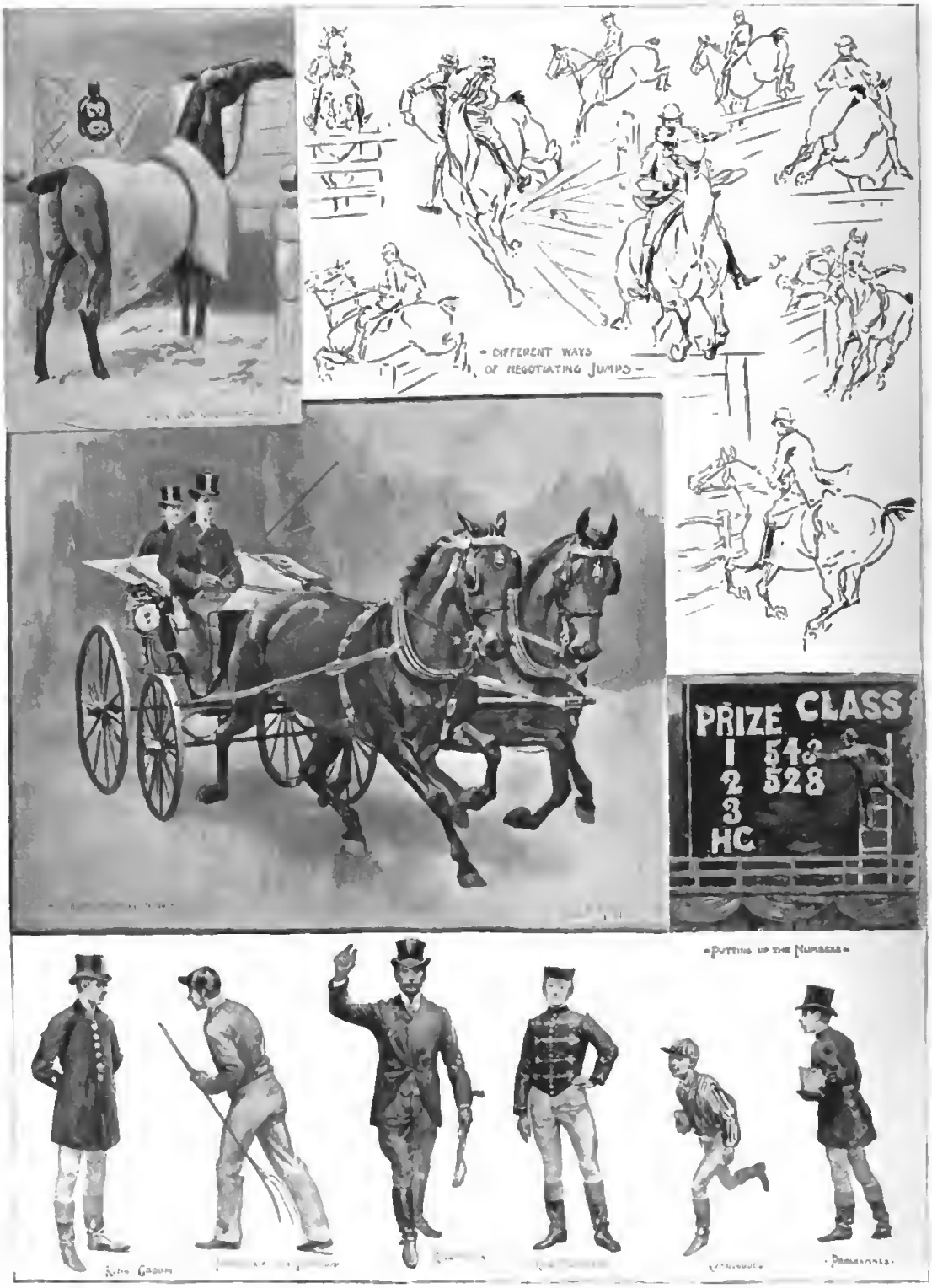

THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW—TYPICAL SCENES IN THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.—[SEE PAGE 1099.]

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PRESIDENT CHARLES W. ELIOT,
(Chairman), Harvard University.

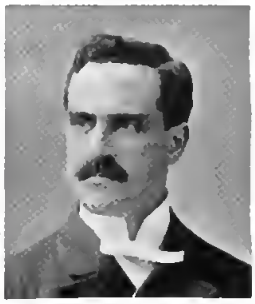
PROFESSOR HENRY C. KING,
Oberlin College.

PRESIDENT JAMES M. TAYLOR,
Vassar College.

O. D. ROBINSON,
Principal of Albany High-School.

DR. WILLIAM T. HARRIS,
Commissioner of Education.

JOHN TETLOW,
Master of Girls' High-School, Boston.



JAMES C. MACKENZIE,
Head Master of Lawrenceville (N. J.) School.

PRESIDENT JAMES B. ANGELL,
University of Michigan.

PRESIDENT JAMES H. BAKER,
University of Colorado.

PRESIDENT RICHARD A. JESSE,
University of Missouri.

THE "COMMITTEE OF TEN" OF THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

AN IMPORTANT EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE.

On November 8th ten gentlemen, whose names are very familiar to teachers throughout the country, met at Columbia College in the city of New York, charged with a most important educational responsibility. This was nothing less than the preparation of a report to the National Council of Education, outlining, in general and in detail, the subjects of study that should be included in the curriculum of American secondary schools, both public and private, the best methods to be used in teaching the several subjects, and the proper character and demands of college entrance examinations. The importance of an authoritative pronouncement upon these subjects is very great, for while American elementary education has been reasonably well organized and developed, and the colleges have worked out a substantially uniform solution of their problem, the so-called high or preparatory schools have been allowed to drift. Taking the country as a whole, our institutions for secondary education are very defective. They lack unity of aim and purpose, their courses of study are chosen at random and without any guiding principle, and their methods of teaching are as various as the teachers employed. The consequence is that the colleges get large bodies of students who must spend a year or more of the four years' course in finding out what higher education means, and what it is all about.

So serious has this condition of affairs become, and so harmful are its effects on all schools, lower as well as higher, that the National Educational Association took the matter in hand at the annual meeting held at Saratoga in July, 1892. This association is a thoroughly representative body, including in its membership teachers of all grades and ranks, and from all sections of the country, and it was therefore enabled to take the matter up with the certainty that something would be accomplished. After much study and discussion it was decided to appoint a committee of ten, who should, as the authorized representatives of the organized teachers of the country, prepare an exhaustive report on the whole question of a course of study for secondary schools. The committee was appointed, and has since been known as the Committee of Ten. The sum of $2500 was appropriated to pay its necessary expenses. The members of the committee are President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard University, chairman; President James B. Angell, of the University of Michigan; President Richard A. Jesse, of the University of Missouri; President James H. Baker, of the University of Colorado; President James M. Taylor, of Vassar College; Dr. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education; Principal James C. MacKenzie, of the Lawrenceville (New Jersey) School; Principal O. D. Robinson, of the Albany (New York) High School; Principal John Tetlow, of the Girls' High-School, Boston, Massachusetts; and Professor Henry C. King, of Oberlin College.

The committee met at Columbia College on November 7, 1892, and remained in session for three days, every member being in attendance. It was determined to divide into nine groups the present or possible subjects of study in secondary schools, and to submit a list of questions to a conference composed of ten specialists in each group. The groups were: Latin; Greek; English; Other Modern Languages; Mathematics; Physics, Astronomy, and Chemistry; Natural History (Biology, including Botany, Zoology, and Physiology); History, Civil Government, and Political Economy; Geography (Physical Geography, Geology, and Meteorology). The experts selected came from points as far distant as New Orleans, Helena, Montana, and Berkeley, California. The conferences were held during the last week of December, 1892, and of the ninety members invited, eighty-eight were present, the other two having valid excuses for their absence. Two of the conferences were held at Ann Arbor, Michigan, one at Poughkeepsie, New York, one at Washington, D. C.; one at Cambridge, Massachusetts; one at Madison, Wisconsin; and three at Chicago, Illinois.

The questions submitted to the several conferences by the Committee of Ten were as follows:

1. Is the school course of study, extending approximately

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from the age of six years to the age of eighteen years—a course including the periods of both elementary and secondary instruction—at what age should the study which is the subject of the conference be first introduced?

2. After it is introduced, how many hours a week for how many years should be devoted to it?

3. How many hours a week for how many years should be devoted to it during the last four years of the complete course, that is, during the ordinary high-school period?

4. What topics, or parts, of the subject may reasonably be covered during the whole course?

5. What topics, or parts, of the subject may best be reserved for the last four years?

6. In what form, and to what extent, should the subject enter into college requirements for admission? Such questions as the sufficiency of translation at sight as a test of knowledge of a language, or the superiority of a laboratory examination in a scientific subject to a written examination on a text-book, are intended to be suggested under this head by the phrase "in what form."

7. Should the subject be treated differently for pupils who are going to college, for those who are going to a scientific school, and for those who, presumably, are going to neither?

8. At what stage should this differentiation begin, if any be recommended?

9. Can any description be given of the best method of teaching this subject throughout the school course?

10. Can any description be given of the best mode of testing attainments in the subject at college admission examinations?

11. For those cases in which colleges and universities permit a division of the admission examination into a preliminary and a final examination, separated by at least a year, can the best limits between the preliminary and the final examination be approximately defined?

The exhaustive and far-reaching character of these questions is apparent at a glance. It is not to be wondered at that the members of the Committee of Ten have devoted months to the study of the replies received from the conferences. This study on the part of individual members having been completed, the committee met last week to compare views and agree upon a report. It has been thought best not to announce any of the points of the report until the whole document is made public, which will probably happen within a few weeks. It may, however, be confidently predicted that when issued the report will carry sufficient weight to modify considerably, and eventually to improve greatly, the secondary education given in this country.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

A DAY WITH THE YALE TEAM.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

THE thing that impresses you most about the men who play football to-day is that they are so much younger than those who played on the 'varsity elevens when you were in college, and you are also puzzled by the fact that they all look alike. When you were in college, the eleven good men and true of each of the three great universities towered above you, and you could pick them out when the crowd swept over the field between the halves on Thanksgiving day by the way their canvas-covered shoulders rose above the head of every one else. They were giants in those days, and either for that reason or on account of their sensational performances when on the field, each had an individuality of his own, and was as distinct from the others as are the characters in one of Shakespeare's plays. Now they are short and stocky, and only reach to your shoulder, and you look in vain for a familiar face or figure among them, and wonder how they can hope to do anything without at least one of the sensational "star" players of your day to help them out. It is not until you recognize the stout, well-groomed gentleman, with his trousers tucked up, who is acting as umpire, as one of these "giants," and "star" players of your college days, that you understand that the change lies in some one else and that the men of your time were to many people, to your father, for instance, only eleven well set up boys, and that to him they all looked alike, and neither their names nor their faces bore any special significance.

The games of to-day are to you what the comedies of his day are to the man of the generation before you. It is the same game and the same comedy, but you both leave the field or the theatre saying, "You should have seen it when such a one was at half," or, "When so and so played the part," as the case may be. The only thing about the football men that, so far as I can see, still remains unchanged, is the fact that they patronize you and make you feel your utter insignificance. It was so when you were in college, and it is so to-day. It may have been, possibly it was, that I took their greatness too seriously, but I remember now that I never laid violent hands on Hector Cowan or "Tilly" Lamar—which was not an easy thing to do—without wishing to apologize for my presumption, even though at the moment I might be sitting on his head. And later, when some irate captain would swear he had made five yards when I had seen him gain but two feet, I felt that I was using him badly, and wished he could understand what an inferior individual I felt myself to be. I quite appreciated in those days the feelings of the English umpire who whispered to W. G. Grace, when that champion knocked his wickets down, "Safe this time, Mr. Grace, but if you do it again, sir, I shall have to call it out."

Consequently it was rather with a feeling of humility that I went to New Haven last week to see how the Yale eleven prepares itself for Thanksgiving day. Mr. Frederic Remington went with no such feeling. He was returning to the scene of his former triumphs. It was an old story to him. But I do not think he had any idea that at his very first attempt to tell ex-Captain "Billy" Rhodes and Holter, the present manager, how to play the game that they would at once remind him of that old, old story of how he dipped his jacket in a pool of blood at the slaughter-house to make it look more businesslike. It struck him as hardly fair, when so many traditions and landmarks had passed away, that that particular story should alone survive and rise up out of the past to confront him.

There is a yard back of the new gymnasium, which is now probably the first gymnasium in the country, where the team can practise without first having to walk three miles. It was here that we saw the eleven. They had breakfasted at the training-table, and had then gone to recitations and lectures, and now, at half past ten, were out for rehearsal. Very few people who watch football as it is played to-day have the least idea of how much is being done before them. They only see the result. Unless they watch a team at practice, and so know how carefully every little point is studied and worked out, they will never appreciate how good the final result is. All they see on the day of a great game is two lines of men breaking away suddenly and making for a bunch of three or four, who run shoulder to shoulder until one of them goes down, and there is a confused mass of legs and the lines are formed once more, and the same thing happens again. The spectator does not see the opening being made in the line through which the man with the ball is eventually to go, nor the quarter reach in back to the man who passes it on to another, nor the interference of two more and the guarding of still another. It merely looks to him like a general stampede without judgment, and certainly without preconceived action. He hardly believes you when you tell him that to bring the ball those three yards five men had actively assisted the one who carried it, and that what they had to do, and the manner in which they were to do it, had been written out for them months before on a blackboard.

In the old days of long passes the spectator could understand what it was all about. He could see a ball when it went spinning through ten yards of space, and was caught on a run and carried by one man in and out and between eleven others, while the rest of his side trotted admiringly after him, and with no particular exhibition or feeling of responsibility. But to-day the men are as confidential as two partners at whist; they hand each other the ball as though they were ashamed of it, and wished to hide the fact that it had ever been in their possession, and while the startled spectator is looking for it in the arms of the man he saw take it one second before, he finds it is going off with an entirely different party at another end of the field. It is almost as difficult to tell where the ball is in a modern game as to pick out which thimble the little dried pea is under. In the old days we used to believe in privateers, and in the man who could gain forty yards all by himself, and by using his own legs and head to do it. But to-day the ground is gained in squadron formation, and we have no use for the man who wants to do things by himself; we desire, rather, the one who knows how to make use of the help of others. The line breaker who can buck the centre for two or three yards, and do it continually, has taken the place of the sensational half-backs, who, if they made one or two great gains in a half, justified their existence.

The eleven went an hour practising "getting off" promptly, and it was interesting to think that all of that time was being given to so little a part of the whole. We used to think we had practised quite enough if we spent an hour racing around the field and occasionally kicking the ball and falling on it. But they know better than that now.

"Josh" Hartwell stood six of them in line, and when one of the "unemployed," on crutches, snapped the ball back, the six broke away on a run. They were learning to start quickly when their quarter put the ball in play, and they were supposed to be going through and past another rush line. Some of them would shove themselves by taking a step back instead of starting off from the position they were in when the ball rolled back, and when they did this Hartwell would point out to them the damning evidence of this fact in the mark of their heels in the red mud, and make them try it over again. They were long, sad-faced young men, with a mass of hair that reached to the bridge of their noses when it fell forward, and with a patient demeanor that impressed you that there was much at stake, and that they were willing to suffer a great deal before they gave up. They all limped—everybody limped—even those who were practising, and the majority of them I discovered, when it was time to rub them down, were only held together by yards of rubber bandages, which they wore concealed about their persons. They were covered with porous plasters and sticking-plasters, and they were painted in fine stencil-like effects with iodine, and the bodies of most of them resembled envelopes that have passed through the Dead-letter Office, and have been stamped and cancelled and crossed and recrossed with directions. There is nothing so marvellous in surgery as the rapidity with which a Yale football player can recover from breakages and sprains that would send any other man to bed for a month. There was a young gentleman hopping around on crutches during the practice in the morning who awakened my sympathy in consequence, and who was completely cured by the sight of the excellent game the man who is trying for his place put up during the match in the afternoon. By seven o'clock he had thrown down his crutches, and was dancing a serpentine step in the gymnasium.

The game in the afternoon was with the eleven from Williams College, and it was chiefly interesting to me because it showed that Yale's opponents in such games were only regarded by her as objects to be experimented upon, and as nothing more serious. This would have hurt my feelings had I been a Williams man, but as I was not it appealed to me as amusing. It never occurred to the spectators to notice what a Williams man was doing or trying to do; they were only interested in what the Yale men did with him. It was like the proprietor of a new opera-house who goes up into the second gallery and orders a stage hand to speak to him. He is not the least interested in what the stage hand has to say; he only seeks to learn from him something of the acoustic properties of his new house. And as soon as the first half was over the Yale team seated themselves in a row in the dressing-room and listened to what the coaches might have to say of their acoustic properties.

I do not think any one of them had the least idea of the score. The fact that Hickok had not missed a goal was of much more interest to them than was the number of goals he had kicked. It was also of interest to note that there were some men living to whom the eleven would listen meekly, as it was also interesting to me how differently these few chosen ones delivered themselves of their words of counsel. Hinkey, the captain, who looks like Hamlet, and who was never known to speak unless spoken to, shook his long hair at them and expressed his feelings sadly and dejectedly but hopelessly. The team regarded him dejectedly, with their elbows on their knees and their chins on their hands, like children drinking in the sad story of their original sin and probable damnation. Then Knapp enlivened them a little by walking up and down and delivering himself in a kindly impersonal manner, aimed apparently at some one concealed in the roof, and with a deprecating good-humored smile, as though they need not listen unless they wished to. While this was proceeding Walter Camp came in at the back, exactly as though he had wandered in by mistake and was surprised to find an entire football eleven occupying the premises. He stood modestly out of sight and suggested to Rhodes, quite as though it was a matter of which he could not be expected to know much, that the ends seemed to him to be bending back into a half-circle, and that as this tended to shut in rather than to assist the backs, it would be perhaps a good thing if— Then he smiled pleasantly on Remington and me, and listened with apparently great interest when Rhodes strode out before the semicircle of players, and said, "Here, you fellows want to keep the ends up, you shut the halves in again and again. The ends crowd too much towards the centre, and—," etc., etc.

There is only one man in New Haven of more importance than Walter Camp, and I have forgotten his name. I think he is the president of the university. Everybody tells you this indirectly when they speak of Camp, and I was somewhat impressed with the fact that a street-car conductor came to his house and informed him that a car was waiting for him and his guests at the corner, a block below. It took his guests some time to find their gloves and veils and overcoats, and so, ten minutes later, the car conductor arrived again, and with apologetic mien asked if Mr. Camp's "party" would keep him much longer, as there were at the time six cars blocked, and each car loaded to the roof with students and towns-people going to the game. That is a specimen of public veneration that is of much more worth than a bronze statue.

After the game the eleven are taken in hand by four stalwart trainers stripped to the waist, and with muscles almost as fine as those of the men whose muscles are their especial care. It is a very interesting sight. I do not know a finer or a more inspiring one than these young men standing with their arms aloft, so that their chests are thrown well out, and with their legs rigid, while the trainers and "rubbers-down" knead them and rub and pull at them as unconcernedly as though they were scraping a marble statue. There are probably no men in America at this moment in such magnificent physical condition as these thirty-three young men of Princeton, Harvard, and Yale, as their appetites will prove if you have the honor to mess with them at the training-table, or as they will show you when they meet for championship honors at Springfield, and on Thanksgiving day.

A REBELLION IN NEW YORK.

IN the town of Gravesend, Long Island, there has been an open rebellion against the legal authority of the State of New York, and a forcible resistance of the processes of the Supreme Court. In Gravesend, John Y. McKane is the political boss, and he is as absolute a ruler as Lo Bengula has ever been in Matabele. The township of Gravesend includes that part of Long Island just south of Brooklyn, and within its boundaries are Coney Island, Gravesend Beach and the villages of Sheepshead Bay, Greenfield, Kings Highway, and Gravesend. McKane is not only the political boss, but is the Chief of Police. In his official capacity he has under his command a much larger force of policemen than is usual except in large cities. This is due to the fact that the police is organized with reference to the great crowds that visit Coney Island during the summer and the three large race-tracks within the township. The police, the police justices, and all other officials are creatures of McKane, and they obey his orders at all times to the letter. Within the township, according to the last census, dwell some eight thousand persons. Such a population ordinarily polls about fifteen hundred votes. The vote in Gravesend, however, is usually much larger than this, and it is always cast as McKane dictates. He has this vote cast for the Democratic candidates when he so chooses, but now and then he gives it to the Republicans. As he indicates his preference the electors, in the proportion of from ten to twenty against one, cast their ballots. In preparation for the State election held on the 7th of November, there were registered more than sixty-one hundred voters in the town of Gravesend. Here was a manifest intention to commit a fraud.

In Brooklyn, which is in the same county as Gravesend, Mr. William J. Gaynor has for several years been the active, fearless, and uncompromising enemy of ring rule and the foe of rascality in the city and county administration. In the contests that he has conducted in the courts he has met with so much success that the bosses hate him almost as much as they fear him. The Republicans and Independent Democrats nominated Mr. Gaynor as their candidate for Justice of the Supreme Court. It became evident some weeks before the election that the good people in Brooklyn and Kings County were likely to overthrow the bosses at the polls, and these desperate law-breakers made preparations to do by fraud, if possible, what they could not accomplish with honest votes. Hence the immense registration at Gravesend.

Mr. Gaynor is not the man to sit quietly and permit wrong to be done without a protest. He therefore sent a force of clerks to Gravesend to copy the registration lists so that the eligibility of the electors might be inquired into. When these clerks arrived in Gravesend they were attacked by ruffians there, and arrested by the police on trumped-up charges of drunkenness, disorderly conduct, and vagrancy. They were sent to jail, but after a time were discharged. All of them were roughly handled and subjected to personal indignities. Mr. Gaynor then secured an order from Judge Cullen, of the Supreme Court, directing the Inspectors of Election in Gravesend to permit the copying of the registration lists. The inspectors avoided service of this order.

Meantime McKane had arranged to hold the election in Gravesend as he saw fit. He appointed both Democratic and Republican poll-watchers, and all of these were his willing henchmen. He said that the people of Gravesend must not be interfered with, but must be let alone to do their own voting in their own way. This was a declaration of independence of all authority but his own imperious and lawless will. The town of Gravesend is large in area, and is divided into six election districts. McKane, desiring to have all of the polling-places always under his own eye, has constructed these districts so that they all centre in the Town hall. To do this he has had to connect some of the outlying districts with mere ribbons of land only a few inches wide. These ribbons broaden as they reach the Town hall, so that each of the six polling-booths—three on each side of the hall—is within its proper district. This plan was at once simple and ingenious, and most convenient for McKane's purposes. Though Mr. Gaynor did not secure copies of the registration lists he determined to have, if possible, honest watchers in his behalf at the Gravesend polls on election day. From Judge Barnard, of the New York Supreme Court, he secured an injunction, directed to McKane individually, and as Chief of Police, and also addressed to the police, the officers of election, the people of Gravesend, and to all others, restraining any and all of them from interfering with the watchers appointed by the Republican County Committee. Mr. Gaynor then secured the appointment by this committee of the proper number of men, each of whom was an entirely reputable citizen of Kings County. These watchers included lawyers, doctors,

clergymen, and merchants. At their head was Colonel Alexander S. Bacon, one of the counsel of the Republican Committee. To tell who Colonel Bacon is will give some idea of the class of men sent by Mr. Gaynor to Gravesend, as each one is a fit associate of this gentleman. Colonel Bacon is a graduate of West Point; he resigned and studied law, and now has a large law practice in Brooklyn. He is a Colonel in the National Guard.

These gentlemen, armed with the injunction from a Justice of the Supreme Court, arrived in Gravesend half an hour before the polls were open. McKane was already on hand with about fifty men in police uniforms and several hundred others, all instructed to do his bidding. Lines had been drawn around the Town-hall, and within these lines no man was suffered to go without permission from McKane or his lieutenants. The carriage in which Colonel Bacon and three of his associates drove to Gravesend stopped in front of the Town-hall. McKane was expecting the watchers. Colonel Bacon got out of the carriage and this conversation ensued:

McKane. "Mr. Bacon, I was expecting you. You're the man I am looking for. Now get out of here, and be quick about it."

Colonel Bacon. "Mr. McKane, I have an injunction here from the Supreme Court for you."

McKane. "Injunctions don't go here. I'll take no papers. I don't care a d—— for the Supreme Court or for Judge Barnard."

Colonel Bacon. "But you'll have to."

McKane (to his police). "Hustle this man out of here."

While this conversation was in progress Colonel Bacon was all the time trying to give McKane the order of the court. The boss of Gravesend held his hands behind him, but Colonel Bacon repeatedly touched McKane's person with the paper. This is said to be a sufficient service under the circumstances. When McKane ordered his men to hustle Colonel Bacon away they did so very quickly. They pushed and struck him and knocked him down several times. His clothes were torn and soiled, and he was more or less bruised. Then he was arrested for creating a disturbance, and taken to the jail at Coney Island. The companions and associate watchers with Colonel Bacon fared just about as he had done, though not all were arrested. Those not taken into custody hurried to Brooklyn and reported the outrage. Steps were at once taken to secure the release of those who had been arrested, and by noon all of them were free.

During the remainder of the day McKane and his men were undisturbed. They took no chances, however, but maintained a strict line around the Town-hall. No one not satisfactory to the boss was permitted to pass the lines. The tracks of the Prospect Park and Coney Island Railway pass just in front of the Town-hall, and the passenger platforms are in the street over the way. Whenever a passenger got out of a train he was at once pounced upon and cross-examined as to the business that brought him to Gravesend. If his answers were not entirely satisfactory he was threatened with arrest unless he left town at once. And the police saw to it that those ordered away obeyed these orders. The newspaper reporters were permitted to have some liberty, but two of them were for a while under arrest. The law requires that all bar-rooms and saloons shall be kept closed while the polls are open. In the neighborhood of the Gravesend Town-hall every other house is a bar-room. Not one of these was closed at all during the day. On the contrary, they were conspicuously open, and all of them did so thriving a business that by noon of election day drunkenness was the rule in Gravesend. Before night had come, men stupid with drink were sleeping on the bare ground in the chief village of the kingdom of McKane.

There appears to be no doubt that McKane and his men will be brought to justice. They can be punished in various ways. Judge Barnard can punish them summarily for contempt of his orders; then they can be indicted and tried for a criminal contempt of court, the penalty for which is a fine of $500 and imprisonment for one year; then they can be indicted and punished for a violation of the ballot reform law, and here the penalty is a fine of from $250 to $1000, or imprisonment for from six months to three years, or both. A vigilant prosecuting officer would have no difficulty in finding evidence both as to the registration and the voting. There were some thirty-five hundred votes cast, more than twice as many as are qualified to vote in the town. And then the clerks who were arrested on a false charge, the watchers who were beaten and arrested, and all others who were maltreated by the orders of McKane, have redress by civil actions for damages against McKane and his henchmen. If these men be followed up with the vigor and righteous zeal that their crimes should excite, each of them will get some measure of his deserts, and the rebellion in Gravesend, in the State of New York, will have ended in an advantage to the State and the good people of it, for a number of criminals will be placed in prison where they belong and the criminal classes will have been taught that the law is supreme and must be respected and obeyed.

Mr. Gaynor was elected by 30,000 votes in a county which is generally Democratic by 25,000 votes.

Jno. Gilmer Speed.

BRACE UP YOUR SYSTEM

With the agreeable tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. We will foreshadow the results for you. They are a gain in vigor, flesh, and appetite, ability to digest thoroughly and sleep soundly, quietude of the nerves; a disappearance of bilious symptoms; regularity of the bowels. Malaria, rheumatism, and kidney trouble are removed by this grand restorative of health.—[*Adv.*]

"All things come to those who wait"
And "it comes our way."

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Award No. 3. For a malleable iron water-back with a safety valve, which prevents damage from freezing water.

Award No. 4. For an excellent and attractive exhibit of Hotel and Family Ranges and appliances for hotel or restaurant use, including a broiler, steel oven, steam and carving table and a set of urns.

Award No. 5. For an improvement in the construction of broilers, with a hood apron in the front.

Award No. 6. For a convenient combination of a steam table, with a carving table, well designed and made in the best manner.

These Awards they may justly be proud of, as they were given after the sharpest and most persistent competition on the part of other prominent and reliable Range and Stove Manufacturers from other cities in this, as well as foreign countries.

While their leading line is that of Family Ranges, which are sold from their own wagons in nearly every state and territory in the Union, it is pleasing to note the grand success that has attended their efforts to produce a line of goods made exclusively for Hotels and Restaurants, Public Institutions, etc., and on which they also received the highest Awards, as above noted.

Hotel Kitchen Outfitting has become a specialty with this Company, and wherever they have placed their goods they have given the greatest satisfaction.

The history of the Wrought Iron Range Company is so closely interwoven with that of St. Louis that one is not complete without the other. The history of St. Louis can never be written without a reference to the establishment of the Wrought Iron Range Company.

Their patrons in the east, west, north, and south will be glad to learn of the tribute paid this Company by the Judges of Awards at the late World's Exposition.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for 30 years. As a food for infants it has no equal.—[*Adv.*]

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Nothing is more destructive of beauty than a bad complexion, and nothing is more certain to secure a good one than the use of Warner's Indian Vegetable Pills.—[*Adv.*]

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"The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

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Scott's Emulsion is the richest of fat-foods yet the easiest fat-food to take. It arrests waste and builds up healthy flesh.

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Sold by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers.

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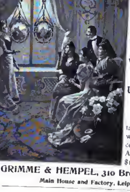

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GEORGE D. RUGGLES,
Adjutant-General of the United States Army.

THE NEW ADJUTANT-GENERAL.

GENERAL GEORGE D. RUGGLES, whom President Cleveland on November 6th appointed Adjutant General of the army, has had a long and distinguished military career. In 1851 he was appointed a cadet at the United States Military Academy from Poughkeepsie. He was graduated four years later, and within a few months received a commission as Second Lieutenant of Infantry. He was rapidly promoted, and in 1862 was made Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Major. In 1869 he was raised to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and in 1880 he received his commission as Colonel.

General Ruggles rendered important service to the cause of the Union during the war of secession. From July, 1861, to June, 1862, he was on duty in the office of the Adjutant-General at Washington, charged with the duty of raising and organizing volunteer companies. Late in 1862 he began his active duties in the field. He was attached to the Army of Virginia as Assistant Chief of Staff with General McClellan. In the following year he was recalled to Washington as an adviser of Secretary Stanton, and later he engaged in the work of the conscription bureau in which he had shown distinguished ability. His last service during the war was in the capacity of Adjutant General of the Army of the Potomac.

General Ruggles's services in the field were not less distinguished than his successful organization of volunteer forces. The first action in which he was engaged was the battle of Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862 and he was present at Appomattox Court House when General Lee surrendered April 9, 1865. Between those two events he took part in eleven important engagements. His name is associated with the two days' fight on the Rappahannock the battles of Waterloo Bridge, Gainesville, Groveton, Chantilly, South Mountain, and Antietam, the skirmishes at Snickers Gap and Hatchers Run, the assault and capture of Petersburg, and the final pursuit of General Lee's army. On April 9, 1865, at the close of the war, he received his appointment as Brevet Brigadier-General, "for gallant and meritorious services during the operations resulting in the fall of Richmond, Virginia, and the surrender of the insurgent army under General R. E. Lee."

Since the war he has been Adjutant-General of the Division of the Atlantic, and of the departments of the East, the Lakes, the Platte, Dakota, Texas, the Pacific, California. From 1880 to 1885 he was in the Adjutant General's office at Washington, an appointment which was renewed on December 17, 1892. General Ruggles has thus been trained by a long service to fill the place of Adjutant-General, and his appointment has given peculiar satisfaction in army circles. Brigadier General Robert Williams, whom he succeeds, was graduated from West Point in 1851, and since that time has been continuously in the service of the army.

THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMER "CITY OF NEW YORK" ON THE HOOKE.—From a Photograph.—(See Page 1118.)

PETER ILITSCH TSCHAIKOWSKY.

FRANK R. JACKSON,
Governor-Elect of Iowa.

IT is somewhat startling just in the present peculiar status of music as a creative art that two composers of such broad and undisputed distinction as Charles Gounod and Peter Tschaikowsky should pass from the world within a fortnight of each other. The news of Tschaikowsky's sudden death in St. Petersburg from cholera was cabled to the press of November 7th. It brought a distinct sense of shock to New York, not only among the Russian composer's considerable personal acquaintance here, but to our musical public in general. Mr. Scull, Mr. Damrosch, Mr. Nikisch, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Gericke, and others have steadily aroused a special enthusiasm in the city for much of Tschaikowsky's most characteristic work. In addition to such an acquaintance with him in the abstract, his participation here in 1891 as a conductor in the elaborate dedication concerts of the Carnegie Music Hall left New York with a strong conviction of his merits as a magnetic and efficient orchestra leader.

Tschaikowsky was born in 1840 at Wotkinsk (one of the Ural cities), and entered upon a responsible government post before he decided to give himself entirely to a musical life. In the Russian National Conservatory, where he studied, he was a pupil of Anton Rubinstein, and he so distinguished himself as to be among the institution's professorial staff after his course was completed. He was associated with the conservatory about a dozen years. After 1878 he gave all his time to composition and direction, with the result of that remarkable group of symphonic and other scores, frequently of large dimensions and of the most elaborate development, performed in every musical centre, from St. Petersburg to Australia, from Moscow to New York. His activity was great, and his success proportionate. Even in remembering a tendency among critics to overvalue the musical message of Russia to the rest of the world (exactly as Russia's literary message has been overexploited), Tschaikowsky's was an intellect that gave utterance to things extraordinarily impressive and beautiful, and cosmopolitan in their acceptability. He was emphatically national in his themes, even more patently national both in theme and treatment than Rubinstein, but he seldom showed the Slav in him repellently. He was a genius in the splendor of his resources in instrumentation, and at times his finest scores attain climaxes of high and absolute distinction in effectiveness everywhere admitted. By turns sombre, passionate, trifling, dramatic, and often simpleously barbaric in his work, he astonishes and dazzles when he may not always please. The Teutonic color of much of Rubinstein's work leaves Tschaikowsky a more direct exponent of the Russian in music than the older master, who, by the law, will probably not long be spared to the world.

He is an undoubted loss to art. Gounod's career and influence had become practically; it was received widely from the symphony. Tschaikowsky's was central, potent, brilliant light, that of a sort of Alpha Lyra of Russia, and much yet was to be expected from him. He was in the plenitude of his fame and industry. Only a few days before he left New York in 1891 he remarked cordially, to one who had met him frequently during his brief visit, "I shall surely come over here again, and see what you are all doing in music here, and how well you may be liking what I am doing." His unexpected death reminds the writer of the kindly remark, and of the cancellation of a courteous hope and a splendid career. E. I. S.

PETER ILITSCH TSCHAIKOWSKY,
The great Russian Composer.

DR. JOHN C. PETERS.

DR. JOHN C. PETERS, one of the oldest and most distinguished physicians of New York city, died last month at his country residence, "The Corners," East Williston, Queens County, Long Island. Dr. Peters was a general practitioner of the old-fashioned kind, though also a specialist of note. His patients were among the older families in New York, and among them was Washington Irving, who was also an intimate friend of Dr. Peters. Dr. Peters was born in Yarick Street in 1819, and there he spent his earlier years.

DR. JOHN C. PETERS,
The distinguished Cholera Specialist.

JAMES R. SHEFFIELD,
The Good Government Club's Candidate.—(See Page 1116.)

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though he was sent to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, to school. His medical education was begun in Vienna, and pursued in Leipsic and Berlin. He was graduated from the University of Berlin in 1842. Then he returned to New York, where he received the diploma of the New York Medical Society in 1844, and of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1845. He was a member of various medical societies, such as the Academy of Medicine, the Medico Legal Society, the County Medical Society, the Pathological Society, and so on, and at one time and another he served as president of most of these. When he began practice he was a homœopath, but he soon abandoned this school for that of allopathy. Dr. Peters's most conspicuous public service was in his investigation and study of Asiatic cholera. On this disease he was an authority quoted and respected all over the civilized world. He wrote several treatises on cholera and was among the first to hold to the germ theory of the disease. In 1873 he made an extended tour, by instruction of the New York Board of Health, to study the cholera epidemic. Five years later, in the same interest, he made a tour of the Southern and Western cities to study the yellow fever, upon which disease he was also an authority. His reports on these epidemics were published by the United States government. In addition to these diseases, Dr. Peters was also a specialist on Bright's disease and nervous disorders. But it was as a general practitioner that he was best known, and as such he was truly distinguished. He was a man of great public spirit, of spotless character, and enjoyed the warm regard of the best men in his own profession. The hard work caused by the illness of his patients during the grippe epidemic of 1890 brought on the first severe sickness of his life. After recovering he retired from practice, having realized that he was no longer young enough to do the hard work that would devolve upon him if he consented to remain in active life.

MASSACHUSETTS, OHIO, IOWA.*

A POLITICAL movement, very much in the nature of a revolution, which shows itself in a decisive fashion in so remote and dissimilar States as Massachusetts, Ohio, and Iowa, cannot be explained away by "local causes." When, therefore, we find two States like Massachusetts on the Atlantic coast, and Iowa at the extreme northwestern line of the more thickly settled and highly organized part of the Union, coding out the Democrats and voting as the Republicans, we know that the storm belt was a very extensive one, and that the forces at work were of great vigor and intensity. This is the plainer because both these States have within a few years changed from being "reliable" Republican States to indulgence in the most adventurous and conspicuous forms of independent Democracy, and both largely on the issue of the tariff, dividing the two parties most sharply and apparently most irreconcilably. The interest of the problem presented is all the greater when Ohio, a doubtful State with Republican leanings, gives Mr. McKinley, the very apostle and hero of extreme protection, a majority not equalled by any candidate since the stirring times of war.

Again, the situation is made more striking by the fact that in neither of these three States was the Republican candidate a man likely to attract the voters who have so recently changed the political character of their State governments, and by the further fact that on State issues the Republican party enjoyed, to say the least, no advantage over its rival, but, on the whole, quite the contrary. Mr. Greenhalge is a worker, a master of the art of organization, and was believed to be strong in the allegiance of men of his class. But he was not eminent in Congress, he was without special force as a political thinker, and he was no match at all for his opponent, Mr. Russell, as a public speaker. Mr McKinley is certainly very much beloved in his State, and is the idol of his party, while he is respected by everybody. He could be relied on to bring out the full party vote in times of party excitement, but his name was more intimately than any other linked with the policy so fiercely condemned in the national elections of last year, and his administration of the Governor's office had not been particularly good—bad, in fact, been lax and ineffective. In Iowa Governor Boies was distinctly a strong man, and was especially strong with the independent voters, who had given the State to the Democrats under his lead, he being in every essential regard a representative of their class, of its ideas and tendencies and even of its defects. Mr. Jackson we cannot speak definitely of, but he was surely not a man of high rank in politics, and was inferior in regard to the qualities supposed to be valued by the independents in Governor Boies.

So that here we have a curious complication in three States—in two of them, a strong independent Democrat defeated by weak Republicans, in the third, an overwhelming majority—the majorities are heavy in all cases—for a candidate who may be called relatively weak. Doubtless there were local influences in each State. Mr. Russell was heavily handicapped by the cynical betrayal of the reform cause by ex-Assistant Secretary of State Josiah Quincy, who went back home to "manage" the canvass. Mr Neal, in Ohio, was closely connected with the anti Cleveland faction of his party, and was, moreover, a rather noisy advocate of very extreme tariff views. Governor Boies had been "ploughing free silver, and was particularly obnoxious to the temperance men of the State, who held him responsible for the outrages perpetrated in several instances by the liquor men, or at their instigation. But in each case these influences would have been of small account, say, last year, and were unquestionably no stronger than the influences unfavorable to the Republican candidates. We shall not essay here to describe the forces of a national character that worked together in these three States but we have thought it might be interesting to our readers to point out over what a wide area, with what great effect, and in what peculiar circumstances these national forces have acted.

A NOTABLE MARINE DISASTER.

ON the afternoon of October 20th the Pacific Mail Steamship *City of New York*, leaving San Francisco *en route* for Japan and China, met with a serious disaster. The afternoon being foggy, the steamship, under full headway, struck on the rocks at Point Bonita. Point Bonita lies north of the entrance to the Golden Gate.

This fine ship, of 6964 tons, was built in Chester in 1875, and had the reputation of being a fast and staunch steamer. Her cargo consisted mainly of flour, with beans, shrimps, and those various supplies which find a market in the far East. She carried a fair amount of treasure—$191,200 in silver. The total value of her cargo, with that of the silver, would amount to $330,000, the value of the vessel being estimated at $900,000.

As soon as the *City of New York* struck, her disaster was made known by the firing of her cannon. The sound was heard at Point Lobos, and the character of the trouble being known, all available tugs were sent to the assistance of the disabled steamer. It was apparent that the *City of New York* was fast wedged on the rocks. There was no danger to passengers, who were at once carried to San Francisco, without loss of baggage.

Up to the latest date efforts were still being made to move the ship off the rocks. The difficulty of working with stranded vessels on the Pacific coast is notably increased by the heavy seas. The *City of New York* being, however, a very strongly built ship it will probably resist a great deal of pounding before breaking up.

The illustration shows the *City of New York* with the tugs from San Francisco, the small craft vainly trying to move the big ship off the ledge of rocks.

BALLADS OF TO DAY.

THE PATHETIC TALE OF THE BIG MACHINE

THERE were some little heelers, and they entered politics,
And worked a lot of charming, though alarming, little tricks;
And, oh, they were so very cute, they thought that they'd construct
A fine machine by means of which elections they'd conduct.

It was an elegant affair—they built it all of brass;
And for a while it seemed to work in shape that was first class
A man could drop his nickel in its little slot so neat,
And very soon upon the Bench he'd find a pleasant seat.

Small Billie'd push a button, and a city proud and free
Would wake to find itself in bonds of abject slavery;
Or maybe Dave would turn a crank, the wheel would hum and roar,
And soon we'd see a brewer on the U. S. Senate floor.

Then Roswell he'd drop in the slot a handsome coin or two,
And that machine would test his weight, just as some others do;
And when his weight was found, 'twould multiply the same by eight,
So that to some the boy would seem to be surpassing great.

But—woe is me that it should be!—that lovely brass machine,
Whose like nowhere in all the world before was ever seen,
One autumn drear got buzzing in a truly frightful way,
And something dropped upon it—oh, alack and well-a-day!

And Billie's little button and great Roswell's little slot
And Dave's crank into a dreadful tangle straightway got;
And now if you should pass it, you would notice that it bears
This placard most pathetic, "We have shut down for repairs."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

* HARPER'S WEEKLY published a portrait of Governor-elect Greenhalge in No. 1920 (October 28, 1893), and one of Governor McKinley in No. 1914 (August 26, 1893).

AMATEUR SPORT

A CONGRESS OF UNIVERSITIES has been suggested in this department before now, as an effective and peaceful means to a desired end of the bickering and an equable adjustment of all rules appertaining to the players on and off the football field and to the game itself. In the light of the Princeton Pennsylvania game, November 4th, and of the happenings previously and subsequently to that disgraceful scene, such a congress has become a necessity. We have reached the point where the honesty of our college athletic teams has become of national interest; it is no longer a question to be left with the boys themselves to decide it has grown to be a matter for the earnest consideration of every father in the land, and it is for them in turn to look to the faculties of the colleges for the honest interpretation of fair rules. For the duty of the faculties, I refer every college professor and every father to the editorial page of this issue, where he will find it set forth plainly by one who does not wish to pose as a model disciplinarian, but whose belief is firm in football being the best moulder of a boy's character.

WHAT A SAD THOUGHT it is that among those manly fellows whose courage and playing we admire there are boys who may be induced to barter their physical strength—for what? For a few weeks of play, and a reputation they carry into their business and down to the grave as the man who was not a "straight" student. How despicable the tempter!

Sad as it may be, the fact remains that there are alumni and even members of the faculty, who fill this Mephistopheles role, and that men do play on university athletic teams who are virtually professionals. Does any father, any man of intelligence, realize what this dishonesty in college sport means? It means that your boy who goes there honest, with good clean principles, is apt even if he does not actually fall from grace, to have his ideas on fair and honest dealing very unwholesomely broadened. Furthermore, it means that unless immediately and completely checked, the entire fabric of college sport will become saturated with professionalism of the worst type, because dishonest. It may be set down as irrefutable that a man who is dishonest in sport will be dishonest in other directions, whenever the opportunity and inclination are coincident.

FOOTBALL AND BASEBALL ASSOCIATIONS have been unable, or unwilling, or both, to cope with this constantly spreading evil; college faculties have rolled their eyes in wise contempt, and done nothing save talk of eliminating athletics, which, as every thinking man knows, have done more to ennoble the undergraduate body of its vicious excesses and elevate the *morale* of the universities than all the lectures delivered time out of mind. To cut off athletics would be to plunge the students into the dissipations which many a mature reader of this department knows full well held unbridled sway in his and our college days. Athletics must be maintained, and upon an honest, clean basis. Therefore, in the name of the fathers and of honest manly sport, I call on the faculties within and the alumni without our colleges to wipe out all semblances of professionalism in college sport, which, like Cæsar's wife, must be above suspicion.

THE CONFIDENCE WITH WHICH the undergraduates of Yale and Princeton have come to the University Athletic Club for giving day game seems to me to suggest that this club is destined to become the balance wheel of college sport. And surely it is eminently fitted for such a responsible position, since the men most closely identified with all that is good in college sport are equally identified with the excellent work the club has already done.

The football association is practically dead, for by the withdrawal of Wesleyan and Pennsylvania only Yale and Princeton are left in, and they need no association. Nor does football need it; leagues and associations lead to politics, and there has already been too much politics in college sport. The ideal arrangement is a series between natural rivals, with a faculty fulfilling its duty in refusing to throw the "*bona fide* students" cloak over imported players, and the alumni, as represented by, say, the University Athletic Club, to manage big games, and insist on the teams containing only honest students.

ASIDE FROM THE MERE ELIGIBILITY of the question, the make up of a university eleven should be of utmost importance to both faculty and *alumni*, since a "varsity eleven, nine crew, or team goes forth to the public as the representative of that university, and as it deports itself, so the *alma mater* is honored or disgraced.

There is much for the faculty and alumni to consider, the gathering of athletic stars from other universities is to be checked by the one year's residence rule in the new laws, to be sure, but that is not the end of it, donating fellowships to men who are wanted for some team, and who are of college for no other purpose, and the score of other ways a man is supported in cheating the honest athletic laws—the return to college of *bona fide* students for the baseball or football season, and their departure immediately after it—the management of games by private individuals for private gain—the extraordinary charge for tickets to football games especially—the importance of gate receipts—and the cessation of Roman holidays as represented by the Thanksgiving day game in New York. If there must be a game on that day, let it be on college grounds, or, better still let it be on the Saturday and on college grounds also. This worship of the Golden Calf has spread ruin before, and it will devastate the game of football unless the idol is shattered. The game makes too much money to day, and it is demoralizing all who are being enriched by it.

At least we are promised an end next year to one of these evils, viz., the hiring of a football field from men who charge exorbitant rental, and have no sympathy with college men or their sins. It is altogether likely that in '94 the recently acquired field of Columbia College will be prepared as no field has ever been prepared before for the large games held in this vicinity, and, under the supervision of the University Athletic Club, give us, at a reasonable entrance fee, a college game managed by college sportsmen.

WHAT SOPHISTRY IS THIS, after all, that sends baseball and football captains and managers scurrying after belated stars! Can there be found a close student of college sport who will deny that the energy and time spent in recruiting "cracks" from the smaller colleges and elsewhere could be devoted to the development of the abundant material at home with much more substantial and lasting benefit to the university concerned? And if there is such a one, let him study the history of Yale's athletic record, which leads all others in football, baseball, and rowing, as the result of home-made athletes.

Those who are looking for an explanation of Yale's remarkable success may find it in this *esprit de corps*, born of a shoulder to shoulder progress in a common school. Harmony, united interests, and dogged determination to win have combined to make the Yale spirit of which we so often hear.

There has been very little—so little as to be lost in the multitude of home product—forsaking the substance for the shadow at New Haven. I cannot think at the moment of a single man on the long list of Yale's famous athletes who was not developed at Yale. Give me the athlete bred in the university on whose team he is fighting, for he is of the men who "die in the last ditch." I have known but one or two transplanted athletes whose spirit reached this pitch.

AND THE FOLLY OF NEGLECTING the raw home material! Compare the Harvard and Yale baseball nines the last two years. Harvard, with upwards of 2000 students, many hundred more than Yale, had a team largely composed of stars and ex captains of smaller colleges. Yale developed a nine from her material at hand, the pitcher excepted, whose members, although individually unknown as compared with Harvard, nevertheless made a combination that broke even in '93 and was an exceedingly close second in '93. On the other hand, consider the marvellous record of Harvard in track athletics, entirely the work of James Lathrop, from the material that came to him from year to year.

Princeton's football experience preaches the same lesson. In '90 they had, by calling back a number of old players, undoubtedly the strongest team that has ever played football in America, and they won; but the next year, in '91, with all the stars gone, and no material developed to take their place, they were utterly routed. It has taken three years for Princeton to correct that fatal error. In another field the Manhattan Athletic Club's miserable collapse sounds the same warning, and the more thorough the search the stronger grows the moral. It is suicidal to ignore the untried men who may be had for the asking. The worship of the star athlete, unlike the quality of mercy which blesseth him that gives and him that receives, damns both.

THE PRINCETON PENNSYLVANIA GAME with its slugging and foul play, furnished so much of no unsavory nature that in the grievous regret at having been an eye-witness of the exhibition one almost loses trace of whatever there was of good football. Football is not a gentle game, and we all, or at least a great many of us, have had our turn in and behind the line. We have had black eyes and sore limbs, and know the aches of the day after a hard game. But there is

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a great difference between hard, clean football, and a foul "dirty" (if I may be pardoned the expressive though harsh adjective) game: one is the honest matching of one's skill against another, the other is the despicable resort of a coward, unable to win by fair means. It is the jumping on a prostrate opponent, kicking him, twisting his neck on a tackle, and other foul methods of "doing up" your man that excites my criticism.

How is it to be stopped? First and foremost by getting gentlemen on the teams and men who have an honest right to be there. On a mental retrospect it occurs to me that the foulest players I remember on college elevens, with a rare exception here and there, have been men who were neither sportsmen at heart nor entirely fitted to represent their 'varsity in any field. As I write and the names of these men come to me, I note their want of genuineness, of sportsmanship, has clung to them, and as they were looked at askance on the college grounds, so are they now in their chosen walks of life.

The second and auxiliary method of stopping foul play is to have two umpires instead of one who cannot possibly keep his eyes on twenty two men at the same time, and to rule men off on the very first evidence of slugging. Once a man is ruled off he should be thrust incontinently outside of the ropes and off the grounds—about the severest penalty that could be inflicted on an earnest player.

THERE HAS BEEN QUITE AN EXPLOSION of rhetorical fireworks, from first to last in the recent few weeks, over the causes, of one kind and another, that led up to Pennsylvania's resignation from the Football Association; but after an entirely impartial review of the situation, I cannot discover any just cause for the display. The unbiassed facts are these: That the undergraduate rule was passed last winter; that the present season was begun with it in force; that both Pennsylvania and Princeton knew they were violating the rule in training certain men for their teams. The fact of the new rule (recently passed) going into operation at once cuts no figure in the case at all, as both colleges were already debarred from playing under the undergraduate rule. That the one year's residence clause of the new rule enabled Princeton to play both King and Balliett, and consequently removed the barrier to their meeting Yale, was their good fortune. But to charge that it was passed to "down" Pennsylvania is not only untrue, but absurd, since Pennsylvania was already "downed" by the rules in force at the beginning of the season, and the one year's residence rule has been talked of a year, to my certain knowledge. Moreover, such a charge is further disproved by the fact that Princeton did play Pennsylvania without protesting a single man, and Yale undoubtedly would have done the same, but for Pennsylvania's exhibition of bad temper on Manheim Field November 4th. And as to the charge that Yale backed the new rule to strengthen her own team, that also is left without a leg to stand on by the fact that although sorely needing them, Yale has not called on Graves or Sanford, who are eligible under the new rules. Pennsylvania will raise herself best in the opinion of sportsmen by maintaining silence, by playing clean football, and overhauling some internal athletic machinery. No university is more favored with earnest, able graduate advisers, and I have confidence in their good faith and future work.

AS TO THE GAME ITSELF November 4th, it may be said to have been won by the exceptional work of the Princeton forwards. Wheeler in particular played a game that must be considered on a par with Heffelfinger's; his breaking through and tackling were superb. Taylor, also, proved a better man than Hall ever did, and should be kept on the team. Both Holly and Lea at tackle entirely overweighted their opponents, and Lea had a particularly hard time, as he was opposite that brute Reese. The ends were more evenly matched, Simmons taking care of Trenchard a couple of times so effectually that Osgood went round that end for good gains.

Pennsylvania's generalship was very poor. Neither Knipe nor Gelbert did very much, but Brooks covered himself with glory; he was the only man who could make an impression on the Princeton line, and his tackling and catching were the best on the field. Osgood got away for a couple of end runs by Simmons's clever work, and made one exceptionally fine tackle.

King, with one exception, played his usual hard, clever game, and Morse's tackling and bucking were the most effective of the Princeton backs. Blake, although somewhat slow, earned his right to the place, for he has that most-to-be-desired quality in a full back, reliability, and punts a hard ball to handle. Balliett was steady and strong, and his patience notable. The condition of the field made really good football a difficulty, and there was fumbling and muffing galore on both sides, the single touch-down resulting from a blocked kick by Wheeler, Trenchard falling on the ball. Princeton could not get in her interference around the ends because of the mud, and from the fact that Pennsylvania seemed to have an extraordinary knowledge of where the play was going every time it was tried. Pennsylvania, indeed, seemed as familiar with the signals as Princeton herself. Princeton's wretched fumbling twice lost her the ball near the Pennsylvania's 10-yard line. The condition of the field operated to her detriment, and it is my opinion Princeton would have made at least two more touch-downs but for that fact.

IF HARVARD, YALE, AND PRINCETON were to meet this week on the football field, it is my opinion that Harvard would defeat Yale, and that Princeton would win from both. Aside entirely from their play, I have never seen a team in better physical condition than Princeton's; every man looks in the pink of condition, and there is a buoyancy in their movements off the field and a snap in their play that show they have not been worked stale. As a rule, teams get too many hours per day of football. Harvard played last week as though such an allopathic prescription had been compounded for her eleven. Not that I wish to be understood as saying men are worked too hard, as much as meaning they are given too much of football day in and day out. However, on the comparative merits of the elevens, we shall write next week and the week following, as their big games arrive to make such comment timely.

HARVARD'S HARDEST GAME of the season, by long odds, was against the Boston Athletic Association, November 7th, and it must have given the 'varsity and its coaches a practical lesson in their weaknesses. The B.A.A. played good football, the best that has ever been developed by any athletic club eleven save one or two of the old time Crescent's teams when Duncan Edwards, Wyllys Terry, Harry Beecher, Billy Bull, Alex Moffatt, and the Le Marche brothers made the Brooklyn club team the strongest outside of the larger colleges. The Boston eleven played a strong and spirited team game, which is the more praiseworthy considering they practise together but three times a week, and also coaching they have received has come from themselves. And they played with a snap that looked the snappier with Harvard's lethargic work as a background. Anthony and Peters were of infinitely more use to their side than any of the 'varsity backs save Brewer. Both the defensive and offensive plays of the B.A.A. were good, and they are undoubtedly the strongest eleven next to Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and University of Pennsylvania.

THE CHIEF IMPRESSION OF HARVARD one carried away after their game with the B.A.A. was that they were logy. Whether from too much football, too much training table, or indifference, they worked as though only half awake. It must be acknowledged, however, that much of the general drowsiness came about through the slowness of Fairchild, who was considerably below his limit in passing, and who gave almost no service in interference. If he handles the ball as badly at Springfield, the centre men will have their hands full keeping Yale from spoiling several plays. He did not play last week as well as last year, nor in anything like the form he showed against Foster when the latter was put on the first and Fairchild on the second eleven. He has much better work in him than he did on the 7th, and I expect him to show it, for I am sure he has the right spirit. Brace up, my boy.

As the quarter plays, so, of course, to a very large extent, must the play behind the line be regulated. If the ball is slow reaching the backs after the centre has snapped it, they are slow getting under way, the interference is thrown out of touch, and the play likely to be broken up before it has fairly begun. This will partly explain how it came about that Harvard's interference was broken up so continuously in the B.A.A. game. The Harvard end plays were so long beginning that when they came off it was more by good luck than good management; even in bucking the line, the ball was so long getting to the runner that the hole was just as often as not apt to be closed by the time he reached it.

Then again the guarding of the runner was bad; the interference formed all right, and started promisingly, but apparently believed its duty fulfilled in loping ahead of the man with the ball, with never a thought of a tackle coming from the side or behind. Neither Clark nor Gonterman played up to 'varsity form, and Wrightington did better

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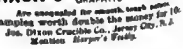
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than either. Gray did good work for the short time he played, but Brewer was the only man back of the line to show 'varsity form. The ends, Stevenson and Blanchard, were awake, but the B. A. A. mass plays went through about every other place on the line, even once through Lewis. Neither Captain Waters nor Emmons was playing.

For all the discouraging showing, Harvard has an eleven that when it strikes its gait will be the most difficult to keep from scoring that Yale has ever met, and signs point to their striking it before the Springfield game. What they seem to stand most in need of now is a slight let up on the daily grind, and a chance to bottle up a little ginger.

YALE COACHES HAVE THE GREATEST TASK before them they have ever had to put their eleven in winning form for Springfield and Thanksgiving-day games, though of course the first will in a large measure fit them for the second. Not that the eleven is so weak, but the opponents stronger than usual. Whenever a Yale team is not able nowadays to run up a big score on an opponent, the popular cry seems to be that "Yale is weak." The fact is, however, that Yale has been acting all these years as an instructor to apt pupils who have been drawing nearer their preceptor year by year. They have developed at New Haven many of the most skilful players we have ever had, and each year's team has had one or more of them, consequently the present eleven suffers by comparison. The difference may not be so great between it and its rivals as in recent years, but it is not weak. Had it been weak, Pennsylvania would have beaten them last Saturday. Much has been done at New Haven before now in two weeks, and the drilling that Yale eleven will get from now until the Springfield game will come pretty near making a player out of a wooden man. As they have no wooden men on the line or back of it, we shall see a much improved team line up against Harvard.

On whether they will be able to strengthen the defensive game, however, rest all their hopes and happiness.

THE HARD WORK THEIR TEAM had in scoring against Pennsylvania would have been no especial cause for uneasiness to Yale men had the eleven been able to defend their own goal. Of course Yale would use as few plays as possible, but to be driven straight down the field and scored on by good football is quite another thing. They need a strong defensive game sorely this year, and it's the hardest to acquire so late.

Hinkey is not playing the game this year he did last; maybe if he would curb his tendency to "slug" he would do better. Greenway seems the better man. Murphy will fill the place, and Beard is more effective in his present position than he has ever been. he was one of the best men on the line Saturday. Stillman and McCrea are not up to last year, nor do the forwards break through as well as either Harvard or Princeton, and the backs are not up to the Yale standard in interference. In fact, the interference is not up to last year's, which was exceptionally fine, with men like Winters, McCormick, and the Blisses. Butterworth's line-bucking was great; he quite outclasses the other men behind Yale's line.

Pennsylvania played good football, and clean. The game throughout was more scientific than against Princeton, but, except at the time they scored, not so hard nor desperate. Simmons, Vail, and Brooks especially distinguished themselves, and Osgood and Mackey played their best game. Penn. has improved wonderfully this year, and developed an exceedingly clever and effective system of interference.

FOOTBALL IN CALIFORNIA IS GOING FORWARD at the pace one might expect with two such able exponents of the game as W. W. Heffelfinger and C. D. Bliss coaching the teams of University of California and Stanford. Of the two, Stanford seems just now to be in the better position, chiefly because of their more snappy work throughout the team. They are playing a much faster game, and running around the ends with better interference. The tackles and guards get down the field on kicks faster than U. of C. men. The Berkeley men are apt to depend too much on their strength, forgetting evidently that skill and quickness are very essential. As they are to-day, Stanford would probably beat Berkeley with their speedy active halves and aggressive line; but the difference would not exist if U. of C. could only add snap to their play, for they apparently have the better material. The centres of the two teams are about equal, with odds slightly in favor of U. of C.; the latter has also the better material for tackles, while Stanford leads on ends. Behind the line Stanford to-day is stronger with the old men, Walton, Code, and Kennedy, but Berkeley has several new and untried men who promise well. Taylor, last year's full-back, is not up to his form, and is likely to be sent to the side lines if he does not improve.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA TEAM is showing more improvement in the line than back of it. The ends are getting down the field on kicks in much better shape, and are now turning runners and interferers in towards the centre, which they neglected to do earlier in the season. The entire line is also tackling harder, though it is still too high, especially by the tackles and guards. The guards have made considerable improvement in their play; formerly it consisted chiefly in scrapping with their opponents, which not only wasted their strength but made their play slow. Now they are learning to concentrate their force, and the consequence is that not only is their play snappier, but there is a marked improvement in the life of the team, due to the increased quickness in getting the ball into play.

Behind the line the advancement has been much slower. The interference by the backs is fair, but they do not knock their man down, and the kicking is especially weak. Heretofore California has depended entirely on push plays, which they do very well; but this year they are trying to develop runners who can skirt the ends. The tackles run well with the ball, but are still too slow in starting.

The games the team played against Reliance, winning 32–0, and a picked eleven, which they also won, 14–12, showed such improvement in their interference that several times in each game their backs were able to skirt the ends. The interference is still too open, however, and a good end could easily break it up. There is more of a swing to their wedge plays now, and the men in it keep their places. Hunt, the right tackle, is turning out a good man, and very seldom fails to gain. He is an especially strong player in wedges, as he is very hard to throw off his feet. In kicking, the backs are constantly improving, especially Ransom, who seems to kick quicker and farther every day, and it is doubtful if there is a man on the coast who can outpunt him. He also runs very strongly with the ball, and it will take a low hard tackler to stop him. There is still much weakness behind the line in handling opponents' kicks, and too much muffing, which will be fatal if it is not corrected before the Thanksgiving game with Stanford.

THE WESTERN UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION season began at Kansas City, November 4th, with a game between Kansas and Iowa, which, although ragged in some respects, especially in the inexcusable amount of fumbling, showed on the whole more brilliant play than had been seen in this Western section. The interference and tackling, especially of Kansas, were superior to anything done there before, while the excellent punting of Johnson, Kansas' full-back, undoubtedly won them the game. Iowa relied almost entirely on bucking the Kansas centre, and did not punt once. Kansas, on the other hand, punted frequently, and always for gains. Johnson further distinguished himself by making a field goal from the 20 yard line, the first ever made by a member of the Western Association, and the first ever seen in Kansas City. The Iowa full-back could not advance the ball a foot from where it was punted, the Kansas ends being always on hand to down him. Kansas' game was a departure from last year, being much faster and more open, and runs behind interference being her chief reliance for gains. Both teams were weak on the defensive, particularly Kansas, which, while having scored on every team played, has also been unable to protect her goal.

Iowa depended chiefly on the wedge for gains, and seldom failed to find a hole in the Kansas line between centre and right guard. Eastern football-players will marvel at the weight of the Kansas centre, 132 pounds stripped. The left half of the line is strong, but the right is filled with new men, both guard and tackle being new this year. The Iowa line is strong, especially in the centre, but excepting Myers and Elliott, the backs are weak. Although this is Kansas' first victory, the team has the prospect of ending the season brilliantly. They have been defeated by the champion Minnesota team, 12 to 6, and by the Denver A. C., 24 to 10, being the only team besides Chicago A. C. (which won, 6–0) to score against Denver so far this season. The third defeat was administered by Baker, 14–12.

Football scores to week ending November 11, 1893:

October 28.—Brown 10, Andover 0, instead of Andover 10, Brown 4.

November 4.—Princeton, 4; University of Pennsylvania, 0. Harvard, [illegible]; Cornell, 0. West Point, 0; Yale, 0. Orange A. C., 4; New York A. C., 0. Andover, [illegible]; Yale freshmen, 4. Exeter [illegible]; Harvard Freshmen, 0. Amherst, [illegible]; Technology, 4. Georgetown, [illegible]; Univ. of Virginia, [illegible]. Dartmouth, [illegible]; Williams, 0. November 7.—Yale, [illegible]; New York A. C., 0. Harvard, [illegible]; Boston A. A., 0. Princeton ([illegible]), [illegible]; Orange A. C., 0. Yale Freshmen, [illegible]; Columbia Freshmen, 0. Crescent A. C., 4; Wesleyan, 0. Baker, 4; Kansas, 0. November [illegible].—Dartmouth, 14; Tufts, 4. Brown, [illegible]; Technology, 0. Lehigh, [illegible]; Lafayette, [illegible]. November 11.—Yale, 14; Pennsylvania, 0. Lehigh, 16; Cornell, 0. Annapolis, [illegible]; Georgetown, 10. West Point, [illegible]; Trinity, 11. Minnesota, [illegible]; Wisconsin, 0. Missouri, [illegible]; Nebraska, 16. Dartmouth, 34; Amherst, 0. Williams, [illegible]; Tufts, 4. Crescent A. C., [illegible]; New York A. C., 0. Exeter, [illegible]; Andover, 10.

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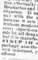

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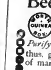

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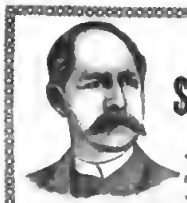

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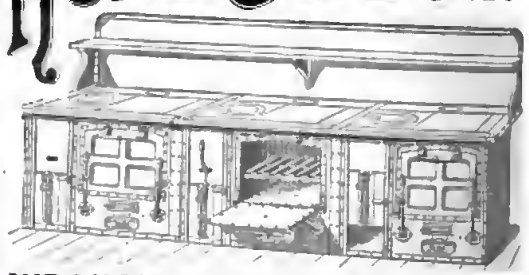

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE POLICY OF JUSTICE.

THERE are two things which never ought to be the football of party politics: one is the judiciary, and the other is the foreign policy of the government. As to the judiciary the people of New York have recently administered to the party bosses a most wholesome lesson. It would be a great blessing if the demagogues could be taught a similar lesson with regard to our foreign policy. The frantic partisan outcries we hear at present against the attitude of the administration concerning the Hawaiian business are a disgrace to a civilized community. There are certain moral precepts which apply to nations just as well as to individuals. A person not recognising the binding force of the commandment "Thou shalt not steal," or denying that it is wrong to keep stolen goods, would certainly not be tolerated among gentlemen. If he carried his theories into practice, he would be locked up in a penitentiary. It is true, a nation doing the same thing cannot be so easily brought to justice as an individual. But it will, by doing the same thing, just as surely forfeit its character as a gentleman among nations, and the more powerful it is and the less liable to be punished for a misdeed, the more will it degrade itself if in its actions it is not controlled by a scrupulous sense of justice and honor.

We all remember the effort made by President HARRISON to precipitate Hawaii into the Union by a "snap" proceeding. Every American citizen who has the good name of his country at heart will be thankful to a benignant fate for frustrating that trick, when he reads Secretary GRESHAM's report setting forth what the so-called revolution and the annexation movement in Hawaii really amounted to. It is a very plain tale: On January 14, 1893, the Queen of Hawaii announced her intention to proclaim a new constitution; but her ministers and others objected, and she promptly yielded to them. In the afternoon of the same day a so-called committee of safety of thirteen members—mostly aliens, five Americans among them—was formed, ostensibly for the maintenance of the public peace. The following day this committee resolved that "a provisional government be created, to exist until terms of union with the United States of America shall have been negotiated and agreed upon." At a mass-meeting composed largely of aliens, held on the same day, the Queen was condemned and denounced, and the acts of the committee approved. The same afternoon the committee asked the American minister, JOHN L. STEVENS, for assistance, as they "*were unable to protect themselves without aid*, and *therefore* hoped for the protection of the United States forces." Minister STEVENS caused the captain of the United States man of war *Boston* to land a force of troops. These troops, with two Gatling guns, were so located as to command the government building and the Queen's palace. The Hawaiian authorities protested, and declared that they were fully able to protect all American interests, but without avail. The committee entered the unguarded government building, and one of them, an American citizen, read a proclamation declaring that the existing government was overthrown and a provisional government put in its place, to exist until the annexation of Hawaii to the United States should have been effected. Mr STEVENS, the American minister, at once recognized the provisional government as the *de facto* government of Hawaii. The Queen then formally protested against the usurping acts of the provisional government, and declared that, to avoid bloodshed, she gave way "*to the superior force of the United States of America*, whose minister had caused troops to be landed," and that she yielded her authority "until such time as the government of the United States shall, upon the facts being presented to it, and to the action of its representative." The provisional government then hurried its agents to Washington to present Hawaii to the United States, deeming it, of course, inadvisable to submit the matter for approval to a vote of the Hawaiian people.

The facts then, in a few words, are these: A band of conspirators, many of them aliens, who had evidently long plotted for the annexation of Hawaii to the United States, seized upon an occasion they thought propitious to get possession of the government. They could, according to their own admission, not have succeeded without the aid of the armed forces of the United States, which they requested for their own protection, and which was promptly furnished by the American minister. There was really no popular movement of any strength against the Queen, but she yielded to the forces of the United States, and then solemnly submitted her claim for justice to this republic, expecting it to undo the wrong done her by its agent and its armed forces. Thereupon the conspirators, who had stolen from her the government of Hawaii with the aid of American bayonets, made haste to present the stolen goods to the United States for speedy acceptance. This is the case in a nutshell. Now we ask any fair-minded man what is the duty of our government, as an honest government, under such circumstances? Accept the stolen goods, and stow them away as our property? Do this, knowing that the Hawaiian people have never been consulted about the matter, and that, as there are the best reasons for believing, they are strenuously opposed to it? And try to justify so shamelessly dishonest and so utterly unrepublican an act on the ground that the Queen of Hawaii is only a monarch, and that with the treatment of monarchs the moral law has no concern? This is what the demagogues denouncing the administration insist that our government should do. What patriotic American will wish to see his country placed in so humiliating an attitude?

Whoever considers it the business of our national government to maintain the honor of the republic will admit that the duty of the administration in this case is as clear as sunlight. If the overthrow of the government of a friendly state was effected by the unwarranted intervention of an armed force of this republic for the purpose of bringing about the annexation of that country to the United States—which is by indisputable evidence proved to have been the case—then we are not only precluded from annexing the country so offered, but, as a decent people, we are in honor bound to undo the wrong that has been done, and to that end to restore the *status quo ante* as far as we can under the law of nations. Any failure to do so will stamp this nation as a faithless, disreputable concern.

There is much high-sounding talk by the demagogues about the power and influence in the affairs of the world which would come to the United States by the possession of the Hawaiian Islands, no matter how acquired. No man, unless he belongs to that class which values more highly a success won by crooked means than one honestly achieved, will fail to see that far greater and far nobler power and influence will be won by the policy of justice than by a policy of fraud and force. There is no reasonable commercial advantage the government of Hawaii will not be glad to grant to a power which has treated it so honorably, and such advantages we shall have unhardened by any political responsibility. We shall occupy a much higher position than ever before in the estimation of mankind, and wield a much more powerful authority in the councils of nations. The demagogues talk of Great Britain standing ready to grasp at the Hawaiian prize we relinquish. But we tell them there is no power on earth, be it ever so greedy, that will dare to take an unfair advantage of our policy of justice for its own benefit, and our veto will be more conclusive than ever to stop proceedings injurious to our interests. The demagogues raised a mad outcry about "hauling down the American flag" when President CLEVELAND first caused it to be removed from the Hawaiian state-house, where it had no right to be. But it was the flag of the pirate that was hauled down; it is the true American flag, the flag of honesty, justice, and good will to all men, that has now been hoisted by the administration. The country owes a debt of profound gratitude to Secretary GRESHAM for having courageously told the truth, and to President CLEVELAND for pursuing the path of rectitude in our dealings with the world abroad. The American government has never stood in a prouder position before mankind.

THE OPPORTUNITY FOR REORGANIZATION.

THE honest Democrats of New York have a great opportunity. The victory of the 7th of November was their victory, as it was the victory of every one, no matter what his belief and principles concerning national issues, who voted against the bosses and their ways. Directly it was a victory over the Democratic machine; indirectly it was a victory also over the Republican machine. It was an uprising of the people against political vice, which is usually non-partisan, against the men who have deprived the people of the control of their own political organizations, and have made themselves autocrats over the very fountains and sources of political power.

This is a strange thing to say of a republic whose citizens have just shown such tremendous and unconquerable energy in a battle for their rights, and against the decrees of the bosses, and yet it is true, and especially true of the Democratic machine of this State. For several years the Democratic voters of New York have had nothing to say as to who should be their candidates. The Republican machine is nearly as bad, but its tyranny is not so wide-spreading, so minute in its control of details, and not so dangerous to the commonwealth as that of the Democratic machine. It is controlled by men whose forces are scattered, while the Democratic State machine has for its foundation a combination of the bosses of great cities. CROKER of New York, MURPHY of Troy, SHERMAN of Buffalo, with DAVID B. HILL as an informing spirit, and as the inventor and inspirer of methods of political brigandage, are the men who have built the Democratic machine, and have been able to defy or corrupt whatever of honesty there was among the rural Democracy. They and their hungry hordes of plunderers sallied forth and fattened upon the fair places of the State which they seized. They have sold the government to the highest bidder, and they have exercised its functions not for the good of the State, or even of their cities, but for the increase of their loot and the strengthening of their hands.

The foundations of the machine as it exists to-day were laid in 1888, when the CLEVELAND Democrats, confiding as they probably never will be again, turned over the State Committee to DAVID B. HILL because he was the candidate for Governor. It was argued that the State campaign should be under the management of the State Committee, and that Mr CLEVELAND's campaign was national, and therefore naturally in charge of the National Committee. The surrender of the CLEVELAND Democrats, and the subsequent surrender of the President and the anti-snappers, have brought upon the State and upon the Democratic party a succession of evils. The political history of New York for the last five years is a long and dismal chapter of disgrace, culminating with the stealing of the State Senate by ISAAC H. MAYNARD at the command of his master, DAVID B. HILL. The people of Brooklyn are crying out in righteous anger against McKANE of Gravesend; but McKANE is only a little CROKER, a little MURPHY, a little SHERMAN, a little HILL, who has been found out, and Gravesend is only a characteristic little section of the State as it is under the rule of the machine.

It only needed the act which aroused the consciousness of the people to the true character of the machine to destroy it. The people often seem dull because they are indifferent, but when it was proposed to reward with a judgeship one who had committed an offence which a lawyer of his own political party characterized as a "shocking crime," they spoke for political virtue and in behalf of pure government in a voice from whose terrors the bosses have not yet recovered.

While this popular indignation is yet burning is the time for the honest Democrats to purify their party. The people have purified the State for the time, not by choosing ideal executive and judicial officers, or by sending to Albany ideal legislators—for the character and talent of the candidates selected were little thought of in the war against HILL and MAYNARD—but by demonstrating that civic virtue is not only alive but is very active in New York. The State is interested in the fulfilment and perfection of the work. Every person within the borders of the commonwealth is concerned in the purity of both parties, and in the character of the organization of both parties.

The Democratic voters owe it not only to themselves, but to the State, to complete the ruin of the machine which the people began on that memorable Tuesday. The men who led the anti-snapper movement, who showed their power by enrolling a quarter of a million Democratic voters in this State, thus defeating HILL's preposterous ambition for the Presidency, have another opportunity. It is said that they have thus far abstained from making war upon the machine within the party because they could not even seem to do anything to embarrass the President while he was engaged in his endeavor to obtain the repeal of the SHERMAN act. That consideration is no longer potent. The SHERMAN act is repealed. The anti-snappers and all virtuous Democrats are now free to do what they will for the extermination of the machine. They owe no self-restraint to any one. They did everything in their power to secure Mr CLEVELAND's nomination. They effaced themselves from politics to insure the loyalty of the treacherous machine. They have kept silent under great provocation in aid of the first great effort of Mr CLEVELAND's administration. Rarely has there been such an exhibition of self-abnegation. But self-abnegation no longer bears even the semblance of patriotism. The first duty that good Democrats owe is to themselves, their party, and, above all, to their fellow-citizens of this State. They should organize from one end of the State to the other and take the power from the feeble hands that now control the party, to the end that the corrupt men now at the head of the State and its cities may be succeeded by those who are worthy, and that the disgrace inflicted upon New York in the name of Democracy may be wiped out.

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POSSIBILITY OF AN ANTI-TAMMANY MAYOR.

The recent election in this city demonstrated the weakness of Tammany. It is reported by those who have access to the presence of CROKER, who are permitted to view him in the privacy of his throne-room, who are the recipients of such confidences as he makes, that he is dazed by the result. He does not know why his puppets received so many more votes than were cast for HILL's puppet, whom, for the moment and the occasion, he had adopted. He is perplexed by the fact that MAYNARD received 20,269 fewer votes than MEYER, 21,176 fewer than FITCH, and 19,680 fewer than FELLOWS, who was the weakest candidate on the CROKER city ticket.

The answer is clear. The CROKER ticket polled its vote because there was no opposition to it. The proof that there was a bargain between the local Republican bosses and CROKER is daily becoming more convincing. The Republican city ticket was in the field as a foil for CROKER, and its vote was intended to be simply a background for the better showing off of his majorities. No intelligent person, either, believes that Judge BARTLETT received loyal support from the Republican machine. Indeed, so apparent was the treachery of the Republican bosses and heelers that Republican newspapers are insisting that they shall abandon their pretence of Republicanism and openly join CROKER's band of brigands.

Despite CROKER and the Republican machine, however, BARTLETT ran 10,816 votes ahead of his ticket, and MAYNARD 20,269 votes behind his. And this was accomplished despite the smallest vote cast in the city since 1889, and, with the exception of that year, since before 1884, and in despite of the fact, too, that many Democrats who would have voted against MAYNARD if that could have been done without additional pains or effort, declined to take the trouble, and therefore cast the straight Democratic ballot; for the present ballot law greatly aids the straight ticket, and prevents independent voting. The number of votes thus lost to BARTLETT is incalculable, but it must have been great.

The time is ripe for revolt in the city. Those who are opposed to CROKER have the opportunity of their generation. The margin between CROKER and a candidate weakened by treachery in his own party, and by the fact that Democrats who desired to vote for him could only do so by casting a straight and otherwise a meaningless Republican ballot, or by the employment of the annoying and difficult medium of a paster, is less than 33,000. Besides, CROKER himself was not in issue. He had chosen his lay-figures and their protagonists, on the whole, judiciously. MAYNARD was the object of the people's wrath, and CROKER escaped, and is wondering why.

He will not escape next year if the virtuous people of New York are in earnest. Whether he "turns down" GILROY, banishes COCKRAN, or restores them to a share of power in his "Hall," CROKER is doomed if the honest voters will act together. If CROKER is submitted to the people of New York next year as an issue, and if the people of New York are ready to sit in judgment on him, his fate is sealed. The institution over which he presides, and the criminals and semi-criminals who sustain it, will go out of public life, and out of control of the municipality they disgrace and rob. A common rallying point, an organization for good government, a recognition of the fact that national politics have nothing to do with city affairs, first-rate candidates, and a thorough campaign against CROKER will redeem the city from his domination. New York can have as anti-Tammany Mayor if it will.

ARTISTS AND PROTECTIVE UNIONS.

Labor organizations and trades-unions are good or bad accordingly as they are wisely or foolishly administered. Their primary object is most praiseworthy, but every one at all familiar with their history knows that now and again injudicious leaders persuade these bodies into acting with no unreasonable tyranny that is entirely out of accord with both justice and common-sense. Such actions never fail to lead to the discrepute and unpopularity of these bodies. Calm observers who are in sympathy with the effort of working-men to get a full reward for their labor regret such foolish actions, but at the same time cannot help realizing that they are to an extent inevitable, for the reason that working men in the lower grades of labor have not usually the advantage of the training from which wise leadership grows. So far as these are concerned we can do nothing further than to hope and wait for that time of universal education and intelligence when all men will prefer the gentler to the harsher course of action.

But there are working-men who protect their avocations for whom when they act unwisely no such excuse can be made. Among such are those are the musicians in New York. Many of these musicians are men of cultivated intelligence, many, indeed, are worthy to be called artists. When such as these declare that they must protect themselves against foreign competition they make themselves absurd—ridiculous. If the men who make doleful and hideous sounds in the street should unite in an effort to keep the strolling musicians of Europe off the streets we should see some reason for it. Indeed, we might be thankful, for fewer street musicians would mean less noise and fewer discords to mingle with the distracting racket of modern city life. But the most recent instance of tyrannical silliness has nothing to do with strolling brass bands or creaking crank-organs, but affects Mr WALTER DAMROSCH's Symphony Orchestra. The ordinary layman on casual reflection would think that all members of such an orchestra were artists, and that all they would ask of the director was that new members should also be artists. And it may be that such is upon themselves and feel towards their art. However this may be, the Musical Protective Union has notified the director that the members of his orchestra cannot play so long as a certain new and objectionable member is permitted to play upon the violoncello. Why is this man objectionable? He is an excellent performer. Mr. DAMROSCH says he is a virtuoso, which is another name for an artist. The sum of his offending is that he has not lived in the United States six months, and therefore is not eligible for membership in the union. The leader of the Musical Protective Union goes further, and says that this virtuoso, this artist, should have been prevented from landing in this country under the Contract Labor Law. As the matter stood when the WEEKLY went to press, Mr DAMROSCH declared it his purpose to disband the orchestra rather than to give in to such an unreasonable demand. And this expression of determination in supplements with the statement that in the whole of this country there is not a man who can acceptably take the place of the soloist to whom the Union objects.

To give up the symphony concerts will deprive lovers of music of much genuine pleasure. The members of the orchestra would also suffer from lack of employment. Both of these contingencies should be avoided. The trouble with this particular Union, and with most Unions, is that the rules are too inelastic, and therefore, in exceptional cases, do much more harm than good. When any real artist needs to be protected in a free land, then both art and freedom are in a bad way.

ANOTHER LAND-GRAB POSSIBLE.

Adverting to a recent editorial in HARPER'S WEEKLY which criticised the regulations under which settlers were admitted to the Cherokee Strip, a correspondent takes exception to the statement therein contained that such scenes as attended the Cherokee opening cannot occur again because there is no prospect that any more public lands will be opened for settlement. The correspondent reminds the WEEKLY that by an act of Congress passed in June, 1892, one half of the Colville Reservation, in the northern part of the State of Washington, was declared to be public domain, and that preliminary surveys were ordered to be made (and have since been made) with a view to opening that portion of it for settlement. The Colville Reservation includes three million acres, and our correspondent says that people of all classes in Spokane, whom he lives, have for two years past had their eyes on the half of it destined for settlement, with the intention of being present at the opening, and taking part in the expected game of grab.

Our correspondent suggests a plan for preventing such a scramble for this land as that which disgraced the Cherokee Strip opening. He says:

"A government office is already established at Spokane, whence railways radiate in all directions, and about easy access to the reservation. Let public notice be given that for three months previous to a certain date applications will be there received from citizens having the right for claim in the new strip. At the end of three months let the privilege of choice be awarded to the applicants by lot. Ten days after privilege No. 1 is awarded the holder of said privilege must choose his claim. Fifteen minutes, or a convenient number of minutes, after him No. 2 must choose, and so on. Under this system the applicant would be allowed to familiarize himself with the reservation, so as to be able to take some other section than the one upon which he had set his heart, and yet get a desirable claim, provided there was any left. It would give persons who had lived long in the neighborhood a certain advantage which would be justly theirs. Brute force could have no advantage, and while the wily speculator might sometimes go ahead of the honest farmer, the poor crippled widow would have nearly an equal chance with 'Wild Bill' on horseback or any other bad man."

There may be objections to the details of the plan suggested by our correspondent which are not patent to the inexpert. Some better plan may be devised, and as the opening of the new strip may be deferred for several years, there is time enough to devise and perfect a plan that shall be adequate. Inasmuch, though, as the act of Congress which provides for the opening of the new strip stipulates that the land shall be disposed of "under the general laws applicable to the disposition of public lands in the State of Washington," a new plan cannot be introduced without Congressional intervention, and that will take time. Certainly some plan that is a vast improvement over the old-time land grab may reasonably be expected, since no sane Secretary of the Interior would risk the repetition of such scandalous proceedings as attended the last distribution.

BIRDS AND BONNETS.

Since the revival in England of the fashion of adorning women with the wings and feathers of birds, the English newspapers have begun to teem again with letters of remonstrance, setting forth abomination of the practice, and its effect in bringing about the extinction of the species of birds used. Mr W. H. HUDSON, the naturalist, points out in a letter to the London *Times* how far the insensibility of women to the cruelty of the feathers habit seems to justify the idea of HERBERT SPENCER that women do not progress side by side with men, but "lag far behind, and intellectually, especially on the side of the æsthetic faculties, occupy a position about midway between the civilized man of our am and the pure savage." The *Times*, in commenting editorially upon the objections to the wholesale slaughter of birds for their feathers, recalls the remark of Professor NEWTON, made in a letter seventeen years ago, that "feathers on the outside of any biped but a bird naturally suggest the association of tar."

All the bright plumaged birds have been destroyed in irreparable numbers of late years, but the worst case is that of the herons, who furnish the plumes for aigrettes now fashionable in bonnets. These plumes, it seems, are the bird's nuptial ornaments, and are only to be had during the breeding season. Accordingly each aigrette means that a parent bird has been killed, and a nestful of young ones has starved to death. In the light of such information it is easy to believe the assertion that the herons have been absolutely cleaned out in Florida, their great breeding-district in this country, and are getting scarce in the tropics.

But how hopelessly absurd it is to try to intervene between the female and the fashion! Does any one believe that if it were the mode to wear necklaces of babies' teeth, there would not be more infants in the world and much fewer available teeth to each infant? There is a sort of Astrakhan furthat is fashionable every year or two for trimming. We forget the polite name for it, but the process of obtaining it is to rip up the dam and skin the unborn kid. In politics it is thought unscrupulous to go behind the returns, but not in fashions.

A PRACTICAL USE FOR FOOTBALL.

It must be a matter of congratulation to parents and sons alike, to teachers as well as to students, to learn that a practical application of a knowledge of the game of football has now been found. Parents and teachers will be glad in the assurance that the time spent by their sons and the youths under their charge in the practice of the game has not been wasted, and the boys will be glad to be able to draw upon specific facts instead of indulging in glittering generalities in defence of their devotion to the sport. The teachers will also doubtless be glad of the possibilities of development that seem to lie in this new-found use for football tactics. Hitherto the advocates of the game have been compelled to defend it generally on the ground of its being so healthful and invigorating an exercise, and by claiming that it taught coolness of head as well as toughness of sinew, and cultivated a power of generalship in addition to exuberant crops of hair.

But in a despatch from Fall River dated November 15th we read that two men, who gave their names as JOHN WILLIAMS and EDWARD WRIGHT, entered the residence of Mr ALEXANDER MILNE, on Ridge Street, at mid-day, presumably with felonious intent, for while browsing around among the personal effects of said MILNE they were thrown into a frenzy of terror by the unexpected entry into the room of a lady, whose name, for some reason not reported, has been suppressed. The two men took flight through the window, jumping into a party of school boys, who dauntlessly gave chase. Two of the older boys, GEORGE WARING and JOHN FLEET, Jun., overhauled one of the men, but whether WILLIAMS or WRIGHT is not stated. WARING tackled him football fashion about the waist, his arms slipping down to the man's knees and brought him down, whereupon FLEET, Jun., precipitated himself upon the man's head as if it were a football, and claimed a touch-down. The man claimed that he was held, and attempted to throw the boys off, but the timely arrival of the umpire, in the shape of a policeman, who decided in favor of the home team, and enforced his decision with a vigorous application of his billy to the man's head, until he ceased to resist, saved the day.

The other man had the temporary advantage of being pursued by the smaller boys, who, however, finally caught him in a similar football manner about a mile out of town.

We thus see that if these boys had not been in the habit of playing football, and familiar with its methods, the two men, who are also suspected of having committed other crimes in the city, would undoubtedly have escaped. It will therefore be seen that our college football-players are developing a set of men who will be invaluable on our police forces as thief-catchers. And while their methods will lack the subtlety and finesse of those of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, they will be much more direct, and, if we can judge from the success of a few untrained school-boys, probably quite as effective.

The objection may be raised by some caviller that we do not find many college graduates on our police forces at present, and that the talents developed on the football field are likely to be lost to the world for that reason. The objection, however, is not a valid one. Candidates for the police force hitherto have not sought to prepare themselves for the job by taking a collegiate degree because it was not necessary for them to do so, and college men have not sought places on the force because they saw in such a career no fit opening for their talents and training.

Once let it be understood, however, that a knowledge of football is essential to success as a policeman, and we shall have not only men whose natural tastes and inclinations lead them to become policemen flocking to our colleges in order to obtain the best possible preparation, but we shall find our athletic college graduates clamoring for positions as guardians of the peace as they have hitherto thronged the professions of the law, medicine, and the church.

The necessary effect of all this will be greatly to raise the standard of the police force, and to place it on the same level as, say, the army and the navy. Evil-doers will soon discover that they have to deal with men from whom it is impossible to escape, and in consequence all professional criminals will seek other fields for their labors. The presence of so distinguished a corps of men in one of our municipal departments is bound to have its due effect on the others and the imagination readily pictures the time in the near future when to be a Tammany district captain will imply the ability to write A.M after one's name, and when every alderman will be an LL.D.

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THE STORY OF THE HORSE SHOW.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

There has been lately introduced into this city a new form of entertainment, or rather a new arrangement of an old entertainment, which is called "the continuous performance." It is in progress at several of the cheap theatres here, and its chief novelty lies in the fact that there are no waits or intermissions, and that you can run in at any moment from ten in the morning until eleven at night and be sure of finding something on the stage from the moment of your entrance up to the time when you are ready to take your leave. The Horse Show is very much like one of these exhibitions, on a very large and magnificent scale. It begins at nine in the morning and continues until midnight, with two short recesses. With these exceptions there are always three things to see—a triple ring as it were, which gives you three different objects for your entertainment—the horses in the ring, the people in the boxes, and the horses in the stables below.

As a spectacle, the most interesting thing about the Horse Show is that it is so well done. There is no other entertainment on as large a scale in this country in which the comfort of the dumb animal and of the voluble spectator is so well considered. There is no other entertainment, perhaps, where horses are such important performers; but even in those where men and women are the chief attraction, as at the grand opera, there is no better regard for their ease and their special desires than at this annual circus at the Madison Square Garden. Every little detail has been considered, so that each person is taken care of and shown what there is to see, or allowed to show what he or she desires to exhibit to the best advantage, whether it is a green hunter or an orange and black frock.

This is not written for the individual who lives in New York city, for he knows and has known for several years exactly what the Horse Show is like. It is an old story to him. It is written rather with the hope of interesting the man or woman in the far West or South who reads of the Horse Show in the papers and who is anxious to read more. You enter the Madison Square Garden through a long marble corridor with red velvet curtains hung at its farther end. Some one is always coming out through these heavy curtains as you push them aside to go in, and you generally run into him; and your nostrils are assailed at the same time even more forcibly by an odor of bark, like that of a street in which some one is ill and which has been covered with tan-bark, and your ears with the cries of a half dozen little jockeys in yellow and black jackets, who wish you to buy a catalogue from each of them, and your eyes by a misty glare from thousands of electric lights.

The Garden during Horse Show week is built around a square movable platform which rests in the centre of a huge oval ring covered deep with tan-bark. This platform is sacred to the judges of the "continuous performance." Around this ring is a high wooden fence high for a [illegible] jump and [illegible] strong [illegible] a runaway [illegible] to break. It has three [illegible] and is painted white [illegible] upper rail. When something exciting is going on in the ring this fence is crowded on the outside by five or six rows of [illegible] who jest between the rails or stand on the [illegible] and rest their [illegible] on the [illegible] end of all their [illegible] at the horses [illegible] frighten them [illegible] the first row of [illegible] [illegible] them [illegible] it was owned that [illegible] willing [illegible] The boxes rise from [illegible] higher [illegible] four [illegible] wood [illegible] to the [illegible] are two galleries which [illegible] all the way around the building. When the promenade is crowded, and the boxes filled, and the [illegible] back of them, and these two galleries are packed, you can see more people at one time gathered in a smaller circumference than it is possible to get together probably in any other building in this country. And the sight of these twenty thousand people is all the more remarkable because of the good clothes of the crowd, and the many well known faces of public men and fashionable women, and the pervading air of good taste and of money well spent, and the obvious recognition of the fact that there is much on show besides the horses.

It is quite possible to understand that the Horse Show can be disappointing as an entertainment to the man or the woman from another city, to the family man from the suburbs, and to the man of few acquaintances from anywhere, unless he or she loves horses as much as some men love fire arms, and who are content just to look at and pat and shoulder a rifle without asking permission to fire it off. For unless he loves horses very dearly the Horse Show is as likely to make him feel as much out of it as Newport makes the [illegible] feel out of it when he sees that every one in the [illegible] knows every one else and that his only interest in the [illegible] limited to one side of a tournament. But to the man of [illegible] acquaintance or to the man who reads the newspapers [illegible] the Horse Show is [illegible] performance of [illegible] different value. The stranger sees only a dozen horses in a big ring with three or four gentlemen looking them over until some half dozen smart looking grooms affix ribbons of different colors to their heads and the crowd applauds. To get much fun out of that he would know that the crowd applauded because it was the horse of a man they all knew, either personally or from reading about him in the racing or the society columns of the papers, that had received a first prize, and not the horse of the dealer for whom they cared very little. He has to be able to distinguish between the horses of the man who breeds them on his own farm and who breaks and trains them himself for the love of it, and the man who buys them in England as he would buy a high hat, and between the pet hunter of the girl who rides him herself, and the other some livery stable proprietor has entered only to sell. Of course it does not follow that the person who is ignorant of these unimportant facts is not going to enjoy the show if he cares for horses, for it is the horse and not the owner he thinks about, but to properly appreciate the great interest the show has for the majority of the people who visit it you must understand that it is not the entries but the people who have made the entries that attract most of the spectators. This is sad, but true.

AT THE HORSE SHOW WATCHING THE JUDGING.—Drawn by E. V. Nadherny.

If the Horse Show were a real horse show, with the only idea in view of encouraging the breeding of horses and bettering the horse's condition, there would be fewer hunters and tandems and more butcher carts in the competitions. But the Horse Show is run almost entirely by a certain small class of people. It happens that people of this class are able and willing to make a more attractive exhibit of themselves and of their horses than probably any other class could do, and in consequence no one or very few complain. It is certainly more interesting to see five or six four-in-hands in the ring than so many public cabs, and the owners of the brakes and coaches make a much more attractive show in the boxes than would possibly the wives and daughters of the public cab drivers, probably because these latter, rich as they certainly ought to be, are not quite rich enough to pay from six hundred to a thousand dollars for a box.

Every man is supposed to love a horse, as all the world is supposed to love a lover, and if he does not he pretends he does, and he cannot complain that the particular object of his affections is neglected at the Garden. There are little baby ponies and giant Percherons, and trotting horses in front of spiderlike buggies driven by gentlemen in voluminous white coats, and short-tailed cobs in front of mail coaches with young men in long-skirted frock coats and curly-brimmed high hats, and there are beautifully painted brakes with four horses, and smart broughams with one, and dog carts with tandem teams. There are also magnificent black stallions at the end of a long white lunging rein, and ponies innumerable. There are three elements in the crowd of spectators who watch these different classes compete for the four ribbons. There are the friends of the contestants, who know where the owner bought the horse and his pedigree, the maker from whom he got his cart, and the name of the groom or the gentleman who is driving it for him; the class of spectator who only distinguishes each entry by the color of the horse, or of the panels of the cart, and who "chooses" which he would rather own, and who is interested chiefly in the fact that one of the drivers is a "dude" and an [illegible] is out; and the grooms and stable-boys who hang [illegible] around the rail and who consider the horse only and whose enthusiasm is the real thing and more hearty and genuine than that of the horse owners themselves. The crowd is most interesting and most interested when the hunters jump at the close of the afternoon and evening performance. Each hunter in the jumping class must [illegible] take a hedge, an "in and out" jump, a gate and a post and rails. These are each about four feet [illegible] inches high and there are generally from fifteen to twenty horses competing. The interesting thing about it is to see how the people in the upper part of the house are educated as the evening goes on, and how they learn to discriminate in their applause. At first they give all of their applause

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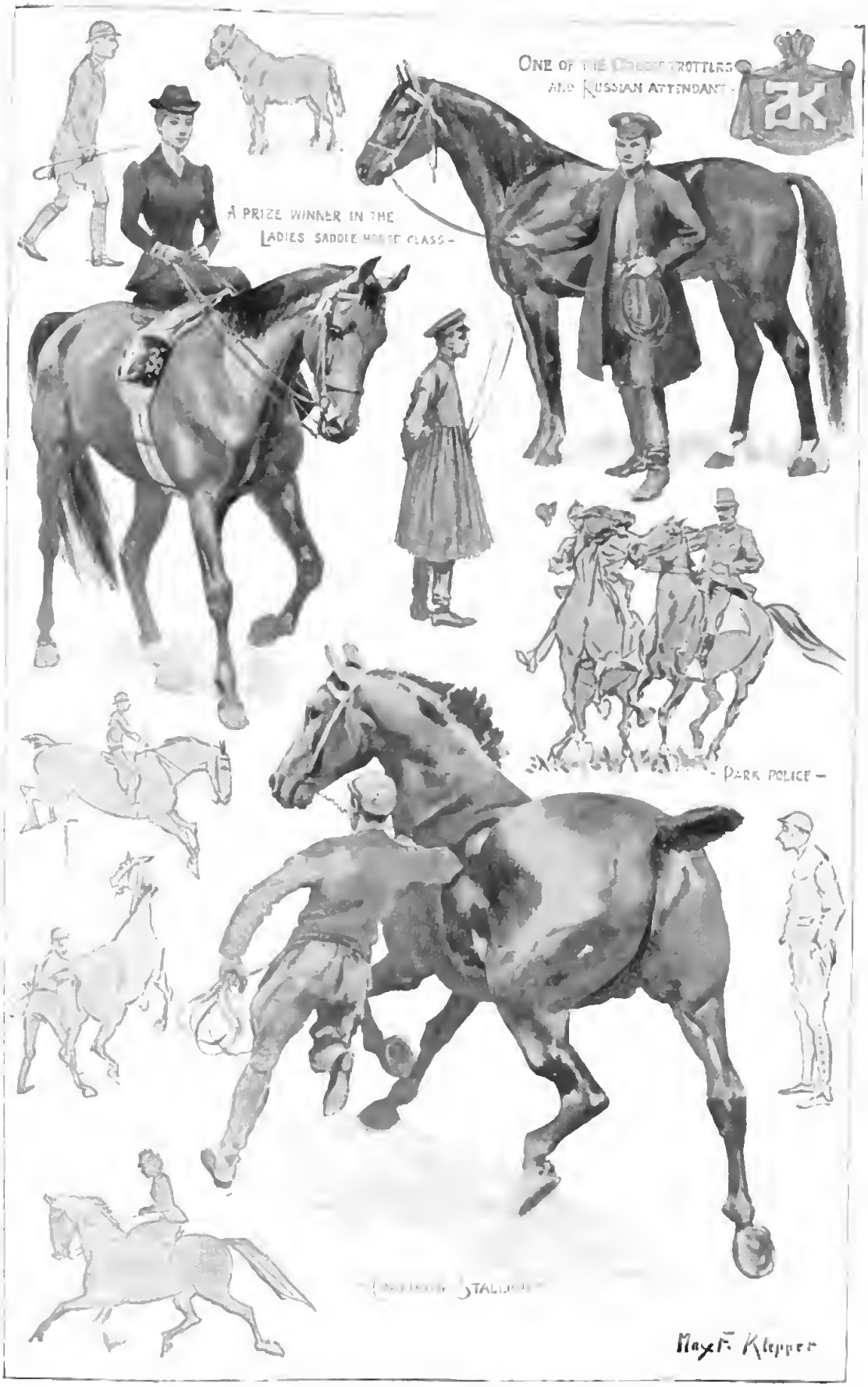

SOME NOTABLE FEATURES OF THE HORSE SHOW.—DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

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to the horse and the man who clear the jumps without levelling any one of them and the fact that his horse does this on a rush, and at such speed as would inevitably break the rider's neck if he fell does not occur to them, although it makes the judicious grooms and the saddle boys grin.

They laugh mockingly when a horse refuses, and do not take account of the fact that the rider is still entirely seated in his saddle; while, had they received the same sudden setback, they would have shot over the horse's head until they met something strong enough to stop them. They also roar with appreciation when a very bad rider, after steering his horse into a fall, scrambles back into his saddle, for this appeals to them as a very sportsmanlike thing to do, and something they certainly would not emulate if they had had such a fall.

But they learn very quickly; they notice that while they have been roaring with delight at the antics of a frightened horse and the amusing fact that his rider cannot make him take any of the jumps without a struggle, the grooms and the people in the boxes and in the promenade have been silent until the last jump has been taken; and that they then, in addition to the fact that the horse has literally by disgraced himself, have burst into loud applause for the rider. So, before the evening is over, a horse can take all of the ten jumps and not get a hand for it, while the man who lifts his horse over some of them, and who shows a good seat and a light hand, receives his reward from all parts of the building.

At night there is much more of the spectator in evidence than there is of the horse. The people are every where moving in two slow uncertain currents around the promenade, and rising from that to the roof, where lines and bunches of electric lights glare down upon them with the fierceness of the sun through a burning glass. They show beautiful women in very fine gowns and thousands of men in uniform black and white, and every one is bowing and smiling, and bumping into some one else at the same time and then bowing and smiling at him. Sometimes when there is a particularly beautiful girl or a distinguished personage on exhibition in one of the boxes, the crowd congests and stops in front of it, blocking the board walk completely until the object of their curiosity disappears into the stables below or is lost in the crowd. There is the element of expectancy in the air, as though every one were looking each moment to see some one he knows, and he is seldom disappointed. The Horse Show draws people from all over the country, and it becomes as much a matter of course to find a friend from Denver or from London at your side as the man you have just left at the club.

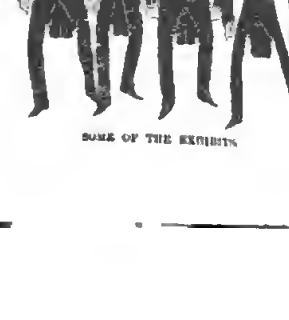
Some people take the show very seriously, and get themselves up for the part they are to play there, which for them is generally a very small part. They wear remarkable waistcoats and long yellow overcoats, and it must hurt their sense of the fitness of things very much when they find that the man whose horses have won the greatest number of ribbons dressed more like a tank president than a bookmaker, as are they. The people offer many surprises, and the greatness of the crowd levels all ranks. It is interesting to see an actress from one of the local theatres enter the place with the determined purpose in her air and dress to be seen of all men and women, to give them something to look at and to watch her growing more and more bewildered as she is bumped and shoved and buried from sight in the throng, and her individuality crushed out by mere force of numbers. The spectators are surfeited with celebrities, and the biggest men in political life and the most celebrated of the professional beauties are shouldered by grooms and trainers, and the daily papers, which once gave pictures of the prize-winners among the horses, now make drawings of the people in the boxes, as though the reading public must consider them the best part of the show.

Now that the Horse Show is a success, and has been and will be a success for years, it would seem a more sportsmanlike and a fairer thing altogether if prizes were given for the horses who toil and labor and who are public servants, and not merely to those who are meant for sale, and those who are so much petted by their present owners that they do not need any blue ribbons to make their lives happier.

In the French horse show last year the best exhibition of driving was given by one of the men who drove in the competition for omnibus horses in harness. Now that is an interesting fact, and there is no reason why the hansom cabs that have been dropped out of the list, and the butchers carts, and the other heavy draught horses should not be encouraged as well as those of the Four Hundred.

The annual competition for working horses and costers' donkeys which the Baroness Burdett Coutts instituted in London has done a great deal for these animals, and their owners are as proud of the brass plates they receive as prizes as any of the gentlemen at the Horse Show are of their silver cups.

But it is not likely that there will ever be a change. The fashionable people have made the Horse Show their own and set their stamp upon it, and the rest of the world have apparently accepted the fact without question. It is a very great show and a very interesting one, and it pays one to have seen it. As a spectacle it is one of the most remarkable sights in the world, and it will always be popular, not on account of the horses especially, but in spite of them.



SOME OF THE EXHIBITS.

CRITICAL COMMENT.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY

ALTHOUGH it is undeniably true that beauty rather than the beast was the chief exhibit of the week to probably nine out of every ten visitors to the Garden, it is none the less a fact that as each annual show comes and goes it leaves a distinct impression of an improvement in nearly every class. It is hardly ten years since we held our first show, and those who remember the grade of entries, the traps, the form, of even an short a time ago had cause enough last week for good honest pride in our improvement since that time in all three particulars. Around the arena beauty did, to be sure, set most of the spectators by the ears, but downstairs in the stalls the beast suffered no division of attention, and it is there you should *have* looked for the men and women who go to see the horses, and who know a hunter from a Park hack.

And beauty deserves homage, too, for the rôle she has filled in our extraordinary advancement has been no inconsiderable one. Superficial observers are prone to declare the show a mere "function" in which the horses are merely incidental setting to "society's" announcement of its return to town. While it is perfectly true that seeing and being seen, more than the horses, concerns a very generous percentage of the fashionable folk, it is also true that among them are the men chiefly responsible for the success of the show and for the improvement of one breeds of horseflesh. Had not "society" stamped the show with its approval, unquestionably it would not have been so successful. It must be remembered that these are the people of wealth, and that "money makes the mare go." We should of course have had a Horse Show without them, and the old mare perhaps would have grown to be a pretty good sort of nag by this time, but without the lavish expenditure that has put new blood into so many of our classes we must have been twenty years reaching the standard we have attained in ten. Let us, therefore, in commenting on the social side of this show, bear in mind whose money has so largely contributed to the lasting improvement of American horseflesh.

A WAGER.

That the National Association has accomplished a great deal goes without the saying, and the task has not been an easy one. To weed out and harmonize and yet make each year a decided improvement over the preceding one was not all plain sailing, as any one of the Association's officers will tell you for the asking. It was not possible to accomplish everything in one or two or even three years, and so we have waited patiently, satisfied if each show marked an advance in any one particular. In the early days, when it was some what of a struggle for existence, and the Association was not strong enough to assert itself, we expected nothing rational. Now it is different; the last two years have removed all doubts for the future; as a sporting venture, and social venture it is an unqualified success, and as such we shall look forth for a clearer conception by its officers of the Association's mission.

The two objects of the National Association without doubt are to encourage and assist the breeder and to educate the public, and whatever tends in this direction should be cultivated. First of all, let us have a few very simple matters adjusted. This year's catalogue shows us the same horses entered in saddle and harness classes. I do not recall in any show a horse so entered that was a successful competitor in either; but that is neither here nor there, it is the principle involved to which I would call the Association's attention. This annual show of ours is *the* show of the country, it is really national in its entries and in the effect of its awards, and its standard should be unquestioned. It's all very nice for some gentleman with a modest stable to have a horse which is an excellent Park hack, and which his wife may have hitched up to the family trap for her airing in the afternoon, but it's out of all reason to expect such an animal to win a ribbon either in harness or under the saddle in classes where ideal types only as a rule are entered.

There may be an extraordinary individual exception, of course, but other than that the same horse cannot be an ideal type of saddler and ideal type of carriage animal at one time. The gaits are dissimilar, and, if nothing else, the harness marks should be enough to throw him out of the consideration of the saddle class judges. So, although in nothing like as marked an extent as it will in saddle horses pure and simple and hunters, there is a very great difference between the two in every respect, and they should no more be confused in the ring than they are in the hunting-field.

With the amount of money annually invested in each distinct type of animal there is no scarcity of representatives of each, and no need whatever for the Association permitting the confusion of types that now exists in the show ring. There has been a great deal of weeding out in the various classes since last year, but we can stand a good bit more of it, to the increased value of the show. Next year let us have saddle horses in their class only, and not fraking about the ring as either hunters or carriage horses.

There was a very noticeable improvement in this respect over last year in the woman's saddle classes. It has been customary to see the usual saddle class entries shifted over to the woman's class without apparently the slightest thought of qualification. Indeed, last year, if I remember correctly, the winner of the regular class was also the winner of the woman's class. He was an exceptionally fine animal unquestionably, but he did not have the look nor the build of a lady's hack, though his manners were perfect. A woman's saddler should have more length than a man's, and combine the utmost vivacity with the greatest docility. It should be more even in its gaits and of perfect manners.

To be sure, all these attributes are desirable in a man's saddler also, except length of body, but they must be pronounced in a woman's hack to make it a type. Consequently this also should be a distinct class. The catalogue provided this year for the woman's saddlers to be shown by one of that sex, and the decrease in the confusion of types was marked. Heretofore saddlers for sale have been thrust into this class with impunity, dozens of entries probably having never had a woman on their back.

The same measures should be adopted in the woman's hunter classes. What applied to the saddle classes last year does this year to some extent to the hunters, for we see the same animals in the ordinary and in the woman's classes. To my certain knowledge several of those which competed in the woman's classes would be mighty unsafe in the hunting field, and this class may be straightened out fairly, as in the woman's saddlers, by insisting on the entries being ridden over the jumps by a woman. There is no encouragement to the breeder of woman's saddlers and hunters if the ruling of the Association is going to permit the ringing in of mongrels. And the Association officers need not fear a lack of entries. There will not be so many, but a decidedly better and more interesting lot, as were the women's saddles last week.

And there is another quarter—the industrial horse—in which the Association may give its attention with results of a hitherto beneficial and wide spreading nature. There have been from time to time sporadic efforts towards encouraging this most neglected of all our breeds of hackney, but they have never amounted to much, because promoted chiefly by self advertisement. At the open our Horse Show last spring and the year before one or two trotting stakes offered prizes in this direction, but it goes to be a matter of which should get the greatest amount of advertising out of it, and there it began and ended. Last year, too, there was a prize for the public "cabby," and the contest turned out to be quite an interesting one, and could hardly help being beneficial. This year "cabby" was ignored, or was, in fact, every other kind of industrial horse.

In all the nine hundred and odd entries there was not a solitary representative of the industrial horse, and of all the thirty three thousand dollars given as prizes, not one cent was offered for such a representative. Had there been any encouragement of the class by the Association, undoubtedly entries would have been forth-coming fast enough. The Association has always depended on special donations from its friends for this class, and as they have not proved steadfast, the class has suffered.

It seems to me this class is important enough to be included in the regular prize list. Some of the money could be taken from the endless variety of hackney and hunter classes, with no other result than that all relief to the spectators. Next year give the industrial horse a chance, and the hunter a needed rest, or rather the jumper, for while all hunters are jumpers, all jumpers in the Garden ring last week were not hunters, by a huge majority.

This year the special prize list throughout, only let out or two exceptions, was the poorest the Association ever had. The majority of them seem to have been given chiefly to advertise the donors. Intelligent direction appears to have been the last consideration.

The Horse Show could be made so much more valuable and the week more interesting to all concerned if the classes from first to last were pruned generously. There is such an endless division—divisions that carry really no practical value—that not only are the judges worked like slaves, but the classes hurried and not half enjoyed. One cannot but one's self in readiness to drop everything and run to the garden at all hours, and yet that is practically what one must do every day of the Horse Show week, in order not to miss the best classes. If we could have a less number of classes, and horses kept to their own classes distinctly, it would add very much to the attractiveness of the show. And nothing proves this a fact as much as the show just finished. Throughout the week we not only saw classes that were almost exact duplicates of ones already judged, and thus unnecessarily brought out the same horses here we saw as well quite a number of classes that were not filled at all, or should never have been entered on the daily programme.

"WHEN DID YOU GET BACK?"

The time and money spent on these could have been used to a distinctly better advantage.

Bearing in mind that this is a national association, why should there not be something done in the direction of cavalry horses? We have Troop A in New York and there is one in Philadelphia. Both could give interesting and instructive drills, which might act as a tentative effort towards some one among the breeders of cavalry horses. I don't say this is not a matter for the consideration of the Horse Show Association. If not from the breeder's certainly from the spectator's point of view.

And now one other point of criticism and I have finished with the National Association, and am ready to turn my attention to the horses proper. As this show increases in importance more and more in the horse world, the decisions of its judges grow in influence and scope. A few years ago a blue ribbon from the National Association had little more significance for the breeder than have the awards of any one of a half dozen provincial horse shows. To day, however, there is a different story to tell, for the high standing in the sportsman's world of its officers and the enthusiasm of its salesmen have made the National Horse Show Association a power in the land of horsemen. Its blue ribbons are the most coveted awards in America, and it is really national in every sense of the word. This being the case it follows that not only should the most competent gentlemen be chosen for judges, but the judging itself should be conducted on defined lines that are known and accepted throughout the country as standard.

As it is to-day in many of our classes, the judging is very largely a matter of personal prejudice. That there have been comparatively few mistakes is simply because the judging has been done by exceptionally competent sporting men. But I think all horsemen will agree with me that there should be a defined standard and a scale of points to be followed in making awards. Moreover it is my opinion that not only should there be a scale of points, but the judges should publish their opinion with every award. Bear in mind this annual show has been far reaching in its influence, that its awards or rejections mean everything to the breeder, and where the breeder is so vitally interested

he has a right to know on what points his entry failed. Yet another query comes to me. Why should the livery-stable keeper, the horse dealer pure and simple, who is not a breeder, be permitted to enter his horses in the show? Many believe the dealer should be encouraged in this way; the dealer who is also a breeder—yes, but I cannot see why the livery-stable man, and the mere dealer who is in business as such, should be granted the privileges of an exhibitor. But I am aware a great diversity of opinion exists on this subject.

The most disturbing thought I find in full possession at the close of the Horse Show concerns the type of roadster the judges are giving us annually as the American ideal. The awards this year and every year that I remember have gone invariably to light-boned, highly bred, speedy representatives of the trotter. And this is the question which perplexes me. Is the trotter simply a superior roadster? would Directum, Maud S., Flying Jib be eligible to the roadster class?

Undoubtedly the type of roadster as represented by Colonel Kip's two exquisite animals Mona and My May, which were winners singly and doubly whenever they competed, has a very large place in the affections and uses of the American horseman. It is the type that every lover of horseflesh, who can afford the luxury, wants in his stable for a little speeding now and then, and it has a distinct place in this country, though not, to my way of looking at it, in the roadster class. But there is a roadster, and it seems to me we are neglecting one of the most useful and universally popular types in this country in not providing for him. He belongs in a class between the trotter and the high stepper pure and simple; he has substance, quality, good all round action, is a free goer, and carries himself well; he is the horse that moves along easily at a three-minute gait and will keep going as long as you call on him; he has not the delicate organism of the trotter, and is not as expensive to keep. This is a kind of horse we do not see very much in the immediate vicinity of New York, and is little known to the officers of the National Association, but undoubtedly its average, take the country over, is three times that of any other type.

As our Association must be national in its scope as well as in name, this type should be provided for, and therefore

A BOX OF BLUE RIBBONS.

I suggest that next year the Association include it in the catalogue. The present type may be provided for by a class up to 2 40, 2 30, or whatever gait may be agreed on as fairly representing these road trotters, like Mona and My May, and a new class for the roadster introduced which shall consider speed over three minutes of no moment, and shall look for a broad-chested, good boned, well put-up animal with substance and style. Mr Joshua Gregg's gray gelding, Hosea B Perkins, which won third in the road-rig class, seemed to me the nearest approach to a roadster of any horse we have seen in the Garden ring.

In the chief roadster class there were thirteen exhibits, which, with a few exceptions, were all good—*i.e.*, accepting the trotter type as the standard. Colonel Kip was first and second in the singles, and first and third in the doubles, with My May, Mona, Mambrino Belle, and Emoleta. C M Reed showed a pair—Evangeline and Lunette—with a record of seventeen miles within the hour, and took third in the singles and second in the doubles. J G K Lawrence has a nice clean mover in Kittee, and M P Wilder should hereafter save his entrance fee, as Bertha is outclassed. Considering that he is the great American horse, the trotter classes were rather sparsely filled, and certainly it was not for want of inducement, for the prizes were liberal. I am inclined to think it due largely to the idea which got abroad, based on the experience of the last few years, that the Association did not care for trotting entries. It may have been so at first, but the Association has shown a more thorough appreciation of its mission each year, and it does want and will encourage the trotting classes. The trotting men themselves are answerable for the scanty showing this year. There was not a single entry in the herd class, although $1000 was the first prize. Alcantara and Quartermaster were the only entries in the champion class, and came together again in the four-year olds kept for service, being first and second in each class. There were two or three grand entries in the two and three year old stallions; Prince Lavalard, which won the two year old, is one of the finest-moving colts ever shown. The yearlings were disappointing in numbers, but superb in quality, especially the fillies, Alletta showing beautifully.

If the trotting class left much to be desired, the thoroughbred stallion class left more. The latter was indeed a misery showing for a country that leads the world. Indeed, there was but one entry in the thoroughbred class that looked the "grand sire," and that was Macbeth, which was sick and did not compete. Lamar Eclipse, which won first, is a horse whose quality is too well known to question, but he does not look it, and both Devote and Greenland seemed more entitled to the red ribbon than Saxony, whose legs are not such as we like to see on a thoroughbred sire. Macbeth was in fettle for the best stallion for getting hunters special class, and was easily first, not another entry approaching him. This prize, offered by E C Potter, was one of the very few (about three) specials worth cataloguing, and the fact that it drew out but three competitors proved that of all the money spent annually by the hunting men, very little of it is going towards breeding up the American hunter.

The hackney classes of the '93 show will long be memorable for the unquestioned triumph of Henry Fairfax, a home breeder, and the complete downfall of Fashion. None has done more for the American hackney, if we may yet claim a type, than Mr Fairfax, and the success of his entries in the three classes for "registered hackney stallions out of unregistered mares," was pleasing to all horsemen. It was, too, the first practical and official illustration in outcrossing the hackney since his introduction in this country. If every breeder can be as happy in results as the four beautiful two and three year olds, which won two blue and two red ribbons for Mr Fairfax, show him to have been, then we may congratulate ourselves on the fad that first brought the hackney to our shores. But that all cannot be so successful, the yearling classes showed. Here the entries were disappointing, there being hardly any worth considering outside the winners, and not over two or three classing with Mr Fairfax's incomparable entries.

Taking the hackney classes straight through, nothing to equal them in quality and numbers has ever been seen in this country. Mr Frank Usher, who is an authority on hackneys, and came over especially to judge at our show, said that a better exhibition had not been made even in England, the home of the hackney. Consequently we may conclude that Messrs Cassatt, Fairfax, Lawrence, and Webb, who practically stand as sponsors for the introduction and the first efforts at breeding the hackney in America, have done their work well. And do not let us dismiss Fashion without an appreciative nod to the old ring dandy, and a word or two to Mr Prescott Lawrence to tell him we are not unmindful of the fact that Fashion was one of the first of our hackney sires; indeed, he and Mr Cassatt's Little Wonder were the only two for several years. Both have left sons and daughters that will long perpetuate their names among breeders of the American hackney.

Probably the most interesting feature of the entire week to a horseman was the exhibition in the ring of the champion hackney stallion imp. Matchless of Londesboro, with seventeen of his get. It was really an impressive spectacle, this wonderful sire solemnly and proudly marching around the arena, with his be-ribboned and showy children prancing along after him. Next to Mr Seward Webb's Matchless, Mr. Cassatt's Cadet occupied the attention of the spectators and the time of the judges. Cadet is a grand animal, and at first inspection looks to be finer-grained, but on more intimate acquaintance this impression disappears, and Matchless stands out peerless.

The continual improvement in the hackney classes is easily shown by the failure of imp Star of Mepal, Forest Swell, imp. Berserker, and imp. Rufus to achieve the recognition they had heretofore, and in the new winners, imp. Dr Parke and imp. Green's Rufus. The Wideners showed three fine mares in imp. Dorothea, imp Her Ladyship, and imp May Queen—the first and last blue ribbon winners, the other a third.

One had not to be told after seeing the coaching stallion class, that comparatively few of our coach horses are bred in this country. The display was not good, the class lacking in both quality and action.

Whatever shortcomings there may have been in any other class, the carriage classes showed improvement enough to more than save the average. The advance we have made in the last few years in our high steppers and general carriage horseflesh is little short of remarkable. These classes alone are worthy a separate paper, and I cannot hope to do them full justice here. Every class filled nicely, and the quality was the best that has ever been shown. As a whole, probably they would have been even more interesting if some of the classes had been cut out altogether. It is possible to get too much of even a good thing, and we saw the same horses over and over again, until the interest they aroused at first was imperilled. Earlier in this paper I have spoken of the advisability of a scale of points, and their publication by the judges. Some of the judging in the carriage classes show my suggestion is not lacking in application.

There were ten classes for the high steppers, single and double, and as practically the same horses were seen, I shall not attempt to follow each class, nor is there space. The horses one picked from the lot were May Queen, Ivanhoe, Tibbett, Tiny Cock Robin, Magpie, Lady Gay, Duchess of Elm, Peacock, imp. Dorothea, imp. Lady Edwena, Cyclone, Sky High, Game-cock, Margaret, Grace, Tip, Top, Alantha, imp Myrtle, Tip Top, Rockingham, Devil, imp Belinda, imp Fairy Queen, Gramont, Hamilton, High Commissioner, Trustee, Fop, Sky-rocket, Rough, Rats, Lady Gordon. Nearly all of these received ribbons; not always of the color some good judges of horseflesh believed they should, but that was inevitable, considering

A DISPUTED AWARD.

the present manner of judging. Ivanhoe was sent out of the ring in one class, and given second in another where the qualifications were the same. Tip Top was overlooked altogether in a class where "soundness, style, conformation, and hock action" were to be considered, although it would be hard to find a finer piece of horseflesh, or a more showy one in any kind of trap. Take them all through, the classes have never been equalled here, nor surpassed anywhere.

The exception was the brougham class, in which there were four exhibitors, and only two up to class. There are enough broughams in use to make that type of horse worth cultivating.

The tandem classes have never shown finer quality, and seldom been more curiously judged. In the first class, O H P. Belmont showed Rockingham and Wales to a cocking cart and was given first over Mr Smith's Sky-rocket and Sky High, second; Mr. Fulton's Peacock and Gamecock, third, and Mr Baudouine's Buckshot and Tip Top, fourth. The first and fourth should have changed places, for Belmont's leader was useless as such, though a high-bred animal. In the Park tandem Mr Baudouine's claims were recognized, and he received the blue ribbon, with Mr Fulton rightfully second, and Mr Smith third. Mr Smith, however, should have given place to Mr Arthur's Margaret and Grace, for good as are Sky-rocket and Sky High, they are not showy enough for a Park team. Messrs Belmont and McLaughlin erred in carrying unlighted lamps. Lamps should not be put on a Park tandem except for use. And Mr Belmont's cocking cart and Park harness were a grotesque combination, and as defiant of good form as the cockade on the coachman's hat.

IN THE AFTERNOON.

The four-in-hands were quite as good as the tandems in quality, and caused equally as curious decisions. In the first class for horses Colonel Hilton won first, Mr. Baudouine second, Belmont third; and it looked as if the second and first should have changed places, Mr Baudouine's horses showing more substance, quality, and style. In the Park class Mr Widener won first, and it looked very close between him and Mr. Baudouine, who, however, was given third, while Belmont, whom he had beaten in the first class, received second. It was a wretched decision, but not so bad as in the road class, where Belmont again won, though Higgins' four went beautifully, every horse doing its work. For some reason or other the Belmont horses appeared to find extraordinary favor in the eyes of the judges.

The pony classes were the best we have ever had, breeder George Green quite outshining any of his former efforts, though he did not have all the honors. Imp Spot, Dolly, Imp. Tom Tit, Princess, Eccles' Wonder, Lady Derwent, imp Elsie, Her Majesty, Evening Star, Cricket, and Janet are hard to beat.

The saddle classes have never averaged so high; we have seen quite as good individuals, but nothing like the general quality. Acrobat, Sovereign, Sea-breeze, Alexandra, Ray, Canteen, Vigilant, Her Ladyship, Jim Dandy, Grendie, Vanity, Puck, Belmont, Duke, Dorothy, Tiny, and Radiant all being exceptionally good ones, the last the winner in the women's class. Six of these belong to Mr S S Howland, whose entries in all the classes have been exceptionally good.

The hunter classes were notable chiefly for the splendid work of several new ones—Gerion, Gray Fox, Lofty, Athlete, Xenophon, Gold Medal, Kensington, Lady Bird, and Molly. The old-timers, Transport, Grey Buck, Ontario, Sweetheart, Retribution, and Merry Boy were *en evidence*, as usual. Transport won the heavy, Kensington the middle, and Gerion the light weight championship. The jumping was about as usual, and the only improvement in the class was that noted in the better grade of green hunters.

It was a great show—the best we have ever had, fewer entries, but higher quality.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

A HORSE-SHOW INCIDENT.

It was a festive sorrel, with a polish that was fine,
Who at the Horse Show whispered in this good right ear of mine
That he was very sure to win all prizes for that he
Was quite the best all-round great steed that ever chanced to be.

And then he whinnied softly several points in his career,
Which, if he spoke the truth, proved him a horse without a peer;
And that, if you have any sense, you'll see to be, of course,
Far better than if he had been a peer without a horse.

Said he: "My trotting record isn't Hanks's, that is true.
'Tis not two four, nor e'en two ten, and yet it is too-too—
As Oscar Wilde would state it—for my action is so great
That folks forget I'm slower than a car that carries freight.

"Nor can I run at all; that *is*, I haven't any speed
But what *of* that, since form's the thing that triumphs over deed?
I go so slow when running that the others who have sped
So nearly catch me from the rear I seem to be ahead.

"I cannot jump six inches from the ground up in the air,
Yet all men say that I must be a jumper past compare,
Because, when speeding onward to the hazard, they all ween
Such grace like mine in jumping was not really ever seen.

"And when I whinny, all the ladies look about the place,
And wonder why they hear her voice, yet see not Patti's face;
And when I'm exercising, if so be I am alone,
My pattering hoofs make all the boys think I'm a xylophone.

"And thus, you see, I charm all sorts; the ladies and the gents,
The dudes and little mickey boys, declare that I'm immense;
And if 'tis true that style must win at all times over worth,
I see no reason why I should not shortly own the earth."

Then, as I thought of his conceit, it did appear to me
That those who say that horses, on occasions, seem to be
'Most human, make no error—from the fact there's no escape—
So many people, like my steed, go so much on their shape.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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THE NEW DIANA FOR THE TOWER OF THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.
DESIGNED BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS

THE KING MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN.

An addition was recently made to the public monuments of Albany which is noteworthy even in a city for which Richardson designed a municipal building, and which is the seat of the New York State Capitol. This new acquisition is a fountain erected as a memorial to Rufus H. King, who died at Albany in 1867, after being prominently identified with the best interests of the city for half a century. The fountain has been constructed in Washington Park, by the descendants of this public-spirited citizen, at a cost of $30,000. The subject chosen was Moses smiting the rock, and the sculptor is Mr. J. Massey Rhind, the designer of one of the bronze doors recently placed in Trinity Church, New York, as a memorial to the late John Jacob Astor. In the fountain the Law-giver is represented as standing on the Rock of Horeb in the act of smiting it. The figure is of heroic size and impressive attitude. Below, and at the four sides of the rock, are large figures in bronze representing Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age. The rock itself has been so disposed as to look like a natural formation, the material having been taken from Storm King, in the Highlands. From near the summit four streams gush forth under the rod of Moses and find their way into a huge basin below, whence they feed the park lake near by. The figures surrounding that of Moses were designed to represent types of Hebrews who followed Moses in the Wilderness. Infancy is represented by a young mother giving water to her children; Youth is a maiden holding a jar to catch the running water. Manhood is represented as a warrior who is drinking from his hands, and Old Age figures as an enfeebled man raising a shell of water to his lips. The construction of the fountain was begun a year ago, and the unveiling ceremonies took place on September 29, 1893. An oration was delivered by General Horace Porter; Mr. William D. Morange, of Albany, read a poem, and Mr. J. Howard King gave a dinner in the evening at the Fort Orange Club which was attended by Governor Flower and other persons prominent in official or private life.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF DIANA.

It is recorded in mythology that Diana was taller than any of her attendant nymphs. Accordingly images of her in ancient and modern art make her of noble stature. In spite of her pride of statelliness, however, Diana is a goddess for whom the scale of Brobdingnag could have no charm. She would never have paused on Latmos had Endymion been a colossus, nor would she have embodied herself in gigantic form. When, recently, in one of her reincarnations, she poised herself on the tower of the Madison Square Garden, and found that she was out of all proportion to that pedestal, she moved restlessly for a while, and then took her flight. She never stopped until she reached the wide dome of the Agricultural Building at the World's Fair.

The history of the vicissitudes of the Madison Square Diana, given in plain un-Olympian figures, is as follows. During the erection of the tower, Mr. St. Gaudens volunteered in friendliness to design a finial for the edifice. From a hastily executed model of small dimensions the figure was wrought in copper by an Ohio craftsman. When finished it loomed to a height of about nineteen feet. The work was done far from the supervision of both sculptor and architect, and the rod on which it was intended that the vane should turn was passed through Diana's heel, thus destroying the effect as of poising on tiptoe, which every similar statue has preserved since Gian of Bologna designed his celebrated Mercury. This unfortunate circumstance was noticed before the elevation of the figure, but it was only when it was in place that the abnormal size of the Diana was perceived. Even then she commanded admiration, but Mr. St. Gaudens was dissatisfied, and finally concluded to model another figure. This he did, making his model the size of life, and spending upon it all his customary care. The copper statue was produced under his own directions, and was made only thirteen feet high. It is said that between five and six thousand dollars will have been spent upon the new figure by Mr. St. Gaudens and his friend the architect, by the time the beautiful huntress once more points her arrow at the rising sun; but their generosity will have been rewarded, for with her metamorphosis Diana is, paradoxically, herself again.

Diana will be visible from her aerial position in a few days. In the mean time her loveliness may be partially apprehended in the accompanying illustration. It will be seen at once that she is smaller, that she bends a bow of different design from that which she formerly carried, that the suggestion of a robe which floats from her shoulders makes a smaller circle at her back than it did, and that it now streams far behind her in the breeze. What is of more importance than any of these details, of more importance even than the moderated scale, is the transformation which the entire figure has undergone in outline, in modelling, in expression. The lithe goddess now has movement and elasticity as well as dignity; there is more strength in her limbs than there was, and there is more grace. She is what she was not in her earlier phase, an authoritative type of the beauty with which Mr. St. Gaudens has made his public familiar in many works, but never in so buoyant and picturesque a mood.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

SO LIKE THE WORLD.

It seemed so like the busy world we know—
This dream of mine—wherein two gallant knights,
With lances field in rest and visors low,
Each claiming victory in many fights,

Stood face to face and cried aloud their strength,
Daring the other one to do or die;
But so loud were the boasts and such their length
That each heard not the other's cry.

FRAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE KING MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN, ALBANY, NEW YORK.—J. MASSEY RHIND, SCULPTOR

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THE BUSK TUNNEL, COLORADO.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 1127.]

1. Present Line of the Railroad, showing Loops made in crossing the Continental Divide. 2. Entrance to Busk Tunnel, showing Location of the Work. 3. At Work in the Tunnel. 4. A Surveyor's Hut.

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THE COCKSWAIN'S STORY.

You know that little Dago who
Stood on the burnin' deck,
Because his father was too dead
To bid him quit the wreck?
Some folks may think it fine to write
A po'm on w'at he did.
But, say, he wasn't a marker
To our Captain's little kid.

We was cruisin' just off Sandy Hook,
A-shootin' at a mark,
An' little Jack stood on the bridge,
As' thought it all a lark
"Stay right up there!" his father said,
An' knew the little kid
Would meet no harm, because he'd do
Exact as he was bid.

When, just like that, a shell with fuse
Alight come rollin' aft,
An' men an' boys they shipped one side
Just like as they were daft.
'Twas just a silly trick o' some
Fresh mischief makin' Mick,
But it seemed all dead in earnest to
The Captain's little kid.

He give one hasty look around,
His lip curled up in scorn,
Then swung himself down on the deck,
An', true as you were born,
He grabbed that burnin' fuse in both
His little hands, he did,
An' yanked it out! Say, did we shout
Thee for the Captain's kid?

The Captain come, an' he was mad
"How dared you disobey?"
"Well, Pops," the little chap spoke out,
"You see, 'twas just this way·
You wasn't here, but, Pops, I knew
Just w'at you would 'a' did,
An' so I took my chances. Was
I right?" The plucky kid!

The Captain, w'y, he just broke down,
An' fairly piped his eye,
An' nodded "yes", he was that choked
'Twas all he could reply
That's w'y the men all stick to Jack,
He touched their hearts, he did.
Say, that Dago wasn't in it with
The Captain's little kid!

H. G. PAIRE.

THIS BUSY WORLD

In the case of a bad egg how simple is the treatment! If it is suspected, up it goes to the light. If it is still uncertain, a crack in the shell dispels all doubt, and if the certainty is adverse, away it goes! But if the bad egg happens to be a human being, what a complication that makes! You cannot throw away your human bad egg. You may be perfectly satisfied that it is hopelessly rotten, and can never be hatched into a decent chick or stirred into a successful omelet. It may be on your hands, making you malodorous and unhappy, an expense, a care, an irritation, a disgrace. Yet you can't throw it away. You cannot perforate its shell with a bullet, and let out its noxious insides. You cannot tie a stone to it and drop it in a pond. (Bad eggs float unless they are weighted.) Society frowns upon all those natural dispositions. It says the bad egg has as good a right to exist as if it were good. If it sinks it must sink of its own weight; if it cracks it must crack by its own inadvertence or in due course of nature, accelerated by nothing more definite than exposure to wind and weather. An ordinary bad egg, even if you do not smash it, can at least be trusted not to hatch out, but in the human bad egg there is no warrant for even so much confidence as that. It is almost as liable to hatch out and perpetuate itself as if it were good. There is just one chance in its favor that the bad egg of commerce does not share. It may possibly be reformed. For the sake of that one possibility, usually a remote one, its continued existence has to be tolerated. It is a moral pity that so long as society insists that its bad eggs shall be carefully preserved, it should not be able to perfect arrangements for storing them in such a way as to minimize the inconvenience of keeping them, and to make the most of the possibilities of their redemption. It has often tried to do so, but its experiments are disappointing. One of them, the Elmira Reformatory, is under investigation now, and appearances indicate that the finding of the investigators may be unfavorable. The trouble is that the job is so difficult that it takes a superhuman endowment of grace to control the natural economic impulse to smash the egg.

The career of Mr. Francis Parkman illustrates, among other things, how much better it is (if one must choose) to have a sound mind than merely a sound body. Mr. Parkman's body was somewhat frail at the start, and on top of that he had bad luck with it. At the age of eight he was sent to live in the country, where he might grow strong, and spent four useful years in that worthy endeavor, and incidentally in acquiring a taste for woodcraft and life out-of-doors. At twenty he was hurt in a gymnasium, and took a sea-voyage in consequence. At twenty-three he went on a long trip to the Rocky Mountains, accumulating a great experience of Indian life, and an illness from the effects of which he suffered all his life. For three years after that "the light of day was insupportable to him, and every attempt at reading or writing completely debilitated." Yet his work went on with an amanuensis, and by the time he was twenty-eight he had produced *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*. At thirty the state of his health compelled him to change his occupation for a time, and he turned gardener, with results that all gardeners know about. And so he went on, "from strength to strength," indeed, but with intervals of physical indisposition scattered along between.

But because his mind was sound, all his physical mishaps and setbacks seemed to arrange themselves as so many stepping stones to the better accomplishment of his purposes. There was no physical reverse, apparently, out of which he did not contrive to wring an intellectual victory.

It is nearly twenty years since this paragrapher, then a Harvard undergraduate, was taken to call upon Mr. Parkman, and was introduced to him as a young man in whom literary propensities were thought to have been discerned. Mr. Parkman took his breath away by asking him upon what particular branch of the calling of letters his energies were to be centred. That undergraduate's somewhat vague notion of literary endeavor was, to be huddled by circumstances into some sort of a job, and then see what would work out of it. So the implied suggestion that it was for a youth of twenty to choose whether he would write history, or novels, or poetry, or be a critic, rather flabbergasted him. But one of Mr. Parkman's newspaper biographers says that while he was still a Harvard Sophomore the future historian had formed a definite plan of writing the history of the French and Indian wars, so that his question was in perfect good faith, and warranted by his own experience.

It is to be hoped that all Americans who find themselves disposed to yield to the current propensity toward vagrancy will read the narrative of the career of John Y. McKane, and lay its lessons to heart. What was it that made McKane great? Was it spending his springs at Fort Monroe, at Nice, or at Monte Carlo, his summers at Newport or in London, his Octobers in Lenox, and his winters in Rome? Not at all. Not a bit. He came to the fore by sticking close to Gravesend. Some one has said, "There is only at Rome what you take there." There was not very much at Gravesend when it became the seat of the McKanes, except the McKanes, but for John Y. McKane there was enough. All that was essential he took there under his own hat. What else he wanted he thought he could bring there, and what he could not bring there he could spare. He never struggled, corporeally or in his affections. He was all for Gravesend, and all things to it. Only one concession he exacted in return—that Gravesend should be all for him. It needed police; he became its police force. It needed a church; he built it. It needed a Sunday school; he organized and housed it. It needed saloons, gambling houses, hotels, and a great horde of summer contributors. John McKane attended to all these necessaries. It needed a new law now and then. McKane had the necessary bills passed when that was feasible, and when it was not, he sneaked them through the Legislature in disguise. He was everything to Gravesend—guide, philosopher, Sunday school superintendent, parent, police, promoter, mortgagee. Naturally Gravesend was only too happy to be his. His title was so clear that the marvel is that when the Louisiana Lottery Company was scouring the country for a resting place it did not dicker with John McKane for a foothold in his territory. But his reign is over, they say. He has overdone it. He will be sent to prison. Perhaps so. But meanwhile he has gone hunting. Perhaps he has overdone it, but it is the historical propensity of dictators to become superior to law. Napoleon himself brought up at St. Helena, and Cæsar was stabbed, but at least they live in history, and so at present does John Y. McKane. What a lesson he has been to all that great company of American nomads who, year after year, in weak indifference to their chances of greatness at home, scrape their poor sides bare of moss in heathen peregrinations over Europe! First choose your home. Napoleon did; so did the McKanes. Then make it yours. That is the recipe of the Irish in America, and admirably do they live up to it.

A good word that can be said for the much abused newspaper picture is that it is a prolific source of innocent diversion to intelligent babies. A contemporaneous New York Sunday newspaper costing five cents, if judiciously administered, will sometimes keep quite an active baby amused for an hour at a time. Thus we see by what strides the power of the press advances.

The first annual exhibition of the Sculpture Society of New York will be opened December 28th at the Fine Arts Society's building, and will continue three weeks. The Sculpture Society was organized last spring. Every one who went to the World's Fair will notice with interest and doubtless with approval that its first exhibition is to be given in connection with that of the Architectural League. Americans realize, perhaps more vividly than they did before they saw the White City, how closely sculpture and the higher forms of architecture are related, and not a few of them have wondered what steps would be taken to continue and cultivate the interest in sculpture which the adornment of the World's Fair buildings unquestionably aroused. The organization of this new society is one of the signs that the sculptors intend to improve as far as possible the opportunity which their work at Jackson Park has carried for them. That they have the cordial co-operation of American architects appears in the fact that Mr. Richard M. Hunt is the first vice-president of their society. The second vice-president is Mr. Richard W. Gilder, and the treasurer Mr. Charles DeKay, both of which names attest the interest in the movement of disinterested promoters of American art. Mr. J. Q. A. Ward is president of the society, and among the sixteen members of the executive council (which includes the officers) are Augustus St. Gaudens, Daniel C. French, John Rogers, and Stanford White. The exhibition will be largely of new work, one of its conditions being that no works of sculpture exhibited in New York since 1890 will be received. The secretary, from whom all particulars of the exhibition may be obtained, is F. W. Ruckstuhl, 27 West Twenty-second Street.

E. S. MARTIN.

THE RECENT RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.

THE series of dreadful railroad accidents which has occurred in the last three months has a national significance. It goes without saying that the loss of life, the sufferings of the injured, and the misery of relatives and dependents are the first considerations that must enter into any humane mind. And beyond this the destruction of values is a misfortune for the nation and a calamity for some of the railroads.

But there is another aspect of these accidents which must grieve every patriotic citizen. The foreigners who have been in the country in the last few months will go away with the notion that this condition of things is normal, instead of being as it actually is, very abnormal. Of all the industries of the United States the railroads are the most remarkable, and to many foreign students of our life the most interesting. But this group of railroad accidents, coming in the great World's Fair year, is a national disgrace and humiliation.

Without looking into records, any intelligent American would say at once that such a succession of fatal accidents is extraordinary, but a little examination of recorded facts will indicate how extraordinary it is. In the last seven years the passengers killed on the railroads of the United States in train accidents alone have averaged about 158 a year. The fatalities in one quarter of a year would be almost 40. But in the months of August, September, and October, 1893, there have been more than 100, probably as many as 105, passengers killed in train accidents, or more than two and one-half times the average for seven years. It is not wonderful that a public which feels keenly the disgrace of such a record, and which is apprehensive of the future, should ask who is to blame, what is the cause, what is the remedy? For it cannot be entirely a question of luck; doubtless there is some underlying common cause.

In looking for the common cause one must remember that a railroad accident is hardly ever simple. Usually it is quite complex, several things must conspire to produce it. To begin with, we may find that the ratio of the number of passengers killed and injured in the last three months to the total passenger movement is not above the average. In the last six years one passenger a year has been killed in train accidents for about 92 million passenger miles. That is a man would travel 92 million miles before he would get killed. This ratio has varied from 51 in 1887 to 178 in 1892. It may be found that in 1893 the ratio will not be exceeded.

But statistics do not mend broken bones. The American who travels or sends his wife on a journey is not a statist, or a nut in a table of averages. He does not accept a certain percentage of deaths as inevitable, but would like to know why the ratio is not reduced, and he is quite right about it. For his satisfaction we will seek a little further the causes of the accidents of the last three months. We find that the two great accidents of August, in which 23 passengers lost their lives, were not in World's Fair territory, and might have occurred last year just as well as this.

But every one of the great accidents of September and October occurred on railroads that were crowded with World's Fair travel; in half of them special World's Fair trains were involved. An examination of the complete lists of all the accidents of those months would undoubtedly reveal much the same state of things: that is, that the tracks were crowded with extra trains, or with additional sections of regular trains, to the greater or less derangement of all service, freight as well as passenger. It is safe to say, therefore, that the increase of fatalities in the last two months, if not in the last three, has been due almost entirely to the greater passenger business induced by the World's Fair.

For the enormous increase of passenger movement the railroad companies cannot be held entirely responsible. For a long time there was stout opposition among railroad managers to any reduction of passenger rates, and there were many who, while granting that it would be desirable to reduce passenger rates somewhat, opposed any great reduction. They argued that there would inevitably be a heavy passenger movement, that they would have as much as they could do to take care of the passengers who would come to them at regular rates, and to move them comfortably and safely; and they argued further that the profit to be derived from a large movement stimulated by very low rates would be very uncertain.

To these men were opposed a few railroad managers who desired to stimulate a great passenger movement; and back of these, and the deciding element, was the public press and the popular opinion, all urging sweeping reductions in order that the people of the United States might have an opportunity to see the World's Fair. The result was that the conservative managers surrendered. The next result was the most prodigious passenger movement that has ever been seen in the United States; and we believe that another result was the unprecedented group of accidents of the last two months. The railroads that got through the first week of November without serious passenger accidents will make some money in spite of the low rates at which the most of the passengers have been carried, but the railroads that have had these serious accidents would have been a good deal richer without the World's Fair business.

It is said that the railroad managers, anticipating the great travel of the summer, should have prepared themselves to carry that travel comfortably and safely. The people who say this have little conception of the actual condition of things; they forget at the outset that the higher officers of the railroads are men of just as much humanity as any other group of men, that they are men of rather an extraordinary sense of responsibility, the very circumstances of their profession having bred this, and that they are men of considerably more than average ability. Further, these men have the highest stake of anybody in the community in the success and prosperity of the business that they are conducting; their incomes, their reputations, their whole career, are involved.

On general principles we may assume that these men did the best that they could in the way of preparation within their limits. It is easy to say that they should have increased their working staff through the whole organization, but it should be remembered that railroad employés, from the highest to the lowest grades, are not to be produced in a day or a month; railroading is a business like any other business, and must be learned. It should be remembered further that the railroads have suffered, together with all other interests, from the bad financial conditions of the country, and that their suffering goes back further. Year by year rates have fallen, until only about 40 per cent. of all railroad stocks pay any dividends whatever, all the railroad stocks of the country pay less than 2 per cent., and the total railroad indebtedness, stocks, bonds, floating debt, and all forms of obligation together, pay but a trifle more than 3 per cent.

Such was the condition at the beginning of the year, and during the year the decrease in earnings, gross and net, has gone on steadily, and it has become more and more difficult for the railroads to get credit for materials or to borrow money. In trying to do a greatly increased business at diminished rates with reduced incomes and credit they have simply been trying to make brick without straw, and so the responsibility for this last group of railroad accidents must be shared by the public. The only hope of improvement is to examine each specific case, to correct the specific faults found there, and to punish the responsible individuals if criminal responsibility appears.

H. G. PROUT.

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HAULING A SUBMARINE CABLE SEVEN MILES LONG, AND WEIGHING THIRTY-SIX TONS.—DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

HAULING HEAVY LOADS.

WE are fast losing the reverent awe with which we used to contemplate the constructive work of the ancients. Commander Gorringe's achievement in bringing from the Mediterranean, travelling through our streets, and safely setting up in Central Park the 372,000 pounds' bulk of the so-called Cleopatra's Needle taught us that the Egyptians, after all, possessed no engineering art superior to our own. We have learned, indeed, that they had no very particular mechanical knowledge. Apparently they did not even know the use either of the pulley or the capstan, but did all their moving of massive bodies by main strength, and by the employment of great numbers of men. What they in supreme contempt for human life accomplished by multitudes, we of to-day are doing by skill. Yesterday we asked ourselves with wondering perplexity how stones weighing thirty tons could be raised into their place in the great pyramid and adjusted with nicest exactitude. To-day, with steam derricks capable of lifting a hundred tons, the Egyptian task would seem almost child's play, and what was then a work of days is now merely a question of minutes.

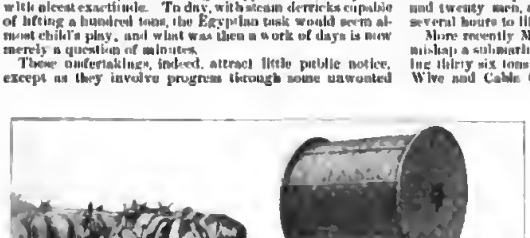
These undertakings, indeed, attract little public notice, except as they involve progress through some unwonted avenue, or as they encounter some mishap, like the crushing in of the road-beds. For our thoroughfares certainly have not yet attained the firmness of the indestructible granite blocks of the Roman highways, although our road construction surely is developing along much better lines. Our ability to move gigantic weights with facility is, however, but newly acquired and we owe its attainment, in part at least, to the introduction of the cable road.

Probably few of the multitudes who employ this means of conveyance stop to think of the enormous weight of the wire-wrapped hempen rope which so smoothly and rapidly drags them. One of these used on the Broadway line in New York city—that which runs from Houston Street to Thirty-eighth Street and back—is four miles long, and weighs forty two tons. The means first employed to take such cables to their destination in New York were certainly primitive. The cables are generally shipped from the manufactories wound upon immense reels, like titanic spools of cotton thread. When these were received for the first cable roads in the upper part of the city no better method of transportation was known than to smear the edges of the spools plentifully with grease and roll them through the street. The contrivance was dirty as well as clumsy, and has now been abandoned.

In St. Louis a truck weighing five tons and with tires fifteen inches wide was devised, which has carried forty-eight tons of cable without injury to the streets, and is said to be capable of hauling seventy-five tons. And in New York a similar wagon has lately been employed with success. This truck is mostly of iron, weighs over six tons, and the rims of its iron wheels are a foot wide. The forty-two-ton cable of the Broadway road was delivered by this means, though not until the immense weight had crushed the wheels through a poorly repaired piece of street. The enormous power of resistance latent in such a mass was vividly shown by this episode. Thirty horses harnessed four abreast were required to draw the load. It took the horses and twenty men, armed with jacks and blocks and tackle, several hours to lift the wheel from its rut.

More recently Mr. McLaurin's truck has moved without mishap a submarine cable seven miles in length and weighing thirty-six tons from the works of the Safety Insulated Wire and Cable Company to the river. It is called the longest cable ever made in this country, though not the heaviest, and the ease of its handling indicates the rapidity with which in these resourceful days the expedient meets the emergency. Twenty men labored seventeen hours to coil the cable in a figure 8 upon the truck; it took them even longer to recoil it into the hold of the barge.

There may be something of assumption in the air of mild contempt with which these herculean labors are spoken of by those who participate in them. No doubt complacent pride lurks behind the mask of indifference. Yet it is an inspiriting sight to see these magnificent horses marching sturdily and on rush almost unconscious of their enormous burden, and the thoughtful mind cannot but read from it an impressive lesson as to the facility with which humanity is subjecting the mightiest forces of nature to its own uses.



WAGON BUILT FOR HAULING HEAVY LOADS, WITH A SECTION OF THE BROADWAY CABLE.—DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

THROUGH THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE.

ONE of the greatest engineering enterprises of the decade has just been completed in Colorado—an enterprise fully as great as the tunnelling of the Hoosac Mountain, whose completion was celebrated as a great national affair. But these are the days of great enterprises, and the piercing of the great divide by a tunnel nearly two miles long in one of the wildest mountain regions in the world has scarcely attracted attention outside of Colorado.

The road itself—the Colorado Midland—which passes through the new tunnel is one of the most wonderful pieces of engineering in the world. All the way from Colorado Springs to Glenwood it is a succession of surprises to the traveller, and that part of it which runs from Leadville over the great continental divide is only the climax of a series of surprising victories over the most apparently insurmountable natural obstacles. The Hagerman Tunnel at the top of the pass, which has been used since the road was opened about seven years ago, is 2004 feet long and 11,528 feet above sea level, and the Midland is here the highest standard gauge railroad in the world, and the highest of any gauge except one in the Andes. The illustrations on page 1133 give an idea of the approaches to the present tunnel, and show how the new tunnel substitutes two miles of rail for the ten now in use. The big trestle shown in the view from the east end of Hagerman Tunnel is 200 feet high, cost $60,000 to build, and would have to be rebuilt every eight years. Besides this, immense rotary snow-ploughs have to be kept in operation at both ends of the old tunnel all winter, the snow on the west side of the divide being often thirteen feet deep on the level. The new tunnel it is estimated will save in operating expenses $70,000 every year, besides insuring the continuous operation of the road, so that the $1,000,000 spent on the tunnel is expected to be a good investment.

The Busk-Ivanhoe Tunnel, as the new one is called, pierces the mole Sagauche (pronounced sah'-wash) Range, which here forms the continental divide, about twenty miles west of Leadville, at a height of 10,800 feet above sea-level, 1300 feet below the crest of the mountain, and 728 feet below the Hagerman Tunnel. Its length is 2394 feet. Work upon it was begun October 6, 1890, and since that time has been pushed unremittingly from both ends, twenty hours a day, with the most modern scientific apparatus. The backbone of the continent is of solid granite, and compressed-air drills and dynamite have done the work of excavation. There has been quite a rivalry between the gangs at work on the two ends as to which should reach the centre first. The Busk, or eastern, gang won the race, for the Ivanhoe men were retarded by water, and the final junction was made a thousand feet west of the centre. The dividing wall was pierced by the drill at 9:30 Tuesday evening, October 17th, and at 6:15 the next evening the blast was fired which broke the wall down.

The man who conceived the idea of this tunnel was Mr. B. H. Bryant, chief engineer of the road. The man who, as engineer in charge directed the work was Mr. W. H. Leffingwell. The tunnel took three years to build and cost $1,000,000. It is a little less than two miles long. The plans of the engineers worked out with great accuracy, and the alignment, when the last partitions were cleared away, was perfect.

The construction of this short-cut through the mountain will deprive travellers of a ride over one of the grandest and most picturesque parts of the road. The ride from Busk up to the summit, behind a great rotary snow-plough and three powerful Mogul engines, and down the other side to Lake Ivanhoe, was a never to be forgotten experience. But the grand views and the risky looking stretches of track are by no means all on the ten miles of road that the tunnel has superseded, as the view of Hell Gate given herewith will easily show. This place of the suggestive name is on the west side of the divide, below Ivanhoe, and as one looks out of the car window, down, down, down thousands of feet to the Roaring Fork of the Colorado, it makes him feel as if he were sliding down the roof of the world, and he wonders when he will reach the eaves.

In the middle of the new tunnel two drops of water may fall from the roof, one of which may find its way east through the Arkansas to the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic, and the other west through the Colorado to the Gulf of California and the Pacific. There is other mountain scenery that is grand, but nowhere except on the great divide does one get the uplifting sense of being on the very ridge pole of North America. It is a peculiar sensation not just like anything else I have ever felt, and it is worth going a good many miles to get.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PLATT.

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BUILDING A GREAT SHIP.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

WHO would ever have imagined that a great ship—a modern wonder of the sea like the *Paris* or the *Campania*—is built as a woman makes a dress, or a tailor cuts out a suit of clothes? That is the fact. Ships nowadays are built from patterns, and those patterns do not greatly differ in appearance or in fact from those which the publishers of HARPER'S BAZAR send out every week to enable American women to copy the fashions in dress. To be sure, a tailor's and a dressmaker's patterns are made of paper, and are laid upon cloth or dress goods, while a shipbuilder's patterns are of wood, and steel and iron are made to follow them. That is perhaps the greatest difference between the methods of high grade tailoring and high grade ship building, so far as their first steps go.

From the greatest of American ship-yards I got the bare knowledge to enable me to describe, in what is intended to be the simplest way, this latter-day manner of constructing the great sea-going navies of commerce and war. The greatest American ship yard is popularly known as "Cramp's," though legally its name is "The William Cramp & Sons' Ship and Engine Building Company of Philadelphia." I chose it for the study required for this article because it is the largest concern of its kind, and I found afterward that it is one of the five large yards of the world, the other great ones being in England. "Cramp's" is on the Delaware River, next door, so to speak, to the historic spot where William Penn made his treaty with the Indians, and in the very thick of Philadelphia. "Cramp's" has been "Cramp's" for sixty-three years. The yard comprises twenty-four acres, and has a water-front of 1229 feet. It includes a dry-dock and marine railway, an ordnance-work, an engine building plant, and all the parts of a complete ship-building yard for steel vessels. Nearly five thousand men are regularly employed there. The yard has been the principal seat of the work of constructing our new navy, and one may see there to-day the battle ships *Indiana* and *Massachusetts*, the triple screw cruiser *Minneapolis*—sister ship to the *Columbia*—the armored cruiser *Brooklyn*, and the sea-going battleship *Iowa* for our navy, and four new American liners to serve as sisters to the *New York* and *Paris* on the great ferry between Southampton and New York—all in such varying stages of construction that the complete process of modern ship-building is there laid out as in one complete object-lesson.

There are differences in the way ships are ordered of a builder, and these differences greatly vary the first steps in their construction. The government, for instance, in ordering a war vessel, goes into very minute details, comprising a great mass of specifications, drawings, and even a model in some instances, whereas when a private shipping company orders a passenger or freight ship it is apt to order what it needs in the most broadly general way, leaving all the details to the builder. For instance, when the government ordered the armored cruiser *Brooklyn* it sent with the order a set of written requirements that would fill nearly seven columns of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and in addition it sent specifications for the inspection of the steel material entering into the work so carefully worded and so comprehensive as to constitute eight such columns of reading matter. On the other hand, when the Red D Line ordered its steamship *Panama*, a ship of nearly the length of one of our naval cruisers, the steamship-owners simply sent a memorandum of about four hundred words, giving the dimensions required, stipulating that the hull should be built "according to the rules of British Lloyds, highest class," describing the principal characteristics required for the boilers and engines, and stating the terms upon which the vessel would be paid for. Some orders for ships are even more simple, and the Cramps would be able to fill an order satisfactorily if their customers simply said, "We want a steamer for the South American trade, to be first class in all respects, to be of a certain length, width, and draught, and to carry a specified number of first-cabin and second-cabin passengers, and as much freight as room can be made for."

To do away with confusing differences in the way ships are ordered, and to describe the general process of steel ship building, will be the better way to arrive at the purpose of this article. In a word, accuracy—mathematical exactness and precision in every detail—is the dominant feature of the master ship builder's methods. Wherever engineering and architecture are concerned or approached in modern workmanship to-day the main process is carried out on paper and with figures. Time was when each drew a picture of a house, and other men copied it in wood. Other men laid a keel upon a river bank, and built up a ship above it. But that was when "time was." When I went to Chicago to describe the building of the World's Fair I was surprised to find that the architects and their assistants actually built the palaces of the great White City upon paper. The only things they did not order and indicate upon their plans were the nail holes or nail heads where wood joined wood. Where iron-work was concerned they did lay down the rivet holes, so that in that case nothing was left to the option or taste or will of the workmen. Not only were all the beams and posts and girders drawn upon the final plan-sheets, but the actual laths that sheathed the walls and filled in the spaces between the beams were drawn to scale upon the innumerable scrolls that preceded the work of the mechanics. There was no chance to cripple the work upon the white palaces by a workmen's strike. The plans enabled the architects to order all the material cut and shaped at the saw mill, and any man who could drive a nail or manipulate a screw driver could put the pieces together in imitation of the drawings before him.

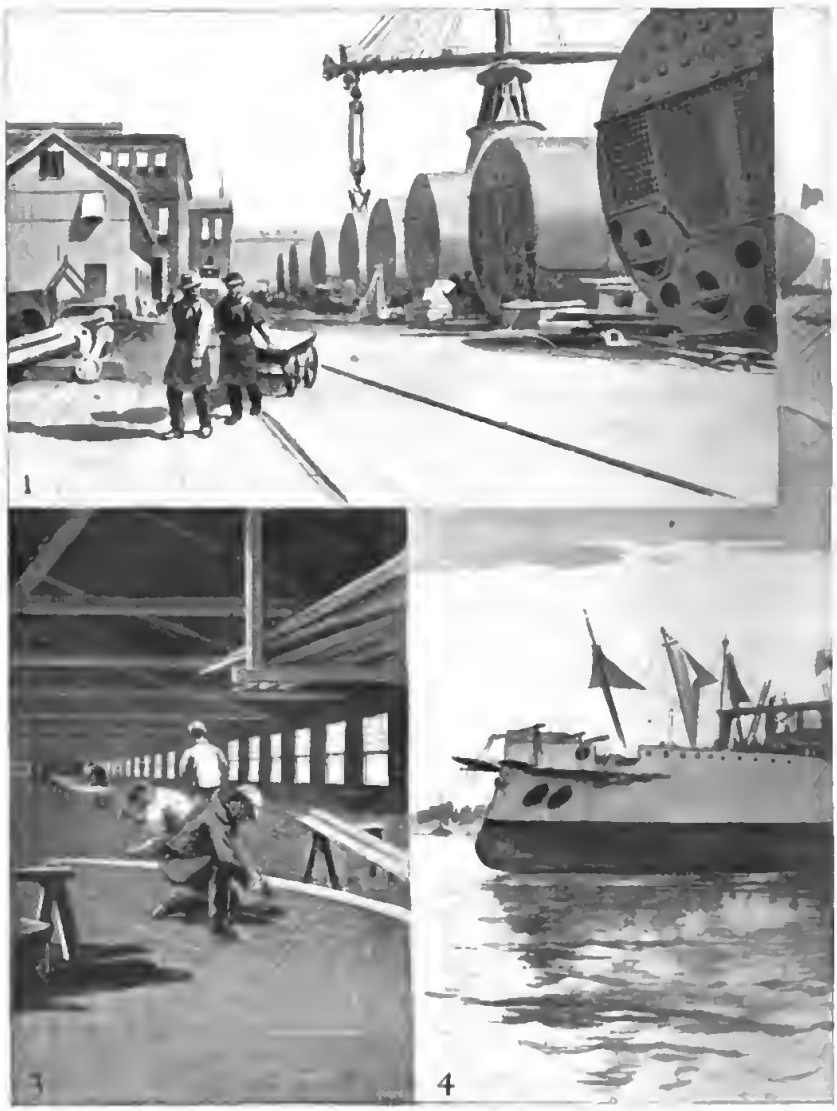
In a general way this is the fact about latter day ship building, and it is particularly the fact at Cramp's, because at that establishment the president is not a salaried figure head or financier, with a figure head's dependence upon the skilled labor that the firm's money can hire. He is the master ship builder of the concern, [illegible] pardoned if he says that the head of a ship yard should [illegible] workman in it, and should represent the second gen- [illegible] the work, because such is the fact in his case. And [illegible] itions have worked wonders. The present head is [illegible] Cramp, and his father, William Cramp, founded the [illegible] 1830. He was born in a ship-building suburb of [illegible] da, and at sixteen years of age became apprenticed to [illegible] ice, a famous ship builder. After learning his trade, [illegible] ramp followed the life of a journeyman until he was [illegible] ee years of age, and then established a yard of his own [illegible] swara. His experience is part of the record of the great [illegible] -day, and his growth is part of its growth. He began [illegible] g a hundred wooden vessels—sloops, schooners, ships, [illegible] and steamboats. In 1871 he promoted himself to the [illegible] uilding transatlantic liners for an American company, [illegible] d that by building some cruisers for Russia. That was [illegible] tional year. In 1871 the work of building with wood ended at that yard, and since then all the work has been with iron and steel. William Cramp died in 1879, but lived long enough to direct the development of the yard into a modern iron and steel ship building concern which had excelled in the old style wooden work, and had advanced naturally to the higher modern methods.

Charles H. Cramp says that the wooden model is still the basis of the finest work in ship building. With that fact we depart instantly and diametrically from the modern methods in architecture with which a moment ago I sought to illustrate the latter-day reliance on mathematics and pen and ink plans. But we shall see that the departure is only partial and momentary. The wooden model was the basis of the shape of the wooden ships as it is to-day of the steel ones, and if it is of inestimable value to be of a second generation of ship builders, it is in this practice in model-making that we find an unbroken thread running from the first work of the first generation to the last work of the second.

The English have only lately begun to value the model as the basis of ship-building. A famous American ship-builder says that the model of the yacht *America* was the first model he ever saw in England. That accounts for the absence of beauty in English ships, which even to this day possess varying degrees of ugliness, but no beauty. For though they make models to-day, the mere making of them does not suffice. The art and appreciation of model making must be instinctive. The French and Spanish from the earliest times made beautiful ships and models, and when one of these ships fell into the hands of the English they adopted and used her if possible, or if she was too much damaged they took her apart, piece by piece, and built a new ship like her by copying the exact shape of each part of her in new material. Curiously enough, we Americans have always made beautiful ships—well proportioned, artistic in every line, while satisfactory in an equal degree for all practical purposes. I am quoting a leading ship builder in all this, in amplification of Mr. Cramp's statement that the wooden model is still, as in his father's day, the key-note to which a truly excellent ship must be tuned.

A model is made in a way that seems queer to the average layman, who doubtless suspected that it was whittled into shape out of a block of wood, as we boys used to whittle our blocks at the age when all of us were ship-builders. It is not those so. After an order has been received for a certain kind of ship, the plans for it are drawn upon paper. Mr. Lewis Nixon, the famous [illegible] structor for the Cramps, tells me that very early in the proce[illegible] makes a picture of the ship as he wants it to look, but th[illegible] he does so, others may not consider it essential. At all ev[illegible] apart from any drawing, the needed dimensions and lines developed upon paper, and then the model is made, and the [illegible] dent of the company begins to take very active interest i[illegible] work. The model is made in the shape of a block, formed number of pieces of wood glued together. These pieces ap[illegible] the different curves of one side of the ship, from the keel t[illegible] gunwale—the different water-lines, is how the builders es[illegible] it. To understand this, the reader must imagine a ship ma[illegible] solid wood. Imagine that cut in half lengthwise and the[illegible] gine one half laid on its side and cut into slices. The pen-an[illegible] calculations and plans produce the shape of the ship, and these it is possible to obtain the outline and dimensions of e[illegible] slice or plane between the bottom and the top. Each pla[illegible] measured and drawn in outline on a board, and the outl[illegible] dented or cut in the board with a sharp tool. All the bo[illegible] pieces of wood are then glued together, and a simple-looking [illegible] is made—a block that shows nothing of its true nature except the top of it bears the graven outline of the top deck or gun[illegible] line of a ship. Out of that simple square block will come the which is to hatch the splendid ship that is to be.

That block, made up of slices, each with its dented outline different plane of the ship, is now cut away, rauck as we used to cut our block, but with this difference, each board is exactly to the dented or graven line upon its surface. The s[illegible] the block will have when all the superfluous wood is cut a[illegible] will be the model of the ship that was designed by the eng[illegible] on paper to fill the requirements of the customer's order. will that model stand? Will the master-builder be satisfied its lines? Will it do to be enlarged in steel, and sent arou[illegible] world as an example of what the Cramps consider the most [illegible] tiful and artistic and useful shape such a ship should have? such a first model next to never suits the modeller—who in [illegible] case is Mr. Charles H. Cramp. He hacks into it with fero[illegible] tapers the bow. He digs away the stern. He shaves the s[illegible] model with the nice and dainty touches of a sculptor at work [illegible] statue on which is to rest his boast that he is a true art[illegible] fate of the wooden block alters the figures of the engineer's



THE BUILDING OF A GREAT SHIP AT THE CRAMP [illegible]

1. Boilers for Battle Ships. 2. Finishing Touches to a big Ship in Dry-dock. 3. A Bit of the Mould Lo[illegible]

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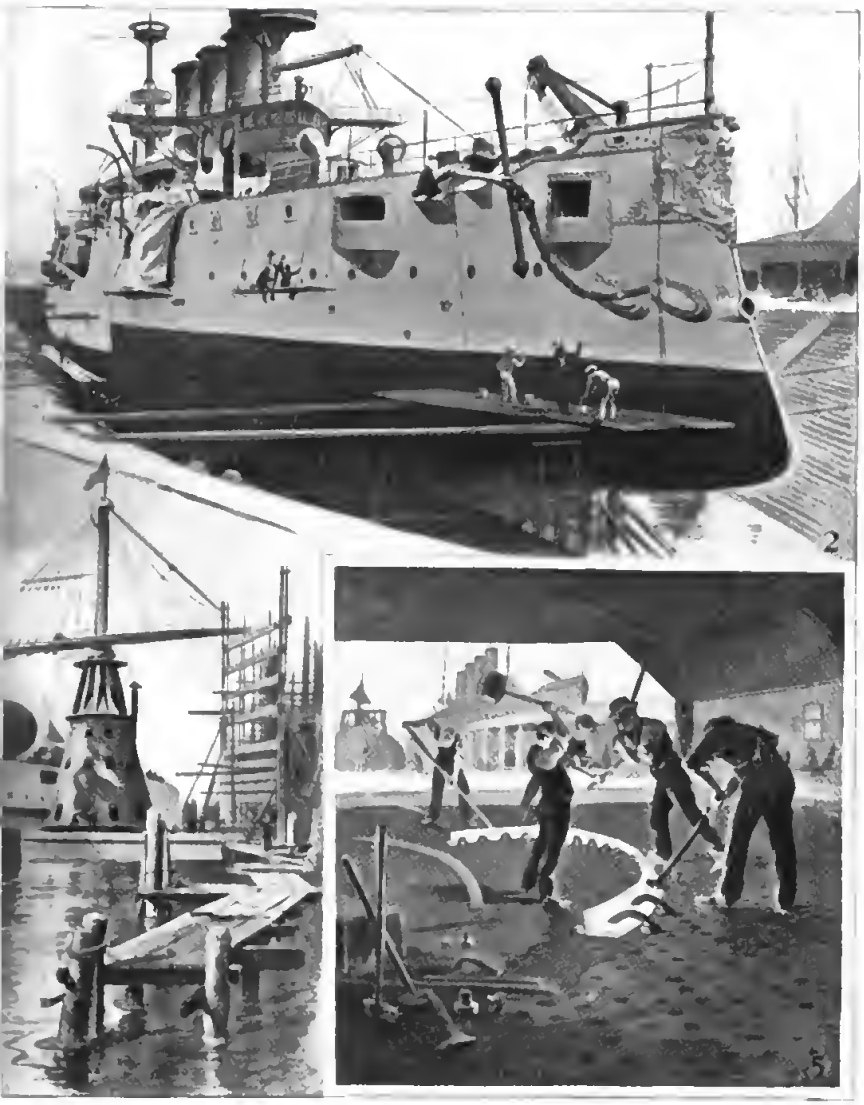


'S' SHIP-YARD, PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by F. Cresson Schell.

Depositing a 73-Ton Boiler in the Hold of the *Massachusetts*. 5. Iron Floor on which the Metal is Worked.

Perhaps the alteration is such that new drawings and a new model follow. Thus, by borrowing and lending, the two soon agree; and upon the two—the model and the plans—the ship will be built. Sometimes a model is on the scale of a quarter of an inch to each foot of the ship, but the scale differs with different builders.

We have been speaking of the drawings. They also are peculiar. Suppose that the Ward Line of Cuban steamers wanted a new steel steamship, to be a good serviceable vessel of 3000 tons register, with a sea speed of 14 knots, to accommodate 50 cabin and 200 steerage passengers, and to carry as much freight as possible. The constructor would calculate that he wanted a vessel 350 feet long, with 42 feet beam and 21 feet draught, and the hull requirements for 2500 indicated horse-power engines. First he would lay down a base line which he would call 350 feet long. It would be nothing but a straight line. To this he would add a beam line, not exactly in the centre of the base-line, but a little forward of it, for in our days it is there that the ships are widest. Next he would draw in an outline of one side of the ship, being careful to see that from end to end it matched exactly the length of the base line. Next he would draw the so-called water-lines, or outside curve-lines of the hull, above and below the true water-line—the same planes or slices that were graven on the pieces of wood which went to form the model block. Either separately or on top of all these lines he would then draw a midship section of the ship, showing her frames, as ship builders now call a ship's ribs, and also necessarily showing her width and outlines as they would be if she were cut in half, as ships of even moderate size have to be to pass through the northern canals into the Great Lakes. The peculiarity of this midship section, as a constructor would draw it, is that on one side of a line drawn through the middle are the ribs that go from the waist to the bow, and on the other side are the crooked ribs that fill the space between the middle and the stern.

When these three plans are elaborated to the fullest extent—as is done when the model and the carefull lines agree—the work of making the patterns begins. This is done in the mould-room—an immense loft which has its floor for a blackboard. Time was when the only lines that were laid down were marked and measured upon the mould-room floor, but now the greater number of ships are built first with pen and ink on paper. The mould-loft at Cramp's is 240 feet long by 60 feet wide. One would suppose, after reading how the ship is drawn on the floor before a hammer is raised or a plate is cut, that they would have a loft as long and wide as a ship. But the cruisers *Brooklyn* and *Columbia* are 400 feet or more in length, and the new American liners are to be 525 feet in length, while the available space in the Cramp loft is not above 210 feet. As far as the width is concerned, it is a giant that is more than 70 feet wide, and since only half the width serves for drawing the ribs of both sides of a ship, the loft is more than wide enough. Half a ship answers for the whole, because if you split one in two lengthwise, you will find that the skeleton of one half is a duplicate of that of the other. Whole ships are built in that way—from half patterns.

The ship that is to be built is laid out with chalk on a portable floor, made in sections 10 feet wide and 12 feet long, laid on the true floor of the mould-loft. Several measurements of the ship are laid down, and these must pure, or tally, with one another. First there is the sheer plan for obtaining length and height. Then there is the plan of the water-lines—slices of the ship parallel with the water-line, giving length and breadth. Then there is the plan of the diagonals, obtained by imaginary lines drawn obliquely from her centre to her side. Then there is the body plan, containing all lines indicating height and breadth. When all these agree they and their results are correct. It is easy then to lay out upon the floor the ribs or frames as they rise from the keel to the gunwale. The queer thing is that all of them are drawn together, one inside the other, so that in looking at the plan you see the outlines of a ship cut in two in the middle, and then filled full of ribs, as boxes are built in nests by the Chinese. To put it in another way, you see the ribs as if the ship had been squeezed flat by pressure applied to both ends. But it must be remembered that on one side of the great life size plan, so to speak, the ribs are those that begin at the middle and go to the stern, while on the other side are those that follow one another from the middle to the bow.

These lines are the outer lines of the ribs, and when they are drawn and proved they are scratched into the movable floor. They then form what we may call the plan for the paper pattern, from which only one ship is to be cut out, but from which ten thousand or ten million ships could be cut if ships were in general use like ready made clothing. Now men come with plenty of thin soft pine wood (in pieces five eighths of an inch thick) and they cut out in wood the line that represents each rib. It is nice work to make these wooden ribs exactly follow the cut-ways on the floor; but it is only the outside edge of the wood that must match the line, and behind that edge they may strengthen the rib and make it stiff and firm in what way they please. There is some especially nice work to be done in laying out the two ends, where there are oddly shaped bits that connect the skeleton with the stem post and stern post. But when this little is done, the hull of the ship is practically done; for after the ribs are set upon the keel there is nothing more to do to make a floating box than to nail on the plates, which reach from rib to rib. However, in actual fact there is from a year to three years of work ahead of us.

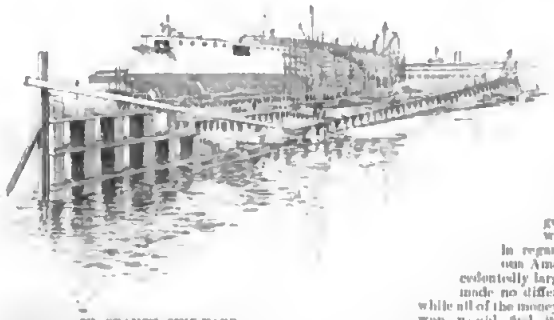
The wooden frames are taken down stairs to a place where there is a great steel iron floor. This is also laid in sections. Each section is closely perforated with equidistant holes. Into these holes plugs that look like great hob-nails can be fitted. A wooden frame is laid down, and the curve of its front edge is drawn on the iron floor. It is then taken up, and pegs are set in the holes so that the head of each one will just touch the line on the floor. The heads are of such widely different sizes and shapes that one can be found to fit the line at each point, and when all the pegs are in they mark the exact course of the line, that is to say, the exact shape of a rib of a ship. To follow the process with one rib is to describe the making of all of them. The pegs being in place, the steel for the rib is heated to a cherry-red heat, and is then brought out and laid on the floor with one end to one end of the curved line of pegs. The free end is then swung rapidly and violently (by the strength of many men) against the whole line of pegs, and is thus shaped in a general loose way by the resistance offered by the wall of pegs. With heavy crescent shaped irons called "moons" the men then press against the pegs those parts of the frame which have not precisely followed the line. Thus the material follows the pattern. But absolute accuracy is not certain, for the wooden pattern may have shrunk, and the iron itself may slightly alter its shape when it cools. Therefore it is cooled and laid on the original drawing on the wood floor, and if it falls to "jibe" exactly with any point or part of the line, other irons, also called "moons," are laid against it (curved side out), and the rib is hammered into exact obedience.

Thus the ribs are built, and thus are built the deck beams, and any other parts that need to follow such a process. The stem and stern posts are cast, the keels are built of steel plates, riveted together, and the outside plates and deck plates are first drawn on paper, and then ordered of the makers. The wooden model is used to obtain the sizes and shapes of the outside plates, its sides being marked off, and the results magnified according to the scale of the model. If the vessel is a war-ship the government furnishes the armor plates.

Amid a forest of poles the keel is laid. It is laid on blocks of yellow pine, of such a thickness as to allow the workmen to pass freely under it at all times. The blocks, having to support an enormous weight, are laid on a firm foundation of piling. The work is done so that the stern shall be nearest the water, and so that the blocks shall form parts of a plane inclined toward the water, for from them the ship is to be launched. The blocks must also form an exact duplicate of the mould of the keel, which follows its peculiar sweep. For this the drawings and the wooden pattern are required, as in the case of the other parts of the ship that have been described. There are bar keels like the old wooden ones, and there are box keels also, but the growing practice is to make the keels flat to follow the shape of the hull. Short projections at each bilge are added to the hull to moderate rolling at sea. The old backbone sort of keel was an aid to the sails. It held the ship against the wind. With steam the need for that has gone.

The first frame or rib to be raised is the most important. It is the midship frame, and the whole midship section follows it. Derricks raise and lower the great steel ribs into place and the forest of poles gradually grows into a gigantic web of scaffolding as frame after frame goes up. The position of each frame is regulated by nice measurement, and as each goes in place it is bolted to the "rib-bands"—four-inch planks that follow the length and curve of the hull. The scaffolding, which is also supported by the poles, is used to give access to the ship at different heights. As the frames multiply above the keel, the work on the bottom frame accompanies them, and presently the plating begins. Indeed, the putting on of the plates and the work of building the deck frames inside go on simultaneously. By one method the plates are preceded by wooden patterns or moulds. These are put up of a size a little larger than need be, and then marked where they need trimming. The rivet holes are also marked upon them. These moulds are then guides for the trimming and boring of the plates. If the plates need much shaping, moulds are made of soft iron and shaped properly, and then the steel plates are taken to the furnace and heated so as to be bent like the moulds. When the plates are put up they are merely temporarily adjusted with bolts. The bulkheads that subdivide the ship are being patterned and reproduced in steel and put in place, and work on the deck frames is going on, while the riveters pursue their noisy work of fastening the plates permanently in their places. The rivets are heated red-hot in little furnaces, and boys pass them in that condition to the riveters. After the rivets are all driven a man tests each one with a hammer. All that he finds satisfactory are painted red. All that are loose are cut out and replaced by new ones.

As soon as the main structure or complete skeleton is finished the thick wooden decks—of three or four inch wood—are laid and fastened with bolts that are sunk in the deck and covered by plugs of wood. At last the great massive stem and stern posts, cast of steel, each in one piece, are set up, and the keel plates are worked to fit them, and then are riveted to these. And so the ship is quickly made ready for launching, the main work upon her having been done by hand, just as it used to be in the "good old days" of wooden bottoms. She now stands like a huge shapely box of steel in the heart of a maze of timbers, poles, and scaffolding. She is freed from these. She is supported by a great number of props against her sides, as well as by the blocks beneath her keel. To quote an officer of the Cramp's corporation, "Before launching we must lift her from the keel blocks, and the props must be taken away, in order that she may be supported in an entirely different manner by the launchingways. These are twofold—the groundways and the sliding or bilge ways. The groundways are made by putting a track on each side of the ship, the tracks being laid on piling and blocks, and built to reach well down into the water. The slidingways are laid on the groundways, with tallow and oil between them, and the space between the ship's bottom and the slidingways is filled with packing of wood. Wedges are driven between the slidingways and the packing, and this lifts the ship up till she is supported on the new ways. Then it is that the keel blocks and side props are taken away. The upper ends of the slidingways are bolted to the groundways, and that it is which holds the ship in place. When



IN CRAMP'S SHIP-YARD.
Showing Cruiser *Minneapolis* on the Stocks, and Keel for one of the new American Liners.

this bolted and is sawed off, the ship slides into the water and is launched."

To the men who build the ships each new launching seems the most ticklish and anxious moment of their lives. It is the most most careful, and most delicate work of all to launch an ocean mammoth successfully. Full responsibility for all that has been created is held before them, as in a balance, and when the moment comes the crisis comes with it, and with a rush. She must be nicely ballasted, the weather must be just right, or the tallow may harden. She may have to be forced off with "jacks," or she may capsize, or any one of twenty dreaded things may happen.

Important as are the boilers and engines of any ship, and wondrous as this modern machinery has become, there is not space here to go into a description of the manufacture of these parts of a vessel. Suffice it that even as soon as the keel of a great ship is laid the work upon the boilers begins. For as early as the constructor's plans enabled him to do so he gave to the engineer drawings of the parts of the ship to be allotted to her machinery. For war ships the engineer considers economy of weight and space. For the great transatlantic liners his first thought is to combine power with economy in coal consumption. The boilers he builds are enormous works in metal, and no sooner is the ship launched than she is taken to the "sheers" or cranes which are to lift and drop down in her these great cylinders of steel for the admission of which ample openings in the decks have been arranged. The engines follow—these also being prodigious monuments of human ingenuity—and then the last workmen set to work and put in the beautifully fitted joiner work of the cabins and saloons, and in case of a war vessel the armor, the turrets, the guns, and all the rest.

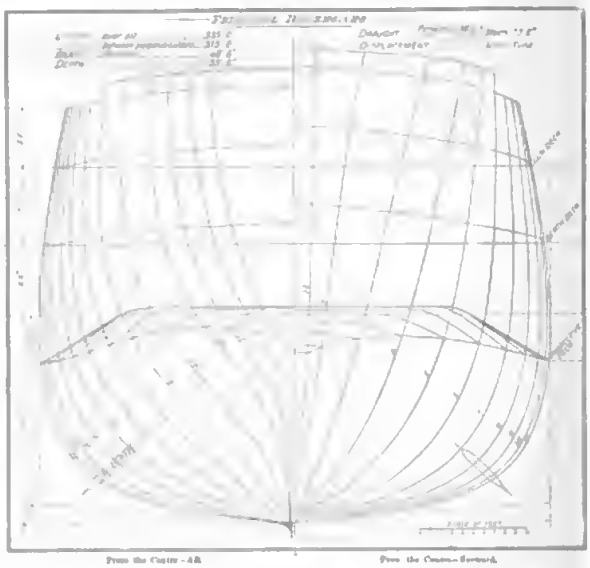
A wooden gunboat was once built and launched at Cramp's in sixty days. The swift new American liners, whose keels have just been laid, will be finished in May or June, 1895—in less than two years. War ships have to wait upon the armor makers. The cruiser *New York* was built in three years.

THE PROFITS OF BOOK MAKERS.

Racing in America is not in as good repute as it was some years ago. It has now become a regular business instead of a sport, and the book makers of the betting ring probably have more to say in managing races than any other class of men. These book makers are not only owners of horses, but owners and managers of race tracks. They make the laws of the racing world, and break those laws whenever it suits them. A more idiotic idea never existed in the world than that a man by persistent betting and "good luck" could overcome the percentage that the book-makers have in their favor. Davis, sometimes called the "Leviathan of the English betting-ring"—a man who has been known to pay wagers of forty thousand pounds without turning a hair—once said in regard to the successes of a notorious American who betted almost unprecedentedly large amounts, that these successes made no difference in the ring, as in a little while all of the money won would find its way back to the book makers. If this is the case in England, it is very much more the case in America. The volume of betting is larger there than here, and therefore the rate of taxation for the benefit of the book makers is smaller. It is easy to understand that book-makers are not in the business for the mere pleasure of it. They make their books because there is profit in it, and the profit is just as sure as in anything else regulated by arithmetic. A book maker at an ordinary track pays a license of $100 a day, and at least $50 a day to his clerks and assistants. He must therefore have such a percentage in his favor that he can at least clear $150 a day for expenses. He of course endeavors to do a great deal more than this, and probably nine out of ten tax the bettors in the neighborhood of $400 or $500 a day. It is a very easy matter to do this. Every bet that is made is recorded by a clerk who keeps the book maker informed as to how he stands with reference to any one horse, and the book maker will not take bets on any horse to an amount that would wipe out his winnings on the others in the race.

The book maker is not necessarily a gambler, nor does he bet against the public—he is merely an agent through which the public bets. Of course many book makers are gamblers on their own account. If this were not so there would not be so many scandals on the turf, nor would we ever hear of a book-maker becoming bankrupt. To the ordinary observer a book maker at a race track appears to be conducting his business in a very haphazard way, but as a matter of fact his clerks within the little enclosure where they sit are keeping very close tally of all the operations and each time a bet of any magnitude is recorded the book maker is told exactly how he stands with reference to the horse bet upon and the other horses in the race. He regulates his future proceedings accordingly. For instance, say he is giving odds of 2 to 1 against the favorite in a race. Wagers aggregating $1000 have been made on that horse. He stands to lose $2000 if the favorite wins. If his bets on the other horses in the race do not produce a larger sum than this, he at once lowers his rate on the favorite, giving, say, 1 or 1½ to 1 against. This causes bettors to avoid him so far as the favorite is concerned, and he only books bets upon the other horses in the race, until the proportions are to his liking. It is not necessary for him to be a judge of horses, or bother about them in the least, he can make money much more surely if he regulates his bets purely by mathematics than by judgment as to form and condition of racers.

If men must bet on horse-races, it would probably be better and more in their favor if the book makers regulated the odds entirely according to the amount of money placed on each horse. Then the bettors would merely be paying to the book maker a certain percentage for his services in clearing the bets. But, as has been said before, many book-makers are also horse owners and race-track owners. Under such



From the Centre—AB. From the Centre—Sectward.

MIDSHIP SECTION OF A GREAT SHIP, SHOWING HER FRAMES, WIDTH, AND OUTLINES.

THE BOOK-MAKER.—Drawn by Charles Broughton.

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circumstances it can be readily believed that they have every facility to win the money of bettors without giving the latter any chance whatever. Say that a book maker or an outsider in league with a book maker has a horse of great speed and endurance. The book maker causes this horse to be beaten repeatedly by inferior animals. The race-going public concludes that the horse is not nearly so good as had been thought. This conviction having been arrived at, the book maker puts him in a race; the public bets heavily upon other horses, the book maker giving all kinds of odds, so as to induce heavy betting. Then in the race his horse or the horse he controls is cut loose and wins not only the stake or purse, but all the money in the book. The men who go into the business of book-making are not as a rule, persons of the highest moral sense. The legitimate profit from a book made with mathematical exactness should be great enough to satisfy the desires of any well regulated man. But the chances in favor of making a large sum out of one race, by methods rightly considered to be disreputable, are so great that it is a most exceptional book-maker who will not go into a combination or conspiracy to deceive and rob the public. At an ordinary race meeting there are fifty book-makers in the ring. Sometimes there are as many as eighty. When there are fifty, the expenses of these book makers are $7500 a day, or $112,500 for a meeting of fifteen days. Now, it is absolutely necessary for these book-makers to tax the bettors during the meeting $112,500. Each book maker, of course, tries to make a good deal more than expenses, and if they all succeed, the tax would be at least $225,000 during each meeting of fifteen days. If we should add to this amount $200,000 as the amount won by the book makers, not as mathematicians, but as gamblers, we should come to something near the amount that the book-makers exact from the public at each race-meeting of fifteen days. This $425,000 only represents the amount of money that the book-makers take from the public in an ordinary race meeting. It is probable that there is a small and select ring of bettors who win at pretty nearly every meeting. Certainly these winnings must average $75,000 at each meeting. This would make a grand total of $500,000 that the public pays for the privilege of betting at a race meeting of fifteen days. It would be hard to get at the volume of betting at each race-meeting, but half a million dollars is a very large sum of money, and a great many pocket books have to be emptied to make it up. The ordinary visitor to a race-track probably pays, even though he have good fortune a tax of ten per cent upon all of his wagers. At the rate, taking five successful and five unsuccessful bets, the capital first invested is likely to be exhausted after ten races have been speculated upon.

There never has been a scheme devised by which large amounts of money can be taken from the public without rendering any consideration in return more certain and ingenious than book-making as at present conducted on American race-tracks. Faro banks, lotteries, policy shops, and other gambling institutions are under the ban of the law, book-making on horse races is the only survivor permitted by the law. Racing, no doubt, has done great good in encouraging breeders to improve the breed of horses, but there is not much question in the minds of disinterested men who know how racing is now conducted that the evil done by it is out of all proportion to the good. Clerks, small wage-earners, cashiers, tradesmen of various kinds, professional men, blacklegs, pickpockets, and criminals of various kinds jostle and elbow each other in the betting-ring, excited with the hope of winning money without working for it. They all of them do win occasionally. This flatters the hope, and so they keep it up, though the chances are as 1000 to 1 that in ten days every mother's son of them will have lost five times as much as has been gained. If the breed of horses cannot be improved without racing, and if racing cannot be conducted without book-making, then it would be better to let the breed of horses retrograde, if book making or betting cannot be regulated by some law which would place a limit upon the tax to which bettors are subjected.

WHAT CAUSED H.M.S. "VICTORIA" TO CAPSIZE?

A SEAMAN'S QUERY.

Success or failure, victory or defeat—these depend in almost every case of battle or danger upon the rapid action of human judgment, on a supreme military or naval skill, on an experience ripened in the school of danger, where all depends on the right action in the one little moment of suspense, where life or death, glory or disaster, hover in the balance.

Perhaps no greater or more wearing responsibility rests on human minds than upon the commanders of ships and squadrons at sea. The greatest care of all is the feeling of responsibility for life committed to the hands of the commander. Property may be replaced, losses of material repaired, but in disaster, in the darkness of the night, in danger every where, the directing mind must care for all, for discipline and authority place the weal or woe of all in his hands. Therefore it may be almost called an axiom that "the commander must be always right." Because being and doing right means safety, and the contrary peril and disaster.

Since iron and steel have been used for the construction of ships, it is safe to say that all thinking commanders constantly try to find solutions for the problems that sudden and possible disaster may present to them, so as to have their minds prepared to act suddenly and properly in case of imminent peril. Given an iron or steel ship, construction tries its best to make the fabric unsinkable. All preventive measures are used that can be conceived. The costly whole is turned over to the captain, and all the non sinkable devices are fully and intelligently understood. Furthermore, all the means of drill and action that can be conceived are practised to make these devices certain in their action. The commander feels measurably certain of his ship, yet progress upon the sea is full of unheralded dangers, and so the directing mind is constantly busy thinking what to do in supreme moments.

It is probably true that nearly all captains in command of costly ships have always in their minds, when near the shore, the thought that in case of collision or any other danger, making possible the sinking of the ship, the proper thing to save life and property would be to get the ship ashore as soon as possible, where she cannot sink, and where it may be possible to save her. In fogs often, in the darkness of the night, with swift steamships all about, how often does the thought keep uppermost in the captain's mind, "If some ship runs into me, how can I reach the beach before she sinks?" So do sailors often find the hand a menacing danger or an embracing friend, under different circumstances.

A great fleet of modern ironclads, exercising in a smooth sea, clear weather, land near, no enemies to fear, directed by an able distinguished officer, every ship under complete command, and unexpected disaster comes like lightning, and before one could realize the fact an immense battle ship has gone to the bottom of the sea, keel up, and three hundred and sixty men and officers have perished—a disaster so appalling that the world shudders in amazement and grief that this should be possible.

The fatal signals, all the possible causes that could have led to the collision, have been exhaustively discussed and inquired into. These are issues that probably contain their own solution; but the question naturally arises, what caused this great ship to capsize so suddenly and drown so many people?

To a landsman this question may seem easy of solution, but to seamen it is more than important. In all the great fleet of which H.M.S. *Victoria* was flag ship, I think every captain would have in his mind, in case of sudden accident to the bottom of his ship, the advisability of running her on shore, if the shore was near as it was in this case, and it doubtless was fully in the mind of Sir George Tryon when he made signal not to send boats and headed his ship for the shore at full speed. Here was a probable consensus of opinion in which nearly every sea commander will join. The question that presents itself at this time is, was that the best course to pursue under the circumstances?

Let us all, once and for all, disclaim any desire to criticise those devoted men who so nobly did their duty, and perished in doing it. If a mistake was made and a disaster caused it is past. We can only offer sympathy, wider than nationality, as broad as the brotherhood of humanity; but if from this great and sad object lesson we can find something to guide us in the future, let us all go to school and learn if we can.

It seems that the *Camperdown* struck the *Victoria* a glancing blow, which is supposed to have thrown several compartments into one, permitting sufficient water to enter the ship to destroy her stability and to capsize her. She was headed for the shore at full speed as soon as possible. Please notice this fact. The motion of the ship against the water must have driven it into the opening with great force. The wound is understood to have been between the waist and the bow. The water entering into the several compartments caused an accumulated weight at that point, bearing the ship down, lower and lower, instant by instant, presenting an increasing barrier against progress; and forcing the great mass of the ship on to this barrier were the powerful screws revolving at full speed. Down she goes at the resisting point until her equilibrium is overcome, then she capsizes entirely, perhaps forced to her sudden and terrible doom by her very efforts to escape it.

Now what would have been the result if the *Victoria* had been *backed* while her boats were being made ready, and other boats called? She would have backed away from the entering water, instead of forcing herself upon it, and it is possible that all, or nearly all, could have been saved, although, doubtless, the noble ship was wounded beyond possible salvation.

Where is the lesson from all this? I submit to seamen that it might be taken as a general rule that from a wound in the forepart of the ship it is well, at first anyhow, to go astern, and from a wound aft go ahead. I submit this for discussion as to the proper first action in case of disaster, where instants may bear salvation or destruction to many valuable lives.

C. H. ROCKWELL,
Commander United States Navy.

THE LATEST BRAZILIAN REBELLION.

It is not easy to unravel the tangled skein of Brazilian politics, and find the actual causes of the rebellion now going on. An average of one a year is a pretty interesting record in rebellions for a country so recently shaking off a government apparently well established, but curiosity pales when the most careful study fails to disclose any logical connection between the events that have crowded on each other so rapidly.

What we know is that nearly all the vessels of the Brazilian navy, under command of Admiral Custodio Mello, are in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, and from time to time bombard the forts on the shore, and occasionally the city itself, with more fury than effect. We know also that the President of Brazil, Floriana Peixoto, has bought heavy merchant vessels in this city, which are being fitted out as warships, and one at least, *El Cid*, has already sailed to give battle to Mello and his navy.

As Peixoto holds his office through a rebellion against Fonseca, who held his through a rebellion against Dom Pedro, it is difficult to see much preference in the matter of authority between the present contestants. But Peixoto is the head of the government *de facto*, and recognized by other governments. He is said to have the support of the army, and of the people of Rio, and as Mello has so far found no active friends on land, and is opposed by many of the chief officers of the navy, whom he displaced when he made his *coup*, the chances of his success are probably small. But he may leave Rio, and take his fleet southward, where the provinces of Rio Grande do Sul, Ceará, and Matto Grosso have refused to acknowledge the Peixoto government, and in that case the future would be very dubious.

PRESIDENT PEIXOTO.

What seems clear as to the origin of the present quarrel is as follows: Admiral Mello last year visited Chile with the fleet, and invited the grandson of Dom Pedro, Dom Augustine, to accompany him. He gave many festivities, at which Dom Augustine was the honored guest, and when he sent in the account of his expenditures, payment was refused by the Secretary of the Navy, Admiral Ladario, a Radical. Thus began a bitter quarrel, which ended in Mello taking advantage of the absence of most of the superior officers of the navy at the opera in Rio to depose them, and to decree the deposition of Peixoto under threat of bombardment of the town. The fulfilment of the threat was prevented by the interposition of the naval commanders of foreign vessels in the harbor, but, as has been related, the forts have been pretty violently shot at. Neither party can hurt the other much, neither can be forced to give up unless the new vessels of Peixoto may effect that end for Mello.

Admiral Mello is described as a gallant officer and a man of generous character. He is undoubtedly a friend of the late emperor, but there is no evidence that his course is approved by the Princess Isabel, the Countess d'Eu, daughter and heir of Dom Pedro. Nor is there much probability that the Orleans family, with whom that lady is connected, will care to complicate themselves with any attempt to recapture the shattered throne of Brazil, though that is not impossible. The unfortunate country has been the prey of the most reckless adventurers for the past three years, has seen its finances sadly mangled, and a large part of its business men impoverished, and has undergone infinite confusion and suffering; but it seems no more ready for a stable government than in 1890. Its population, widely scattered over its vast territory, is singularly various and inharmonious, differing in race, in religion, in habit, and character, and agreeing only in mutual dislike and in instability of purpose. So far as now appears, only a dictator of merciless will and extraordinary sagacity could at once preserve order and give the country a chance to develop, and for such a task neither the princess nor her husband appears fitted. President Peixoto has the distinct advantage of possession, but, as the action of Admiral Mello shows, this advantage is a very precarious one.

ADMIRAL MELLO.
The Insurgent Leader

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

XII.—THE GREAT BRICK YARD STRIKE.

"I surmise" said Robinson, rolling his cigar to the most comfortable angle, "that the mildest lot of folks in the country to day are living near Wyckoffville, Nebraska, if what I read was so."

"What's the difficulty with them?" asked Jones.

"They tarred and feathered one of their neighbors the other night for some offence. He took it coolly, and asked them to make a good job of it. The result was that when they got through the fellow had a plumage nearly a foot thick. The next day he went to Omaha with his feathers still on, and began exhibiting himself in a dime museum at $50 a week."

This peculiar occurrence aroused the interest of Jackson Peters, and he expressed great admiration for the ingenuity of the feathered citizen. "Were you ever tarred and feathered by admiring neighbors, Jackson?" gravely inquired Jones.

"I have avoided that social attention so far," replied Peters, with extreme good nature.

"You are young yet," returned Jones. "Your dues may yet be recognized. By the way, I would not be surprised if this Nebraska bird was the same man I knew out there in '78. The railroad company one day moved its depot building by hitching two or three spans of horses on one end of it and dragging it away. He was leaning against the other end of it at the time, resting, and of course when it was taken away he fell over, dislocating his shoulder. He sued the company, and got heavy damages, as he proved that it was well known that he leaned against the building from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. each day, and therefore they should have warned him that they were about to snatch away his natural support.

"But whether or not he was the same man, he evidently knows how to deal with large bodies of men. I remember when I lived at Hartford, Connecticut, several years ago, that I had a little experience with a mob myself. I was operating a large brick yard near the city, and employed several hundred men. It was, in fact, the largest brick yard in the world. I made nothing but the Jones Self-riding Brick. I may inform you right here that I was the originator of the idea of bricks without yeast. The Jones Peptonic Brick took first prize at Philadelphia. I am also the author of the *Jones Hygienic Brick Cook-Book*. It is intended for brick-makers, potters, tile and terra-cotta manufacturers and producers of plaster of Paris Venus of Milos. If you have never seen a self rising Venus of Milo you have missed a good deal.

"As I intimated, my men struck one summer. It was not a question of wages, but of green sun umbrellas. They set up the claim that it was impossible to go about the yard mixing up the batter, setting the bricks to rise, pricking them with a broom straw to see if they were done, and otherwise carrying on the manufacture of first-class bricks in the hot sun without green umbrellas. I did not feel called upon to accede to their demands, feeling sure that a strike for fans and lemonade would follow, and the profits of the business would not warrant the outlay. The walking delegate called on me at my office, rested his unworn feet on my desk, and talked long and earnestly. I became tired at last, and as there seemed to be no other way to get rid of him I dropped him out of the window. He struck the sidewalk with a loud report, and shortly after I heard the ominous clang of an ambulance gong. I anticipated trouble when I drove out to the yard that afternoon, and prepared myself for it.

"When I reached the yard I found everything in confusion. Two thousand bricks which were risen sufficiently and were ready to go into the oven lay on the ground untouched. The men were marching about carrying banners inscribed, "Green Umbrellas or Blood," "We Know Our Rights," "Give Us Sunshades or Give Us Death," "The Self-rising Brickmaiths' Peptonic Union No 36 Demands Sun Umbrellas," and so forth. I stood up on my carriage seat and tried to reason with them, but they would listen to nothing. They insisted that the sun was so hot that they must have umbrellas. They even refused to attend to the bricks which then needed baking without the umbrellas. Finally they set up a cry to lynch me, and began to close in on all sides. I pulled a large box of ground glass goggles from under the seat, and said, 'Gentlemen, here are fifty dozen pairs of ground glass goggles. Put them on and wear them, and it will always appear to be a cloudy day, and you will not feel the need of umbrellas.' They paused, recognized the value and reasonableness of my idea, put on the goggles, and returned to work. It is usually easy to handle a large body of men if you use a little tact. When the walking delegate got out of the hospital he put on two pairs of the goggles, and it made the landscape look so cold that he began wearing an overcoat as he rode about the country."

H. C.

"She appeared to link the two men together."

THE BELL-RINGER OF ANGEL'S.

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER III.

IT was a week later that Madison Wayne and Mr McGee were seen, to the astonishment of the Bar, leisurely walking together in the direction of the promontory. Here they disappeared, entering a dense fringe of willows and bushes that seemed to mark its limits, and gradually ascending some thickly wooded trail until they reached its crest, which to Madison's surprise, was cleared and open, and showed an acre or two of crude cultivation. Here, too, stood the McGees' conjugal home—a small four roomed house, but so peculiar and foreign in aspect that it at once challenged even Madison's abstracted attention. It was a tiny Swiss chalet, built in sections, and originally packed in cases—one of the early importations from Europe to California after the gold discovery, when the country was supposed to be a woodless wilderness. Mr McGee explained with his usual laborious care how he had bought it at Marysville, not only for its picturesqueness, but because in its unsuggestive packing cases it offered no hallucination to the curious adacrs, and could be put up by himself and a single uncommunicative Chinaman without any one else being aware of its existence. There was, indeed, something quaint in this fragment of Old World handiwork, with its smooth jointed panelling in two colors, its little lozenge fret work, its lapped roof, overhanging eaves, and miniature gallery. Inartistic as Madison was—like most men of rigidly rectangular mind and principle—and accustomed to the bleak and economic sufficiency of the Californian miner's cabin, he was touched strangely by its novel grace and freshness. It reminded him of *her*; he had a new respect for this rough, sinful man, who had thus idealized his wife in her dwelling. Already a few Madeira vines and a Cherokee rose clambered up the gallery. And here Mrs McGee was sitting.

In the face that she turned upon the two men, Madison could see, to his infinite embarrassment, that she was not expecting them, and even in the slight curiosity with which she glanced at her husband that evidently he had said nothing of his previous visit or invitation. And this conviction became certainty at Mr McGee's first words.

"I've brought you an ole friend, Sally. He used to spark ye once at Angel's afore my time—he told me so. He picked ye outer the water here—he told me that, too. Ye mind that I said afore that he was the only man I wanted ter know. I reckon now it seems the square thing that he should be the one man you wanted ter know, too. You understand what I mean—you follow me—don't you?"

Whether or not Mrs. McGee did follow him, she exhibited neither concern nor delight, nor the least embarrassment. An experienced lover might have augured ill from this total absence of self consciousness. But Madison was not an experienced lover. He accepted her amused smile as a recognition of his feelings, trembled at the touch of her cool hand as if it had been a warm pressure, and scarcely dared to meet her maliciously laughing eyes. When he had followed Mr. McGee to the little gallery, the previous occupation of Mrs. McGee when they arrived was explained. From that slight elevation there was a perfect view over the whole landscape and river below, the Bar stretched out as a map at her feet; in that clear transparent air she could see every movement and gesture of Wayne's brother, all unconscious of that surveillance, at work on the bar. For an instant Madison's sallow cheek reddened, he knew not why; a remorseful feeling that he ought to be there with Arthur came over him. Mrs. McGee's voice seemed to answer his thought. "You can see everything that's going on down there without being seen yourself. It's good fun for me sometimes. The other day I saw young Carpenter imaging round Mrs. Rogers' cabin in the bush when old Rogers was away. And I saw her creep out and join him—never thinking any one could see her."

She laughed, seeking Madison's averted eyes, yet scarcely noticing his suddenly contracted brows. Mr McGee alone responded

"That's why," he said explanatorily to Madison, "I don't allow to have my Sally go round with those women. Not as I ever see anything o' that sort goin' on, or leer to look—but on gin'ral principles. You understand what I mean."

"That's your brother over there, isn't it?" said Mrs McGee, turning to Madison, and calmly ignoring her husband's explanation, as she indicated the distant Arthur. "Why didn't you bring him along with you?"

Madison hesitated, and looked at McGee. "He wasn't asked," said that gentleman, cheerfully. "One's company; two's none. You don't know him, my dear, and than yer ain't a gin'ral invitation to the Bar. You follow me?"

To this Mrs. McGee made no comment, but proceeded to show Madison over the little cottage. Yet in a narrow passage she managed to touch his hand, lingered to let her husband precede them from one room to another, and once or twice looked meaningly into his eyes over McGee's shoulder. Disconcerted and embarrassed, he tried to utter a few commonplaces, but so constrainedly that even McGee presently noticed it. And the result was still more embarrassing.

"Look yer," he said, suddenly, turning to them both, "I reckon as how you two wanter talk over ole times, and I'll just mosseler over to the claim and do a spell o' work. Don't mind *me*. And if *he*," indicating Madison with his finger, "gets on ter religion don't goe mind him. It won't hurt you Sally—no more nor my revolver—but it's pow'ful persuading. You understand me—you follow me? Well, so long."

He turned away quickly, and was presently lost among the trees. For an instant the embarrassed Madison thought of following him, but he was confronted by Mrs McGee's wicked eyes and smiling face between him and the door. Composing herself, however, with a simulation of perfect gravity she pointed to a chair.

"Sit down, Brother Wayne. If you're goin' to convert me it may take some time, you know, and you might as well make yourself comfortable. As for me I'll take the 'anxious bench.'" She laughed with a certain girlishness which he well remembered, and leaped to a sitting posture on the table, with her hands on her knees, swinging her smart shoes backwards and forwards below it. Madison looked at her in hopeless silence, with a pale disturbed face and slumbrous eyes. "Or if you want to talk as we used to talk Mad when we sat on the front steps at Angel's, and Pa and Ma went inside to give us a show, ye can hop up alongside o' me." She made a feint of gathering her skirts beside her.

"Sally," broke out the unfortunate man, yet in a tone that seemed to increase in formal solemnity with his manifest agitation, "this is impossible! The laws of God that have joined you and this man—"

"Oh, it's the prayer-meeting, is it?" said Sally, settling her skirts again, with affected resignation. "Go on."

"Listen, Sally," said Madison, turning deprecatingly towards her. "Let us for His sake—let us for the sake of our dear blessed past—talk together earnestly and prayerfully. Let us take this time to cast out of our feeble hearts all yearnings that are not prompted by Him—yearnings that your union with this man make impossible and sinful. Let us, for the sake of the past, take counsel of each other, even as brother and sister—"

"Sister McGee!" she interrupted, mockingly. "It wasn't as brother and sister you made love to me at Angel's."

"No. I loved you then, and would have made you my wife."

"And you don't love me any more," she said, maliciously darting a wicked look into his eyes, "only because I didn't marry you? And you think that Christian?"

"You know I love you, as I have loved you always," he said, passionately.

"Hush!" she said, mockingly. "Suppose he should hear you?"

"He knows it," said Madison, bitterly. "*I* have told him all."

She stared at him fixedly. "You have—told—him—that—you *still* love me?" she replied, slowly.

"Yes, or I wouldn't be here now. It was due to him—to my own conscience."

"And what did he say?"

"He insisted upon my coming, and—as God is my judge and witness—he seemed satisfied and content."

She drew her pretty lips together in a long whistle, and then leaped from the table. Her face was hard and her eyes were bright as she went to the window and looked out. He followed her, timidly.

"Don't touch me," she said, sharply, striking away his proffered hand.

He turned with a flushed cheek and walked slowly towards the door. Her laugh stopped him.

"Come! I reckon that squeezin' hands ain't no part of your contract with Sandy," she said, glancing down at her own. "Well? So you're goin'."

"I only wished to talk seriously and prayerfully with you for a few moments, Sally, and then—to see you no more."

"And how would that suit *him*," she said, drily, "if he wants your company here? Then just because you can't convert me and bring me to your ways of thinkin' in one visit, I suppose you think it is Christian-like to run away like this! Or do you suppose that if you turn tail now, he

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won't believe that your Christian strength and Christian resignation is all humbug?"

Madison dropped into the chair, put his elbows on the table, and buried his face in his hands. She came a little nearer and laid her hand lightly on his arm. He made a movement as if to take it, but she withdrew it, impatiently.

"Come," she said, brusquely, "now you're in for it, you must play the game out. He trusts you; if he sees you can't trust yourself, he'll shoot you on sight. That don't frighten you? Well, perhaps this will, then! He'll say your religion is a sham and you a hypocrite—and everybody will believe him. How do you like that, Brother Wayne? How will that help the Church? Come! You're a pair of cranks together, but he's got the whip-hand of you this time. All you can do is to keep up to his idea of you. Put a bold face on it and come here as often as you can—the oftener the better—the sooner you'll both get sick of each other—and of me. That's what you're both after—ain't it? Well! I can tell you now you needn't either of you be the least afraid of me."

She walked away to the window again, not angrily, but smoothing down the folds of her bright print dress, as if she were wiping her hands of her husband and his guest. Something like a very material and manlike sense of shame struggled through his crust of religion. He stammered.

"You don't understand me, Safie."

"Then talk of something I do understand," she said, pertly. "Tell me some news from Angel's. Your brother was over there the other day. He made himself quite popular with the young ladies—so I hear from Miss Selvedge. You can tell me as we walk along the bank towards Sandy's claim. It's just as well that you should move on now, as it's your *first* call, and next time you can stop longer." She went to the corner of the room, removed her smart slippers, and put on a pair of walking shoes, tying them with her foot on a chair in a quiet disregard for her visitor's presence, took a brown holland sun-bonnet from the wall, clapped it over her browner hair and hanging braids, and tied it under her chin with apparently no sense of coquetry in the act—becoming though it was—and without glancing at him. Alas for Madison's ethics! The torment of her worldly speech and youthful contempt was nothing to this tacit ignoring of the *manhood* of her lover—this silent acceptance of him as something even lower than her husband. He followed her with a burning cheek and a curious revolting of his whole nature that it is to be feared were scarcely Christian. The willows opened to let them pass, and closed again behind them.

An hour later Mrs. McGee returned to her leafy bower alone. She took off her sun-bonnet, hung it on its nail on the wall, shook down her braids, took off her shoes, stained with the mud of her husband's claim, and put on her slippers. Then she ascended to her eyry in the little gallery, and gazed smilingly across the sunlit bar. The two gaunt shadows of her husband and lover, linked like twins, were slowly passing along the river bank on their way to the eclipsing obscurity of the cottonwoods. Below her, almost at her very feet, the unconscious Arthur Wayne was pushing his work on the river-bed far out to the promontory. The sunlight fell upon his vivid scarlet shirt, his bared throat, and head clustering with perspiring curls. The same sunlight fell upon Mrs. McGee's brown head too, and apparently put a wicked fancy inside it. She ran to her bedroom, and returned with a mirror from its wall, and after some trials in getting the right angle, sent a searching reflection upon the spot where Arthur was at work. For an instant a diamond flash played around him. Then he lifted his head and turned it curiously towards the crest above him. But the next moment he clapped his hands over his dazzled but now smiling eyes, as Mrs. McGee, secure in her leafy obscurity, fell back, and laughed to herself like a very school-girl.

It was three weeks later, and Madison Wayne was again sitting alone in his cabin. This solitude had become of more frequent occurrence lately, since Arthur had revolted and openly absented himself from his religious devotions for lighter diversions at the Bar. Keenly as Madison felt his defection, he was too much preoccupied with other things to lay much stress upon it, and the sting of Arthur's relapse to worldliness and folly lay in his own consciousness that it was partly his fault. He could not chide his brother, when he felt that his own heart was absorbed in his neighbor's wife, and although he had rigidly adhered to his own crude ideas of self-effacement and loyalty to McGee, he had been again and again a visitor at his house. It was true that Mrs. McGee had made this easier by tacitly accepting his conditions of their acquaintanceship, by seeming more natural, by exhibiting a gayety, and at times even a certain gentleness and thoughtfulness of conduct, that delighted her husband and astonished her lover. Whether this wonderful change had really been effected by the latter's gloomy theology and still more hopeless ethics, he could not say. She certainly showed no disposition to imitate their formalities, nor seemed to be impressed by them on the rare occasions when he now offered them. Yet she appeared to link the two men together, even physically, as on those occasions when, taking an arm of each, she walked affectionately between them along the river-bank promenade, to the great marvelling and admiration of the Bar. It was said, however, that Mr. Jack Hamlin, a gambler, at that moment professionally visiting Wayne's Bar, and a great connoisseur of feminine charms and weaknesses, had glanced at them under his handsome lashes, and asked a single question, evidently so amusing to the younger members of the Bar that Madison Wayne knit his brows and Arthur Wayne blushed. Mr. Hamlin took no heed of the elder brother's frown, but paid some slight attention to the color of the younger brother, and even more to a slight coquettish glance from the pretty Mrs. McGee. Whether or not, as has been ingeniously alleged by some moralists, the light and trifling of either sex are prone to recognize each other by some mysterious instinct, is not a necessary consideration of this chronicle; enough that the fact is recorded.

And yet Madison Wayne should have been satisfied with his work. His sacrifice was accepted; his happy issue from a dangerous situation and his happy triumph over a more dangerous temptation were complete and perfect, and even achieved according to his own gloomy theories of redemption and regeneration. Yet he was not happy. The human heart is at times strangely unappeasable. And as he sat that evening in the gathering shadows the Book which should have yielded him balm and comfort lay unopened in his lap.

A step upon the gravel outside had become too familiar to startle him. It was Mr. McGee lounging into the cabin like a gaunt shadow. It must be admitted that the friendship of those strangely contrasted men, however sincere and sympathetic, was not cheerful. A belief in the thorough wickedness of humanity, kept under only through fear of extreme penalty and punishment, material and spiritual, was not conducive to light and amusing conversation. Their talk was mainly of a gloomy chronicle of life at the Bar, which was in itself half an indictment. To-night Mr. McGee spoke of the advent of Mr. Jack Hamlin, and together they deplored the diversion of the hard-earned gains and valuable time of the Bar through the efforts of that ingenious gentleman. "Not," added McGee, cautiously, "but what he can shoot straight enough, and I've heard tell that he don't *lie*. That mout and it mountn't be good for your brother, who goes around with him considerable; there's different ways of looking at that. You understand what I mean? You follow me?" For all that the conversation seemed to languish this evening, partly through some abstraction on the part of Wayne, and partly some hesitation in McGee, who appeared to have a greater fear than usual of not expressing himself plainly. It was quite dark in the cabin when at last, detaching himself from his usual lounging-place, the door-post, he walked to the window and leaned, more shadowy than ever, over Wayne's chair. "I want to tell you suthin'," he said, slowly, "that I don't want you to misunderstand—you follow me?—and that ain't no ways carpin' or criticisin', nor reflectin' on *you*. You understand what I mean? Ever sens you and me had that talk here about you and Safie, and ever sens I got the hang of your ways and your style o' thinkin', I've been as sure of you and her as if I'd been myself trottin' round with you and a revolver. And I'm as sure of you *now*. You sabe what I mean? You understand? You've done me and her a heap o' good, she's almost another woman sens you took hold of her, and ef you ever want me to stand up and 'testify'—as you call it in church—Sandy McGee is ready. What I'm trying to say to ye is this. Though I understand you and your work and your ways, there's other folks ez mountn't. You follow? you understand what I mean? And it's just that I'm comin' to. Now las' night, when you and Safie was meanderin' along the lower path by the water, and I kem across you—"

"But," interrupted Madison, quickly, "you're mistaken, I wasn't—"

"Hol' on," said McGee, quietly. "I know you got out o' the way without you seein' me, or me you, because you didn't know it was me—don't you see? don't you follow?—and that's just it! It mout have bin some one from the Bar as seed you instead o' me. See? That's why you lit out before I could recognize you; and that's why poor Safie was so mighty flustered at first, and was for runnin' away, until she kem to herself agin, when of course she laughed, and agreed you must have mistook me."

"But," gasped Madison, quickly, "I *wasn't there at all* last night."

"What?"

The two men had risen simultaneously, and were facing each other. McGee, with a good-natured, half-critical expression, laid his hand on Wayne's shoulder, and slightly turned him towards the window, that he might see his face. It seemed to him white and dazed.

"You—wasn't there—last night?" he repeated, with a slow tolerance.

Scarcely a moment elapsed, but the agony of an hour may have thrilled through Wayne's consciousness before he spoke. Then all the blood of his body rushed to his face with his first lie as he stammered:

"No!—Yes! Of course. I have made a mistake—it *was* me."

"I see; you thought I was riled," said McGee, quietly.

"No; I was thinking it was *night before last!* Of course it was last night. I must be getting silly." He essayed a laugh—rare at any time with him—and so forced now that it affected McGee more than his embarrassment. He looked at Wayne thoughtfully, and then said, slowly:

"I reckon I did come upon you a little too sudden last night, but you see I was thinkin' of suthin' else, and disremembered you might be there. But I wasn't mad—no! no!—and I only spoke about it now that you might be more keerful before folks. You follow me? You understand what I mean?"

He turned and walked to the door, when he halted. "You follow me—don't you? It ain't no cussedness o' mine, or want o' trustin'—don't you see? Mebbee I ought-

WORKING ON "EL CID" AT NIGHT.—Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence.
Getting the new Brazilian Cruiser ready for Sea.

cond have spoken. I oughter remembered that times this sort o' thing must be rather rough on you and her. You follow me? You understand what I mean? Good night."

He walked slowly down the path towards the river. Had Madison Wayne been watching him, he would have noticed that his head was bent and his step less free. But Madison Wayne was at that moment sitting rigidly in his chair, nursing with all the gloomy concentration of a monastic nature a single terrible idea.

Howbeit, the sun shone cheerfully over the Bar the next morning, and the next; the breath of life and activity was in the air, the settlement had never been more prosperous, and the yield from the open placers on the dumed river-bed that week was enormous. The brothers Wayne were said to be "rolling in gold." It was thought to be consistent with Madison Wayne's nature that there was no trace of good fortune in his face or manner—rather that he had become more nervous, restless, and gloomy. This was attributed to the joylessness of avarice—as contrasted with the spendthrift gayety of the more liberal Arthur—and he was feared and *respected* as a miser. His long solitary walks around the promontory, his incessant watchfulness, his reticence when questioned, were all recognized as the indications of a man whose soul was absorbed in money getting. The reverence they failed to yield to his religious isolation they were willing to freely accord to his financial abstraction. But Mr. McGee was not as deceived. Overtaking him one day under the fringe of willows, he characteristically chided him with absenting himself from Mm McGee and her house since their last interview.

"I reckoned you did not harbor malice in your Christianity," he said. "But it looks mighty like as if you was thrawin' off on Sadie and me on account of what I said."

In vain Madison gloomily and almost sternly protested. McGee looked him all over with his clear measuring eye, and for some minutes was singularly silent. At last he said, slowly,

"I've been thinkin' suthin' o' goin' down to Frisco, and I'd be a heap easier in my mind if you'd promise to look arter Sadie now and then."

"You surely are not going to leave her here *alone?*" said Wayne, roughly.

"Why not?"

For an instant Wayne hesitated. Then he burst out: "For a hundred reasons! If she ever wanted your protection before, she surely does now! Do you suppose the Bar is any less heathen or more regenerated than it was when you thought it necessary to guard her with your revolver? Man, it is a hundred times worse than then! The new claims have filled it with lying adventurers—with wolves like Hamlin and his friends—idolaters who would set up Baal and Ashteroth here, and fill your tents with the curses of Sodom!"

Perhaps it was owing to the Scriptural phrasing, perhaps it was from some unusual authority of the man's manner, but a look of reproving relief and admiration came into McGee's clear eyes.

"And you're just the man to tackle 'em," he said, clapping his hand on Wayne's shoulder. "That's your gait—keep it up! But," he added, in a lower voice, "me and my revolver are played out." There was a strangeness in the tone that arrested Wayne's attention. "Yes," continued McGee, stroking his beard slowly, "men like me has their day, and revolvers has theirs, the world turns round and time Bar fills up, and this yer river changes its course—and it's all in the day's work. You understand what I mean—you follow me? And if anything should happen to me—not that it's likely to, but it's in the way o' men—I want you to look arter Sadie. It ain't every woman ex has two men—ex like me! yet onlike—to guard her. You follow me? You understand what I mean—don't you?"

With these words he parted somewhat abruptly from Wayne, toiling into the steep path to the promontory crest, and leaving his companion lost in gloomy abstraction.

The next day Alexander McGee had departed on a business trip to San Francisco. In his present frame of mind, his new responsibility, and the carrying out of a plan which he had vaguely conceived might remove the terrible idea that had taken possession of him, Madison Wayne was even relieved when his brother announced his intention of going to Angel's for a few days. For since his memorable interview with McGee he had been convinced that Sadie had been clandestinely visited by some one. Whether it was the thoughtless and momentary indiscretion of a wilful woman or the sequel to some deliberately planned intrigue did not concern him so much as the falsity of his own position, and the cunning lie by which he had saved her and her lover. That at this crucial moment he had failed to "testify" to guilt and wickedness, that he finally believed—such is the inordinate vanity of the religious zealot—that he had denied Him in his efforts to shield *her*, and that he had broken faith with the husband who had intrusted to him the custody of his wife's honor, seemed to him more terrible than her faithlessness. In his first horror he had dreaded to see her, lest her very confession—he knew her reckless frankness to himself—should reveal to him the extent of his complicity. But since then, and during her husband's absence, he had convinced himself that it was his duty to wrestle and strive with her weak spirit, to implore her to reveal everything to her husband, and then together they would both see his forgiveness. It was a part of the inconsistency of his singular nature that in spite of the inordinate selfishness of his religious convictions in his human passion he was perfectly unselfish, and had already forgiven her the offence against himself.

But it happened to be a quiet, intense night, with the tremulous opulence of a full moon that threw quivering shafts of light like summer lightning over the blue river, and laid a wonderful carpet of intricate lace along the path that wound through the willows to the crest. There was the dry stimulating dust and spice of heated pines from below, the languorous odors of syringa, the faint feminine smell of southernwood, and the intimate mystery of silence. This silence was at times softly broken with the tender lamentation whisper of falling leaves, broken sighs from the treetops, and the languid stretching of withered and unclasping boughs. Madison Wayne had not, alas, taken into account this subtle conspiracy of Night and Nature, and as he climbed higher, his steps began to falter with new and strange sensations. The rigidity of purpose that had guided the hard religious convictions which had sustained him began to relax. A tender sympathy stole over him; a loving mercy to himself as well as others stole into his heart. He thought of *Ace* as she had nestled at his side, hand in hand, upon the moonlit verandah of her father's house, before his hard convictions had chilled and affrighted her. His thought of her fresh simplicity, and what had seemed in him her wonderful girlish beauty, and, lo! in a quick turn of the path he stood breathless and before the house. The moonbeams lay tenderly upon the peaceful eaves; the long blossoms of the Madeira vine seemed sleeping also. The pink flush of the Cherokee rose in the unreal light looked ghastly white.

But he was evidently too late for an interview. The windows were blank in the white light; one—her bedroom—showed a light behind the lowered muslin blind. Her dumped shadow once or twice passed across it. He was turning away with soft steps and even bated breath when suddenly he stopped. The exaggerated but unmistakable shadow of a man stood beside her on the blind.

With a fierce leap, as of an insane man, he was at the door, pounding, rattling, and uttering hoarse and furious oaths. Even through his fury he heard quickened footsteps, her light, reckless, half-hysterical laugh, a bound upon the staircase, the hurried unbolting and opening of distant doors as the lighter one with which he was struggling at last yielded to his blind rage, and threw him crashing into the sitting room. The back door was wide open. He could hear the rustling and cracking of twigs and branches in different directions down the hill side, where the fugitives had separated as they escaped. And yet he stood there for an instant dazed and wondering. What next?

His eyes fell upon McGee's rifle standing upright in the corner. It was a clean, beautiful, precise weapon even to the unprofessional eye, its long, laminated, hexagonal barrel taking a tender blue in the moonlight. He snatched it up. It was capped and loaded. Without a pause he dashed down the hill.

Only one thought was in his mind now—the crudest, simplest duty. He was there in McGee's place—he should do what McGee would do. God had abandoned him—but McGee's rifle remained.

In a few minutes' downward plunging he had reached the river bank. The tranquil silver surface quivered and glittered before him. He saw what he knew he would see—the black target of a man's head above it, making for the Bar. He took deliberate aim and fired. There was no echo to that sharp detonation. A distant dog barked, there was a slight whisper in the trees beside him—nothing more! But the head of the man was no longer visible, and the liquid silver filmed over again, without a speck or stain.

He shouldered the rifle, and with the automatic action of men in great crises returned slowly and deliberately to the house, and carefully replaced the weapon in its old position. He had no concern for the miserable woman who had fled; had she appeared before him at the moment he would not have noticed her. Yet a strange instinct—it seemed to him the vaguest curiosity—made him ascend the stairs and enter her chamber. The candle was still burning on the table, with that awful incongruousness and simplicity of detail which makes the scene of real tragedy so terrible.

Beside the candle lay a belt and leather pouch. Madison Wayne suddenly dashed forward and seized them with a wild inarticulate cry, staggered, fell over the chair, rose in his feet, and blindly groped his way down the staircase. Then, with another cry, he burst into the road, and hugging the pouch to his bosom, fled like a madman down the hill.

The body of Arthur Wayne was picked up two days later a dozen miles down the river. Nothing could be more evident and prosaic than the manner in which he had met his fate. His body was only partly clothed, and the money-pouch and belt, which had been securely locked next his skin, after the fashion of all miners, were gone. He was known to have left the Bar with a considerable sum of money he was undoubtedly drugged, robbed and murdered during his journey on the river bank by the desperadoes who were beginning to infest the vicinity. The grief and agony of his only brother, sole survivor of that fraternal and religious partnership so well known to the camp, although shown only by a grim and speechless melancholy, broken by unintelligible outbursts of religious raving, were so real that they affected even the callous camp.

But scarcely had it regained its feverish distraction before it was thrilled by another sensation. Alexander McGee had fallen from the deck of a Sacramento steamboat in the straits of Carquinez, and his body had been swept out to sea. The news had apparently been first to reach the ears of his devoted wife, for when the camp, on this lapse of the old prohibition climbed to her home with their rude consolations, the house was found locked and deserted. It seemed that the fateful influence of the promontory had again prevailed—the grim record of its seclusion was destined to be more unbroken.

With it too, drooped and faded the fortunes of the Bar. Madison Wayne sold out his claim, endowed the church at the Cross Roads with the proceeds, and this pulpit with his grim, hopeless, denunciatory presence. The first rains brought a freshet to the bar, the river leaped the light barriers that had taken the place of Wayne's powerful engines and regained the old channel. The curse that the Rev. Madison Wayne had launched on this river-side Sodom seemed to have been fulfilled. But even this brought no satisfaction to the gloomy prophet, for it was presently known that he had abandoned his terror-stricken flock to "take the circuit" as a revivalist preacher and camp-meeting exhorter in the rudest and most lawless of gatherings. Desperate ruffians writhed at his feet in impotent terror or more impotent rage, murderers and thieves listened to him with blanched faces and set teeth, restrained only by a more awful fear, over and over again he took his life with his Bible into his own hands when he rose above the excited multitude. He was shot at, he was rail-ridden, he was deported, but never silenced. And so, sweeping over the country, carrying fear and frenzy with him, scouting life and mercy, and crushing alike the guilty and innocent, he came one Sabbath to a rocky crest of the Sierras—the last tattered, frayed, and soiled fringe of civilization on the opened track of a great highway. And here he was to "testify" as was his wont.

But not as he expected. For as he stood up on a bowlder above the thirty or forty men sitting or lying upon other rocks and bowlders around him on the craggy mountain shelf where they had gathered a man also rose, staggered to his feet, and with an indistinct cry ran to the edge of the declivity. But his cry was suddenly repeated by others, more quick and clamoring, which called the whole assemblage to its feet, and it was then seen that the fugitive had in some way leaped or fallen from the precipice.

He was brought up cruelly bruised and mangled; his ribs crushed in, and one lung perforated, but still breathing and conscious. He asked to see the preacher. Death impending, and even then struggling with his breath, made the request imperative. Madison Wayne stopped the service, and stalked grimly and inflexibly to where the dying man lay. But here he started.

"McGee!" he said, breathlessly.

"Send those men away," said McGee, faintly. "I've got suthin' to tell you."

The men drew back without a word. "You thought I was dead," said McGee, with eyes still undimmed and marvellously clear. "I orter bin, but it don't need an doctor to say it ain't far off now. I left the Bar to get killed. I tried to in a row, but the fellers were skeert to close with me—thinkin' I'd shoot. My reputation was agin me there. You follow me? You understand what I mean?"

Kneeling beside him now, and grasping both his hands, the changed and horror-stricken Wayne gasped, "But—"

"Hol' on! I jumped off the Sacramento boat—I was goin' down the third time—they thought on the boat I was *gone*—they think so now! But a passin' fisherman dived for me. I grappled him—he was clear grit and would have gone down with me, but I couldn't let him die too—lavin', as in speak, no cause. You follow me? You understand me? I let him arm me. But it was all the same, for when I got to Frisco I read as how I was drowned. And then I reckoned it was all right, and I wandered *here*, where I wasn't known—until I saw you."

"But why should you want to die?" said Wayne, almost fiercely. "What right have you to die, while others—double dyed and blood-stained—are condemned to live, 'testify,' and suffer?"

The dying man feebly raised a deprecation with his maimed hand, and even smiled faintly. "I knew you'd say that. I knew what you'd think about it. But it's all the same now. I did it for you and Sadie. I knew I was in the way—I knew you was the man she orter had—I knew you was the man who had dragged her outer the mire and clay where I was leavin' her, as you did when she fell in the water. I knew that every day I lived I was makin' you suffer and breakin' *her* heart—for all she tried to be gentle and gay."

"Great God in heaven! Will you stop?" said Wayne, springing to his feet in agony. A frightened look—the first that any one had ever seen in the clear eyes of the Bellringer of Angel's—passed over him, and he murmured, tremulously,

"All right; I'm stoppin'!"

So, too, was his heart, for the wonderful eyes were now slowly glazing. Yet he rallied once more—"coming up the third time," as it seemed to Wayne, and his lips moved slowly. The preacher threw himself despairingly on the ground beside him.

"Speak, brother—for God's sake, speak!"

It was his last whisper—so faint it might have been the first sigh of his freed soul:

"You—fellow—me—don't—you? You—understand—what—I—mean?"

THE END.

DOING UP A DERELICT.

Readers of Harper's Weekly will have read in the newspapers of the late experience of the war-ship *San Francisco* with a lumber laden derelict, which held together so obstinately that after being twice torpedoed it had to be rammed before it broke up. A private letter from an officer aboard the *San Francisco* gives a most interesting account of these operations. The derelict being full of good lumber, it was proposed to tow her to port, but a mast that had come out of her was floating upright in the water alongside, and it was first necessary to dispose of that. As to that our letter writer says:

"We pulled out in the second whale-boat to where the upper end of the mast was standing upright about six feet out of the water. Of course there is always a heavy swell in the ocean for small boats, and this mast would rise and fall, sometimes disappearing from view. So when we got near it we had to work pretty spry to keep from getting the boat smashed on the mast, and we could see two sharks close aboard of us. We lashed the torpedo loosely to the mast as it would slide down, and then hung it by a distance line twelve feet long, so that the torpedo would be close to the mast twelve feet below the water. Then we made the electrical connections, and at last I turned the crank of the little dynamo and pressed the keys. One of the most beautiful explosions I ever saw resulted instantaneously. A piece of the mast ten feet long jumped a hundred feet up into the air, followed by seven smaller pieces and an enormous column of water, and then all fell down around us, but doing no harm. Previous to my going out the doctor shook hands with me, and advised me to get my wings ready."

Continuing, the narrator tells of the effort made on Sunday afternoon and night to tow the wreck to port, and how, because of the repeated parting of hawsers, the Admiral resolved on Monday morning to blow her up. Upon this he says:

"I began to prepare three torpedoes with the necessary wires and electrical appliances. By night I was ready, and got in the whale-boat with the torpedoes and the gunner's gang, and went over to where the wreck was rolling about in the heavy ocean swell, the waves rolling over her decks. Boat-work at sea is far from delicious, and boarding wrecks is worse, but we all got on board safe, and I started to secure the torpedoes in proper positions close up under her keel. That took an hour. Then I got all the men back into the boat and pulled off to windward, and exploded the three torpedoes holding 100 pounds of guncotton. The explosion was perfect, but the wreck was a stanch new Yankee schooner, filled tight with finished lumber and shingles, that had swelled so that the mass was like one great log. The torpedoes made her rise half out of water, but she settled back, and floated as before."

The Admiral said to try it again. All the dry guncotton was used up, and as there was no time to spare, twenty pounds were dried "in the oven of the galley next to the fire," a proceeding which inspires the comment that "it was not really dangerous if intelligently done, but we all felt better when the guncotton was out of the galley." By four o'clock seven torpedoes were ready. Five of them exploded under the obstinate schooner left her very shaky, but still entire and afloat. So then the Admiral determined to ram her.

"The first time we went at her slowly, and did not do much harm. Then the captain backed off to a good distance, rounded the siren to close all water tight doors, and went at her full speed. I do not think you ever saw such a manifestation of power and force as I had the good fortune to see from a terrible position forward. The ship weighs four thousand tons, as much as sixty-four thousand men, and we went at that wreck at the speed of a charge of cavalry. We cut it right in two. One part went one way and one the other, and the lumber floated out and covered acres of the sea; and yet the parts of the wreck floated defiantly, so I had to go out again and blow up the two parts."

Here were adventures enough, surely, for a week's trip in a government vessel. The tale of them will help the landsman tax-payer to believe that his country's new store of costly naval apparatus can really be made to do work, and useful work at that, even in time of peace.

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AMATEUR SPORT

I HAVE received the following letter, which explains itself.

"I, and I think others also, took 'lectures' to mean courses of lectures at college, which would make your remark much too sweeping. I am sure, however, on second thought, you mean by 'lectures' a father's advice to his son, or a minister's to his parishioner's son. Such 'lectures' certainly have not the strong influence on a boy going to college, as you very justly insist, that intercollegiate athletics do."

Referring to the paragraph in my last week's comment, I republish it in case others may have also misinterpreted my meaning of "lecture":

"Football and baseball associations have been unable, or unwilling, or both, to cope with this constantly spreading evil; college faculties have rolled their eyes in solid conceit, and done nothing save talk of eliminating athletics, which, *as every thinking man knows, have done more to cleanse the undergraduate body of its vicious excesses and elevate the morale of the universities than all the lectures delivered time out of mind.* To cut off athletics would be to plunge the students into the dissipations which many a mature reader of this department knows full well held unbridled sway ill his and our college days."....

HARVARD WILL HAVE THE BEST eleven on Hampden Park next Saturday that has ever met Yale in the annual struggle. It is the best not that its individual material greatly excels that which we have seen wearing the crimson every year for the past four, but the best because the eleven men have been harmonized into one hard-working whole. For the first time, certainly since Arthur Cumnock's winning eleven in '90, Harvard will be represented by a team, and not a collection of strong individual players. It is a well finished, thoroughly coached team this year, with not a single "star" on it to mar the harmony. They are and have been working straight through the season for all they are worth, and are in a mood and condition to play the game of their lives on the 25th. This is what good, systematic, common sense policy in regard to coaching has accomplished for Harvard at last, after so many years of star and one-man worship that gave a new order of things every season. Whether they win or not, the fact remains that Harvard for the first time has prepared herself properly for the conflict, and that her coaches are to be congratulated for having at length profited by the very excellent example Yale has always set in that particular. If they do not reap their reward this year, it is unquestioned that now, having got on the right track, the Harvard teams will gain their share of laurels in the football contests to come.

But I am of the opinion that Harvard will gain its first laurel wreath on Saturday, and that Yale will have the utmost difficulty in scoring at all. It would not surprise me to see the score 6–0, or even 12–0, in Harvard's favor, but the crimson will be exceptionally favored if Yale does not cross their goal line.

THERE IS ALWAYS A REASON behind every opinion, of course, else it exists only on the well-known feminine explanation for all grounds—"because"; and mine for believing Harvard will defeat Yale next Saturday is that I believe Harvard is strong enough in their defensive play to keep Yale from scoring, and, on the other hand, Yale's defence is not strong enough to keep Harvard from crossing their goal line—once, twice, perhaps even three times, though this is almost expecting too much to be accomplished against Yale, be the opposing team never so strong.

In all the games the two teams have played this season it has been perfectly apparent from the first that Harvard had a scoring team, and one that would be very strong if the defence could be brought up to be anything like as good. There have been games in which the defence seemed to have reached the desired state, but it was quite likely to go to pieces against the very next team. I have believed this due largely to the fact that Harvard was playing one kind of a game in practice and another in public, and if there is anything that unsettles me in the belief of the crimson's success next Saturday, it is when I fear they may be relying too much on tricks and a lot of complex plays.

TRICKS, WITHOUT DOUBT, ARE USEFUL auxiliaries to have handy on the football field if the quarter-back has head enough to remember them when they are most needed. But it will be a rare exception when tricks win a game. If Harvard wins Saturday it must be on good straight football, played hard and more cleverly than her rival. Very likely some of the Deland tricks may count for good gains; but the story of the flying wedge's début should be remembered. Although that was an absolutely new and hard play to stop, nevertheless Yale broke it up without much difficulty on the very first trial. That this will be improved on goes without saying, but Yale also will have had the hint, and be prepared to meet the novelties. Harvard's scoring strength is so great that I believe they could not be stopped short of the Yale goal-line by even the stronger forwards that faced them at Springfield last year. There is a snap and life to the Harvard play that is altogether strange to teams from Cambridge; and we shall be treated to the novel sight this year of Harvard forwards breaking through and getting into all the plays in the old-time way we remember Heffelfinger, Winter, and Wallis of Yale used to do it. Harvard's line is an exceedingly lively one, and there seems to be no place on the Yale line where it will not break through, unless it be where Hickok stands at guard and Murphy at tackle.

Those who remember the playing of the Harvard guards last year will be surprised at their work this year.

OF THE STRENGTH OF THE HARVARD centre, and its ability to more than take care of all the plays that come its way, there seems to be no room for doubt. It is strong enough to stop the average number of push plays aimed in its direction, and quick enough to get through on most of those of Yale's. At the tackles Harvard also has a little the better of it. Both of the Yale men, Murphy and Beard, may be counted on to put up a lively

(Continued on page 1136.)

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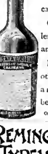

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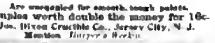

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VETERANS OF THE HARVARD FOOTBALL TEAM.

YALE VS. UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, NOV. 11, 1893.—THORNE (YALE LEFT HALF-BACK) GOING FOR "TACKLE AND END" HOLE BEHIND INTERFERENCE.

YALE VS. UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, NOV. 11, 1893.—BUTTERWORTH (YALE FULL-BACK) SCORING THROUGH THE CENTER.

YALE VS. UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, NOV. 11, 1893.—BUTTERWORTH GOING THROUGH THE CENTRE WITHOUT INTERFERENCE.

STILLMAN, CENTRE.

BUTTERWORTH, FULL-BACK.

CAPTAIN BINKEY, LEFT END.

HICKOK, RIGHT GUARD.

GREENWAY, RIGHT END.

VETERANS OF THE YALE FOOTBALL TEAM.

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AMATEUR SPORT.—(Continued from page 1135.)

aggressive game, and each has shown up well in diagnosing a play. Before the game it must be called an even thing between Murphy and Monahan of Harvard, for both are new men (and seldom have such good ones been developed in their first season), and so far as may be judged these have shown to be of about equal calibre. Beard has been doing better work at tackle than in any position he has ever filled. In the game against Pennsylvania he was one of the most active men on the Yale line, and got into more plays, Hinkey excepted, than any other man on his team. He is a better man than Monahan but not so good as Newell, whom he will probably face. But, in any event, he will come out of the game, unless I am much mistaken, with more reputation than he took into it.

On the ends Yale has an advantage in the superiority of Hinkey (who, by the way, is not so good as last year) over Blanchard, who will face him. At the other end are Emmons and Greenway, and both are so good as to be pretty nearly the best either of the colleges has ever had. There is not a great deal of difference between them, some favor Emmons, but Greenway is a very good man, as he will prove beyond question on Saturday; certainly there is no such difference in Emmons's favor as there is in Hinkey's. Blanchard is, in fact, the vulnerable point on the Harvard line, and it is around him we shall probably see most of the end plays of both sides come off.

BEHIND THE LINE AT QUARTER Yale is the stronger, and will remain so unless Harvard's experiment with Beale turns out to be a tremendous improvement on Fairchild. Morris has fallen into the place naturally, and his work both in defensive and offensive has been very good indeed. It was very hard lines on young Adee that a lame ankle should have thrown him out of the place just as he was doing such good work, but notwithstanding his lay-off he will be a competent substitute should Morris get laid up in the game. The difference between the two teams in the matter of half-backs is not so great, but whatever there is favors Harvard on account of Waters, who besides being a heavy line-breaker is invaluable on interference. Of the backs for the other position, there is not much choice between Eaton, Armstrong, Thorne, Whittingham, Clark, Grey; these are all about in the same class, and none are up to the standard set by the Bliss and Lake. At full-back honors are about divided. Brewer is a surer catch than Butterworth, but he cannot punt so far; he is faster and a better man on around-the-end plays, but he does not class at all with the Yale man in bucking the line. Butterworth is one of the best men at line-breaking Yale has ever had, and it is curious, too, that he is so good, for he runs somewhat high; but he gets off quickly, and when he strikes the line he keeps going; if he gets his head through his body is sure to follow. He will be a valuable man for Yale on Saturday.

PRACTICE HAS BEEN JUST AS GUARDED at New Haven the past ten days as at Cambridge, and outside of the Yale coaches no one knows just how much has been done to strengthen up the line we saw against Pennsylvania. One thing is certain, the team that faces Harvard at Springfield will be much stronger than the one that lined up opposite Pennsylvania. A team has been brought up in winning form in two weeks before now, and New Haven is just the place where such work is done. At the same time, with all the finishing it will have received, I do not believe the combination that faced Pennsylvania has it in them this year to win from Harvard, with their exceptionally strong defensive line and fast aggressive work.

IN THE KIND OF FOOTBALL that will be played at Hampden Park next Saturday each team is divisible into three groups, and the work of these three groups is what was in former years the work of the individual. These three groups are the backs, the centres, and the ends. The first includes three men, the two halves and full back, the second, four men—the snap-back, two guards, and a quarter, and the third, four men—the two ends and two tackles. And it is the quality of the group, and not the merit of any single individual in it, that gives it its practical value. If the end and tackle play into each other's hands, supplement each other fully, and in addition appreciate the feelings of their pair at the other end, and lend them such aid as they often can, then the end group is good, and hard to pass as well as great in interference. It is in the end group that Yale has her only advantage over Harvard, and that advantage is not marked, since the new men have become accustomed to work with Newell and Emmons.

A CENTRE GROUP IS GOOD in so far as it can insure the ball's reaching the runner at the proper time, securely aid in interference, and can prevent centre mass work. Here Harvard can through Lewis add a point not really belonging to the group, for Lewis can remain in his position just long enough to be sure the play is not coming at the centre, and still get over to tackle at other assaulted points. This is something of a balance for the as yet rather shaky work of the Harvard quarter. Mackie and Hickok will occasionally get through to render a little assistance, but not so often as Lewis. Their only real chance will be if either should get through and stop a kick. Acton and McCrea will be satisfied to put up a steady game without pyrotechnics. The Harvard guards drop back and run more commonly than any other guards, but their best work is interfering. In this point they better the Yale men considerably.

In stopping mass plays at the centre both sides are strong rather than skilful, and that will mean that a great deal of unnecessary force will be used and still not make the place absolutely secure. The backs are the deadly assaulting power upon a team. A forward may make a run, but it is a short one, a lunge and plunge and dragging the opponents a short distance; but a half or back once snapped free out of the end or between end and tackle makes our hearts stand still lest he go on, on to the very goal. Then the kicks—a drop or a punt that twists itself out of the opponents' hands—these are the telling assaults. And the backs are the last protection; a misplay there means a serious matter. It may mean the game. Here Harvard has a bit the better of the reliability, in that Brewer is in every way surer than Butterworth.

NEVER IN LEHIGH'S FOOTBALL HISTORY has her claim for membership in the football association been so worthy of consideration. She has always turned out good elevens, and her progress has really been consistent; but this year, with the excellent coaching last year of Hartwell as a starter, and the finishing work this year of Graves, Lehigh has played good football, the best she has ever shown. She won from Cornell, West Point, and Annapolis this season, but what is more to her credit, she scored on Princeton and Pennsylvania. If there is to be an association it looks as if Lehigh and Cornell should be taken in, although Cornell's location makes her membership almost impracticable.

MISSOURI CLEARLY OUTPLAYED Nebraska, score, 30-18, much to the surprise of every one, in the second of the Association series, November 11th. The previous series of the exhibition games played by both teams pointed clearly to Nebraska's victory. Her team had on the previous Saturday played a tie game with Denver A.C., 4-4, while Denver had just defeated Kansas, 24-10, Missouri, 40-0, and Iowa, 58-0. On October 28th, Nebraska had played a tie, 10-10, with Baker, and Baker had just defeated Kansas, 14-12, and Missouri, 28-0.

Under the coaching of Robinson (Tufts '93), Missouri has shown great improvement since the first game, on October 14th. From having on that date what was beyond doubt the weakest team of the Association, she has to-day one of the strongest. This victory of Missouri has done the cause of football more good in this Western section than anything that has happened in football circles for the last three years.

THE GAME WAS ONE OF THE FASTEST ever played at Kansas City, the men lined up quickly, and there were but two fumbles in the entire play. Missouri made almost all her big gains by long runs around the end, aided by the best interference yet seen in the West. When they bucked the line, her work was quick and hard, and usually resulted in gains. Like all the other teams of the Association, the defensive work is far weaker than the offensive, although good tackling usually kept Nebraska from making large gains. Neither team punted but once, and both were very weak attempts. Missouri's backs are light and fast runners, and both followed their interference well round the ends.

The Nebraska team is heavier, and in this game had travelled overnight, arriving in the city from Lincoln at four o'clock Saturday morning.

They relied almost solely on bucking the line, and made few gains around Missouri's ends. The tackling, with the exception of that of Flippin, left half-back, was weak, the work of the ends being decidedly poor. Like Missouri the defensive work is greatly inferior to the offensive, and their half-backs are both too heavy and start slow. In comparison with Missouri the work of the entire team is slow, and the men are not in as good physical condition.

THE FOUR TEAMS OF THE LEAGUE having now appeared in Kansas City, some comparison of their work may be timely with the Thanksgiving-day game in view. The Kansas team plays the fastest offensive game and the weak

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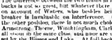

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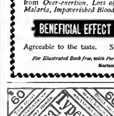

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est defensive. It plays the most brilliantly of any, and uses more strategy and head-work. The team-work has not thus far been equal to that Missouri showed in the Nebraska game. The punting of Johnson, the Kansas full back, is far superior to that of the other teams. In fact, Kansas is the only eleven which makes punting a feature of the game. Her work is also more open than that of either of the others, with the possible exception of Missouri. The team play of Missouri is the strongest of the four, and the game with Nebraska showed steadier work than yet exhibited by any of the other teams. Missouri's interference is excellent, and they have the fastest runners behind the line. The defensive play is still weak, but their coach is working hard to strengthen it.

THE INTERFERENCE OF NEBRASKA AND IOWA is not equal to that of either Kansas or Missouri. Both teams rely almost altogether on bucking the line and wedge rather than around the end plays for their gains. In defensive work they are both weak, especially on the ends.

Kansas plays Michigan at Kansas City on the 25th and Missouri on the 30th. From the work of the Missouri and Kansas teams speculation on the result of the Thanksgiving game does not give much satisfaction. If Kansas puts up the game they are capable of playing, and is steady, there is no doubt that their chance of winning will be much improved; but their work in every game this fall has been erratic, and as Missouri is just the opposite, it leaves the result much in doubt, with the odds in favor of Missouri. Both, however, play much the same style of game, and the contest should be by far the most interesting ever held in the Missouri Valley.

OF ALL THE WESTERN UNIVERSITY elevens, that of Minnesota seems to be making the best record. Last year it won the championship of the Northwestern League, defeating Michigan, Wisconsin, Northwestern, and Iowa, and has just successfully defended its title notwithstanding that there were four new men on the team. This college seems to have been productive of great players, for it furnished Yale with Heffelfinger, the Morrisons, and Cochran, all of whom, I believe, began their football education on its campus.

The team has shown its best work this year, probably because it has had the coaching of Yale's great ex-tackle, Wallace Winter. They have met some of the strongest Western teams, and defeated every one of them, as their record, which is a good one, shows:

Minnesota *vs.*	University of Kansas, champions last year of Western League	12– 6
Minnesota *vs.*	Grinnell	36– 6
"	" Michigan (last part of game in dark)	34–20
"	" Northwestern	16– 0
"	" Wisconsin	40– 0
	Totals	138–32

Wisconsin had previously defeated Michigan, Lake Forest, and Beloit, and on the day of their defeat here, Michigan defeated Purdue, Minnesota's supposed rival, to the tune of 48 to 8. The average weight of the team is 172.

Minnesota was to have had a game on Thanksgiving day with Cornell, but the latter asked to be released from filling the engagement.

FAR AWAY IN THE WEST, on the Northern Pacific coast, a league has been formed by the athletic club teams of Portland, Tacoma, and Seattle, with a series of six games, two between every club. There is also a decided inclination to follow the example set by the two California universities, and close the season Thanksgiving day, instead of New-Year's, as heretofore. The greatest rivalry exists between Tacoma and Seattle, and the feeling naturally enters all athletic contests between teams of the two towns. The most exciting game certainly of that section was their first meeting this year, October 28th, when, although Seattle won, the result was in doubt up to the call of time with the ball on the victor's 10 yard line. Tacoma played a strong, aggressive, and improved game, her backs making good gains round Seattle's ends. Seattle's backs were not so good, and could not circle Tacoma's ends; but their line, especially in the centre, was stouter. Both teams were exceedingly weak in defensive work. It was almost certain that whenever one side got the ball, it would make a touch down before losing it. The deciding point of the game seemed really to be in the number of goals kicked from touch-downs. Altogether the game showed an improvement in football in the extreme Northwest. Both Seattle and Tacoma are favored in having many Eastern college men within their gates, those of the first have already been named here, and Tacoma has Anderson, '88, Ater, '90, Foster, '90, Anderson, '89, Sturtevant, '91, all of Yale; Harker, '87, University of Pennsylvania; and Evans, Harvard, '90. These have been the nucleus of the game here as at Seattle, and Tacoma enjoys the distinction, I believe, of having put the first team in the field to play Portland. Furthermore, they own a commodious gymnasium and club-house, and an athletic field with cinder path and tennis courts. The Tacoma team this season has had the coaching of Clemans of Leland Stanford, who learned what he knows under Walter Camp, last year, during the latter's Californian visit. Both teams are now hard at work preparing for their Thanksgiving-day game.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF OUR WESTERN AND SOUTHERN readers, I publish in full a letter from the executive of the Western Football Association touching a subject on which I receive many letters. It seems curious there should be any misunderstanding of such simple rules as govern eligibility and an amateur. An athlete of any kind, football, baseball, or what else, ceases to be an amateur the instant he receives a penny, and is not eligible for any amateur team. A football coach who is paid is a professional, and consequently is not eligible to membership on an amateur team. It makes no difference whether he is a *bona fide* student or not, he is a professional just the same. Missouri and Nebraska are guilty of professionalism, and the Western Association should insist on their obeying the rules:

"DEAR SIR,—Our Western Football Association, composed of the Universities of Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and Missouri, is threatened with that evil to amateur and college athletics, professionalism. The article in our constitution covering that point was taken from the Intercollegiate constitution of '91, which states that "no professional athlete shall take part in any contests of this association," and further, "no player shall receive any salary, emolument, or concession, either directly or indirectly, for playing on any team in the association." Missouri and Nebraska insist on playing their coaches; they have entered them in the universities, and can furnish affidavit that the men are *bona fide* students for the current college year. They both admit, however, that the two men are receiving a salary for coaching the respective teams, but contend that this does not bar them from playing, inasmuch as the men do not receive a salary for playing on the teams. To interpret the constitution literally it would possibly let them in on the ground that they do not receive this salary for playing but for coaching. To interpret the constitution as it was meant would certainly bar them on the ground that this salary was given indirectly for playing, as playing was to be a part of the training.

"These players or coaches have been challenged, and it devolves on me to decide as to their eligibility. I take the liberty of asking your advice in the matter. First, is a coach receiving a salary for training a team a professional athlete? If he is not a professional athlete on the ground of his being a coach, would his receiving a salary for coaching also be receiving a salary indirectly for playing on the team? Or would that salary received for coaching be separate and distinct from his playing, and if he also complied with the rule as to his work in college would he be eligible to play? Here in the West, where it is the custom to hire an Eastern college man to train the teams, I do not believe it the proper thing for that man to play on the team he is coaching, as he is not a representative of the college.

"I regret to put you to any trouble in this matter, but assure you that if you can assist me in this matter it will be highly appreciated. Our association is young, and a false step now might lead to lasting trouble. We hope to in time take a prominent position in football, and follow in the footsteps of the parent association, the Intercollegiate, for in time we may be brought together, the East against the West, and unless our rules were alike, they might be a stumbling-block."

THE WITHDRAWAL OF ITS SUPPORT from the Southern Amateur Athletic Union by the Chattanooga Athletic Club, because the entry of Carey Spence, the Cleveland runner, was not accepted at the recent meeting, displayed ignorance and unsportsmanship. Spence competed in the A.A.U. Championships at Chicago, September 16th, for the Cleveland A.C., and the ruling is very plain on this point, that an athlete who has competed under the colors of one club cannot represent "any other club within three months in any case, and not within twelve months without the consent of his former club."

Ignorance was pardonable in the Chattanooga clubmen, but their unsportsmanlike action afterwards can hardly be overlooked. To have cancelled their entries because a sharp scheme to ring in a fast and imported man was unsuccessful did not show the kind of spirit that wins.

Football is now having a small boom in the South, of which New Orleans is the centre. Both the American A.C. and Gymnastic clubs are organizing teams for the first time, while the new college teams are Tulane, State University, Evergreen, University of Mississippi, and Southwestern Presbyterian College. Two of these are being instructed by a member of the faculty. Nowhere is the game doing more good for the physical welfare of young men.

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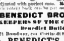

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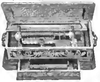

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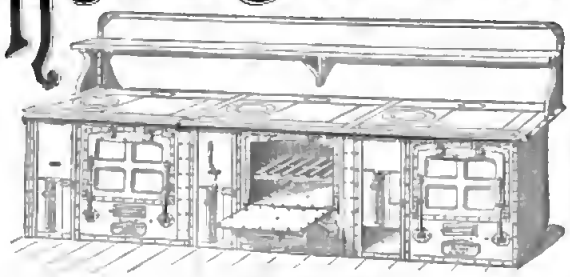

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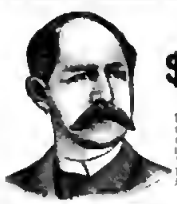

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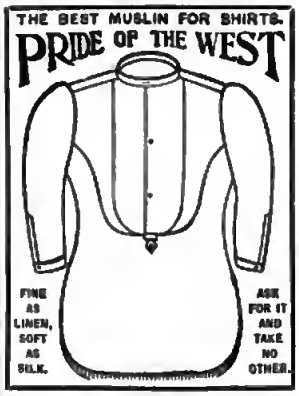

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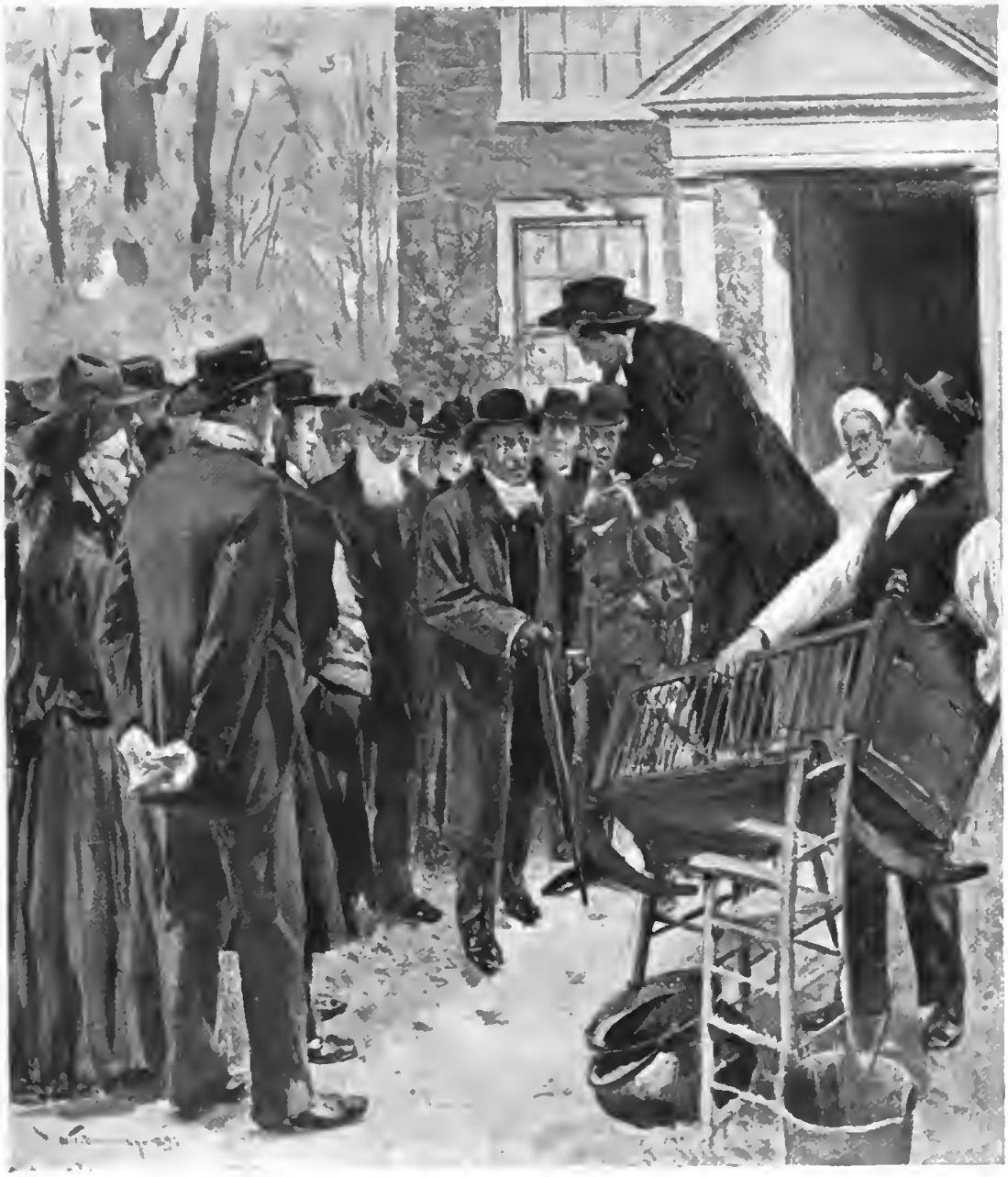

"GONE—TO— WHAT IS YOUR NAME, STRANGER?"—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

[SEE THANKSGIVING STORY, PAGE 1184.]

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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MR. CLEVELAND AND THE NEW YORK DEMOCRACY.

MR. CLEVELAND is a party man. For this no reasonable person will find fault with him. As a party man he wishes his party to be united, strong, and prosperous. This, too, is natural enough. But as to the question how the party can best be united and be made strong and prosperous, opinions may differ.

It is a notorious fact that in the State of New York, which in several national elections has figured as the pivotal State upon whose vote the result depended, the Democratic party is divided into two hostile camps—on the one side Tammany Hall and the State machine ruling the party organization with despotic power for their own benefit, and on the other a great mass of Democrats who are unwilling to submit to so despotic and selfish a rule, and many of whom belong to the party only on account of the public good they think it capable of promoting. Last year the State machine and Tammany Hall arrayed the party organization against the evident desire of the Democratic masses to have Mr. CLEVELAND nominated for the Presidency. An uprising of the Democratic masses under respectable leadership, the "anti-snapper" movement, took place, the moral effect of which secured Mr. CLEVELAND's nomination. In the campaign the party was reunited; that is to say, Tammany Hall and the State machine, having suffered a stunning defeat, accepted the inevitable, and gave the national candidate a fair support. They had to do this to save themselves, and thus they retained control of the party organization in this State, in which the "anti-snappers," finding themselves somewhat discountenanced by the national administration, abstained from disturbing them.

The power so retained was used by the State machine and Tammany Hall in a characteristic way. They not only put into the Federal Senate a person ludicrously unfit to represent the dignity of this State, but they insulted the people of New York by ordering the nomination of a man charged with crime for a seat in the Court of Appeals. To this the Democratic opponents of Tammany and of the State machine would not submit. They revolted in sufficient numbers to defeat the party in the State election. And now, after this defeat, and encouraged by it, the "anti-snappers" of last year come to the front again, and openly take steps to build up a permanent party organization of their own, in the control of which Tammany and the State machine are to have no part. Thus it is evident that in the State of New York the Democratic party is not only not united, but that, internal war having openly been declared, it will remain disunited until one or the other of the contending forces finally succumbs—that is, until the stronger force succeeds in rendering the weaker utterly powerless, and in absorbing it, or in driving it out of the party ranks. The opponents of Tammany and of the State machine must make up their minds to it that they will have no real and lasting success until those institutions are effectually destroyed. This may involve a series of Democratic defeats in the State, but unless the leaders of the opposition familiarize themselves with the thought that the evil they combat requires the most heroic of remedies, they might as well give up the fight at the beginning. They know that with Tammany and the State machine in control no good government is possible, and a decisive victory over them is worth the trial of some preceding defeats.

Indeed, the present state of the public mind is such that victory seems within their grasp if their energy and determination hold out. The greatest danger that threatens the movement lies in the proneness of the politician to unite the party for the achievement of occasional advantages before this struggle is finally decided. Every effort to compromise differences by uniting upon common candidates selected from the two sides, although it may appear temporarily useful, will always result in demoralizing and weakening the opposition to Tammany Hall and the State machine. And this is the point which President CLEVELAND would do well seriously to consider.

In this respect we think he has missed great opportunities. Already during his first term he made the mistake of believing that he had to keep his party united *as it was*. He might have united it upon a new and stronger footing, and at the same time rejuvenated it. He thought he had to satisfy, as much as possible, the whole of it by the distribution of the patronage. Had he treated the public offices *throughout* as a public trust, and discarded the spoils idea altogether, he would have dissatisfied many men in his party, but he would have brought into it a larger number of men standing ready to cast their lot with a consistent reform administration, and his party would have been not exactly the same, but morally and numerically stronger than ever before. The same opportunity presented itself after his second election; but he not only missed it again, but thought it even necessary to bestow some "recognition" upon the organization most antagonistic alike to himself and to good government. He no doubt considered the appointment of Mr. DAYTON to the Postmastership of New York city an especially clever stroke, Mr. DAYTON being a personally reputable man, while at the same time a member of Tammany Hall. This appointment was to serve in uniting the party. But Mr. CLEVELAND forgot that he who wishes to be a Tammany man in good standing, and to satisfy the controlling spirit of the organization, must be not only a member, but a servant and tool of Tammany Hall. Mr. DAYTON, accordingly, with becoming promptness, announced his partiality for Tammany workers, who always care more for the organization than for the public interest, in filling the offices in his gift. The real effect of the appointment was to make people believe that if a man had personally a reputable character, he might become the tool of a disreputable and dangerous organization, and still be considered fit for public trust by a President of Mr. CLEVELAND's stamp. The appointment was therefore calculated to lower the tone of public morals, and, by providing for the sustenance of Tammany workers, to make the fight against Tammany somewhat more difficult. It certainly did nothing to unite the party. Indeed, Mr. CLEVELAND, if uniting the party was his aim, must have been struck by the fact that the recent election in this State was a triumph of his principles and a defeat of his policy.

It is to be hoped that he will not repeat the experiment. He should not be asked to aid in building up the anti-Tammany and anti-machine Democracy by promising it all the patronage of the national administration. The less he meddles with New York politics the better it will be for him and for his friends in this State. He should only make his appointments strictly according to the true interest of the public service. If he conscientiously follows this rule he will surely appoint nobody who is in any manner under the control of a selfish and tyrannical organization, and therefore likely to turn his official power to illegitimate uses. The most effective way in which Mr. CLEVELAND can aid the opponents of boss rule in this and other States is by observing with uncompromising fidelity the principles of good government.

TARIFF CHANGES AND DISTURBANCE OF INDUSTRY.

THE silver question is settled; the elections are over; and we may now expect more attention to be paid, both by Congress and the public, to tariff legislation. There can be no question that the Democratic leaders will push the remodelling of the tariff, which was the main issue in the election of 1892. This is the one point on which the party is thoroughly united. President CLEVELAND has never flinched from the outspoken attitude which he took so courageously in his message of 1887. The dissensions and the bitterness which the currency question aroused in the Democratic ranks can perhaps be cured and party harmony restored by united action on the tariff.

As to the changes which are likely to come, it must be remembered that a great many reductions in duty will be more nominal than real. Many protective duties, probably the larger part of those now in force, are absurdly high even from the protective point of view. A duty of one hundred per cent. upon an article which is produced as cheaply in the United States as anywhere is, in most cases, simply the innocuous printing of so many words upon the statute-book. If there is no trust or combination among the domestic producers, the article so produced will be sold as cheaply within this country as abroad; and, after all, the articles controlled by combinations and monopolies, important as some of them individually are, do not compare in volume with the great mass of goods produced freely. A duty of one hundred per cent. upon articles which it costs perhaps ten or twenty per cent. more to make within the United States may, indeed, have an effect on domestic industries, and on the prices which consumers have to pay. But the wall of protection which shields the domestic manufacturer in such cases is so high that it can be cut to one-half or one-quarter its extent and no serious results would ensue.

In the system of extreme protection which we have had for the last thirty years a very large number of duties of this sort have become fastened on the statute-book. Thus, the common grades of cotton goods are subject to duties of sixty to seventy per cent. They can be made, and are made, as cheaply in the United States as anywhere, and the duty on them could be cut down practically to nothing without hurting anybody. Again, cheaper woollen cloths and blankets are subject to duties of one hundred per cent. and more. The duties are simply prohibitory, and could be cut down to one half or one third of the present rate without further effect than that of waking up the domestic producers a bit.

A great many of the changes likely to be proposed and enacted at the coming session of Congress will be of this sort. We have no means of knowing what will be the details of the measure that will be laid before the House by the present Committee on Ways and Means. But it is well known what a similar committee—that of which Senator MILLS was chairman—proposed in 1887–8, and there is not likely to be a very great difference between the plan on which the Democrats went before the people in 1888 and the plan which the Democrats will carry out after having been successful on the same issue of 1892. There will be a substantial addition to the list of free raw materials, and there will be a considerable cutting down of the duties on manufactured goods. But the reduction on manufactures will very often simply make prohibitory duties less prohibitory, or bring them down only to the point where foreign competition will stimulate and vivify domestic manufacturers, rather than expose them to serious harm. No doubt there will be, and there ought to be, some changes of a more incisive character; but in the tariff list as a whole we may expect the preponderance of changes to be of the moderate sort.

Nevertheless, when the tariff changes come to be announced, a great hue-and-cry is certain to be raised by the high protectionists about their destructiveness. We shall be told that all manufacturing industries will go to rack and ruin, and that deadly blows are being dealt to American capital and labor. Not only will there be this frothy talk, of which we have had a superabundance for twenty years or more, but among producers and manufacturers themselves there will doubtless be an uneasy sense of new and trying conditions to come. The truth is that the great mass of manufactures have been carried on in side of a wall so high that they have not been able to see what was going on on the other side. Importations have ceased, domestic manufactures have had sole control of the field, and what foreign makers could do if they had a chance nobody knew. Especially in textile industries, the opportunity for a real comparison of prices and qualities in many grades of goods has not existed at all. Those who have looked carefully into the situation are certain that the great mass of American textile industries will hold their own without difficulty in face of a more serious reduction of duties than Congress is likely to enact. But the continual preaching about pauper labor and the disadvantages of the American manufacturer has produced a natural feeling of timidity and uncertainty among business men who have attended to their own affairs, and have had no time to concern themselves with foreign competitors.

The reform of the tariff, to be real, must at best be somewhat unsettling. A change from the very worst tariff system to the very best would mean some disarrangement of industry, and would inevitably bring a trying period of transition. The real and moderate changes which we are likely to see must cause some readjustment, if they are to be of any benefit to the community at all; but we may prepare ourselves for great exaggerations of their disturbing effects, and may comfort ourselves with the assurance that when they are completed, collapses and break downs in manufacturing industries will be few if any.

MUNICIPAL REFORM.

THE spirit of party reorganization is abroad in the city as well as in the State. It would be better if the spirit of change and reform were active in every municipality in the country, for all municipal government in this country is bad. The system is wrong, and no permanent reform can be accomplished until the politics of cities is divorced from the politics of the nation. New York ought to take the lead in this work of municipal reform. It is the largest municipality in the country, and it is the city to which all other municipalities naturally look for a warning or an example. Thus far, it is true its government and its governors have generally illustrated the worst features of city administration, but the consequences of its ill deeds, and of its elevation of bad men to offices of public trust, have rather stimulated the ambitions and sharpened the cunning of bad men in other cities than inspired good men with the zeal and enthusiasm necessary to the overturning of the bosses and the destruction of predatory rings.

In view of the present ascendency of the reform spirit, the question of real municipal reform again comes to the front. Now is the opportunity of the good men of New York, and if they undertake and

accomplish what they might, it will prove in the end to be an opportunity for the whole country. It will be found that bad men are not the only persons who can follow the example of the metropolis, but that real municipal reform in this city will not only stimulate activity elsewhere, but will direct it to the right way and towards the right end.

Party politics ought to have no place in municipal affairs. There is no need to argue that a man's belief on the tariff question is not a reason for choosing him for Mayor or alderman. That is not the point on which the party politicians insist. They maintain their machines as influences in city politics, as bases for nominations, in order that they may be kept in working trim for national and State elections, and in order that the municipal offices may add to their stock of rewards for partisan activity. This use of the party machine and this point of view are encouraged and excused by the fact that in nearly every city of the country municipal elections are held on the same day as national and State elections. And right here is one of the reforms which ought to be most resolutely pushed.

While party politics has nothing to do, in essence, with municipal elections, it is impossible to divorce the two at a moment's notice. We are a practical people, and a practical task lies immediately at our hand. The work of reform is urgent, and it must be accomplished by the means at our disposal. Party organizations intend to take part in municipal affairs, and they will probably continue to do so even after the law has decreed separate days for national or State and municipal elections. Two important movements are now going on in this city. The most important and promising is that looking to the reorganization of the Democratic party by the anti-snappers, aided by the small remnant of the old Conoty Democracy who have not joined Tammany Hall. The Republican leaders are also talking of reorganization, but as yet they have taken no decisive steps, and have apparently no well-defined plan in mind.

Reorganization is not the correct term for the Democratic movement. It is really a movement for the establishment of a new organization to oppose CROKER. All good citizens ought to be deeply interested in these movements. They ought to be utilized in this emergency for the permanent good of the city. If any immediate good is to be gained they must be utilized. It remains to be seen whether the outcome of the movements shall be a struggle for a change of rulers, or the establishment of a better system of municipal government. It is not a change of bosses that the city needs, it is a change of its form of government. Undoubtedly, if the new Democratic organization assumes such proportions as its originators predict, the change of bosses would be for the better, at least for a time. Whether the improvement would be permanent is more than doubtful. The city has had the experience of such changes, and knows the tendency of party organizations towards deterioration. Certainly a union of good men of all parties would give the city better officers than CROKER can find among the men who are willing to accept office at his hands. But such a union would not be permanent. As it would be based on party politics, it would fall to pieces at the demand of party exigency, such as the almost irresistible call for party harmony and for a strict drawing of party lines in a Presidential election.

What the city ought to gain out of the present emergency is a form of government that will minimize the dangers and evils resulting from the intrusion of party politics in its affairs, and will make "boss" rule practically impossible. This can be accomplished by present concert of action for real municipal reform between the men who are intent on destroying CROKER and CROKER's allies—the Republican leaders of the Assembly districts. The concert is absolutely necessary, for Tammany cannot be beaten by a hostile Democratic organization, even if it polls more votes than Tammany, so long as "Judge" PATTERSON and his followers are at CROKER's bidding, and furnish a good CROKER Republican inspector in each election district as an associate of two CROKER Democrats. The death of this corrupt combination ought to be one of the blessings of a Republican Legislature, and it will be if good citizens of all parties insist on municipal reform.

There ought to be no difficulty in bringing about such a union in the present state of the public mind. The new Democratic organization ought to desire it, and Republicans and the City Club ought to be willing to act with the anti-Tammany organization to this end. If they do, legislation at Albany will be for the benefit and not to the injury of the city. Moreover, the Constitutional Convention is to meet in May, and it may provide reforms in municipal government that will not only give to cities control of their own affairs, but will strike a blow at "boss" rule that will end it if the people respond by the adoption of the Constitution. The overthrow of CROKER is to be devoutly hoped; but beyond that, the object of all city movements should be the destruction of the seed from which CROKERS spring.

A COMMITTEE ON DRINK.

In all the more highly civilized countries that venerable puzzle, the drink problem, is forcing itself upon the attention of the authorities in government and science. Science, hitherto, has meddled with it comparatively little. The chief fighters against drink in our time have been the temperance enthusiasts, whose appreciation of the evils of it have been sufficiently vivid, and whose zeal has been intense, but not always according to knowledge. Legislation on the subject has aimed chiefly to keep drink away from men, but its results, where it has had a fair trial, as in Iowa or Maine, have not been altogether satisfactory. In England just now measures are under consideration which aim not to keep drink from drunkards, but to keep drunkards from drink. The submission of plans with such an object marks in itself a considerable progress of opinion in a country where the right to be praceably drunk has always been considered one of the natural privileges of citizenship. A committee of eminent physicians and persons skilled in dealing with criminals, appointed by the SALISBURY government, has submitted to Parliament a report recommending that power be given to magistrates to commit drunkards to reformatories for a period not exceeding two years. The committee found that many drunkards were cured in reformatories, and that more of them would be cured if they could be kept sufficiently long under restraint and treatment. It proposes that drunkards who voluntarily enter such retreats should be kept until discharged; that the semi-criminal habitual drunkards, with whom the police have to deal, should receive indeterminate sentences of not less than one year, and that magistrates should be empowered to commit ordinary inebriates on the petition of relatives, or in their own discretion. It also proposes to empower the police to arrest without a warrant all persons found drunk in public, and to lock them up for trial. The report, as will be seen, practically denies the right of the contemporary Briton to be a drunkard, or even to be publicly tipsy. If it is adopted, and its recommendations enforced, it would seem likely to make intoxication much less satisfactory, and possibly less popular, in Great Britain than it is at present.

In France, too, the same subject is under serious discussion by experts. M. ZOLA, after his recent visit to London, expressed himself as profoundly shocked by the consumption of intoxicants by English ladies. French women probably drink less, but that French men at least are injudicious in their potations appears very clearly from the published conclusions of M. CHARLES FÈRE, the well known Parisian authority on nervous diseases, who notices an immense increase in France of the maladies which are his special charge, and thinks it due "to the increase of beer-drinking, absinthe-drinking, and bars." Dr. FÈRE says that twenty-three years ago there was hardly such a thing as a bar in all Paris, but now "one sees them all over the town, and always crowded." He attributes their spread largely to the growth of the passion, now said to be veritably universal in Paris, of betting on race-horses. Bars and low eating houses, where alcoholic drink is sold with or without food, on the centres of resort, he finds, for those small tradesmen, cabmen, cooks, artisans, and so on, who want to get tips and enter into sporting transactions. To the account of this sort of drinking Dr. FÈRE lays the increased development of nervous and mental diseases in infants—an increase which he thinks so serious in amount and so menacing in its portents that he declares that alcoholic drinks are now the great enemy of the race which do not abstain from them, and that if the Aryans go on tippling as they do, they must finally give way to Jews, Arabs, and Chinese.

This is a serious view to take of contemporary drink, and it carries the more weight because it expresses the opinion not of a lay enthusiast, but of a scientific specialist.

The popular impression is that temperance in drink is advancing in this country, but it is reassuring to know that the whole subject has attracted the attention of a body of men who would seem to be exceptionally well fitted to deal with it in all its aspects. The "Sociological Group" has interested itself in the drink problem. The Group began five years ago with fifteen members, including Bishop POTTER, T. T. MUNGER, SETH LOW, RICHARD T. ELY, CHARLES A. BRIGGS, WASHINGTON GLADDEN, EDWARD J. PHELPS, and CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Its purpose is the study of modern social questions. At a meeting last spring it voted to form a committee of fifty to investigate the liquor problem, and to that end appointed a committee from its own body to nominate the fifty members. This has been done, and October 20th was the day set for the larger committee to meet, at the United Charities Buildings in New York, for organization and reports.

Here is a committee from the labors of which it would seem that results of real importance might be looked for. The Group proposed that its committee should consider its problem in its physiological, its ethical, and its legislative aspects. The committee includes eminent experts, equal to the consideration of all these aspects, and others besides. Besides the members of the Group it includes such divines as Cardinal GIBBONS, Archbishop IRELAND, Rabbi GOTTHEIL, Bishop GAILOR, Bishop E. G. ANDREWS, Dr. W. R. HUNTINGTON, Dr. W. S. RAINSFORD, and others not less distinguished. Among its scientists are Dr. J. S. BILLINGS, Professors BOWDITCH of Harvard and PUTNAM and CHITTENDEN of Yale, and Dr. WEIR MITCHELL. Among its educators are President ELIOT, President D. C. GILMAN, and General F. A. WALKER. Among men of affairs and employers of labor it has FRANK THOMPSON, MARSHALL FIELD, and CORNELIUS VANDERBILT. Altogether it is a remarkable committee, fit in weight and intelligence to cope with a titanic problem. At the meeting last month the sub-committee on the ethical aspects of drink was to have made a report. The report of the committee on physiological aspects had already come in before that meeting, and maps out an exhaustive inquiry, including investigation of the effects of normal and of abnormal constituents of alcoholic drinks, and of combinations of the two. It proposes physiological experiments, which, it seems, will cost some $30,000, but if such a committee is really in earnest they will not be daunted by considerations of expense.

The American public is very generally interested in the drink problem, and wants the surest and latest information about it. It will rejoice to know that such a body of men as the Sociological Group's Committee is sounding the depths of the subject, and will look for important results from its labors. It will wish to know the committee's opinion of the patent cause for alcoholism that so greatly abound just now, and what conclusion it reaches as to prohibition, local option, and the Gothenberg plan. It will also consider with especial attention the views of the committee on the broad and much-mooted question whether alcohol is a poison which may be tolerated in moderate doses, or a useful servant of man when not abused.

Is alcohol good or bad for civilized man? That, after all, is the query that lies at the centre of the liquor problem. The doctors disagree about it. What will this committee say?

PUMPKIN PIE.

WE are somewhat surprised on examining the records to find that pumpkin pie has never been brought into court. Not that we would prejudge the case by saying that it deserves conviction and punishment, but we are certain that enough is known against it to warrant action by the Grand Jury, and the subsequent investigation of the various legal sequelæ.

A true bill, therefore, being returned against pumpkin pie, and the attendant bailiffs having got it safely into the dock, we may thoroughly examine it, and determine if possible whether or not this form of plastic food which now holds the American people in its grasp is worthy of confidence. The physical aspects of pumpkin pie are too well known to need more than a passing glance. Pumpkin pie is almost invariably found with but one crust (the lower), and is therefore open-face pie, or, as some scientists prefer, membraneous-top pie. The body is not stratified, and a transverse section shows a uniform coloring, though the glazed upper surface may vary somewhat, it being understood that it is the aim of the more artistic manufacturers to give it the color of the pumpkin from which it is made. It is baked in either round or square tins, the edge of the crust, which in either case extends slightly above the surface and forms a collar, being crimped and puckered in various fanciful designs. It is eaten, by those addicted to the habit, either hot or cold, the taste for it in the latter condition usually marking a later stage of the craving. It is said, on what appears to be trustworthy authority, that many of its victims in Massachusetts and other parts of New England habitually swallow large quantities of it at breakfast. It is hoped that this phase of the habit may be investigated further.

In this judicial examination of the pumpkin pie it is allowable, as a help to establishing its character, that we look into its antecedents, therefore depositions concerning the pumpkin itself may be admitted. We find the pumpkin to be, apparently, the largest of fruits; but on cutting into it it is discovered to be hollow, the spacious interior being simply festooned with a clammy variety of vegetable cobweb, in which the seeds are suspended. Why the pumpkin should not grow solid like the orange is not apparent, unless it is simply to gain credit for size of which it is not deserving. Such gaining of applause under false pretences cannot be too severely condemned. The pumpkin must be set down as a hollow and hypocritical vegetable, and association with it can not but have a bad effect on character.

But we are not, after all, trying the pumpkin as a fruit, and further consideration of it in a raw state may be omitted. But we wish to raise the questions: "Does not the same innocently follow the pumpkin into the pie? What part does pumpkin play in the so-called pumpkin pie? Is pumpkin food, especially for breakfast?" In the first place, let us note that the best chemical analyses of pumpkin pie show it to be composed of ginger and stewed pumpkin, with traces of other minor substances. Next we are to observe that hardy investigators who have examined it say that stewed pumpkin in its native or pure state has but little taste, and that little is a bad taste. We come now to the fact that what we taste in pumpkin pie is ginger. By which easy but unassailable steps we arrive to the clear radiance of the truth that in pumpkin pie the pumpkin is a mere medium for holding the ginger in solution, but that nevertheless it has fastened its name upon the pie. It is as if lemonade should call itself water. What the country has been eating all these years, at breakfast and otherwise, is ginger pie.

We cannot hope that our crushing exposure of the disingenuousness of the pumpkin from the hour of its birth upward will have any effect on the name of the pie in which it acts as the vehicle for holding the invigorating and honest ginger in suspension. So long as pumpkin is used as the base for a certain pie, that pie will continue to be called pumpkin pie. But is it not possible that another and better base can be found for the so-called pumpkin pie? Pumpkin being tasteless and unnutritious, there is no reason why it should be eaten even at breakfast. We scarcely know what to suggest to take the place of pumpkin, but wood pulp occurs to us. Wood pulp has been used for so many things during the past few years that it seems not unreasonable that it be extended to pie. It ought to be much cheaper than pumpkin and would not have its disagreeable taste. It would also have the merit of being nutritious. With wood pulp as a background, as it were, ginger could be liberally projected upon it, and a pie produced which our friend the New-Englander could with impunity sit up in bed and eat before breakfast. But a right start must be made with this pie, honor to whom honor is due, it must be called ginger pie.

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THE REV. CHARLES F. DEEMS.—[See Page 1146.]

JEREMIAH McLAIN RUSK.—[See Page 1146.]

LORIN F. DELAND.—[See Page 1147.]

HARVARD HOUSE.

The recent action of the Harvard Club of New York in building for itself a permanent home to be known as "Harvard House" has excited unusual interest among college graduates, not only in this city, but throughout the country, because it is practically a new departure. University clubs and fraternity buildings are to be found in almost every large city, but no single association of college alumni has ever before attempted the experiment of establishing itself in a club house especially adapted to its own purposes, and built by means of a fund raised by subscription among its own members. The Harvard Club was founded in 1865, and from that period until 1867 held monthly meetings and an annual dinner, usually at Delmonico's. In 1867 the club was incorporated, and permanent quarters were secured in Clark's restaurant building, No. 11 West Twenty-second Street, the annual dinner taking place, as before, at Delmonico's. In 1880 it became apparent that larger rooms were needed for the monthly meetings and general use of members; the collection of books, portraits, and memorabilia was constantly increasing, and a general desire was expressed for a new building which should be creditable alike to the college and the club. A committee was therefore appointed, known as the Club house Committee, which took in charge the matter of selection of a site, the raising of the necessary funds, and the general plan of the new structure.

It is a fair indication of the interest taken in the suggestion for a new house that the Harvard graduates of New York—who are probably not so numerous as those of other of the large universities—raised by subscription the sum of $57,000 as a free and unconditional gift to the club. This accomplished, land fifty feet front was purchased on Forty-fourth Street, west of Fifth Avenue, and the architectural work was intrusted to Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White, this firm generously offering their designs as Mr. McKim's contribution to the club fund. The house now in course of construction is of the Boston type of Colonial architecture, built of what is known as Harvard brick, with Indiana limestone trimmings. It is three stories in height, and provides on the first floor conversation rooms and a grill room, on the second a library, which at present will also be used for the monthly meetings of the club; and on the third floor a billiard-room, card rooms, etc. The building has been so constructed that in the future an extension may be added providing for a new billiard room or grill room on the first floor, with a spacious hall on the second floor, where, in connection with the present structure, it is hoped the annual dinners of the club may be held. It is the purpose of the architects to make the interior a pure example of the Colonial style.

While much will be accomplished in the future, in fresh subscriptions are received from time to time, the new house, when opened next year, will be a striking addition to the architecture of New York, and will probably have the effect of largely increasing the scope of the Harvard Club. The monthly meetings will continue as heretofore, but it is likely that many other class and college entertainments will be given, and much will be done in the way of receiving delegations or athletic teams visiting New York.

The moving spirit in this undertaking has been Mr. Edward King, now serving his fourth term as president of the club, and to him is due great credit for its successful accomplishment.

WILLIAM T. COLEMAN.—[See Page 1147.]

JAMES H. BLOUNT.—[See Page 1146.]

HARVARD HOUSE—THE NEW HOME OF THE HARVARD CLUB.

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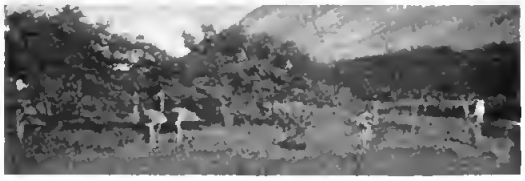

A GLIMPSE OF AN OSTRICH FARM.

HARVESTING SEA-BIRDS' EGGS, LAYSAN ISLANDS.

FLOWER AND GARLAND VENDERS, HONOLULU.

LILIUOKALANI, THE DEPOSED QUEEN.

HONOLULU, FROM THE "PUNCH-BOWL," THE CRATER OF AN EXTINCT VOLCANO JUST OUTSIDE THE TOWN.

HAWAIIAN SCENES.—[See Page 1146.]

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CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D., LL.D.

The name of Dr. Deems inevitably suggests the Church of the Strangers, and to speak of the Church of the Strangers is to mention Dr. Deems. The man and the church were inseparable in the public thought. Though Charles Force Deems is dead, he still lives in the Church of the Strangers.

Dr. Deems was always thought of as a Southern man. He was really born on the border (in Baltimore), seventy-three years ago. His education was obtained in a Northern college (Dickinson), and then he went South, and spent the next quarter of a century in Virginia and North Carolina as professor and preacher. He was in middle life, therefore, when he came to New York at the close of the war, and entered upon the career that made his name one to be remembered among the prominent divines of the metropolis.

During the war his sympathies were with the South, and he gave the services of a son to the Confederate army. He took no active part in it himself, however, but quietly pursued his ministerial duties. However strong his feelings may have been, the proclamation of peace found him quite ready to be reconstructed, and his mission to New York was the kindly one of reconciliation. He desired to do something to promote the restoration of good-fellowship between the North and the South. It was by a series of providences, he would say, that he was led to establish the Church of the Strangers, which was entirely independent, having no denominational connection whatever. Some one had heard a casual sermon by him, and wanted to hear him again. A small chapel was hired as an experiment. The little flock grew, and was removed to a larger chapel. Meantime an acquaintance was formed by the new pastor which led to the purchase by Commodore Vanderbilt of the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church and its transfer, as a free gift, to the "Church of the Strangers"—the happy title by which the "free and independent" enterprise became known.

Dr. Deems was both an instructive and attractive preacher. His manner was easy and familiar, his voice clear and sympathetic, and his style racy and exuberant. As a pastor, his large social endowments made him extremely popular. He had a large measure of what the French call *bonhomie*; he told good stories in a charming way, and carried sunshine in face and feeling wherever he went. He was cordially received at the house of Commodore Vanderbilt, whose second wife was a Southern lady who was greatly interested in Dr. Deems. Visitors to New York always included Dr. Deems in the list of eminent preachers whom it would be their pleasure to hear. Though it is one of the "down-town" churches, its unique position and the attractive personality of its pastor have kept it from the usual fate of churches deserted by the population of the immediate neighborhood.

The first work Dr. Deems did after leaving college was done in professorial chairs in Virginia and North Carolina. His success as an educator was such that more than one well-established institution in the South would have been glad to make him its president. He was for some years at the head of Rutgers Female Institute in this city, but he refused to make education his life calling. It was largely through his good offices, however, that the church of his youth, the Methodist Episcopal (South), received such large donations for its chief institution at Nashville. The donation of a round half-million dollars by the elder Vanderbilt in 1873 was the foundation of the university which bears his name. That was a very generous sum in those days, and it was afterward increased. At the laying of the corner-stone of the new building Dr. Deems was present as an honored guest and as the chief speaker. Before he concluded his address a telegram was handed him announcing a further large donation by Mr. Vanderbilt. Dr. Deems paused a moment after reading the despatch, and, with uplifted hands, exclaimed, impressively, "Cornelius, thy prayer is heard, and thine alms are had in remembrance in the sight of God."

The million or more of Northern money which was sent into the South through the influence of Dr. Deems to establish a great university is one of the evidences that his mission of reconciliation was not a vain one.

Last June Dr. Deems and his wife celebrated their golden wedding. Happy in his home life, successful in his life-work, he went to his rest, November 18th, full of years and honors.

H. K. Carroll.

HAWAIIAN SCENES AND PEOPLE

Accounts of the situation in Hawaii still continue to occupy much space in the newspapers and the story of the Queen's overthrow has been told again by both sides. The report of ex-Commissioner Blount, who was sent to Hawaii

L. A. Thurston,
Hawaiian Minister to the United States.

by President Cleveland, having been made public, the representative of the provisional government, L. A. Thurston, in turn made a statement replying and taking exception to Mr. Blount's account of the affair. Meanwhile it is not known whether President Dole of the provisional government still guides the Hawaiian ship of state, as he continued to do at the latest advices, or if Queen Liliuokalani has been restored to her throne. At this time, therefore, it is

Sandford B. Dole,
President of the Provisional Government.

interesting to note what little is known of the people and their customs. Those who have met the Queen bear witness to her pleasing personality and address. Her education is superior to that of the average American woman, and she devotes considerable of her spare time to the composition of music and verse. Several hymns composed by her are much used in the churches of Hawaii, and they are said to be of real merit and beauty. The view of the city of Honolulu on page 1145 is after a photograph taken from the crater, called the "Punch Bowl," of an extinct volcano which rises just outside the town. The Government Building and the Palace, now known as the Court-house and the Executive Building respectively, are to be seen near the centre of the picture, while beyond is the harbor, formed by a coral reef through which a channel has been cut. The natives of the islands have an extreme fondness for bright flowers, which they weave into garlands, and wear upon their hats or around their necks. These wreaths are called *leis* (pronounced as though spelled *lays*), and in order to decorate themselves or to grace a departing guest the average Hawaiian will spend his last bit of money and be content to forego his meal.

It is a common thing to meet flower-girls at all points engaged in the manufacture and sale of these *leis*. Flowers of white and yellow, resembling our tuberose, are chiefly used, and after being cut from the stem are strung, one by one, upon a thread, until the garland is of sufficient length. The growing industries about Honolulu include the culture of pineapples and the breeding of ostriches. The latter are raised for their feathers, which are plucked every six months from the sides and the wings of the bird. The pineapples raised here are very fine, climate and soil being particularly favorable, and two crops a year are secured, which are marketed in San Francisco and Vancouver.

Belonging to the Hawaiian group, about four hundred miles southwest of Honolulu, are several small islands known as the Laysan. Millions of sea-birds make their homes there, and large quantities of guano are collected from the islands, which are bare of all vegetation. The laborers engaged in the gathering of guano subsist largely upon the eggs of the birds, which are found at all points about the sand where the nests are made.

THE TRIAL TRIP OF THE "COLUMBIA."

BY ALBERT FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

All Americans had occasion to be proud when the unarmored cruiser *Columbia*, of the new navy, on her trial trip on November 18th, off the New England coast, made a record of 22.81 knots an hour in continuous steaming for practically five hours, and a spurt of 23.81 knots for a distance of nearly 8 knots of the journey. It was a performance calculated to test to the fullest capacity the alleged screaming abilities of that mysterious bird known as the American eagle. This bird of recent years has had to confine its vocalism chiefly to Fourth-of-July celebrations, and even then there has been a growing disposition toward suppressing its harsh noises because of their annoyance to every one except the irrepressible small boy. The eagle has had opportunity more than once to scream over many exploits in our naval history, but it seems to me that its strident screech was never more justified than in this splendid achievement by the *Columbia*.

Interesting as the test was, its importance was far greater. This trial was an international event. In every capital of Europe its result was anxiously looked for. It was expected that this country would produce the fastest war-ship in the world in the *Columbia*. That was a foregone conclusion in view of our rapid progress in naval matters, but the question that interested Europeans in naval offices and ship-building centres was whether the system of propelling large ships by three screws would be a success beyond serious doubt. Besides the *Columbia* there are only two triple-screw vessels of any size in the world, the French cruiser *Dupuy de Lome* and the German cruiser *Kaiserin Augusta*, which was here at the Columbian naval review. The French cruiser has not done satisfactory work as yet, but the German cruiser is said to have made a record of 22 knots on a trial trip after leaving our shores.

The cruiser *Columbia* marks a distinct advance in ship-building. Not only did she prove herself the fastest war-ship in the world, not only did she demonstrate beyond cavil the success of the system of triple-screw propulsion, but, to the surprise of every one, naval officers and shipping, here and abroad, she proved herself the fastest ocean-going craft yet constructed. When the *Columbia* was designed, the *Paris* and *Teutonic* were the fastest ships on the seas. The *Columbia*, as a commerce-destroyer and not as a fighting ship, was intended to catch these ships, although only two-thirds as large as they. It takes a long while to get a war-ship in this country through its preparatory stages, and the result was that long before the *Columbia* was finished those splendid sea-queens the *Campania* and *Lucania*, with their world-beating records, came into existence. Naval men and others said, "The *Columbia*, of course, won't beat them, but she will show the success or failure of the three-screw system, and that is why her work will be watched the world over." And so it was, and perhaps the most cheering thing in the result is that it also declares that, in quality at least, the United States resumes its place at the head of the world in ship construction.

A trial trip such as the *Columbia*'s is a most inspiriting event. It is a time of prodigious activity, and this is not confined to the swift displacement of thousands of tons of water by a most slenderly designed steamship hull. There is more activity inside the ship than outside. In each of the three roomy engine-rooms there are pistons, cranks, eccentrics, pumps, rods, and bars in a most confusing but nevertheless rhythmic motion. A blue haze fills each room, and eight or ten men seem to move about in the tangle of machinery recklessly, but as safely as they would in their own houses. The flying steam jets, the dripping of the oil, the spluttering of the hot water, the turning of the shafts at the enormous rate of 135 times a minute, make the landsman spectator's head whirl, and he wants to go on deck to get fresh air. In the fire-rooms are nearly 100 men, shut in so tight that the only fresh air that reaches them and the boilers comes through the big funnels on deck, down which it is drawn by whirling fans—or "blowers," as they are called—at the rate of more than 1,000,000 cubic feet a minute. Each one of the boilers has eight fires, four in each end. The forced draught sweeps the coal off the shovels as the furnace doors are thrown open, the black coal-dust whirls like a desert sand-storm, and when the stokers and firemen come out of their prison they are blacker than central African savages, and almost as degenerate looking.

Outside of the ship there are, of course, the sliding bow waves, the curved depression following them, the white-flecked water rushing back to the screws, the long black streak of smoke reaching away for miles and bunching itself in a heavy cloud in the horizon, the glistening wake of the ship that trails behind far beyond the range of vision. But the most picturesque sight was a remarkable leaning ridge of water that rose directly behind the vessel over the screw at the stern. A naval officer in looking at this said that the action of screws on steamships was, like a woman's moods, past finding out. It was thought the screws at the sides of the ship would hurl the water away from the one at the stern, leaving for that one water practically undisturbed. The twin screws seemed to do nothing of the kind. They hurled it at their lone companion faster than it could take care of the mass. Consequently a pure white ridge estimated at ten feet high, five feet broad, and thirty feet long, rose out of the sea, and followed the ship as if it were part of it. It was full of rainbows, whirling eddies, and currents, and it hung to the vessel as if it were some phantom catching a tow, unwilling to let go, and impossible to shake off. The sea-going men said they never saw a phenomenon like it.

Although one may attempt to describe the activity inside and out of the vessel, it is almost impossible to describe the effect on one who shared in the struggle personally. How is the intense excitement that set every one on board all a-quiver, especially as the ship came jumping down the homestretch after a contest such as the world never was to be disputed? How can one adequately put on paper that eagle's scream, so that it shall set the flesh of the reader creeping as it did those of the actual spectators? How shall one describe the throbs of the engine, the swish of the screws, the jaunty swaying of the craft, the play of the shadows and lights on the water, the furious dash of the spray, the half-gale force of the wind, the arching rainbows made by the sun in the falling splashes? All this is something for the reader's imagination to paint for itself.

It was of the *Columbia* that Professor Hollis of Harvard, but formerly of the navy, said:

"The tip of the propeller blades will move through the water at the moderate rate of 75 miles an hour. The condenser tubes, if placed end to end, would form a tube 35 miles long. The cooling water passed through them will be equal to [illegible] gallons per day—enough to supply a large city with water. The steam boilers, if placed end to end, would form a tunnel 186 feet long, and large enough for a train of cars to pass through. The blowers are capable of supplying [illegible] cubic feet of air an hour. The coal required for a full-power run across the Atlantic would supply 180 families for a year. With [illegible] horse-power she would lift [illegible] tons weight—to the Brooklyn Bridge in three minutes if hoisting ropes were coiled around drums on the shafts. If the engines were set up on shore and used as a catapult, they would throw a [illegible] weight with such velocity that it would go off into space entirely clear of the earth's influence."

It will be of interest to compare the speed of the *Columbia* with that of the best-known ocean fliers. The *Columbia*'s maximum speed on her trial trip was 23.81 knots. That of the *Campania* and the *Lucania* was about 23¼ knots. The sustained sea speed of the *Columbia* was 22.81 knots. The best sustained sea speed of the *Lucania* is 21.74 knots; the *Campania*, 22.38; the *Paris*, 21.34; the *Teutonic*, 20.31; the *Majestic*, 20.10. Clearly the *Columbia* is far in the lead. In favorable weather she should cross the Atlantic in less than five days and a half. The *Lucania*'s best transatlantic record is 5 days, 12 hours, and 7 seconds.

EX-SECRETARY RUSK.

More than a genializing personal influence, a modifying quality in the asperities of national politics will be missed in the passing of Brigadier-General Jeremiah McLain Rusk (U. S. V.), ex-Secretary of Agriculture and ex-Governor of Wisconsin, who died on November 21st at his home in Viroqua. He was almost the last, it is to be feared, of a great type of man (of whom Lincoln was the highest example), the statesman of the plain people, whom men liked to call "Jerry," and to quote his homely sayings and vigorous expletives, but who had not in his stalwart entity a trace of the demagogue.

Because General Rusk had been a farmer and a stage-line owner and a hotel-keeper and the member from Bad Axe, he did not, when he became a great man, think it necessary to govern his State or administer his Federal department solely in the interest of the farmers, the stage-lines, the hotel-keepers, and the denizens of Bad Axe, but of the whole people, even including the "corporations" and the "millionaires." That is the great and lamentable difference between him and his Western successors, who have aped his rough and ready manners without possessing his sound head and big heart.

It will surprise most people to know that "Uncle Jerry's" first public service was an esthetic one. When he came from Ohio, where he was born in Morgan County, June 17, 1830, he settled in Bad Axe County, Wisconsin, and in due time was sent to the Legislature. His first bill was to change the name of his bailiwick from Bad Axe to Vernon, a process by which it gained euphony at the expense of character. The farm on which he settled at twenty-three was still his home when he died forty years afterward. It was his home when he was made sheriff of the county whose name he changed, and when at the double outbreak of Indian hostilities in Minnesota and civil war at the South

he entered the military service of his country as Major of the Twenty-fifth Wisconsin. He made a soldier such as Frederick the Great would have risked a war with any European power to kidnap into his service. He was six feet three, with shoulders like a wrestler's, and the great beard with which the artists of words and canvas and marble of all ages have invested the typical strong man. He was a modest giant too. He had raised the Twenty-fifth himself, but he took subordinate rank in it until he should learn the art of war. He had a good school under Sherman, and in the fighting that followed the March to the Sea got his brigadier's star for having ridden "farther into hell than Mower could." That was the way that Major-General Mower, his division commander, phrased it after seeing Rusk sweep a swamp and ford a stream to carry the Confederate bank of the Salkehatchie River.

The war made Rusk a big enough man to be elected State Comptroller upon his return from the field. Then he went to Congress, but by 1880 was only prominent enough to be offered one of the smallest of South American missions. "Where is h—— is Uruguay?" Uncle Jerry is reported to have said. "I think I'll go home and run for Governor."

This he did, and with such repeated success that the black May day of 1886, when anarchy sought to bring about its social revolution by playing on the eight-hour sentiment of the working-man, found him the right man in the right place. There was no pottering for Wisconsin's Governor when the rising came in Milwaukee. There was no trifling administration of police clubs or small-calibre pistol pellets. Like Dr. Bonaparte to the sections, Dr. Rusk prescribed a whiff of grape-shot, or rather rifle balls. Six Polish reds bit the dust, and Milwaukee had no monuments to build for its dead defenders. The man who had been offered the Uruguay mission became at once a potential giver of missions, and went into the Republican convention of 1888 with the vote of his State delegation behind him. His appointment to the new cabinet position of Secretary of Agriculture followed.

For four years "Uncle Jerry's" contagious smile illuminated all great public functions. There was such an oil of gladness in it that every war-ship that the Harrison administration launched seemed to slide easier from the ways when Uncle Jerry's glance broke with the ribboned champagne bottle upon her prow.

Had the Republican nomination in 1892 "gone East," Mr. Blaine's supporters would probably have made a strong effort to induce Secretary Rusk to take the second place on the ticket.

A. E. WATROUS.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

BY WILLIAM HAYES WARD, D.D., LL.D.

THE oldest, sincerest, intensest religious enterprise of the present day is the Salvation Army. The key to it is its purpose—just to save men; nothing else. It does not want to do anything more and attempts nothing else—no schools, no education, no religious training, nothing but to get men into the kingdom of God. It will get them in any way it can. It has no dignity to save, no conventionalities to consider. Why care for a sneer when there is a soul to save?

It is an army in name, and in reality a church, but a very strange kind of a church. It is a cross between Methodism and Quakerism. Like old Methodism, it is religion on fire, or charged with electricity; and like Quakerism, it has no sacraments. It knows and cares nothing about baptism and the Lord's Supper; and yet it has its confession of the faith, in joining the Army, which does the office of baptism in the early Church, and every meeting is scarcely less than a communion with Christ and one another. The Salvation Army hand-book, *Doctrines and Disciplines*, in answer to the question, "Does the Army consider baptism a duty that must be performed?" says, "Decidedly NOT." The Army only considers one baptism essential for salvation, and that is THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST." It reckons baptism with the Jewish rites of circumcision, shaving the head, and other ceremonies never intended to be permanent. All it wants is to save men, and it holds that baptizing them is not saving them. Just so the Lord's Supper is recommended to those who feel that it would help their faith, but it is not essential to membership in the Army or to salvation.

So the Salvation Army knows no formal church. Its members may or may not be members of the churches, but its theory is that the Army takes the place of the Church. Where the rest of us say Church it says Army. It asks no converts to join the Church, only to join the Army. Joining the Army does not save any one; he must be saved first, and then he is asked to join the Army and engage in the work of saving other people. Salvation is its only purpose, and an army its form of organization, because that is the most effective to save people.

If its purpose is simple, and refuses to be complicated with anything else, however important, its discipline has all the simplicity of absolute monarchy, than which no government can be simpler. There is no popular government about an army. The commander-in-chief is supreme. He appoints the generals of divisions. Every major, captain, or lieutenant is commissioned by the commander-in-chief, on the recommendation of superior officers. Only the sergeants are directly appointed by the captains. Nothing could be more autocratic, and that because this is not a republic or a constitutional monarchy, but an army under strict military government and discipline. The government is in theory as arbitrary as that of the Jesuits, and its growth and success prove its effectiveness.

In theology—and it has more theology than we could expect—the Army is Methodist, like its founder, General Booth. But it is much more concerned with getting men out of hell into heaven than with what they shall believe. It looks forward to the triumphal death of the Salvation soldier, when, says *The Doctrines and Discipline*, "his glorified spirit enters heaven the moment it leaves the earth, and is welcomed by God and the angels and the blood-washed soldiers with whom he fought below. In heaven he is doubtless employed in some service for the King, for which his military training on earth has specially qualified him."

The Salvation Army has the merit of tremendous earnestness. It goes for people, especially those that are very much lost. The submerged tenth are not too low for its soldiers. It hunts them with shouting, singing, and beating of drums and cymbals. Its first rule for its meetings is that "they must be lively." The mob will pardon anything rather than dulness. The tunes must be plaintive or merry; the speeches short, sharp, "full of facts and illustrations, and with plenty of attitude," and all sorts of novelty. They are not ashamed to do most undignified things—to march the streets between two sign-boards—if they can attract the attention and get the following of a poor drunkard. This is not æsthetic; it is offensive to good taste; but it is sublime. What care slums for good taste, for Barnby music, for pews, and choirs, and stoles, and stained glass, and dim religious light? The simplicity of purpose of the Army and its self-extinction for salvation of the lost are magnificent, sublime. If our Blessed Lord is highly exalted because he humbled himself so far, then most highly exalted in his sight are these Salvation soldiers, who humble themselves, who go lower down into the depths to save the lowest than does any other organized body of Christian people on the face of the earth. They are not to be laughed at, but to be emulated.

Earnestness is half of genius, and the Salvation Army has produced some of the most exquisite and eloquent speakers that occupy the religious platform. Chief among them in this country is Mrs. Ballington Booth, a woman with the face of a Madonna, the soul of a saint, and the tongue—I had almost said, of an angel. Nor is she alone. They speak only on one subject—the Army. They refuse to know anything else. They know the lost, and the Christ that saves them, and the Army which enlists them to go out and gather new recruits.

They are men and women of one idea, but that the infinite idea of the loving Father sending them to save the lost. It is tenderness in arms, the battle of peace, the whole Army an ambulance corps going out on the field of death to gather the wounded and the dying into the hospital of the divine compassion. If any shall hear at the Last Day the benediction on those who "have done it unto the least of these my brethren," it will be these red-coated and poke-bonneted knights of the Salvation drum and tambourine.

THE SAN FRANCISCO VIGILANTES.

THE death of William T. Coleman, which occurred in San Francisco, November 22d, will recall to the minds of men one of the most remarkable phases of American civilization, and certain events that have left an indelible impress upon the social and political conditions of every one of the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains. Partly by accident and partly on account of peculiarities of temperament, Mr. Coleman was closely identified with the San Francisco Vigilance Committees of 1851, 1856, and 1877. He was actively engaged in the formation of the first, and he was the chosen leader of the last two.

To understand something of the spirit of the people who began and carried forward these unique movements, we must look back of them to the social conditions of the unorganized territory of California, when its peaceful conquest by gold-diggers and squatters began. Gold was discovered in January, 1848; the State was not admitted to the federation of the Union until two years later. Meanwhile the country was governed by popular tribunals. The rule of the military governors was not felt beyond the boundaries of the few large towns. In the mining camps, where the bulk of the population was scattered, there was no law other than that of the communities, whose individual members made their own rules and regulations, elected their own officers, and, in case of need, organized their own courts and judicial machinery. There has never been any complaint of the injustice or the oppressiveness of any one of these popular tribunals. Years of experience in the mining camps with this concrete form of popular sovereignty attested the enduring quality and practical value of the naked principle which lies at the base of our democratic form of government.

It was this principle that asserted itself in 1851, when long-continued lawlessness, unchecked by the usual processes of criminal law, made life and property in San Francisco insecure. Criminals of every grade, from the penal colonies of New South Wales and Australia, the Sandwich Islands, and other Pacific ports, had flocked to San Francisco, allured by the prospect of plunder and robbery in a community then living in a state of almost Arcadian simplicity and security. In a twelvemonth, murder, arson, burglary, and other crimes against person and property were exceedingly common. The police were inefficient, and, like the courts, were suspected of collusion with the law-breakers. The jails were insecure, juries were bribed, and the whole course of justice clogged.

Finally, one Burdue, caught red-handed in a murderous assault on a Mr. Jansen, a reputable merchant, was taken to prison and put under lock and key. The people, as if convinced that this wretch would escape as others like him had escaped before him, silently and sullenly surrounded the jail, determined to keep watch over the subsequent proceedings.

William T. Coleman, drawn thither by mild curiosity, saw that the common thought and object of the assemblage was the speedy punishment of the criminal. As the temper of the crowds waxed more intense, he broke silence and besought them not to proceed to violence, but to organize a court and try the man then and there. If Burdue was innocent, then he should go free; if he were guilty, he should be hanged before the sun went down. This was agreed to, and although, by a strange miscarriage of justice, the would-be murderer escaped, the Vigilance Committee of 1851 was born. Later in that summer, May and June, 1851, two great and destructive fires, undoubtedly set by pillagers, swept the city with the besom of ruin. Millions of dollars' worth of property and one hundred lives were lost in these fires. The incendiaries were indicted. Under hair-splitting technicalities they evaded punishment.

This was the occasion of the formal organization of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee, which had previously had an inchoate existence, with William T. Coleman as one of its active members. The names of some two hundred substantial business men were enrolled on its books of membership, and these citizens pledged themselves "to watch, pursue, and bring to justice the outlaws infesting the city, through the regularly constituted courts if possible, through more summary process if necessary." The first offender caught was one Jenkins, taken in the act of carrying off a safe from a store. He was tried, condemned, and hanged within an hour. Other arrests followed, and during the thirty days of active operations of the Vigilance Committee four men were hanged, and about thirty were deported beyond the seas by outgoing vessels, under the threat of death if they returned. In every case the proceedings of the Vigilantes were characterized by decorum; and every accused man was granted a fair trial by jury, competent counsel being assigned him.

Early in 1856, the salutary terror of the uprising of 1851 having become dissipated perhaps, another class of crimes worried the city. Ballot-box-stuffing and political corruption of the most audacious character thwarted the people's will; a selfish tyranny reigned instead of law, and defied all attempts at dislodgement. The courts were impotent, and notorious scamps bore rule in the city and county. One of these, James Casey, who had elected himself County Supervisor without even going through the form of candidacy, publicly shot and killed James King, a newspaper editor, who had published the black record of Casey as convict and thief that he was. Casey was hurried off to prison, where was then confined one Cora, an Italian gambler, who had in like manner killed on the streets United States Marshal Richardson. The signal of the Vigilance Committee of 1851 rung out from the engine-bell on the Plaza, and the great organization again sprung into life.

It is not necessary here to recount the doings of that famous tribunal. The regular government was paralyzed, and the Vigilance Committee, organizing themselves into a bureau of justice and police, an executive council and a military contingent, established themselves in a fortress of gunny bags filled with sand (hence "Fort Gunny Bags"), with substantial barracks and a prison, and meted out even-handed justice to all offenders against the criminal law. William T. Coleman was the president of the junta, and the membership of the committee numbered eight thousand. Cora and Casey were tried, condemned, and hanged, having been taken from the jail by the Vigilantes. After an active existence of three months, during which four men were hanged for murder and thirty were exiled from California, the organization dissolved, and was heard of no more. Its work was thorough, and the necessity for its revival was not apparent until 1877, when the incendiary harangues of Denis Kearney, the "orator of the sand lots," fired the discontented idlers of the city to threats of violence. Again Coleman was called to the head of a new safety committee, and, assisted by the militia of the State, a great calamity of incendiarism and pillage was averted.

During the commotion of 1856 the State government was powerless, being destitute of arms. Application to General Wool, commanding the military forces of the United States, and to Captain D. G. Farragut, commanding the naval establishment, was unavailing, those officers having no authority to interfere in the conflict between the regular and the irregular governments. General W. T. Sherman, commanding a division of the State militia, vehemently opposed the Vigilance Committee, but was obliged to resign his command on account of the difficulty of keeping his men together and gathering arms and ammunition. The episode, brief as it was, was invested with momentous importance as an illustration of the American capacity for self-government under the most trying circumstances.

NOAH BROOKS.

IN EARLY WINTER.

THE minstrels of the year have gone away,
  The woods re-echo not with joyous song,
But where the leafless vines hang, bare and gray,
  The rising tempest as it sweeps along
Evokes a minor strain, as breezes blow
  Across the strings of some discarded lute,
And wake again the dreams of long ago,
  Which are but ghosts—the singer being mute.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

A FOOTBALL SCIENTIST.

SOME three years ago Mr. Lorin F. Deland saw a game of football by accident, and, like many another man, was immensely taken with it. Then he went to another match and watched it closely, and then another, till he finally began to appreciate the skill required in executing the different plays, and to realize how plentifully a man would be rewarded if he would put his mind upon the theoretical possibilities of the game, and study them out into practical results.

He spent a year at odd times in the intervals of his active business studying the principles of the sport in the abstract, drawing out his conceptions of many a new play on paper, and gradually the idea grew upon him that the evolutions carried out during a football match by the two elevens were relatively the same as those executed by two armies during a battle. Then he began to re-read his well-worn books on Napoleon's military tactics and the histories of Napoleon's campaigns.

One of the chief points brought out by the great French general was that if he could mass a large proportion of his troops and throw them against a weak point of the enemy, he could easily defeat that portion, and gaining their rear, create havoc with the rest. Following out this idea, Mr. Deland argued to himself that if he could get a football team so arranged that the eleven men should throw their entire weight, strength, and momentum against a weak point of the opposing team, which must be necessarily stationary, detached, and incapable of using its full weight in opposition, they would break through and make ground very fast.

Mr. Deland then proceeded to put this into practice, first on paper and then on the field, with the result that by taking advantage of a rule in football which obliges the opposing team to keep "on side" until the ball is put into play, he could get his eleven running at full speed in a well-organized and compact body before the other team could move. It only remained to turn this powerful moving body against the "ends" and "tackles" to complete the military evolutions; and out of this came the "flying wedge" of last year's Harvard eleven, which has been taken up in a dozen different forms all over the country this year.

It was a rather remarkable case where a man who had never played the game, who scarcely knew the rules, was yet able to touch a vital spot in the game itself, and accomplish something that old players had never taken into account. In doing this Mr. Deland has opened a new field in the science of football; for this new system of "line up" has been, or rather is likely to be, only the beginning of more radical systems of play, involving many different formations on the part of one team, together with uncertainty on the part of the other as to what is to take place.

Mr. Deland is a resident of Boston, occupied with his business of serving as expert counsellor to business men in many different occupations, and he is only following out this chosen profession of his in giving his "expert" counsel in connection with football. It is entirely a case of enthusiasm with him—a love for the game itself, and an interest to discover what he can do with the sport as it is presented to him. And there can be little doubt that he has not only done a great deal with football, but that he has already made himself famous in this novel amusement.

JOSEPH HAMBLEN SEARS.

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THE SALVATION ARMY—COLUMBIAN CONGRESS AT CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[See Page 1142.]

TRIAL TRIP OF THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "COLUMBIA."—DRAWN BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 1146.]

1. *Columbia* finishing—passing *Dolphin*. 2. Reading patent Log. 3. Firemen coming on Deck after Termination of Trial. 4. Wonderful "Wake" of the *Columbia*. 5. Reporters, Guests, and Naval Officers on Main Deck, Aft, during the Race.

TAXATION—ITS INCIDENCE AND REFORM.

BY SIDNEY WEBSTER.

It is to be hoped that taxation reform will presently include a reduction of expenditure, as well as a redistribution of the burden—a correction of abuses in the quantity of public money appropriated, as well as in the incidence and effect of the taxes to obtain it.

Were it possible to imagine the United States either inviting, or tolerating, as Egypt has been compelled to tolerate, the remodelling of their taxes and finances by a commission of foreigners, the first question asked of us by such a commission would naturally be this:

"What sum of money must be annually raised by taxation in order to properly and economically carry on your government?"

The next inquiry should relate to the restraints, if any, put by our organic law on the taxing power of Congress. Excluding exports and the restriction relating to "direct taxes," the power of Congress over taxation is unlimited. It can exercise its will at our frontiers on arriving merchandise. Its tax-gatherers can go everywhere inside the States. We live under two, three, four governments at once—national, State, county, city—each and all with power to tax.

What expenditures and taxes by the government at Washington have recently been we all know, or can easily ascertain. For the fiscal year 1892 the revenue was $425,868,260, and the expenditure was $415,953,806. That vast income partly came in this wise:

Customs duties (external)	$177,452,964
Excises (internal)	153,971,072
	$331,424,036
National bank tax	1,261,338
	$332,685,374

It was tax, pure and simple!

The remaining income came of various items, such as profit on coinage, sales of public land and Brooklyn Navy yard land ($1,441,673.56), consular fees, District of Columbia bonds, and Smithsonian fund. The postal service ($70,930,475) supports itself, but the item figures as income and outgo.

The expenditures for 1892 were:

Pensions	$134,583,052
Civil establishment, including diplomatic establishment, public buildings, refund of direct taxes, and French spoliation claims	99,841,988
Post-office	70,930,475
Military establishment, including rivers and harbors, forts, arsenals, and sea-coast defences	46,895,456
Navy, including the new vessels	29,174,138
Indians	11,150,577
Interest on debt	23,378,116
	$415,953,806

Those items are huge, and that aggregate is vast, but the total is not half that which office-holders throughout the whole country annually disburse!

The eleventh census of the United States exhibits the total sum of tax levies for 1890 by all the States, counties, and minor divisions of States as having been $467,921,992, or nearly fifty millions more than all the receipts of the Federal Treasury for 1892. Of that vast sum, $69,055,706 were levied by the States, and $398,866,706 by minor divisions of the States, and of the whole sum of those taxes not levied by the government at Washington, $125,116,746 were for schools.

But the tax levies thus far exhibited by the census do not display the total sum of *expenditures* by the several States, Territories, and their minor divisions. Large sums expended have been obtained by borrowing. Bonds of New England counties and towns are abundant. The Illinois Central Railway furnishes the money that defrays a great part of the expenditures by the State of Illinois. The money paid in cities as street assessments is not exhibited in tax levies. A tabulation of all the items and sum total of annual payments for State and local purposes has not yet been completed by the census officers, but many persons estimate the total sum at wellnigh three-quarters of a billion of dollars.

It may be that the Federal budget for pensions, the civil establishment, diplomatic and consular service, the army, public buildings, river and harbor improvements, and a new navy should not and cannot be now reduced. That is for the Democratic executive and legislative branches of the government of to-day to decide.

The Democratic party proclaimed by its platform of resolutions which accompanied Cleveland's nomination at Chicago that if intrusted with full legislative power at Washington it would reform abuses in expenditure, and levy tariff duties only for fiscal purposes, and not for socialistic purposes. The following language cannot fairly bear any other interpretation:

"We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties except for the purpose of revenue only, and we demand that the collection of such taxes shall be limited to the necessities of the government when honestly and *economically* administered. We denounce the McKinley tariff law enacted by the Fifty-first Congress as the culminating atrocity of class legislation."

That was a pledge of economy, that fiscal reasons shall predominate, and that customs taxes shall not be levied either to bring about a more equitable distribution of wealth, or to readjust the relations of the classes and the masses, debtors and creditors, the rich and the poor, or to promote socialism or communism, or any theories of social prosperity apart from purely fiscal theories.

The sum of customs taxes for the fiscal year 1892 was $173,097,072. In 1893 the sum was $204,142,594. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, the sum may, owing to special domestic disturbances, not exceed $165,000,000, but taking the two first named years under the McKinley law the average annual sum was $188,619,833. In 1891 the customs revenue was over 219½ millions. If the present Congress shall decide that sum not excessive for tariff taxes, then it will be in order for Congress and the Executive to consider the inequality and economic injustice of the McKinley schedules, and their undue pressure on ability of wage-earners in comparison with employers, if such inequality and injustice there be.

The first falling of taxes and their final resting—the intermediate moving, transferring, shifting, and repercussing—present a problem yet unexplored and unsolved.

The framers of the McKinley law did not, it is to be assumed, intend that importers making entries at the custom-houses were finally to bear the burden of taxes thereby imposed, unless when the importers happen to be consumers of the import. Who, then, was to be the victim? Was it to be the consumer of the articles imported, or was it to be the exporting producer? The last word thereon had not been uttered when the party canvass closed in November last, and yet a true answer is at the basis of economic justice in customs taxation. There was much declamation against the McKinley law because, in the last analysis of the incidence of its schedules on clothing, food, and shelter, a wage-earner with a large family paid, it was affirmed, more than his proper share.

There are indications here and there of plans on foot to diminish the present relatively small sum of tariff taxes, and to supply from other sources the deficit in the budget. Mr. Wells has proposed a doubling of excises on spirits, beer, and tobacco (mindful, it is to be hoped, of English experience with tobacco in 1878), so as to raise annually 219 millions on distilled liquors, fermented liquors, and tobacco, instead of 154 millions as in 1892. It will be an interesting *chassez-croisez* in the dance of political parties if the Democrats, having complete power at Washington, shall thus increase the Federal excise taxes, of which Jefferson wrote to Madison on December 24, 1798: "The excise law is an infernal one. The first error was to admit it by the Constitution; the second, to act on the admission."

Internal revenue taxes were chiefest among the causes which overthrew the Federal party in the beginning of the present century. Even Hamilton declared that he and his associates would not have resorted to excises had it not been for the presence of threatened or actual foreign war. The Democratic party of that day redeemed its pledges by exterminating in 1802 all internal and direct taxes. They were not reimposed until the war of 1812 came. Federal internal taxes were, in the Democratic vocabulary, war taxes. In that sense war taxes can be tolerated now in order to pay pensions; but, after all, Democratic traditions and prejudices of nearly a century ago may not afford a very sound economic basis for Federal taxation in 1894.

There are also indications here and there of a purpose to revive a Federal tax on incomes. A Congressman from Tennessee has presented in the House a progressive income tax, culminating in forty per cent. on all annual incomes over one hundred thousand dollars.

Colossal individual incomes, represented to be one million a year, and even five times as large, are, as is most natural, attracting attention as admirably adapted to redress the assumed unequal pressure of indirect taxation, but such severity of taxing as forty per cent. of one's income indicates that the government at Washington is, in the purpose of the proposer, to be made a partner in one's successful business.

What may be the prevailing motive for such an income tax has not been disclosed. It may be in the interest of freer and fuller foreign trade, or to redeem a party pledge that the sum of customs duties shall be lessened. An income tax was revived by Peel a half century ago in England as the only way to rehabilitate English finances, put a stop to an annual deficit, reduce debt, create a surplus, abolish export duties, and set free from customs taxes the raw materials of British industry. Pitt had invented the tax in 1797, and imposed it in 1798, for the purpose of the "Great War," but Parliament abolished it in 1816, and the House ordered all the books and papers relating to it to be destroyed, so odious had the tax become. But in England in 1842 expenditures could not be reduced. The limit of taxation on articles of consumption—indirect taxation—had been reached, and Peel had no other resources. That is surely not now the condition of the United States. The experience of England has shown the income tax to be an all-absorbing tax, promotive of extravagance by office-holders, and one that the government of the day is reluctant to surrender even under popular pressure.

When by reason of the commercial inactivity, agricultural depression, conflicts in the labor market, and financial stagnation, which have prevailed during nearly three-quarters of its present fiscal year, the receipts of the British Exchequer are some seven millions of dollars less than during the same period of last year, the Chancellor finds an increase in the income tax of a penny or two on the pound a most convenient resource instead of reducing expenditures, and especially when, as now, the decrease is in customs, excises, and stamps, indicating that the consuming power of the people of the United Kingdom has met a serious check, while at the same time the sums received from the unlucky class that pays an income tax have been steadily increased, as well as receipts from the post-office and telegraph services.

Of the income tax Disraeli said, in 1873: "Instead of being an instrument for reforming our tariff, it had commenced to be an instrument to destroy it, and under the influence of the income tax other sources of revenue were constantly disappearing."

The tax was used by our Congress as a war tax from 1861 to 1871. In that last-named year the Commissioner of the Internal Revenue said officially to Congress:

"The tax was one of the most obnoxious to the people, being inquisitorial in its nature, and dragging into public view an exposition of the most private pecuniary affairs. Such an unwilling exposition can only be compulsorily effected through the maintenance of the most expensive machinery, and both the nature of the tax and the means necessarily employed for its enforcement appear to be regarded with more disfavor from year to year by the better class of citizens."

An objection to Federal taxes on inheritance, rent, salaries, net profits, and pure income is that, in the opinion of wellnigh all our economists, they are what our Federal Constitution has described as "direct taxes," and must, as probably five-sixths of the Democratic lawyers think, be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers. When a "direct tax" is to be imposed, the whole sum required by Congress must be declared in the law, then distributed among the States, each one assuming its share if it pleases so to do, and raising the quota in its own way. It is true that the Supreme Court has, in a series of cases, decided that only a capitation tax and tax on land are "direct taxes" within the meaning of the Constitution, and that all else in the way of Federal taxing is either a duty, an impost, or an excise, which cannot be apportioned, but must be uniform. A future Supreme Court may reverse those decisions, and adjudge a tax on income derived from the rent of land, or from interest on a bond and mortgage, or from net profits, a "direct tax" which must be apportioned; but the danger now is that if Congress shall apportion an income tax among the States, the present Court will declare the tax illegal. Nevertheless, if a large part of the lawyers of the land think an unapportioned income tax unconstitutional, it should not be levied. The question involved is not an economic question, but purely a legal one, inasmuch as it is this:

Precisely which taxes were intended by the phrase "direct taxes" as used in the Constitution?

Inquiry must obviously be confined to the meaning of the phrase in the colonies at or near the time when the Constitution was framed, or, if that fails, then to the meaning of the term in the statutes of that country from which our jurisprudence was chiefly derived. Each source of information is inadequate and unsatisfactory. Neither Elliot's report of the debates in the convention which framed the Constitution, nor the papers of the *Federalist*, nor the reported discussions in the several States on the adoption of the work of the convention, define or describe "direct taxes," although the last-named

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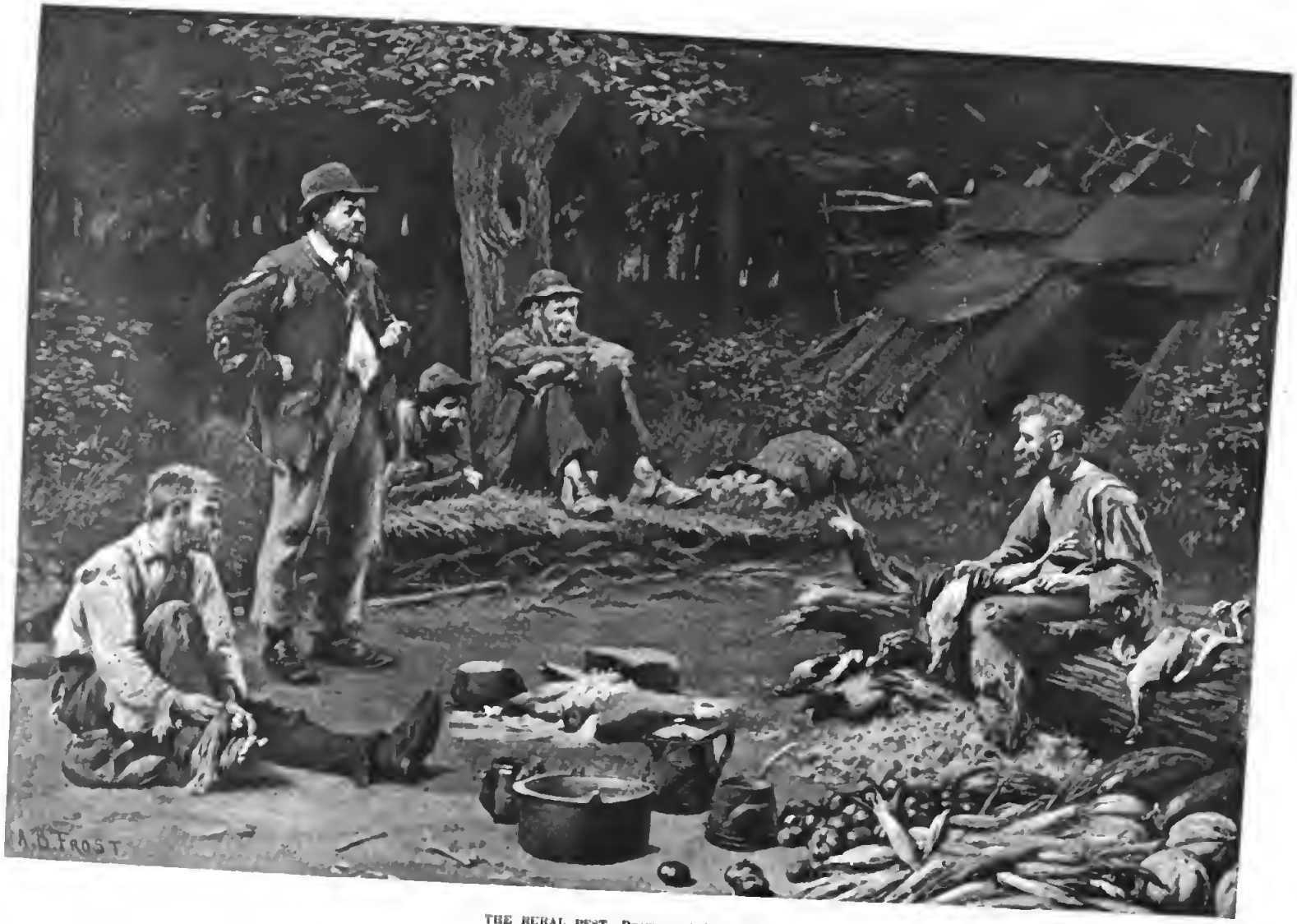

THE RURAL PEST.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

THE LAST SONG OF THE ROBIN.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

SUSAN, I can see that old farm now in my mind's eye—the country road, the guidepost on which was printed '20 Miles to Boston.' I can see the painted tavern, and the dark pond where the mysterious travellers were killed. I can fancy hubbly oak-trees, the airy side orchard; the corner under the trees where the white avens bloomed; the balm bed, the red pepper patch, the lilac-bushes, and the bouncing bet. I can hear conquiddles, as we called the bobolinks as they used to fly and sing in the windward meadows; red winged blackbirds in the woodland pastures, martin birds under the eaves, and the first song of the robin as he came out of the woods, like the dove from Noah's Ark, to see if the dry land had appeared. And, Susan, I can hear the last song of the robin."

The old man's eye looked over the great prairie, which spread out before him like a sea.

"It didn't look like *that*, Susan, where the sun rises and sets in the state corn field, and the rain plover cries, and all is so wide, wide, wide.

"Susan, I've been thinking. I never told you much about my twin sister, who lives on the old farm now on the North River, in Massachusetts. She's seventy five years old, come yesterday. I've had a letter from her. She's in trouble, Susan. I feel that I ought to go to her, old as I am. I do, Susan."

"You are too old, grandpa."

"The old place is about to be sold at auction. She says so in the letter, written in the same hand that we used to write together when we sat side by side on the wooden bench at school. She says that the poorhouse will soon be her home, but that there is One coming round soon who will settle all things. She means, Susan— Well, you know what it is that soon comes round and settles all things when a person passes the shadow of seventy years. I am able to go, Susan, and I must go. Somehow I can feel invisible hands pushing me like, as of the old folk, and I have dreamed twice of the last song of the robin.

"What was that? Well, well the robins used to sing their last songs in the Indian-summer weather before they went to their covers in the deep woods for the long winter. It was peculiarsome like. It was when the apples and leaves were falling, leaving torn the nests in the trees, after the wild geese had flown over, and the partridges had begun to fly. I've heard 'em many a time. I would like to hear them once more, as I used to hear them among the red trees by the old cranberry meadows. You may think me queer, Susan, and haunted like, but I long to see that old slanting roof just once more, and my twin sister, who was rocked in the same cradle with me and is now in sorrow, and to hear that last song of the robin. It seems as though at times I could hear *that* now."

He listened. There was a murmur of the wind in the cottonwood trees.

"It is comin' Thanksgiving, Susan. It makes me think of the folks and times that are gone, of the succotash pandowdy, and puddings, and pumpkin pies. There never was no such days anywhere like those, and my hungry heart aches to spend one more Thanksgiving with my sister Susan. The last one I spent there was sort of queer. The old minister he ate of all the dishes in the kitchen before the table was set, and then there were so many of them that it made him heavy like, and he fell asleep saying grace, and we sat there feeling awkward like, and the victuals all got cold. Oh, how I would like to talk over those old times with Susan, my old sister Susan!

"And, Susan, my little granddaughter, I hid some letters behind a board in the haunted garret under the candle-poles, and there's going to be a vendue and I want to see them once again. That was more than fifty years ago.

"Haunted garret? Such a place seems queer to you, does it Susan? We have no haunted garrets here out West. All the old houses and farms in the Cape towns had their ghost stories, and a family couldn't have amounted to much who hadn't been followed by a ghost sometime."

It was near sunset. Like a high arch of glory rose the red light in the western air—liquid rubies and gold. Against the sunset stood the black outlines of some Lombardy poplars and cottonwood trees, and under the trees were three graves.

The old man's face turned towards the graves. He sat musing for a time in deep thought. The wind rippled through the faded leaves, and scattered them about the graves.

"Susan!"

"Well, grandpa?"

"Susan!"

"Yes, I hear. What is it? Grandpa, I was thinking of the haunted garret."

"Your grandmother and I brought those trees here. They were twigs then, and she was a bride. I brought her here some years after I took my claim. Now her grave is there, and the graves of two of our own little ones. I shall come back again. You and my sister Susan are all that is left me now—just old Susan and young Susan. *She* needs me. *He* will take care of you. If I live a week, I am going to rocky old New England once more. I hear voices calling me sometimes, and then there drifts into the air that last song of the robin, peculiarsome like."

"What were the letters you hid behind the board, grandpa?"

"In the haunted garret?"

"Yes."

"I may tell you sometime. It is a long story. It was in the garret where I once saw the ghost of old Rachel, who ground red peppers with a calash over her head. They used to hear her wandering about at night in the herb-room, pounding, pounding, pounding, with a pestle. What times those were!"

"I, too would like to see the old house, and my great aunt, and eat a Thanksgiving dinner with some of the good old families. What do you say, grandpa?"

"You would? Well, you may go too. You'll hear them, all those ghost stories and wonder tales, right where they happened."

The girl's face brightened up with pleasure, followed by a doubtful shadow, as of ghostly thoughts. She was still thinking of the haunted garret.

The old man sat dreaming again. He at last said,

"Susan!"

"Yes."

"Susan!"

"Yes, I am listening."

"I have a secret for you."

"Yes? Let me hear."

"We will not let the folks know that we are coming. We will meet 'em as strangers like. Old Susan will not know me—likely not. Not know *me*? and we were born on the same day and rocked in the same cradle. It takes two to be happy always, and I used to be happy with her."

The girl sat thinking.

"Grandpa!"

But the old man's mind was in New England now. He was listening in dreams to his sister's voice, and perhaps the last song of the robin.

"Grandpa!"

"Yes, Susan."

"Why could we not bring *her* back with us?"

"The old well is there, and the walls and the rooms where the folks all were married and died. We could not bring her back. There are some things that money cannot do. We might bring her body back, only that, Susan."

"But those things are to be sold?"

"Yes, but they are there."

"And we will be there too, on Thanksgiving day."

"Yes, under the old roof on which I used to hear the rain fall in the warm summer eves."

The old man's face contracted and turned away. He was crying.

"I have not cried before for years, Susan. Sing me that old song that your mother used to sing when you was a baby. They called it 'Ben Bolt.'"

A piano stood in one corner of the room, and over it soon floated the words of the haunting song.

> "Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
> Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown?"

At the words,

> "In the old church-yard by the orchard, Ben Bolt,
> In the valley so sweet and so lone,"

the old man bent over his cane, and great tears again ran down his cheeks.

"I used to sing, Susan, and play the violin in the old house at home. Father made me promise not to take *that* with me. He said it would hinder me. He meant well."

Susan sang

> "But of all the boys that were schoolmates then,
> There is left but you and me."

Then there fell a silence, and the western twilight deepened, and the walls of the sun seemed melting down.

"Thank you, my girl. That reminds me of the old times and the last song of the robin."

They sat in silence, save that the west winds rustled amid the withering leaves of the old cottonwoods.

One cool day in September Susan alighted from her horse after a long ride over the prairie. She was met at the door by her grandfather.

"I've brought you another letter from the old home," she said. "It is in aunt's hand, and I think that she is in very great trouble. See! it is blotted."

The old man put on his spectacles, and held the letter close to his eyes. "Yes, she is in trouble, you may depend. I knew how it would be. Her hand shook when she wrote that. Let me open it."

He sat down on the rude piazza and read the letter, rocking at times nervously.

"Yes, she is in deep trouble, sure enough, Susan. We must go. I haven't done just right, Susan, by your aunt; I haven't, now. When I was young, I used to climb trees, and so hide from her and leave her, and she used to cry. I can see her now. I do feel as though I had been climbing a tree all of my life and hiding and leaving her. It didn't add to the stature of Zaccheus to climb a tree, but it did add to his reputation. So it is with me, Susan. I've gained some property by immigrating here to the prairies, but I am Zaccheus still, and I hear a voice calling me to come down. That's the way we used to talk in the old New England times, in figures like, when I thought the tree tops reached clear up to the sky."

"What does aunt write, grandpa?"

"The old place is going to be sold by vendue, and the debts will take all—all."

"What is a vendue?"

"Oh, it's like this. When property people lose almost all they have, and can't pay their mortgages, then comes the sheriff, and after him a man whom we call an auctioneer, and the auctioneer cries 'Going, going, gone!' and when he gets through there's not so much as a birch broom left."

The old man rocked uneasily.

"It's my fault, Susan. I want to tell you, though I do it to my shame, what a woman your old aunt is. She always put a person's feelings above money. You see it was this way: I had a fever to go West, and to marry, and Susan she wanted to marry a young farmer who owned an old Cape farm. But one of us had to stay with the folks. She was tender hearted, Susan was, and she used to love me more than her own life—she always loved others more than herself—and one day, under the apple trees, she said to me, 'Martin,' said she, 'you may go West, and I'll live with father and mother.' When I came to be propounded for the Church my conscience troubled me so that I made a covenant with myself that I would always be true to my twin sister Susan. And I nailed that covenant behind a board in the garret. And now I am going back to find it, and to keep it. Just hear this letter. She says:

"'Mother's long sickness caused the mortgage, and the interest on it grew. Now they are going to sell the old place at vendue and I'll have to go to the poorhouse, or else live on the church, which is poor. *Even my Thanksgiving turkeys will be sold.*'

"Did you hear that, Susan? I remember how we used to go together hunting turkeys' nests when we were young. A turkey is a sly bird, and hides her nest, and always goes an opposite way when she starts for her nest. How we used to follow the turkeys slyly amid the dews, wild roses, and laurels, so as to find their nests! And now even her turkeys are to be sold! Susan, I feel as though I hadn't done as I ought to. I must go back East and I will do the right thing in the end. I will keep the covenant. It was Susan that gave me a chance in life. I can hear the old folks that are dead callin', 'Come home, come home,' seems as though I could."

"Grandfather, have you any spare money?"

"What makes you ask that, child?"

"Couldn't you buy the old place, and give it to her?"

"To Susan? To Susan? Why, bless your heart, that's just what I've just been thinking! If I ought to—and a man ought to do what he ought, or he'll feel just as he hadn't ought to, and I feel that way now. No, Susan, none of those auction attending folks shall eat my sister Susan's turkeys this year. We'll get ready and go. You never saw the sea, did you?"

"No, nor old houses with ghost-rooms. It all seems like a story."

"Nor rocks, nor walls, nor great apple orchards, nor woods of old oak-trees?"

"No, nor a Thanksgiving—a real true one, grandpa."

"Well, child, you shall see a real old New England Thanksgiving this year, and I think it will be one well worth seeing. We'll roast those turkeys ourselves. They're saying 'quit, quit' to the mortgage now. I'm going to keep my covenant. It makes me happy to think of it. But, as I said, we will not let them know that we are coming. And, Susan, Susan, you maybe will hear that last song of the robin."

The old man paced the piazza, and hummed in a broken voice

> "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
> When fond recollection presents them to view;
> The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
> And every loved spot which my infancy knew!"

"I used to know the man that made that song," he said. "He was a son of a Revolutionary soldier who lived at Scituate. He went to live in New York. Strange that people will go to live so far away! I used to hear the boys sing it during the war," he added, absently, "when they would get Thanksgiving boxes from home. Seems as though I could hear it now in the air. There are some songs that haunt one's heart Susan, it seems as though I could hear it far away. Listen!"

He listened. The prairie air was still. He heard the song but Susan, she did not hear. The wind rippled through the dry leaves of the cottonwoods over the three graves.

There are probably no roads in our country that are so legend-haunted as those between Boston and Plymouth. The making of those roads by the Massachusetts and Plymouth Bay colonies was the first map of the nation. The men who built them and guarded them by heavy stone walls were the descendants of some of the best families of England, whose soul training had led them to place principle above wealth, pleasure, or fame. On their simple rural farms they lived, attended the church and the folkmote as the town meeting may be called, and they made the latter the pattern of all future republics.

Their farms with the gray stone walls, road wells and great elms, retaining their names, still remain. The purple swallows come to them as of old in the spring-time and the ospreys, or fishing-hawks, drift over at noon, wheeling in the sun. The partridge and quail may still be found in the woodlands and woodland pastures, and a red woodpecker may still be heard tapping the trees.

The byways in their seclusion are even more poetic than the main highways. The wild grape and clematis there cover the sinking walls. The ancient graveyards in them and their slate stones, with their curious death's-heads and virtuous poetry, still may be seen zigzagging as it were among the bright sumacs. The slanting roofs are covered with moss, and the great barn doors open to the sea.

It was down this way that the old man Martin Wallace and his granddaughter rode in one of the last stage coaches that ever passed down the winding roads by the sea—past the homes of the two Presidents Adams, past the church of the eloquent Henry Ware, past the old Scituate farm where Woodworth lived, who wrote "The Old Oaken Bucket," in a once famous but now forgotten neighborhood, near the North River, where a thousand ships had been built and among them the one which first entered the Columbia River of Oregon, and that gave the river its name. The old Wa... low place was near, as were the green farms on the Marshfield meadows, where Daniel Webster came to live and the Winslow reservation, where live the last of the Wampanoags.

The old man seemed dwelling in the past as the stage rolled along.

"There are not many of them left now," he said to Susan. "How I shall miss seeing my old friends! All that a man can have in this world is his friends, and when they go his world is gone."

He looked out on the great elms which were flaming with color, and dropping their leaves in golden showers. The weather was warm, and the air had a smoky smell.

The old man began to tell the legends of the old houses and places as they passed along.

"Susan, there's where old Parson White used to live in the Indian days. His house stood in the meadow there—the chimney there yet—see?—down by the alder bushes. He preached nigh on to seventy year, and he lived to be ninety. He preached to the Indians in Eliot's time when old Watuan was living. One day a good Indian came to him, as I've heard the old folks tell, and said to him, 'Matthew—Mark—Luke—John—Jonah.' And the tall parson talked to him about his soul and redemption and heaven, and then gave him a mug of cider to encourage him in his inquiries. It did. He came again, and the minister was busy writing one of his long sermons that turned the hour-glass twice. 'Matthew—Mark—Luke—John—Jonah' said the Indian. But the parson's mind was in the sermon. So the poor Indian repeated over the Scriptures names again. But the parson's mind was absent, thinking. Parson White was great on thinking. Then the Indian pounded with his

walking-stick, making a great noise after each name, and especially after 'Jonah.' That brought the old parson down from his Jacob's ladder. 'What do you mean, he shouted, rising up like a steeple. 'Cider' said the Indian, and the poor parson dropped his face. He was discouraged, Susan."

The stage stopped here and there at the country stores, about whose doors hung woollens for winter wear, and on the wooden steps of which were barrels of apples, onions, and potatoes.

One of the saddest sights on a New England byway is a dead church, with its broken tower and silent bell, in some neighborhood where the "boye" have nearly all gone to the cities and the West. The church pulled by each a one, with its briery graveyard and broken wall. The old man saw it as I his memory of boyhood legends revived again.

"Susan—Susan—Parson White preached his last sermon there. It is boarded up now. See the old bell that used to make the hills echo! Parson White had gone eighty then, almost ninety he said leave been.

"It was a Sunday morning in balm-breathing June, with the wild roses blooming, and the orioles singing, and the bobolinks toppling in the clover. The windows were open, and the shadows of the elms fell across them. The communion table was spread in front of the tall pulpit, which was hung with silk curtains under the sounding board. Parson White he went up the pulpit stairs and began to pray. The old folks used to say that they never heard such a prayer as that. He seemed to be looking into heaven. Suddenly he stopped. There was a long silence. The church was so still you might have heard the chippering of the wrens in the old trees. He said then: 'The horsemen of Israel, and the chariots thereof.' Then he was silent again, and then he seemed talking to himself, and said, in a low voice:

> 'My willing soul would stay
> In such a frame as this,
> And sit and sing herself away
> To everlasting bliss.'

He did not move again. Never. He lay there on the pulpit, his face encircled in the arms of his long black robe, and resting on the Bible. The deacons went up to him softly. He was dead."

The old man dropped his head in silence for a time. The coach rolled on its dusty way over the red and russet leaves that were falling in the sun.

Little Susan was dreaming too—of old Susan and haunted rooms and the fairy-like day of Thanksgiving.

"Susan—Susan—we are near the old farm," said the old man, starting. "There's the gable just over the sawle-trees—there, with the woodbine on it, where the martin-boxes used to be. Many's the time I've looked out of that window. I was young then, Susan; we do not live twice in this world."

A strange sound fell on the Western girl's ears.

"Going! going! How much am I offered for the old family cradle? Fifty cents? Fifty cents am I offered for the old family cradle? Fifty cents for this old oak cradle? One generation has slept in it, and it is good for another. Fifty cents am I offered?"

The old man listened a moment, then thrust his head out of the coach door and said to the driver: "Hurry up! I want to bid on *that cradle*."

The driver cracked his whip. The coach rolled by a thin grove of trees that partly hid the yard from the way, and a strange scene was brought to view. A crowd of people, young and old, were gathered around an old gray farmhouse with an open door. There were vehicles of almost all kinds about the place, with the horses hitched to the trees. In the yard in front of the door was the furniture of the house, and on a high chair stood the tall form of a country auctioneer, crying the articles for sale in the singsong tone of the old traveling preachers—a tone that must be first heard to be imitated.

In the doorway, close by a great stone step, sat an old woman in a white cap and calico dress, and a handkerchief crossed over her breast. She was watching the sale. Her face was beautiful in its serenity, hope, and trust. Faith was written in it. She seemed to have a soul that had a life above all changes.

"Is that aunt?" said Susan.

"My girl, I do not know. It looks like her. Does she look like me?"

The stage stopped. The driver called to the auctioneer: "Hold on! Here's a man that wants to bid on that cradle."

The auctioneer ceased his singsong, and all eyes were turned on the old man and the girl alighting from the stage. No one knew them.

"Now we are all ready," began the auctioneer again. "The old oak cradle. How much am I offered for the old oak cradle? Fifty cents am I offered for the oak cradle? Some good people have been rocked in this old oak cradle, and it is good enough yet. Fifty cents. Seventy-five? Yes, the old gentleman who has just arrived bids seventy-five. Eighty—do I hear it? Eighty now for the old oak cradle? There were many prayers made over that old oak cradle. Seventy-five! Eighty—do I hear it? Are you all done? Seventy-five! Going, going, going! *Once*, do I hear the eighty? *Twice*, do I hear the eighty? Three times—third and last call—do I hear the eighty? Gone—to— What is your name, stranger?"

"Cash," said the old man, with a quivering lip, as he passed through the crowd, followed by the wondering girl.

"Sold to Cash," said the auctioneer. "What have we here? The little rush chair for the child at the table. Are you all ready to bid for the little rush chair for the child at the table? It is as old as the family, and as good as new. Look at it—the little oak chair for the child at the table—how much am I offered? Here is another—two of them. How much am I offered for them both?"

The old man Marlowe and Susan take a seat on the great stone step, close to the feet of the serene old woman. Marlowe looks into her face.

Her lip quivered.

"You bought that cradle," said she. "Were you ever here before?"

"Yes, many years ago. I used to know your father."

"You did?—and my mother, too?"

"Yes, they were good people."

"They are buried over there, under the lawin bushes," bid the old woman. "I was rocked in that there cradle, at my twin brother, who went out West. I wish that he did lay in that cradle. I think of him all of the time lain. He and a little granddaughter are all that's left. The auctioneer spoke true—he did, there's been many a layer made over that cradle, and now it is gone out of the family. I've prayed that it might not be so. It will all be right by-and-by. The Lord is tedious, but He's sure. I almost lose my faith sometimes, and I can hardly keep back tears now. Why did you come here, stranger?"

"To spend Thanksgiving. I used to live in this town."

"Have you any relations here?"

"Yes, a sister. I came to visit her, and I want to buy some of the old furniture; it looks so natural."

"There's to be no more Thanksgivings for me in this world. Stranger, it does seem rather hard. I've always been industrious, and have done my best. Stranger, it is hard when a poor lone woman like me, that never did any one harm, can neither die nor live. Did you ever have any trouble, stranger? You have? Then you do feel for me, don't you? The Lord forgive me!"

The voice of the auctioneer rang out, "How much am I offered?"

"Fifty cents," says old Marlowe, looking at the two chairs as the auctioneer held one up in either hand.

"Fifty cents for two family chairs for children at the table. Oak—good as ever—fifty cents! Going, going, going, at fifty cents. Is that all? Fifty cents? Do I hear sixty? Sixty—do I hear it? Going, going, once—do I hear it? Twice—do I hear it? Three times—do I hear it? Are you all done? Fifty cents. Sold to— What shall I call you, stranger?"

"Cash," said the old man.

"Cash again," said the auctioneer.

The old woman touches Marlowe on the shoulder. "Have you any children?"

"No, my good woman. Only my grandchild here."

"What is her name?"

"Susan."

"That is my name, stranger. My twin brother and I used to sit in those chairs. I wish I were able to save some of these things for him. It is hard, isn't it, stranger? But you and I will never be young again. The withered stalk never blooms any more. I've 'most got through."

She looked out over the sunny fields in the last glow of the Indian summer days.

"Stranger, you came home to spend Thanksgiving. I'll have my next Thanksgiving in a better world than this. I did hope to see my twin brother once more, but that can never be. The sun that goes down will find me a burden to the world. There's the old clock—they're going to sell that too. It struck on the day that I was born, and at all the weddings and funerals and Thanksgiving days. Are you going to buy that too? I wish you would. I have a good feeling for you—somehow I'm drawn towards you. I feel as though you felt for me. I've wound that clock myself nigh on to sixty years."

"The old eight-day clock comes next. Many a day that clock has seen, and it is good yet. How much am I offered for the old family clock? Start it, some one. I'll give five dollars for it myself."

"Six," said the old man on the door-step.

"Are you going to buy that too?" said old Susan. "I'm proper glad to hear ye bid on that. How many times I've heard it strike one at the family funerals and then seen the minister rise beside the coffin and say, 'Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble.' I used to hear it strike one at eight, when I watched with my twin brother Martin, who went West, in the weeks and weeks when he laid between life and death with the typhus fever. I wish that he could be here to-day."

"Stranger, do you know of what I've been thinkin'? Of course you don't. I've just been wishing like, dreaming like, that brother Martin would come here, as you have come, and would bid off the old farm, and that I might die here at last in peace—where they all died. I've been dreamin' just that dream. It comes to me. Oh, what a Thanksgiving this old heart would have, could such a dream as that come true!"

"Six dollars I was offered. Six, six, six. Going, going, going. Do I hear seven?"

"Seven," bid a neighbor.

"Seven—do I hear ten? Seven dollars am I offered. Yes, once eight, and nine. Do I hear ten? Ten, ten, ten—do I hear it?"

"Ten," said the old man on the step.

"Ten I am offered. Do I hear the twelve? Ten, ten, ten. Going, going, going, at ten dollars. Once—do I hear it? Twice—do I hear it? Third and last call. Going at ten dollars, to—"

"Cash," said the old man.

"Stranger," said the auctioneer, "what shall we do with these things that you have bought?"

The crowd gathered densely about the door-step to hear the reply.

"You may leave them right where they are. I have a good use for them."

The parlor looking-glass was next offered. The old man on the step bought that also. Then the old empty parrot-cage, and he bought that.

"I'm glad that you have bought the lookin'-glass," said old Susan. "What if all the faces that have looked into it could appear again! What if I could see there my father and mother young again—and Martin! What does make me think so much of Martin of late? Seems as though sometimes he was hoverin' around me. There, they are going to sell the Concord stitcher and the dinner horn! How many times I've blown that old horn just at twelve o'clock to call the folks to dinner! Martin learned me how to blow it when he was a boy. We used to blow a sea shell at first."

The sale continued without any regard to the order of the value of the articles—the parlor furniture, old school books and almanacs, china and pewter mugs. The old man on the step bought them all.

Mysterious looks began to pass from one to another of the country folks. Why was the quiet old man buying all those things? What was he going to do with them? Would he buy the house and farm? Had he any interest in the poor old woman, who was watching him now with straining nerves and intense interest?

After the sale of the furniture the auctioneer said: "We will next offer the house and farm. The old woman will show you the deeds. There is no encumbrance on the property. We will stop the sale for an hour. Then you will be ready for the finish. Stranger, where shall we put all these things that you have been buying?"

"I'll tell you later. I'm not ready to answer yet. Never mind me—don't crowd around me, friends. I'm an honest man. Go and take your lunches under the trees."

There was a flight of fields on the clear bright air. The bread cart man was coming. The people bought gingerbread and bunns, and lounged under the cool trees in a spot of ground where stood a large and a small grindstone, and overhead hung scythes and corn knives. There was a buzzing of voices and talking in a suppressed tone, and great inquiry about the stranger who simply called himself "Cash," and who was purchasing everything.

The old woman now tried to find out the secret of the stranger's interest in these things.

"You and I must be about the same age," she said.

"Yes," said the old man, "the same sun have lighted us both. They used to tell a ghost story about the chamber here. My girl has often asked me about them. Did you ever see anything strange upstairs?"

"No, but I found, just before the auction, some papers hidden behind a board. They read mighty curious, and were signed with what the writing said was blood."

"You don't say?" said the old man, starting. "What were they?"

"It was a covenant that some one had made with the Lord. I think that it was Martin's. Seemed as though his father asked him to make it. It promised many things. There was one thing in it that made me write to him. Who ever made it promised to be faithful to me. The signature was faded. It was made on the day that the writer was propounded for church."

Martin Marlowe's face fell. Had he been true to that covenant that he remembered so vividly?

"Say, stranger," said old Susan. "I hope you will excuse me, but what may your name be?"

"Never mind my family history now. I will tell you later more about myself. What was the story about the haunted chamber? Tell it to my girl here."

"About Rachel, who raised red peppers, and used to appear with a calash over her head?"

"Yes. That ghost was the terror of all the children and hired people. Rachel was an old maiden lady. She used to have charge of the balm bed, the sage bed, and the pepper bed, and the dried apples and red peppers, and sold them to get money for the church and her clothes. She ground the red peppers in the garret, and to keep the pepper dust from burning out her eyes she used a calash, which was a great bonnet with whalebone ribs that stood up from the head all around as though it were hung on the air, and over the calash she wore a long green veil. She put over her body a long white night gown, and when we went up to the top of the garret stairs to see her pound she looked kind of awful and scare, like a picture in the old *Pilgrim's Progress*. When I heard that she had come back to haunt the old herb-room in the garret, and I pictured in my mind how she used to look, it fairly made my flesh creep. Of all ghosts I wouldn't have liked to see old Rachel with her calash like a shay's top, and her pound, pound, pound. She used to punish me when I was a boy by snapping her thumb and finger on the top of my head. I remember it all as though it were yesterday. I once went up to the herb-room to get some—"

"Not herbs, my good friend," said Susan.

"No; some preserves or cake. They used to keep the goodies there, and I had been going there pretty often in a quiet way, when I felt, just as I was bending over the marmalade jar, a snap on the top of my head, and I looked up suddenly, and there was the most awful sight that I ever saw—old Rachel herself, in her white night-gown, calash, and all. I scooted after the first glance, and rolled over and over down the first flight of stairs, and leaped down the second. No hare or chimney swift could have gone quicker. I didn't sleep much for a long time after that, and I never dared to tell the story, because I was at the marmalade jar when she appeared. I never told it to anybody until after I went away."

"I used to lay awake until morning, and when I heard the wings of the swallows in the chimney my heart would beat like a trip-hammer, for I thought it was old Rachel and her pepper-mill. When the fowls crowed for day I would feel safe again, for no ghost ever could appear after the cock crew in the morning, so the old folks said. Susan, what do you think that ghost was?"

"Oh, my good friend, how can I tell it now? I think—oh, I know it was poor old grandmother! She scared Martin once in that way to keep him—oh, how can I say it?—to keep him from getting at her plum-cake."

"How do you know?"

"She told me so, and told me never to tell."

The two look at each other.

"That accounts for it. I always thought it was kind o' strange that they should have a whalebone calash in another world."

"Stranger, how familiar you seem to be with this old place, the swallows in the chimney, and all! You say you used to know our folks. Any relation?"

"I used to work for your father."

"Did ye?"

The two looked at each other—after fifty years.

"Somehow I almost feel related," said old Susan.

The shining hour of noon was now passed. The auctioneer rang his bell.

"Are you ready for the sale of the farm? Thirty acres and the house and buildings. Clear deed. How much am I offered? Some one start the farm. Been in the same family one hundred and thirty years. How much am I offered?"

"Five hundred dollars," said a well-to-do looking farmer named Pool.

"Five hundred dollars. Do I hear the six? Five hundred dollars am I offered. Do I hear the six? Five hundred dollars."

"Six," bid another.

"Seven," another.

"Eight."

"Nine."

"Nine hundred dollars I am offered. Do I hear the thousand? Nine hundred dollars. Nine, nine, nine. Going, going, nine hundred dollars. One thousand—do I hear it? Nine hundred dollars. Are you all done? Going, going—"

"One thousand dollars."

The voice came from the old man on the step. Old Susan rocked violently, and appeared greatly agitated. The people gathered in a close mass around the door step, all eyes fixed upon the vein rabbit stranger.

"One thousand dollars. Do I hear eleven hundred? One thousand dollars am I offered. Going, going, going. Once, twice, third and last call going, going, going, for one thousand dollars. The hammer is about to fall. One thousand dollars. Sold."

There was a deep silence that followed the fall of the hammer.

"Gone," said the old woman, and she threw her apron over her white head and bent over, adding: "I am homeless now. I never thought to see a day like this."

"What is to be done with these things?" asked the auctioneer.

The old man rises. His girl stands up beside him.

"Susan," said he.

Old Susan uncovered her pitiful face.

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EARLY MORNING AT GANSEVOORT MARKET, NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY M. COLIN.—[SEE PAGE 1156.]

"Susan, what will you have done with these things? I have bought them for you."

Susan stops her rocking. She looks dazed. Her face is upturned, and her blue eye looks piercingly into the eye of the tall old man.

"I would have you have them. You do pity me, don't you? It will do me good to think that you have them. You have spoken me kindly."

"The furniture shall all be brought back into the house again," says the quiet old man. "The cradle, clock, and looking-glass shall all be placed where they were before."

"To whom are the papers to be made out?" asks the auctioneer.

"My good friend, we will need no new deeds. The old ones will do. I used to know the family when I was a boy, and Susan's father and mother did much for me. To-morrow is Thanksgiving, and I shall spend it here. I'm going to be good to Susan for the old folks' sake."

He bends over old Susan. She sits like one dead. He takes her withered hand, stoops down and kisses her, and says, "I'll let the place to her."

There was a silence in the air that Indian summer afternoon, and for many minutes the silence was unbroken. A woodpecker tapped a hollow tree at last, and a sea bird on wide wings went screaming by.

"Let the place to me?" says old Susan. "Stranger, you are good, like one sent forth out of the doors of heaven, but I have no money. I must be plain, stranger. I have no money, and how are these old hands to earn any? Look at them. Their work is done."

She bends her gray head.

"Stranger, I want to say something to you in private. I have something on my soul, and it troubles me. They have kept back a part of the price."

"What?"

"The neighbors, some of them, the Brewster boys, they've driven away my Thanksgiving turkeys."

"Why, my good woman?"

"So that the auctioneer should not sell them. The neighbors said that my Thanksgiving turkeys should not be sold. Now that was kind in 'em, wasn't it? But it wasn't quite right. I've always done just the thing that I thought to be right. My motto has been, 'I will be what I ought to be.' I'm poor, stranger, but, except the turkeys, my conscience is clear. My folks were all good people, as you know, if you used to work here when a boy. Notwithstanding that grandmother used to keep the children away from the herb-room with old Rachel's gown and calash. Now, stranger, what would you do? The folks here wouldn't like it if I were to tell the auctioneer, they're too good to me. But I must tell now, I must be honest stranger. You are so good to me. I don't understand it. It is all a wonderment, but the Lord will make it plain. Seems as though I was drowning."

She looks out over the hills, which are flaming with autumn glows. She starts.

"Stranger, there's one other thing that I want to tell you. There's another thing that I've kept back. But that is honest. My twin brother Martin had a violin, and he left it here. I've felt that it isn't theirs; it's his. He used to sing in the church over there. You may see the steeple now. And he used to play on the violin."

There was a new movement among the people in the yard. One of the neighbors came up to the steps.

"It's too bad, Susan, they've found those turkeys. The dog scented 'em out, and he's driving 'em home. It is too bad, they might have left ye a Thanksgiving dinner."

There was great gobbling in the hill-side pasture. A flock of turkeys, one of which was white, was half running and half flying towards the house, followed by the auctioneer's dog. One of the gobblers had lost his tail feathers, and he flew up in a zigzag way, and alighted in a maple tree. Another turkey followed him, flying heavily and clumsily, and saying, almost like a human voice, "quit! quit!"

"Stranger," said old Susan, "seems a though that turkey spoke, as Balaam's turkey, if he had one, might have done. Stranger, I raised them turkeys myself, and I hoped that I might have one myself; and that perhaps—I dreamed of it, stranger—perhaps my twin brother Martin, who went out West, might be here, and that we might have one of them for Thanksgiving."

"I'll buy the turkeys for you."

"You—well, you are proper good. But I don't understand these things. I've never been used to receiving anything from strangers, though the neighbors have always been good to me. They tried not to have the farm sold, but it was the law. Stranger, it had to be—it was the law."

The auctioneer mounted the bench again, rang his bell, and swung his hammer.

"There's one thing we've overlooked. Hear, all! Here are the things that everybody wants. Turkeys—to-morrow is Thanksgiving. A fine lot of fat turkeys, and a white one. Just look at that fat old gobbler up in that tree! One seldom sees a finer bird than that. And look at that hen-turkey—"

"Quit! quit!" exclaimed the beautiful bird, in great astonishment, on seeing all eyes turned towards her.

"That's the mother turkey," said old Susan. "She's lost her family before. She's a comet turkey. I raised her in the chimney-corner. She is used to coming into the house to be fed."

"How much am I offered for this fine lot of turkeys? Just a dozen of them. Twelve dollars. I am offered twelve dollars. Do I hear the thirteen? Twelve dollars, twelve dollars. Thirteen—thirteen I am offered. Thirteen—fourteen. Fifteen—do I hear it? Fourteen dollars. Going, going, going. Once, do I hear it? Twice, do I hear it? Third and last call—f o u r t e e n dollars."

He lifted his hammer.

"Fifteen."

"Fifteen dollars—fifteen I am offered. Going, going, going, for fifteen dollars. Are you all done? Going for fifteen dollars to—"

"MARTIN MARLOWE," said the old man, in a firm voice.

He stood up and uncovered his white head. Old Susan's form dropped together as though she had been smitten. She buried her face in her lap, and sobbed as she used to do in childhood.

The neighbors gather silently around the door-step, among the myrtles and bouncing bet. Some are whispering, some laughing, and a few are crying.

"Susan," says the old man, "get me my violin."

The old woman sent for the instrument, and the old man saw that it had not been wholly out of use. He tuned it, and lifted it into the air. "Susan, we used to sing together in church, over there. What did we use to say on Thanksgiving days?"

"I remember neighbors. I'm going to play that hymn. My voice is almost gone, but I want you to sing it with me."

He lifts the bow. "Tune—'Hamburg.'"

The music floated out on the mellow autumn air, the violin playing as in the old church days. Before the people ran the river to the sea. The air was still; nature seemed listening.

"God is the Refuge of His saints
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

"Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down in the deep and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

"Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

"There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy still gilding through,
And watering our divine abode.

"That sacred stream, thy Holy Word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

"Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His truth, and round with power."

"Now sing the Doxology!" He lifted his bow again. People turn aside their faces to hide their tears. Then the strains of thanksgiving rose up under the glimmering trees. And old Susan stood up and sang.

It is near sunset now. The red sky shines through the skeleton limbs of the still trees. The crows are cawing the over a dead corn field. The jays are calling in the wintry bushes. Old Susan looks into her brother's face. She takes little Susan by the hand.

A bird comes flying through the air out of the woods and alights on the top of an elm. It has a red breast which shines in the sunset. It lifts its brown wings joyfully and begins to sing.

It was the last song of the robin.

A WISH-BONE WISH.

"I HAVE won the larger end of the bone,
And the triumph with joy I greet,
Already a wish in my heart has grown,
Like a flower tender and sweet."

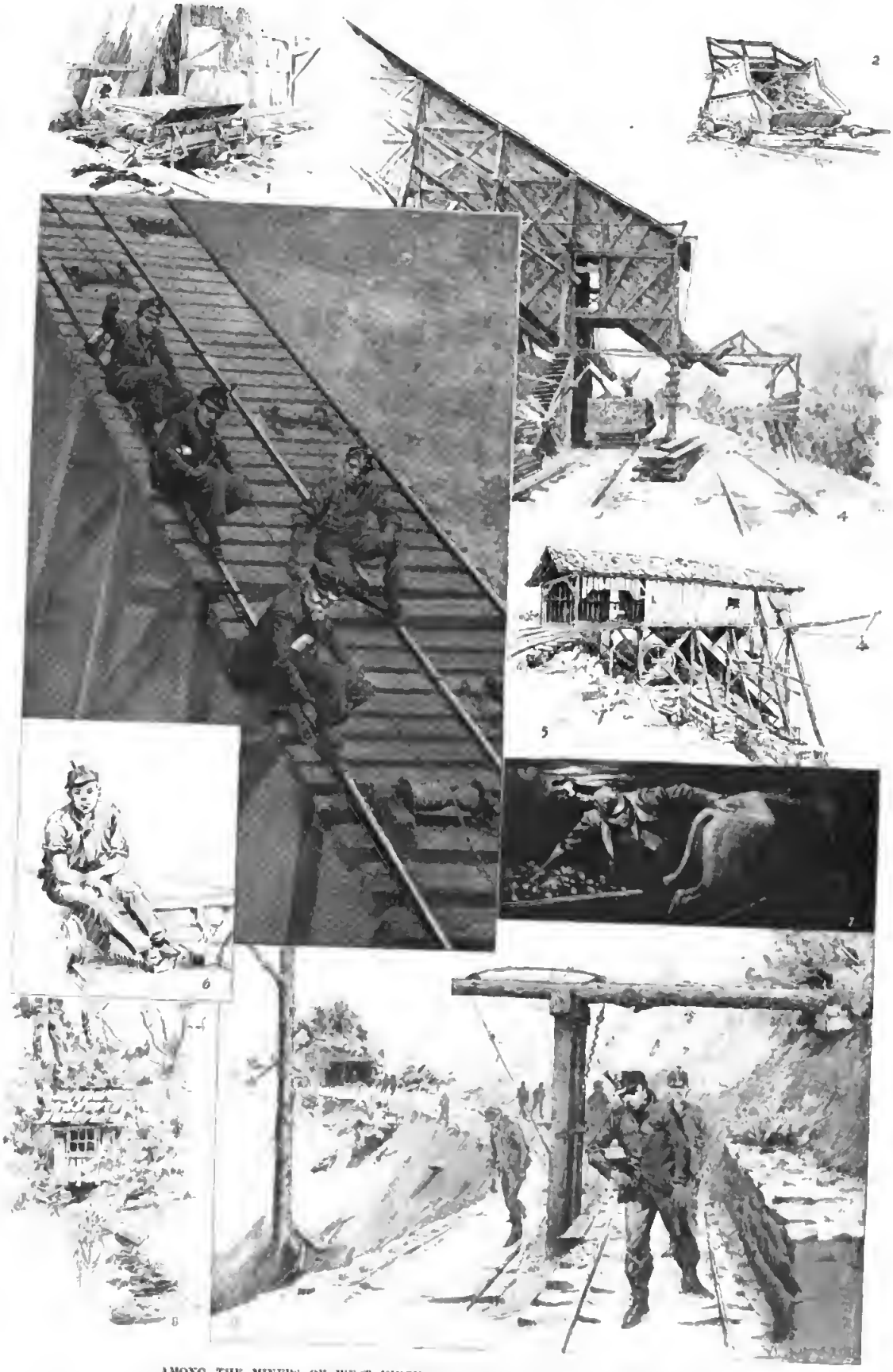
Then Amy looked up from the luscious dish
Where the lumps of the turkey lay,
And murmured, "Won't you tell me the wish
That you've made on the wish bone, pray?"

"If I tell you, Amy, it wn't come true:
And if it comes true, you see,
It will be just as lovely, my dear, for you
As it ever can be for me."

She looked in his eye with a puzzled air
As she idly toyed with a rose
That dreamily lay on her bosom fair
In a happy and charmed repose.

And he sang to himself as he said farewell
To the thrill of her hand's warm press
"Oh, this is the reason I would not tell
I wished for her answer—Yes!"

R. K. MUCKENFUSS.



AMONG THE MINERS OF WEST VIRGINIA.—Drawn by W. A. C. Pape.—[See Page 1158.]

1. A Cradle. 2. A Monitor. 3. Going Home. 4. A "Tipple." 5. Drum House. 6. A Miner. 7. A Driver. 8. A Miner's Shanty. 9. After the Day's Work.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The most progressive thing of the day is woman. She keeps getting ahead all the time. In this country there really begins to be a prospect that she will vote. She does vote in some States now, and that makes it possible for her to make a record as a voter and earn the suffrage elsewhere. It also gives her a chance to show the evil effects of female suffrage if any such there be. But whether she votes or not, in the affairs of the world woman is no longer deprived of an opportunity. She has a chance, and that much being conceded the wonder is that she does not go ahead faster even than she is going. How can she help distancing man, in spite of a possible inferiority to him, so long as her habits are so much better than his? The average man is perpetually at loggerheads with his habits. He fights drink and tobacco with one hand, and works with the other. He makes very fair progress, all things considered. But woman ordinarily has no habits that are worth mentioning. It is the exception when her drinking amounts to anything, and she very rarely smokes. There is really nothing to hinder her except man, and in this country he is no longer very much in her way. What will be the final result? Will she get clear ahead, or, as her hold on man's privileges becomes surer, will she gradually incur her share of his disabilities also, and develop a set of habits that will be a detriment to her as his are to him?

Is there any reason why women drink and smoke so much less than men except that they are still in partial subjection? It may be that all the appetites of the normal woman are less strenuous than those of the normal man, and that woman will continue to be comparatively abstemious even after all her fetters have been shaken off. Meanwhile in London, where she has lately attained to a taste of liberty, she is trying to make up her mind whether to smoke at her club. Is she fit for tobacco? And if not, why not?

Mr Cleveland may find it convenient to come privately to New York when he comes on private business, but it must not be argued from that that we Americans are not used to look with comparative moderation upon the countenances of our public men. The other day in England the Marquis of Salisbury turned up unexpectedly with his wife and daughter at a railway station in Liverpool. A paragraph in the London *Times* says:

"The marquis was at the station several minutes, but he was not recognized until his train, the Newcastle express, came up from Lime Street station. Immediately the train was almost deserted, passengers rushing from the carriages to the saloon to see his lordship. Their enthusiastic cheering quickly brought a large number of persons from other platforms, and a large crowd was the result, notwithstanding Lord Salisbury's desire to leave Liverpool without public demonstration. Cheer after cheer was raised, and the marquis acknowledged the compliments by repeatedly raising his hat and bowing from the carriage window. When the signal to start was given, there was a rush of passengers to the carriages they had temporarily vacated."

Except in Washington or New York, it may be that some one is liable to hallo at sight of Mr. Cleveland, but he would hardly prove such an obstruction to travel in Jersey City as Lord Salisbury is in Liverpool.

Mr Nathan Straus, of this city, reports that he closed his sterilized milk depot on the 18th of November. He did a good business during the summer, his average sales during August being 337 bottles a day. In view of the approach of winter he announces the opening of two coal yards—one on the pier at the foot of East Third Street, and one on the pier at the foot of Rutgers Street. At either of these yards twenty pounds of coal may be bought for five cents, or four hundred pounds for a dollar. Friends and readers of the WEEKLY who live downtown on the east side, and prefer to buy their coal in small quantities, will find it to their advantage to patronize Mr Straus's yards. Charitable persons or institutions may buy coal tickets of him for distribution. They are handy things to have in one's flat. When a neighbor comes to borrow a bucket of coal, true courtesy will prompt one to give him a ticket instead, as being easier for him to carry home.

It is remarked in the daily press that "no worthy portrait exists of the eminent physician Sir Andrew Clark, who died the other day."

It might be worse! Among the pictures upstairs in the Art Building at the Chicago Fair were two portraits of eminent surgeons, loaned by a Philadelphia medical school. Both were notable pictures, and one was truly extraordinary. The scene of it is laid on the platform of the operating theatre of the school. The surgeon, enveloped in aprons, has turned from his etherized subject to speak to his young men. His hands are dabbled generously with blood, and he has a smooch of blood on one side of his face, and much more on his apron sleeves. It is a very interesting portrait, but how the good man was induced to let the painter make such a gory guy of him is left unexplained. The average fair-goer who saw that portrait must have felt that the only fit return for the artist's attentions to the surgeon would have been for the surgeon to have dissected the artist. Perhaps Sir Andrew Clark would have had his portrait painted worthily if he could have been sure of being called in afterwards to prescribe for the artist.

The continent of Africa seems to furnish the most impressive existing illustration of the continued prevalence of dull times. The preservation of the native African elephant being under discussion in England, it becomes necessary to go back to the times of Hasdrubal and Hannibal for instances of the training of the native elephant in Africa and his use in the service of man. Since Hannibal's time in northern Africa, and at the other end of the continent since the working of King Solomon's mines, business has been so depressed that there has been no demand for the services of elephants and no attempt worth mentioning to train them.

That a live paragrapher in the daily metropolitan press should think it proper to deny the assertion of another paragrapher that Royal Phelps Carroll is an Englishman, illustrates anew how little there is in a name. It would appear as if when a Carroll of Maryland had been christened "Royal Phelps" he had been sufficiently designated as an American, but it seems that only an uncompromising Democratic name like "Andrew Jackson" or "Edward Murphy" can make the young American sure that his nationality will be recognized at sight.

More Princeton hazers have been indicted, and will probably be convicted and punished. Fines are inadequate retribution for their offence, and imprisonment is unsuitable. Why not sentence them to a football match with a strong team without benefit of umpires?

In the naval officer's letter, extracts from which were given in the WEEKLY last week, about the labors of the *San Francisco* in sinking a lumber-laden derelict, there was a reference (which did not get into print) to the interest excited in the minds of the party from the *San Francisco* who first boarded the derelict by the discovery of a girl's or woman's clothes left behind in the cabin. The torpedo party wondered about those dresses and whose they were. Full information about them appeared in the newspapers on the 16th of November. They belonged to Mrs. R. B. Drisco, of Jonesport, Maine, the bride of Captain Drisco of the schooner *Drisco*, who was on her wedding trip, bound from Charleston to Jamaica, when the hurricane of October 8th dismantled her husband's schooner and filled it with water. The steamship *Mexico* from New Orleans, picked the Driscos and their crew off the schooner, and carried them to Liverpool; but all the bride's trousseau was left behind. The very clothes she wore away were her husband's wedding suit, put on at his request for the betterment of her chances in the wreck. The Driscos got back from Liverpool on the *Etruria* November 11th, and went home to Maine, where doubtless the new trousseau is in process of construction for the bride. E. S. MARTIN.

AMONG THE MINERS OF WEST VIRGINIA

MR. PAPE has given us some realistic glimpses of life among the miners in the mountains of West Virginia. It is so gratifying to learn that these toilers beneath the earth's surface are satisfied with their lot and so content in their occupation that they would not change it for any other that these facts must be set forth in the very beginning. To the observer accustomed to different kinds of employment the work seems hard, rough, and uninteresting, and the writer well remembers how, when he has beheld these coal-miners, he has wondered whether life, accompanied by such labor and such surroundings, was at all worth while. When he learned that the miners were content he was more impressed with this than with anything else that he saw. The reason given for this content is more than passing strange, for it was the sameness of the employment and the evenness of the temperature that was found so satisfying. This appears to be an exception proving the truth of the rule that variety is the spice of life. But the content of the miners has other than spoken expression, as it displays itself in a genuine and unquestioning hospitality, as pleasant to see and experience as it is unusual in more crowded communities.

Very naturally the majority of the miners are negroes, but the bosses and foremen are usually white. In building the little mining villages, in which generally live from two hundred to five hundred people, the color line is drawn, for there are always two clusters of houses, one for the white and one for the black. But this is as far as the distinction goes, as there is no jealousy whatever between the races. In each village the company store is the great centre of interest. Here everything the simple miners wish to purchase may be had, and as it is generally the only place in the neighborhood that anything whatever may be purchased, its importance in each community will readily be seen. There is one thing not to be had at these stores—spirituous liquors. In festive moments, therefore, the miners must quench their thirst with plain water or the bubbling pop.

There is one feature of work in the mines that is entirely brutal and repulsive. This is the treatment of the mules that draw the cars before these are caught by the cable. The mules are kept in the mines from Monday morning till Saturday night, and their work there is very dangerous. When a loaded car slips along the incline the only means of keeping it from running over the mule is the hand of the driver, who shoves the mule ahead while holding back the car. Frequently the car goes too fast, and catching the mule, breaks his leg. Negroes are not merciful in the treatment of beasts of burden, and with anything less tough than the hardy mule they are entirely unfit to deal.

At the mine where Mr. Pape made his sketches the miners have a picturesque way of getting down the mountain-side when the day's work is over. They squat on the rails of the inclined plane, and steadying themselves by the rope of the monitor, slowly slide down the track to the tipple below, thus saving a long and tiresome climb down the steep mountain side. These miners are, by-the-way, very expert in squatting. The low roof of the mines makes it safer and more comfortable to squat than to stand. They therefore easily contract the habit, and in moments of leisure in the outer air they naturally fall into this position so as to be more at ease.

GANSEVOORT MARKET.

GANSEVOORT MARKET, the largest in the metropolis, is a bit of intensely modern city thrust into old Greenwich. All about it are the tangled thoroughfares which give a picturesque character to the west side below Fourteenth Street and still maintain the aspect of an earlier New York. In this part of the city Eleventh Street has no hesitation about running into Fifth, small shopkeepers still reside over their groceries and hardware, and blacksmithing is a fine art. The market itself is as much an intruder in this conservative region as the elevated road, and against it protest all the rows of clean quiet houses which bear on their red fronts the evidence of former greatness and present respectability, all the turf-grown and tree-planted triangular "squares," and all the sleepy streets into which the bustle of Broadway and Sixth Avenue have not penetrated. The market is big and busy. It extends from Little Twelfth Street south to Gansevoort, and from Washington to West—an open square floored with parallel rows of cobble-stone pavement separated by flag-stone walks and lighted with rows of gas and electric lamps. It is as if the Department of Public Works had had a lot of samples of pavement, and had stored them away in this open place until they could be used. Westward from this gridiron of cobble and flag stones are the narrow brick and iron sheds of the butchers, stretching from West Street to Thirteenth Avenue and the river front. Between them are paved alleys, and their length is bisected by another alley, more ambitiously called Lawton Avenue. These sheds, taken together, are the largest market house in New York, and as their business is wholesale, they supply the basis of a very large share of the Thanksgiving dinners on Manhattan Island.

These brick and iron houses are perfectly kept, but they do not constitute the picturesque part of the old "Goose-neck Market." That is out in the open square, where carts heaped with vegetables, poultry, and fruit begin to arrive soon after one o'clock in the morning, and where the business of the day begins to be brisk by three. On Friday the preparation for the next morning's trade begins late in the afternoon, and by three o'clock on Saturday morning the observer will forget that anybody finds it necessary to go hungry in New York. The principal purchasers are of course the smaller butchers and grocers. They are on hand early to obtain the best bargains, and they are succeeded by the housekeepers, who find it to their interest to rise at five or six and go to the market instead of dealing with the nearer middle-men. By ten o'clock the business of the day is over and the square is deserted.

The Long Island farmer, waist deep in a wagon of vegetables and fruit, driving fast bargains with grocers and housewives, is a type characteristic of west side life, but about as unfamiliar to the rest of the city as the Turk of lower Greenwich Street. The Gansevoort Market has its other characters peculiar to itself. There are the Sisters of Charity, to whom the dealers are uniformly deferential. There are the Italian women and boys, on hand for such damaged vegetables and imperfect fruit as find their way to the pavement. There are the dealers in live poultry, whose cackling wares need no sign to attract the attention of shoppers. Around the square are the eating houses in which the dealers eat their two-o'clock breakfasts and their seven-o'clock luncheons—little rooms most of them are, with bare tables and an abundance of heat and steaming coffee. Like all eating houses frequented by butchers, the quality of the meat served is excellent, and the cooking is plain and wholesome. Quantity is not lost sight of in taking care of the quality, for men who rise at midnight and drive many miles to market do not have small appetites. Connected with some of these restaurants are rooms where the early comers retire to recover some of their lost sleep when the opportunity offers; but the majority of the dealers stick to their wagons until their produce is sold, when they drive homeward to Long Island or to New Jersey.

The scene in the big market as the daylight begins to displace the glare of the electric lamps is one of the busiest and most primitive in the city. One is reminded of the fairs to which our remote ancestors brought their produce for barter. All about are the carts heaped with edibles. The owners, clad in long coats and caps well pulled down, are thrashing their arms and stamping their feet to keep warm. Inside the big sheds are enough quarters of beef and hams and carcasses of sheep and lambs and calves and pigs to feed an army. Wagons are driven about, backed against doorways, unloaded, and driven away again. Men are elbowing their way here and everywhere, drivers are shouting, dealers are noisily conversing, there is a cackling of indignant poultry, and through all whistles the north wind, appetizer for all this raw material which to-morrow shall be the food for the great city.

BJORLING'S FATAL VOYAGE.

BY W. E. MEEHAN,

MEMBER OF THE PEARY RELIEF EXPEDITION.

"DISCOVERY OF THE SWEDISH EXPLORERS.

"DUNDEE, *November 16th.*—Captain McKay, of the whaling vessel *Aurora*, describing the discovery in the arctic regions of the relics of the expedition of Swedish Explorer Bjorling, says that he forced his way through Melville Bay and entered Smith Sound, when, on June 17th, from the masthead of his vessel, the wreck of a schooner was descried on the southeast coast of Carey Island, in latitude 76° 40', longitude 73° 10'.

"He sent a searching party ashore in charge of Dr. Allen, and they found that the schooner was the *Ripple*. She was lying broadside to the beach, and was almost encased in ice. In addition to the cairns which were found the party came across a trunk which contained instruments, notes, and diaries, all of which were forwarded to the Swedish authorities. There was also found a letter addressed to the Rev. Dr. Harvey, Newfoundland, which was forwarded to that gentleman."

There can now be no doubt whatever that the daring young Swedish explorer Bjorling and his few companions have met their death in the great arctic wilderness. The evidence to that effect is too conclusive. Thus another tragedy has been added to the long list which stains the pages of north polar history, in this case the more painful since the two principals were scarcely out of their boyhood, and their careers had given bright promise of future greatness. The announcement made that Captain McKay, of the whaling vessel *Aurora*, had found, on June 17th, relics of the ill-fated expedition on Carey Island, in 76° 40' north latitude, was calculated to excite some surprise, for few even in scientific circles knew that such a man had been carrying on an exploration in the North waters. For all that, it was one of the most daring adventures of the century, surpassing in foolhardiness the attempts made by various persons to cross the Atlantic in small open boats. That it was not more widely known was probably due to the fact that in the first instance it was overshadowed by the Heilprin expedition to the relief of Lieutenant Peary, which sailed about the same time, and forgotten in the excitement caused by the gallant achievements of the last-named explorer on the great interior ice fields of Greenland.

A few of the incidents connected with the voyage of the *Ripple*, Bjorling's boat, from the time it left the harbor of St. Johns, Newfoundland, to the period when its human freight was last seen alive by civilized man, are known to the writer, and from them it is easy to imagine that that portion of the journey alone would fill the pages of as thrilling a novel as was ever written.

Bjorling, the chief hero of the tragedy, was, at the time he started on his foolhardy venture, barely twenty-one years old, but, young as he was, he had had experience in arctic work. He was a favorite pupil of Dr. Nordenskjöld, and had accompanied him on a voyage to the polar regions a few years before. On this occasion he bore himself so bravely that the great explorer arranged to take him on the expedition to the antarctics, which was scheduled for last summer, but postponed.

The young Swede was a student in one of his home universities, and there he applied himself with such diligence that, in the winter of 1891-2, he won a money prize offered by an enthusiast in geographical research. The amount was small—not more, it is said, than $500—but under one of the conditions on which it was awarded, its expenditure in travel was obligatory. This suited Bjorling, and he elected to make a summer journey to North Greenland, for the purpose of studying the plants and insects of the shores of Smith Sound together with the smaller marine life of its waters. A friend—a fellow-student—decided to accompany him, and the two sailed for St. Johns, Newfoundland, where they arrived some time during the month of May, 1892.

At first Bjorling endeavored to hire a vessel to take him

CERTAIN TO ABIDE BY THE RULES.

CONDUCTOR. "What do you mean by climbing half-way out of the window?"
PASSENGER. "Well, we just passed a sign readin', 'Look out for the engine,' an' the ticket says passengers hev ter comply with all the rules of the road, so I was looking out for it."

on his voyage, but failing in this, was driven to seek one by purchase, and finally became the owner of the *Ripple*, a schooner of less than one hundred tons. Besides the perilous smallness of the craft it was said to be very old, and otherwise totally unfit. Nevertheless, undismayed by this, the young man and his friend continued their preparations, at every step beset by difficulties. The crew of the *Ripple* utterly refused to sail with the new owner, and sailor after sailor in St. Johns declined to go. At length, after nearly five weeks' work, a man was found willing to captain the boat, a German, who knew very little English, to act as mate; a Newfoundland fisherman as sailor, and a French Canadian, who was familiar with no language other than his own, as cook.

By this time most of Bjorling's money was exhausted. What remained availed to purchase but a meagre supply of food, a barrel or two of biscuit, a like quantity of salt pork, some crackers, tea and coffee, and a few odds and ends comprised the bulk of the food supply. There was not a gun or pistol provided, nor, in fact, a weapon of any kind, unless four or five fish-hooks discovered accidentally in the sailor's kit a few days after they sailed might be called such. Even in cooking and food utensils the party was woefully deficient; a teakettle, a few tin plates and spoons, some knives and forks, it is said, comprised about all the stock.

In this death-inviting manner the party left the port of St. Johns about June 25th, leaving word that they would make for Carey Island, and a request that the Peary Relief Expedition would on its upward and return voyages call there for word of them. This request, unfortunately, through the long search for John M. Verhoeff, of the Peary party, who was lost in a crevasse of a glacier in Robertson Bay, and through other causes, it was impossible to comply with.

For the first week after leaving St. Johns everything went smoothly with the Bjorling party. Then the cook exhibited signs of insanity. Fortunately it was of a mild type, and he caused little trouble, other than a refusal to work steadily, and that he set the teakettle to leaking. A little later the mate also gave evidence of an unbalanced mind, and instead of performing his duties, spent the greater part of his time in bewailing his fate and in weeping. Then they came upon the field ice, and for days the rickety little schooner struggled in the dangerous field, their position rendered more perilous by heavy fogs and the two mind-clouded seamen. Finally, however, the *Ripple* got beyond the pack and into clear water, but with the two explorers and the two well seamen utterly exhausted by the almost uninterrupted work and the loss of sleep entailed by the danger. For three or four nights in succession the wheel was lashed, and all on board gave themselves up to slumber, leaving the vessel to take care of itself. Fortunately the weather was fine and icebergs scarce, so that no accident happened. Little by little also the two men who had lost their reason began to recover, under the effects of the midnight sun, and by the time Godhavn, on the island of Disco, was reached they were almost entirely well.

The *Ripple* entered the little harbor of Godhavn about the 20th of July, some ten days after the steamer *Kite*, with the Peary Relief Expedition on board, had departed. Bjorling and his friends were received kindly by the Lieutenant Governor, and when he found what straits they were in he strongly urged them to abandon their adventure, but without avail. They expressed themselves as confident of successfully accomplishing their plans, which they unfolded. Their idea was, they stated, to proceed through Melville Bay to Carey Island, and thence northward as far as the ice would permit. On their return voyage they intended to leave the *Ripple* at Waigat Strait, the northern end of Disco Island, and cross the ice cap to Godhavn, and there rejoin the schooner for the homeward trip, which they expected would be about September 1st.

When Mr. Carstens, the Lieutenant Governor, found he could not prevail on the two young men to give up their mad expedition, he insisted on loaning them a musket, and gave them a quantity of powder, shot, and ball, and while he did not say so, there is no doubt he gave them substantial assistance in other ways. Two days later they sailed away, leaving behind them the teakettle, which they had brought ashore to be mended. That was the last seen of the two explorers and their crew alive, and nothing more was known about them until Captain McKay arrived at Dundee with the intelligence of his heart-rending find on the southeast coast of Cary Island.

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THE BRIDGE PLAZA IN BROOKLYN.

THE bridge over the East River between New York and Brooklyn is the most important public monument and interesting engineering achievement in the United States. The traffic over this bridge has grown so rapidly that the facilities for handling passengers in comfort and safety during the morning and evening hours have never been equal to the demand. The entrances have never been what they should be, and a passenger from either Brooklyn or New York gets no adequate idea of the magnitude of the structure until past the gates and well on the bridge itself. Provision has been made to remedy this to a certain extent in New York by the widening of Elm Street and tearing away some of the old buildings thereabouts. On the Brooklyn side something like two millions of dollars were spent in acquiring land for a plaza. The railroads in Brooklyn terminating at the bridge entrance have taken advantage of this plaza, and quietly received permission to lay their tracks on the surface of this plaza and above it, until the whole of it and the air just above would be filled with confusing net works of street and elevated tracks. To put the plaza to this use would defeat entirely the purpose for which it was acquired. More than this, these railroads have not engaged to pay a penny for the privilege of using this valuable public property. Some time ago there was a picture in this paper showing how the plaza would look when all of these railroads had carried out their plans. "It will make the plaza," said an eminent citizen of Brooklyn, "look like a great box with the cover off."

Not a few observers of municipal affairs as conducted in Brooklyn are persuaded that Brooklyn has the worst city government in the country, and that the bad state of affairs has lasted so long that anything like civic pride and feeling has been all but rooted out. The president of the Board of Bridge Trustees gave corroborative evidence of the truth of this conclusion when he told a committee of citizens that had called to protest against the railroad occupation of the plaza that it was the first time in his long official connection with the bridge that any citizens had taken the trouble to give their views on bridge matters. He spoke of his pleasure in seeing that "the people had been aroused from their Rip Van Winkle sleep."

It is much more than likely that the vigorous and intelligent protest of these citizens of Brooklyn will be effective. The leaders of this seldom-aroused public opinion did not go to the bridge trustees—who are public, and to a great extent political officers—with merely a loud and angry protest, but they carried with them a practical plan to be used instead of the one that the railroad companies had caused to be adopted. They did not pretend that the present facilities for entrance and exit were adequate, but noted, like practical men and good citizens, that the public property should not be given over to the use of private corporations so long as private property could be secured which would answer the purpose and enable these private corporations to serve the public which had created them. There is a lesson in the method of this committee worth the consideration of citizens everywhere. The average protestant, the habitual reformer, more frequently than not, has nothing to offer save his protest, nothing to propose in the place of that which does not meet his approbation. And for this reason the practical political administrator, who must be always doing something to justify his existence, goes on in his own way, whether that way be good or bad, wise or foolish.

Professor Bryce, in his profound work on the *American Commonwealth*, affirmed that public opinion always had its way in the end in the United States. In our impatience at the long continuance of public wrongs we are sometimes led to fear that Professor Bryce took a too cheerful view of democratic government, and did not realize how tenacious was the hold of the political bosses and demagogues on public affairs. But he is really right. Genuine public opinion does always have its way in the end. There was a notable instance a little while ago in New York, when the politicians of Tammany Hall resolved to have a trotting track in Central Park. The public spoke with vigor and determination, and the obnoxious bill was repealed with a haste that indicated not only respect but fear of public opinion. And this protest against the giving away of the plaza at the Brooklyn end of the bridge is likely to lead to similar results, and prove another illustration of the fact that the people, aroused and united in a good cause, will always have their own way. The political bosses, the encroachers on public rights and property, the speculators in public franchises, the office-seekers for public office and acts of legislation are always in league and always on duty, but the people against whom these public enemies conspire can always secure and keep their own by being united and vigilant against opposition to everything that is wrong and corrupt. The recent election in Brooklyn has taught both bosses and people this useful lesson.

JNO. GILBER SPEAR

AMATEUR SPORT

WRITING OF PRINCETON'S CHANCES OF WINNING from Yale on Thanksgiving day, before the Harvard-Yale game at Springfield, it is impossible, of course, to estimate to just how high a degree of excellence the Yale eleven has been brought in these last days of practice. Besides which the seasoning of the Harvard game, and of the Pennsylvania game before it, must be considered as making the Yale eleven the most thoroughly experienced team that has ever played on Manhattan Field. It is this that in my judgment has made the two more nearly matched than any Yale and Princeton teams have been for the past five years. Two weeks ago I should unhesitatingly have called Princeton the winner of the Thanksgiving-day game; at this writing (November 24th), with the Harvard game intervening, I still believe the odds are in favor of Princeton winning, though I feel it will be one of the hardest struggles the two colleges have ever had on the gridiron field.

CAPTAIN TRENCHARD, RIGHT END, PRINCETON.

One reason for my belief is the superior physical condition of Princeton; not that the absurd rumors of Yale's poor condition are to be credited in the slightest degree. The Yale eleven is just as good physically as ever it was, which means the best; but I think I have never seen men in just such fine condition as the Princeton players are this year, and it seems to me that the system of training that is answerable for it should be studied by the other colleges. I have before questioned the policy of driving men at their work until they become enduring—yes, but lifeless, or, more correctly speaking, have lost their ginger.

A MAN MAY BE TRAINED SO HARD, kept at his work so constantly, that mind and body resent the monotony, just as would the stomach if fed on one dish incessantly and generously. Now an athlete who is trained in this manner can go on to the field and play long and hard and with as much life as the average; but when it comes to calling on that man for a spurt, he must respond with perhaps harder play, but not sharper. The other and more advanced method of training is to drive men just as hard while they are working, but not to keep them at it so long—to vary and save it from becoming drudgery, to put a man in such condition that he is always "on his toes." The difference between two men trained on these two systems would be apparent in the ginger one would have and the other lack. Two lines might be of equal strength, but the one would be moving while the other was thinking of it.

It is a perfectly simple matter to understand; the muscles of the one have lost their elasticity, while those of the other have acquired the strength without sacrificing the elasticity. Both the Harvard and Yale teams have been trained on the continuous-drive plan this year, as usual, though Harvard did let up some in the last ten days, and the benefit will be seen at Springfield. Princeton has adopted the more advanced method, and so has Pennsylvania to some extent, at least I judge so from the latter's work. The old style of training, when men were kept on a raw beef diet and the life worked out of them, has passed away, but there are relics of it yet remaining, and they too will be gone inside of two years.

The clearest object lesson on the value of the new as against the old was given by the Boston Athletic Association team when it played the Harvard 'Varsity. The Boston Athletic Association men only practise three times a week; they are chiefly business men, and do not have a regular training table. Yet they were strong enough to play just as hard as Harvard, and so much snappier that the Harvard men were as dray horses to polo ponies in comparison.

THIS IS ONE OF THE REASONS, therefore, why I believe Princeton will win on Manhattan Field—that their ginger has not been worked out of them, and I think the close observer will distinguish it in the play of the whole team, but especially in the forwards. Now, of course, 'ginger' does not win games, though it is a large factor in the combination, and were this Princeton's only feature on which to base a hope of victory, it would be rather cold comfort to her undergraduates and *alumni*. But it is not the only basis for hope; there are many others that appeal strongly and unanswerably to the Princeton mind, but to me, an unprejudiced on-looker, there loom up these two—a stronger defensive game, and offensive play that is nearly if not quite as strong as Yale's.

KING, QUARTER, PRINCETON.

It seems hardly likely that Yale can keep Princeton from scoring, and if Princeton scores they ought to win, for it looks as if their very strong defensive game would be proof against Yale's most determined and skilful efforts to cross the orange and black goal line. I fully expect Yale to have more skilful and more strategic offensive plays, but I shall be considerably surprised if four times out of five they are not broken up by the Princeton forwards before accomplishing a great deal. It was the great work of the Princeton line that won the game against Pennsylvania, the muddy condition of the field together, of course, with Penn's sharp work, not permitting of any end plays behind interference. If they could successfully withstand the Pennsylvania rushes that afterwards carried the ball straight through Yale half the length of Manhattan Field for a touch-down, there is every reason to believe they will hold Yale on all the ordinary plays. But holding Yale on her ordinary plays will not keep the blue from scoring, unless Princeton is also equal to her extraordinary plays or tricks. These undoubtedly will test the Princeton forwards, but I am inclined to believe them equal to the occasion, from their especial skill in breaking through, and from the fact that Princeton has seen Yale in two games where they have been obliged to play the hardest they knew how, certainly so at Springfield, and very nearly as against Pennsylvania. Of course there will be tricks reserved for Princeton, but Yale's general play under most trying conditions will have been revealed.

LEA, RIGHT TACKLE, PRINCETON.

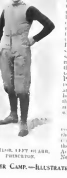
CONSIDERING THE DEFENSIVE PLAY of the two elevens then, the balance is certainly in favor of Princeton. Now the question is, has Princeton developed a team that can score on Yale. For the last two years they have played a strong defensive game against Yale, but shown very little progress in offensive play. Still it must be remembered that Princeton has been developing a team these last three years, and that after their star combination of '93 they were left with scarcely a man—in reality only two, I think, who knew the game well; neither Yale nor Harvard has been so handicapped.

BALLIETT, CENTRE, PRINCETON.

This year there has been more improvement at Princeton in offensive play than in the past two. They have developed an excellent system of interference, and a team game such as Princeton never had. Nor has either Harvard or Yale ever been represented by eleven men among whom there is more thorough feeling of fellowship and team sentiment on and off the field than exists in the Princeton eleven this year. This must and does count on the foot-ball field. They have some good plays, and I shall be surprised if they do not score with them.

ON THE PERSONNEL of the Yale team I have already commented, and those who see the Springfield game will know as much as I do by the time this issue is in their hands. Taking the men individually, there is not such a great difference between the two lines at any position, except at Princeton's right guard, where Wheeler outclasses any man playing this year. Lea, right tackle, will also, I think, prove to be a better man than his *vis-à-vis*, whether it be Murphy or Beard.

There will not be much choice between the two captains, Hinkey and Trenchard, who will face each other, and on the other end Greenway is probably a bit better than Brown, though the latter has improved greatly since the Pennsylvania game—in fact, has been putting up a very strong game. He is in every play, is very strong, and a hard tackler, his chief failing is slowness in getting down the field and realizing this he often makes the greater mistake of starting too soon. At centre Balliett is certainly a more experienced and more skilful man than Stillman, he is about twenty pounds lighter, but like Lewis of Harvard, though not his equal, he combines skill, head, and strength to the best purpose. Last year, however, Balliett let Stillman get through him and block a kick, that resulted in a touch-down, and the Princeton centre should remember that this year and keep up to his best at all times. Taylor at left guard has become so good a man that I should say he and Hickok will be about evenly matched. Balliett, Taylor, Wheeler and King are simply one piece of the Princeton machine, and work together better than the similar piece



TAYLOR, LEFT GUARD, PRINCETON.

of either Yale or Harv
lacks such a fourth as I

LEA AND TRENCHAR conflict nor, what is t breaks up a play. Tr Trenchard cuts in and I he has to go to the out game, and never fails to and end, accomplish near together so well. Indiv very reason each relies a which might be fatal in is twice the player he w time wrestling with th opposite, but follows th keeps on side, and tackl It will be an exceptionally play that will get throug

BEHIND THE LINE, EXC full back, Princeton is as as Yale, and if the bala King's favor over any t Yale can put in is a against Butterworth's p and line bucking, the st of the two teams seems equal. Moses is better Armstrong or Thorne o other Yale back outside o terworth, with whom he d honors in line bucking an shines in around-the-end Ward is certainly up to strong—I should prefer hi a team—and as serviceal Thorne. Blake, who wi Princeton's full back, earn right to the place in the I sylvania game, where he di get rattled, and showed h heart, and could punt a ball to handle in any wea As substitute backs, McC has been making a good pl ing runner to send into the and Barnett, for a light q man, is one of the best on field. Then there is King, goes back when the other kicks, and thus combines q man ever did before. He h gains after a catch. His w year, and the most puzzlin signals that he is ready as ing the centre, he simply position and so soon as Bal he pays no more attention t to see that the line especiall snaps back the ball.

These, then, are my reaso will win on Thanksgiving blocked securely, that is als sive, and offensive work tha in its skill as Yale's will be effective by being backed up

THE OTHER THANKSGIVIN and University of Pennsylv close, for I hardly expect perately as they did against against Yale. And yet ther they should not except that games, and no team can remai On the other hand neither d strong a game as she will sh they have beaten Yale. P game, however, and on that fending her goal. It is hard

Cornell was hardly strong much more than good practice with the fact that the men had made them somewhat careless cause it was considerably b the Princeton and Yale games fumbling by the backs, and Osgood made some very pret

Cornell's play this season h year nor even the year before.

THE WEST POINT ANNAPO certain to show the highest reached by the army and navy cadets. Never have they had so much coaching, with Laurie Bliss at West Point and John Hartwell at Annapolis, and the former has been reinforced the last week by Harmon Graves. Judged by the games each has played it looks as if the West Point eleven is equal in skill to Annapolis and enough heavier to have their weight throw the balance in their favor. But, as a matter of fact the situation was practically the same last year, though the naval cadets will not have the advantage in skill this year they had in '92. West Point is certainly strong, twice as strong as last year, and Annapolis must show a better defensive game than they have yet to keep the army from ploughing their way through to victory.

IT IS VERY INTERESTING comment dispassionately on the that have recently been made touching the *personnel* of the Exeter Academy football eleven. Never has this department

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been called upon to consider a question that concerns so vitally the very foundation of amateur sport. Never have I been more earnest in declaring those who are responsible for this scandal to have disgraced honest, clean sport, and dishonored Exeter. The methods exposed for winning a game by this, one of the leading preparatory schools of the country, are simply shocking, and I ask what is to become of our college sport if the preparatory academies are to become training schools for such practices.

The charge against Exeter is that three of the members of this year's eleven that recently met and defeated Andover were in no sense of the word representative scholars, that they were at Exeter to play football only, that all three—Donovan, Leahy, and Bias—left immediately after the game, and that at least two, Donovan and Leahy, are and were professionals.

Donovan, who is twenty-four years of age, is the well-known professional athlete "Pench" Donovan, as called, who is said to have been with Barnum's circus in '91 and '92, and has made Worcester, Massachusetts, his abiding place off and on, training teams, running with hook and ladder companies' teams, and engaging in other similar sprints after the almighty dollar.

Leahy, who played guard, is twenty-nine years of age, and is reported as having had many varied experiences turning an honest penny.

I have given the ages of these men and a little detail to show just how apparent must have been their mission at a prep school where the boys average from twelve to fifteen and sixteen years of age.

WITH WHOM RESTS THE RESPONSIBILITY of this? Obviously, the football management was not averse to winning from Andover by such means, but the responsibility of the whole business must be placed upon the principal and his teachers, for they must have been aware of the mission of Donovan and Leahy at Exeter. Nor does this seem to be the only case against the Exeter faculty. Some four years ago, if I remember correctly, I had occasion to call their attention to a similar one; and now, while again on the subject, I want to submit for their explanation the following charges, which have been sent into this department. If they are faulty in any particular, we should be glad to make correction.

These charges are: that

Howe, who played on the baseball team in June, '01, left his employment in Spencer, Massachusetts, for a "consideration," as he himself openly said, to play ball at Exeter.

Thomas, a member of the football team of '01, returned to Exeter as a graduate student in the fall of '02, and captained the team to victory in the game against Andover. He left the Exeter Academy directly after the game, and entered the University of Pennsylvania, where, it is said, he had matriculated before returning to Exeter for the brief football season.

Powers, catcher on the Exeter baseball nine of '00, was protested by the Andover management on the strength of conclusive evidence that he had played baseball for money upon a professional team in Northampton, Massachusetts.

The protest was not allowed, but the evidence was so positive, and the rules under which the athletic games between the two academies were held so stringent upon this very phase of professionalism, that the Andover School unanimously endorsed the action of the baseball nine and management in declining to play the game with Powers upon the opposing side. The game was not played, and the athletic games of the same season were likewise cancelled. Powers also being a member of the athletic team. The Exeter faculty had emphatically endorsed Powers as a *bona fide* student of exceptional cleanliness in athletic standing, free from any taint of professionalism. He was elected captain of the '04 baseball team, but this autumn was refused admission to the school, the faculty having learned of his imposition upon them.

Twombly played football the season of '02, and left soon after the game. This fall he is back, and played on the team against Andover.

Richards was solicited by the Exeter students or management, or other representatives of the school, to leave his employment in Sawyer's mill, at Dover, New Hampshire, to play on the baseball team of '00, as he himself stated during the past summer, and appears again this fall on the Exeter football team.

I HAVE HAD A GOOD BIT TO SAY on this matter, and gone into more detail than perhaps the average reader will care for, because I consider the purity of athletics at our schools among our boys to concern us more nearly than in the universities. As the boy is at school so will he be at college, as at college, so in after life. If he begins on dishonest principles, where will he end? If the seeds of professionalism are sown at schools, how shall we ever keep them from taking root at the colleges? This striving for victory by fair means or foul, such as Exeter has just been found guilty of doing, is a menace to amateur sport, a menace to the moral tone of our boys and young men. Let every father join with us in insisting on honesty in sport, for on it rests all our hopes of purity in college athletics. The least Exeter can do now is to signify her willingness to call that game off.

And before I leave the subject, I wish to protest against the playing of teachers on school-boy teams. It is dangerous to the boys from a physical point of view and often times harmful to the athletic morale of the school, since it leaves a loophole for the engagement of well-known football players as teachers.

YALE DEFEATED HARVARD, 6-0, at Springfield last Saturday. It was the most decisive victory to my way of looking at it, the blue has ever won over the crimson. Not in the size of the score, not in its being unquestioned, but in their obviously superior knowledge of football, and their ability to use it under any and all conditions. It was a battle between new fangled theories, exploited by men not up to their best form in an uphill game, and good straight football by players who could and did grit their teeth and stand steady under the most withering charges, to take advantage of the least weakness in their opponents.

Of course these latter were, as they will always under similar conditions. Given two men of equal skill and endurance the one who comes of the class that "die in the last ditch" will invariably prove the winner. There was no lacking of courage in Harvard's eleven, taking the men individually, but as a team their inability to rally round the colors, and play just as hard and effectively as they knew how at critical moments, had become painfully apparent by the time Yale had driven the ball to their ten-yard line on the road to a touch-down.

IT IS THE SAME OLD HARVARD FAILING that I was mistaken in thinking last week had been worked out of the men this year—it's not the fault of the players, the trouble rests with the coaches, and largely, too, with the general undergraduate body. That dogged determination to win is not driven into the men by the coaches, and the student body is apathetic in its support at all times and moribund in the face of adversity. During the intermission of the halves at Springfield the Harvard coaches, I am informed, told their men they had done well, and that to keep it up in the second half meant victory. There are individuals on Harvard's team to whom it would be safe, probably, to talk in such a way, but no eleven ever played football that could stand being made satisfied with its work. On the other hand, the Yale coaches during that intermission criticised and exhorted their team, calling on it for better and harder work.

The result was apparent to the most casual observer of those thirty thousand spectators on Hampden Park when the two teams began play in the second half. Harvard's attitude was that of a very comfortable feeling over their work with no especial apprehension of the result. Yale's spoke of a determination to redeem themselves. They banged away at Harvard, and the latter was never able to recover its equilibrium.

Again, the cheering of Yale was even stronger while their team was being outplayed in the first half than during its triumphant march through the second. Harvard's cheering, weak during the first half, grew fainter and fainter in the second, and died away altogether towards the last. After the game I stood watching the Harvard eleven file off the field, broken in spirit and sore in body, with hardly a fellow-student to grasp their hands in the silent grip which in adversity means so much between men. But they went out through the gate alone, and I made up my mind as my eyes followed the retreating players that Harvard would never be victorious until something of that spirit which makes winners at New Haven had put in an appearance at Cambridge.

THE STORY OF THE GAME IS SHORTLY TOLD. Yale for the fourth consecutive year won the toss, and took the west goal, from which the wind was blowing pretty stiffly. Harvard opened with an improved flying wedge, following it with several varieties of the Deland flying interference, all of which were good for gains that grew smaller and smaller as the Yale men began to diagnose them. If they had not fumbled the ball, probably they might have scored before Yale had sized up the new plays, but after carrying it down to Yale's ten-yard line they fumbled and lost it, and were never so near that goal line again. The first half consisted in Harvard working the ball into Yale's territory, only to lose it when Butterworth, handicapped by the wind, would punt it well towards Harvard' goal, once or twice within five or ten yards. But once the wind aided Harvard, when Butterworth tried for a field goal. Harvard was using her flying interference all this time, and for small gains. They were not trying the ends, and using straight football plays only occasionally, though it was noticeable that they made as good gains with them than with those of the Deland school. All through this half Harvard's defensive game was magnificent. Notwithstanding the heavy wind that was giving Yale plenty of aid in her punts (which Harvard backs were judging poorly) and resting her men, the crimson was outplaying her rival, her forwards were blocking securely, and better than breaking through, Yale's line standing stiffer than it was expected it would.

The game was slow all through this forty-five minutes, Harvard seeming to be so burdened with complex tricks as to necessitate a secret conference every few plays.

At the end of the first half neither had scored, and one felt, as the teams went off the field for the fifteen minutes' rest, that with Harvard's defence so strong Yale could hardly get through to score, while it was evident that Harvard's Deland school was more showy than effective, and that they must use straight football to cross the Yale goal-line.

WHEN THE TEAMS LINED UP for the second half, the very first play showed their dispositions. Yale determined to win. Harvard, resting on her oars, so to speak, in the easy confidence the coaches had inspired. But the way Yale struck that Harvard line on the first play ought to have convinced the crimson that "the men opposite were not of the kind to be content with doing their best." By the time Harvard did become aroused it was too late, and without losing the ball, in twelve downs and four minutes' time, Yale with the simplest plays, on tackle and centre, drove Harvard straight back from the centre of the field, and Butterworth scored the only touch down of the game. For a few plays, until Waters was laid up and obliged to leave the field, Harvard appeared to make an effort to stem the current, but they were relying largely on the Deland school flying interference which had become rather easy for Yale to stop without gain, and their "great" defensive game had disappeared altogether. From this time Waters went off the field, to use a bit of slang, Yale simply "played horse" with Harvard, hitting the crimson line at almost every point, and sending Thorne and Butterworth through for gains every time. Harvard made blindly to the Deland school, trying a straight play now and then and for gains; curiously enough they kicked very little, and that little was not very good, Brewer showing up far below his form of last year in every respect. Moreover, the men seemed tired, and no wonder, for the continuous use of those flying plays would have used up a man with internal machinery wound up for twenty-four hours. Yale seemed a bit tired also, but they kept pounding away, showing a snap that was as refreshing to the onlookers as it was deadly to Harvard. The ball was never in Yale's territory but twice during the entire half, showing how little Harvard thought of kicking, and then it did not remain there long. Twice it seemed as if Yale must score again, but desperate individual work by Harvard kept the blue from making another touch-down. And time was called after a long high punt by Brewer to the centre just as Yale had started to work the ball toward the Harvard goal, and had it ten yards on the way.

TAKING THE MEN INDIVIDUALLY, there were some surprises for those who believed the Harvard centre much stronger than Yale's. Harvard was doing so much flying work in the first half that both tackles and a guard were out of the line almost as much as they were in it. Every one of the forwards on both sides played a strong game, and in the first half there was little to choose. Newell broke through once and downed Armstrong in his tracks, about the only brilliant breaking through of Harvard's forwards of whom we had reason to expect more. Newell and Emmons both got through once again in the first half and downed Murphy. For Yale, Beard and Hickok were breaking through Manahan and Acton, neither one of which was up to his Yale *ne-a-ris*. Adee at quarter was doing great tackling, and in the second half went through Acton whenever he chose. Both Hinkey and, with one exception, Greenway were playing a strong game, and the Yale captain had no difficulty in dissolving the flying interference when ever it came his way. Generally speaking, however, there was little difference between the men in the first half but in the second the Harvard line was pierced from one end to the other, Newell and Lewis seeming to be the least valuable points.

YALE WENT THROUGH MANAHAN AND ACTON at will, and swept around Emmons for some good gains towards the last of that disastrous half. If the Harvard men, I should say Lewis from first to last played the best game, his work at centre is always remarkable, and was no less so Saturday when he got down the field on kicks about as soon as the ends. Mackie probably played a stronger game than his opposite, McCrea, though the latter went through him for a blocked kick, but not enough so to make the Yale guard appear weak. Hickok played around Acton, as did Beard with Manahan. Newell and Murphy were very evenly matched, the latter playing a wonderfully strong game for his first. Greenway's play at right end was the best he has ever shown, and Yale may be said to have two star ends. Emmons was in every play, but did not seem so effective in breaking up interference as last year. Stephenson opposite Hinkey had a hard place for a new man to fill, but, taking their experience into consideration, he did better than Emmons. Stillman played finely; he was against the most skilful centre in the country, and need not be ashamed of his work, which was the best he has yet done. Adee played all around Beale, who, however, did well, considering his inexperience. Harvard was unquestionably weak at quarter.

Yale's backs outshone Harvard's; Thorne playing the game of his life, certainly proved himself more valuable than Armstrong, though the latter made good gains and blocked a kick of Brewer's. Butterworth, however, was Yale's trump card, and the way he went through Harvard was worth going to Springfield to see. He is nothing short of a wonder at line breaking. Brewer did not play the game he did last year, partly because he was not sent in the good old straight football way, and partly because he has evidently fallen off in his form; his kicking was far below last year. Wrightington chiefly distinguished himself in fumbling Butterworth's kicks, which lost his side many yards, though he did make the longest gain, fifteen yards. Harvard got in the entire game, and backed the line as well as Brewer. Waters was the chief interferer of the flying tricks, and was very effective in the first half, but his injured leg kept him from doing his best some time before he finally retired from the field. But even he did not make the gains through the line in the new way he used to when sent with the ball on the old plan.

IT DOES NOT TAKE A VERY EXPERT OBSERVER to point out Harvard's chief difficulty at Springfield last Saturday. She had too many tricks and too little of straight football. It looked precisely as if they had counted entirely on winning the game by their Deland tricks, and had left straight football almost out of the consideration. This was apparent in their play throughout the game. Even when they did try straight football the men showed by their work how persistently they had been trained in the new school. It is not possible to give a team as much work in a new system as Harvard's eleven showed it had had on the Deland plays without unfitting them to a material extent for the regular style of game.

It has been a clear case with Harvard of forsaking the substance for the shadow, for, after all, the Deland tricks are not so strong as the ordinary and regular plays, as Yale clearly demonstrated on Saturday. The flying interference became of simple solution by merely letting the interferer through, and nailing the runner when he came along. That it was not so effective as the regular play was proved by even Harvard, who made more gains when they resorted to straight football, though they showed they were somewhat rusty, why they did no more of it is hard to say, unless they had lent themselves so trustfully to the belief in the success of the new school that they were bewildered when the illusion was dispelled. Bewildered, indeed, seems to be the proper qualification of Harvard in the second half.

Certain it is they did not play as good football as last year, nor make so close a fight with Yale, notwithstanding the fact of the score being the same. Had one supposed they were going to depend on Deland tricks in a game from Yale, there would have been no thought of their winning. With the defensive line they showed in the first half and with straight football the odds would be in their favor though experience has shown that a Harvard team is not reliable, and may go to pieces under a "facer," as did the one last Saturday. No Harvard eleven will ever win from Yale on the kind of tricks they showed at Springfield they are much easier to diagnose than most of the regular plays besides wearing men out. It is a lot of work to accomplish very little. Really the Deland flying wedge, the forerunner of all this flying interference and such momentum plays, has done more harm than good—for it is one of the few features of the present game we must eliminate by legislation next year, along with a modification of these mass plays. Harvard had best go back to good straight football and build up such a school, rather than casting about for a fetich to carry her to success.

It was a great game, an absolutely clean game, hard playing without "slugging," and one that showed the magnificent quality of Yale teams in a fight to a finish. Harvard needs some of the Yale pluck.

In the light of Yale's play the Thanksgiving day game seems the more uncertain. Princeton, however, is not likely to go to pieces as did Harvard, and although the struggle will be close and hard, Princeton does seem to have a shade the better of it, notwithstanding Yale w Yale and mighty hard to beat.

Year.	YALE. Captain.	Score.	Score.	HARVARD. Captain.
1886	Corwin	29	0	Brooks.
1887	Beecher	17	8	Holden.
*1888	Corbin	0	0	Sears.
1889	Gill	0	0	Cumnock.
1890	Rhodes	6	10	Cumnock.
1891	McClung	10	0	B. W. Trafford.
1892	McCormick	6	0	B. W. Trafford.
1893	Hinkey	6	0	Waters.

* Forfeited to Yale.

In 1891, Yale scored 461 points to none by her opponents, and Harvard 522 to 14 by her opponents. In 1892, Yale scored 447 to 0, and Harvard 365 to 36. This year, Yale has scored 336 to 6, and Harvard 386 to 5 up to date.

THE WESTERN UNIVERSITY ASSOCIATION football championship will have been decided, by the games between Kansas and Missouri in Kansas City, and Iowa and Nebraska in Omaha, on Thanksgiving day, before this issue reaches the scene of conflict, and yet again it may not be decided, for should Missouri and Iowa win, then Missouri, Kansas, and Iowa would be tied for the pennant. Recent developments, however, point strongly to the victory of Kansas over Missouri, and of Iowa over Nebraska, in which case Kansas would be the winner of the series with three victories to her credit; Iowa being second, with two games won and one lost; Missouri third, with two lost and one won, and Nebraska would be last, with three lost.

The defensive work of Kansas shows great improvement in the last two weeks. The Nebraska team, while having some fair material, rarely attempts end plays, and depends almost entirely on bucking the line. Her team is heavy, but her work slow. It is neither a heady nor a resourceful team by any means, and seems to have relied entirely upon "beef" to win.

THE GOOD SHOWING OF NEBRASKA in the exhibition game, November 4th, against Denver A. C. was decidedly misleading, and came about, no doubt, by playing the D. A. C. after their Chicago A. C. game (for which they had especially prepared), while Iowa, Missouri, and Kansas met Denver in very raw condition, and with the D.A.C. team in fine fettle, training hard for the Chicago game.

The defeat of Kansas and Missouri by Baker may be accounted for in the same way. For while Missouri and Kansas were getting their new men in shape, Baker went into the contest with all old players and a good coach from Ann Arbor, who violated the rules by also playing with them.

In the Iowa-Missouri game the former had little trouble in bucking the Missouri lines for substantial gains, and circling the Missouri ends, which were also found weak. Missouri, on the other hand, was unable to get through the Iowa line, but made her gains (as with Nebraska) around Iowa's ends, aided by excellent interference. The Iowa line is probably the strongest in the Association, especially in the centre. Her ends are not so strong.

OUTSIDE OF THE COLLEGE ELEVENS the Denver Athletic Club team has taken its place as the best in the West, barring that of the Chicago Athletic Club. The Denver club has thus far played six games in rapid succession, with the following result: Denver 0, Chicago 6; Denver 8, Northwestern 0; Denver 56, Iowa 0; Denver 40, Missouri 0; Denver 24, Kansas 10; Denver 4, Nebraska 4. Football is proving very popular in the Queen City, over 5000 people witnessing the Denver-Kansas game, and besides the D.A.C. team there is a very good one at the School of Mines located at Golden, fifteen miles away; the rivalry between the two being strong and honors easy on wins.

Another team outside of the Association which is making an enviable record for itself is that of Baker University, located at Baldwin, Kansas, a town not far from Lawrence. The Baker team is composed of heavy men, and contains some speedy sprinters. This year it won from Missouri, 28-0; Kansas, 14-12, and played a tie with Nebraska. If its work improves, it may transpire that a team outside of the Association will virtually hold the college championship of this section.

Oberlin is another team that has been doing consistently good work throughout the season. It is a small college far down in Ohio, but it has put an eleven into the field that has shown some notably good team-work and clever interference. It has made such another record as Minnesota and Purdue University elevens, and the three should come together before going out of training. Oberlin has not been defeated this year, and among others it conquered the Chicago University eleven, which learned its football under A. A. Stagg. Oberlin's record shows that it beat Kenyon, 6-0, October 7th; Ohio University, 38-10, October 21st; Kenyon, 30-8, October 23d; Adelbert, 40-4, October 28th; Chicago University, 33-12, November 4th; University of Illinois, 34-24, November 6th.

Football scores to week ending November 25, 1893:

November 18th.—Princeton, 28; West Point, 4. University of Pennsylvania, [illegible]; Cornell, 0. Lehigh, 10; Lafayette, 0. Naval Academy, 34; Franklin and Marshall, 0. Brown, 10; Massachusetts Technology, 6. Williams, [illegible]; Amherst, 12. Orange A. C., [illegible]; Crescent A. C., [illegible], 0. University of Minnesota, [illegible]; Ka-sallingham, 0. University of Michigan, [illegible]; Northwestern, 0. Vanderbilt (Tennessee), [illegible]; Louisville A. C., 12. William and Mary, [illegible]; Old Dominion, 4. Kentucky, 14; Young Men's Christian Association, 4. Southern A. C., [illegible]; Tulane University, 0. Kansas, [illegible]; Nebraska, 0. Iowa, [illegible]; Missouri, 12. November 23d.—University of Virginia, 12; Cadets, 0. November [illegible].—Brown, [illegible]; Tufts, 0. November [illegible].—Yale, 6; Harvard, 0. Lehigh, [illegible]; Univ. of North Carolina, 0. Michigan, [illegible]; Kansas, 0. Detroit A. C., [illegible]; Cleveland A. C., 0.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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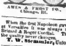

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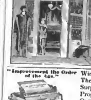

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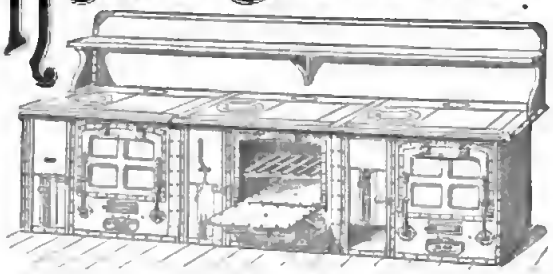

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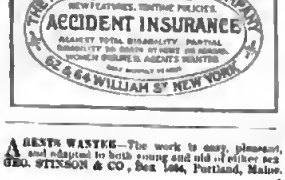

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXVII.—No. 1919.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1893.

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"WITH ONE HAND HE SNATCHED THE LETTER, AND WITH THE OTHER HE GRABBED HER SAVAGELY."

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE "CAPTAIN LATTAMORE," PAGE 1175.]

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THE LATE HAMILTON FISH.—[SEE "AN EMINENT CAREER," PAGE 1179.]

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THE THANKSGIVING-DAY GAME.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

THERE is nothing more curious or more interesting in the history of New York city within the last decade than the development of the Thanksgiving-day Game. Ten years ago the game was a sporting event, and nothing more, of interest to but a few thousand faithful ones, and to others a public and private nuisance, because for them it disturbed the peace of Broadway at night, and left a vacant chair at the dinner table of every family in which there was a boy worthy the name. To-day the sporting character of the event has been overwhelmed by the social interest it has aroused in itself, and which has enveloped it and made it more of a spectacle than an athletic contest. But it is still the greatest sporting event and spectacle combined that this country has to show. It is one of the things every foreigner should be taken to see, and which no foreigner could possibly appreciate. No one who does not live in New York can understand how completely it colors and lays its hold upon that city, how it upsets and overturns its thoroughfares, and disturbs its usual routine of existence, and very few even of those who do live in New York can explain just why this is so; they can only accept the fact.

And they accept it gladly. The enthusiasm of the few faithful ones of ten years back is mocked at and set at naught to-day by the thousands who do not know a touch-down from a three-base hit, or whether Yale is a city, State, or club, or its eleven a travelling combination of ex-pugilists. They are only certain that two teams of young men are going to fight it out in Harlem, and that "the Yales" are blue, and "the Princetons" are generally referred to as "tigers," which last makes them the choice among the voters of the east side.

Ten years ago Thanksgiving day in New York was an event of atonement and of meaning; there still clung to it the semi-religious significance that gave it its place in the calendar, and it was as heinous an offence to be absent from the dinner table on that day as to substitute duck for turkey at that meal. But the game up at the polo grounds caused many desertions and annual mutinies, and the family bliss which was first lessened by the absence from the table of one was further spoiled when the head of the family followed his son and then the uncles and poor relations, and at last the daughters and mothers, learned to prefer the nipping winds and tingling feet of the polo grounds to the heavy dinner in the middle of the day at home. It was not that they cared so much for football pure and simple, but that the day was a holiday, and that there was nothing better offered, and that they could see the other people and could be seen by them, and it, in short, became "the thing to do"; and the significance of that day which once centred in New England around a grateful family offering thanks for blessings received and a fruitful harvest now centres in Harlem about twenty-two very dirty and very earnest young men who are trying to force a leather ball over a whitewashed line.

Ten years ago a solitary "haberdasher," as he delights to call himself, used to decorate his windows before Thanksgiving day with orange and black and blue handkerchiefs, and those of us who were in college then considered this as a rare piece of condescension on his part, and as a sign that the public, as represented by this solitary shopkeeper, was interested in the struggle of the college boys up on the polo grounds. To-day— But this is not the place to tell how it is to-day; this part tells how it used to be. It used to be that there were two games—one in the morning, between Pennsylvania and Wesleyan, and the great game in the afternoon—and all "true sports" went out early to see both, and remained on the damp muddy grounds until late in the afternoon. The first game was not scientific, but it was desperate, and served to whet one's appetite for the game to come. At this, 8000 people formed what was considered in those days a magnificent audience—an audience in which the young men outnumbered the young women fifty to one, and the members of which strayed over the field and lost themselves on the big grand stand and spent the greater part of their energy in shouting "Get off the field!" at the two or three hundred politicians, newspaper men, actors, and attachés of the polo grounds who walked complacently around the lines. It was only necessary in those days to take a few sheets of writing paper with you, and to say that you were a reporter, to get a place inside the ropes. There was no system worthy the name, and no order.

The real reporters, with very few exceptions, never saw a football match from one year's end to another except this particular one, and so gave only descriptive accounts of the game in which they spoke humorously of the splints and bandages and ambulances and gallantly of the girls with "eyes of Yale blue" and those who "wore Harvard crimson in their cheeks." And the fact that a Tammany politician had attended the game in a white greatcoat was of much more important news interest to them than that either side had scored. In those days a man who drove out to the game in a cab instead of taking the elevated, was considered a profligate, and there were seldom more than twenty of these to be seen on the field, seated on the driver's box and waving a large flask and a small flag. I do not know why it should have been so, but even the clerk of the weather disregarded the college men entirely in those days, and never took the trouble to see that they had any accompaniment for their game other than a drizzling rain, with gusts and flurries of snow, and a bleak wind. He knows better than that now.

After the game in those earlier days all the students massed themselves in Koster & Bial's, which was then at Twenty-third Street, and packed it so full that after nine o'clock a man who wished to leave it had to be passed out over the heads of the crowd; and this the crowd would do for him with a cheerful alacrity that landed him hatless and breathless in the lobby, with the impression that he had been caught up by the sails of a windmill and hurled into space.

It was a most curious sight. The hall was very small, very dirty, badly lit, and with a low ceiling against which the smoke rolled and clung like waves on a shore. Below this, and in the single balcony that ran like a horseshoe around the building, were more men than the floor could hold, and who overflowed upon each other's shoulders and stepped from table to table, or dropped from the boxes to the heads of the men below. These were all very young men, in what were known in those days as Newmarket coats and high curly-brimmed hats and with silk kerchiefs bound around their necks inside the collar of these green greatcoats. The silk kerchief was one of the fashions of that day, and it gave the unknowing ones the impression that every well-dressed young man of New York was suffering from a severe cold. These young men, whose garb made them look like an army of coachmen, hung three deep over the railings of the boxes, blocked the aisles, balanced themselves and embraced each other on the tops of the tables, and stepped forth from these unsteadily on to the heads of the crowd without exciting any ill humor on the part of the gentlemen so trampled upon. They yelled the entire time, and gave the particular college cheer of every known institution of learning, and at moments of greatest enthusiasm clambered upon the stage, and were pitched off into the arms of their companions and on to the heads of the frightened orchestra by the irate German managers.

There was an attempt at a performance going on meanwhile, but no one noticed it, and on one night I remember the audience of over a thousand students sang the chorus of one song throughout the entire evening in a monotonous roar that turned the performance on the stage into a pantomime. The actors came on and went off, embraced or fought or sang or danced as their part on the programme suggested, but it was as silent a performance as that of the *L'Enfant Prodigue*. One could see the leader wave his baton, and the actresses open their lips, and the comedians fall down and get up again, but all one could hear was the audience shouting, cheerfully,

"'They're af—ter me,
They're af—ter me,
For I'm the individual they require.'"

They were singing it when I left, and with such evident self-satisfaction that if it were not that Koster's has moved, I would not be sure that they were not sitting there yet and singing still.

Now all this is changed, and the city surrenders herself to the students and their game as she never welcomes any other event, except a Presidential election, which only happens once every four years, or a Columbian celebration, which has occurred but once in four hundred. She begins to prepare for them early in November, and shops in which there is nothing the student could possibly wish to buy fill their bow-windows, in spite of that fact, with the colors of the two rivals, and from Ninety-fourth Street in Harlem to lower Broadway, where the battle of business is thickest, and from the east side to the North River, the same colors in every form and texture hang on the outer walls, and the cry is that "they come." But long before they come, every other young woman you meet, and every little boy, and elderly men even begin to parade Broadway with bows of blue stuck on their persons, or long strips of orange and black ribbon, like those of the floor committee at an east side ball, which proclaim their allegiance and their hopes. It is not at all probable that the brothers of all of these young women have ever enjoyed the benefits of a collegiate education—if they have they should certainly take better care of their sisters—or that the little boys ever expect to "follow the ball," but they like to feel that they are in whatever is going on, and though they have the vaguest ideas of what it is about, they are nevertheless proud of their colors, and that they are championing something. There are two or three facts which tend to show how the development of the Thanksgiving day game has affected those in high places. One of these is that service in many of the churches of this city were held one hour earlier than usual last Thanksgiving day, because the rectors found they could not get a full congregation unless the service was over in time to allow the worshippers to make an early start for Manhattan Field. And another is that the manager of the Yale team wrote the secretary of the President of the United States to inquire if he could not get prompt information as to just what day the President intended to proclaim as the day of general thanksgiving. Whether he received this information promptly I do not know, but they tell in Boston how that other fine Democrat, the Governor of Massachusetts, wrote to the Harvard team to ask when it would best please that august body to have Thanksgiving day in that commonwealth. These facts are interesting as showing that Church and State both recognize the national importance of the Thanksgiving-day game.

Three days before the eventful day fakirs from Nassau and Ann streets swarm up town like an invading army, or like two invading armies, with banners and flags and artificial flowers in the true colors, and with tiny leather footballs and buttons and rosettes and ribbons and tin horns and countless varieties of badges. They give the streets as much color as the flowers give life to the Paris boulevards, and the city is *en fête* and divided into rival camps. Photographs of the players show in every shop window; and their pictures appear and reappear with each edition of the daily papers. The legitimate gambling on the floor of the Stock Exchange is neglected for the greater interest of betting on the game, and the odds given and taken are quoted in the papers as regularly as the rise and fall of a railroad stock. Seats for the game sell at fifteen dollars apiece, and boxes at a hundred and fifty, and the men who took the few solitary cabs to the polo grounds ten years ago have now to engage a coach *one year in advance*, and pay twenty dollars to reserve a place for it.

The collegians begin to arrive in town on Wednesday, and one sees nothing but young men enveloped in huge greatcoats and ulsters, with yellow shoes, and canes wrapped in ribbons. They make Broadway between the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where the Yale team lodges, and the Hoffman House, where odds are given and taken on the game, almost impassable. In the corridors of these two hotels men who graduated in the seventies are sure to meet men who graduated with them, and they gather here from all over the United States, from Texas and Oregon, with that disregard for distances that the Western man soon learns, to talk football, and to wager large sums of money with utter strangers, who agree with them readily enough to leave sums of two and three thousand dollars in the hands of a man who is also a stranger to both of them. This man is "Billy" Edwards, an ex-prize-fighter, who keeps guard over the glass ware of the Hoffman House bar, and who has become a most important figure in this great sporting event. He is the depositary of almost all bets, and gives nothing in return for the bundles of bills left in his charge but a piece of paper, and yet so great is the confidence in him and in his integrity that he goes to sleep on the eve of Thanksgiving day with as much as $50,000 in his possession, belonging to men he had seen but a few hours before and the faces of whom he has quite forgotten.

Everything on four wheels and that will hold twenty men on its top in the city of New York goes up Fifth Avenue on Thursday morning. It is like a circus procession many miles long. It begins at ten in the morning, four hours before the game, when the coaches meet in front of the Fifth Avenue and the Brunswick hotels, where a crowd has gathered to cheer them as they start. The streets are empty, for it is a holiday, and the sounds of the bugle calls and coach horns and the rifle-like cheer of Yale and the hissing sky-rocket yell of Princeton break in on the Sabbath-like quiet of the streets like the advance of an army going forth triumphantly to war. There is everything, from the swagger English drake to omnibuses, draped from their tops to the level of the street with cloths of yellow and blue hung in festoons or dropped in four straight curtains from each corner and dragging in the mud, and with wheels covered up entirely or decorated with ribbons around their spokes and suggesting monster revolving pin-wheels. Some of the brakes have six horses, none less than four, all blanketed in the true colors, and every coach carries twenty shouting men and excited young women smothered in furs and in flags, as they jerk them about, fill the air with color [illegible] the coaches themselves toss like ships in a heavy sea, rocking from side to side, and shaking and rebounding on their springs as the men on top jump up and down in time to the rhythm of the rival cheers.

Every coach load yells for all the pretty girls on the next coach if they wear the proper colors, and race scornfully past those who do not, and from the Washington Arch to the heights of flats in Harlem there are holiday makers out along the route to see the procession pass, standing in some places three and four deep along the sidewalk. And from houses all along the course there are bits of bunting and big flags; sometimes it is only a strip of paper muslin fluttering from the eighth-story window of a cheap apartment-house, and again it is a big silken banner swinging from the house-front of some important friend of one or the other of the two colleges, who has built a dormitory or given a [illegible] to the football team. And as the decorated horses and docked hansoms and brakes and coaches and omnibuses go galloping up the Avenue there are special cheers for the orange flag and the big black P in front of the Sloanes and the Alexanders and the Scribners, and for the blue banners and white Y before the homes of the Whitneys and the Vanderbilts.

Manhattan Field, where the game has been held of late years, and where it took place last week, looks to the spectator as if it were laid out on the top of a table-land with the grand stands built up around its edges. In almost all other athletic grounds in this country you can see, above the sky-line of the stands, the roofs of houses and the tops of trees beyond, but in Manhattan Field it is as though you were in a big bucket, with green turf at the bottom and grand stands for sides. At one end back of the stands there is a steep hill, with a face of bare rock, and this and the Washington Viaduct, which stretches high in air beyond the south side of the field, are the only objects one can see from the ground that are not part and parcel of the immense stands towering on every side. It is exactly as though you were in a pit or in the mouth of a monster crater lined to its edges with human beings. Last week these human beings numbered thirty thousand. They were ranged around the whitewashed gridiron, and separated from it by a stout board fence four feet high. Inside of this fence were the reporters and telegraph operators, and the coaches and substitutes lying on the ground or crouched out of sight against the board fence.

Back of the fence, boxes stretched around one-fourth of its circumference, and behind the rest of its extent people stood in a solid mass until they reached the grand stands, where they rose skywards as closely packed together as fir-trees on a mountain side. But just as human beings are much more interesting than fir-trees, so this portrait gallery of faces was more impressive than a forest of pines. It was as if all the faces of the portrait gallery had been cut out of their canvases and pasted together on a wall a quarter of a mile in circumference and fifty yards high, and at places much higher; for those on Dead-head Hill and on the Washington Viaduct were so far above the heads of those on the ground that it was impossible to distinguish them except with an opera-glass. When every other one of these forty thousand human beings stood up and yelled and waved a blue or an orange and black flag, the effect was worth crossing an ocean to see. There are certain traditions of these games which are interesting, and which were observed last week with much enthusiasm. One of these is the singing of words expressive of the sentiments of the rival colleges to the tunes of hymns and popular songs, in which the names of the "star" players are handed down to immortality, as were the heroes of the ancient Goths in their war-songs.

It is also interesting to the stranger to note how systematically the cheering is given, how it is timed to destroy the effect of the rival cheering, and that certain men are selected to lead and give the time for these yells, who hold a position similar to that of a leader of an orchestra. This year there was a new and an unintentionally pretty effect in the introduction of blankets by the substitutes, in the place of "sweaters." They found that it took too long to pull a jersey on and off a player while he was waiting for a comrade to revive, or for the two captains to discuss a disputed point with the referee, and that throwing a blanket around him kept him warmer. So this year the substitutes lay around the lines, stretched at full length on blankets of diverse length, and whenever time was called, as it was at almost every fifth minute of each half, they would swarm on to the field, waving their blankets like matadors, and would fight and smother the eleven men of their college, transforming them in an instant into a dancing group of blanketed Indians.

There is no change so noticeable in the Thanksgiving-day game as the difference in the manner in which it is reported for the daily papers. It is no longer considered enough to cover it with two men—one to write the introduction, and the other to describe the play. Now each paper sends its star men, its artists, and photographers, and engages many ex-players of reputation to describe the game from the points of view of adherents of each college, and to make diagrams which show where the ball was at every minute of the two halves and to denote who advanced it and who stopped it. At the last Thanksgiving-day game that I helped to report for the *Evening Sun* there

were seventeen men assisting one another in covering it for that paper, and every one helped, from the proud reporter who came out on a coach and sent us word by a policeman that Chauncey M. Depew had just arrived, to the new reporter who raced five blocks after an ambulance to get the name of the wounded player whom he supposed to be inside, and which he finally found, on overtaking it, to be empty.

This last game was perhaps the very best, as a sporting event and as a spectacle, that New York has ever seen.

The weather was perfect weather, and the football was perfect football. It was particularly interesting to old players, as Walter Camp has already pointed out in the New York *Herald*, on account of the revival, and the most successful revival, of the double pass and the long pass, which plays had been given up of late for the wedge. No one, no matter how hardened he may be to the roughness of football, can look at a wedge forming without a shudder of apprehension and disgust, and no one who saw "Bobby" Baker's old trick of the long pass as beautifully executed last week but felt that the open game is the cleaner and safer and better one.

In enthusiasm I do believe I have never seen a more remarkable game than this last, and as an exhibition of delight there was never anything so complete and satisfying as an illustration of that feeling than was the sight of the Princeton substitutes, with their chins in their hands, and their elbows in the mud, and the rest of their bodies balanced in air, kicking and trembling with ecstasy. Nor was there ever a more excellent example of Yale grit than that showed by the eleven within three minutes of the last half, when they prevented Princeton from scoring a second time, though the ball was within a few feet of the goal line.

People who live far away from New York, and who cannot understand from the faint echoes they receive how great is the enthusiasm that this contest arouses, may possibly get some idea of what it means to the contestants themselves through the story of a remarkable incident which occurred after the game in the Princeton dressing-room. The team were being rubbed down for the last time after their three months of self-denial, and anxiety, and the hardest and roughest sort of rough work that young men are called upon to do, and outside in the semi-darkness thousands of Princeton followers were jumping up and down, and hugging each other, and shrieking themselves hoarse.

One of the Princeton coaches came into the room out of this mob, and holding up his arm for silence, said, "Boys, I want you to sing the doxology." And standing as they were, naked and covered with mud and blood and perspiration, the eleven men who had won the championship sang the doxology from the beginning to the end as solemnly and as seriously, and, I am sure, as sincerely, as they ever did in their lives, while outside the no less thankful fellow students yelled and cheered, and beat at the doors and windows, and howled for them to come out and show themselves. This may strike some people as a very sacrilegious performance, and as a most improper one, but the spirit in which it was done has a great deal to do with the question, and any one who has seen a defeated team lying on the benches of their dressing-room sobbing, like hysterical school-girls, can understand how great and how serious is the joy of victory to the men who conquer.

THE MAKING OF OUR NAVAL OFFICERS.

I.

THE United States Naval Academy owes its existence to the persistent demands made for it by naval officers, mainly by those whose reputations had been gained or fortified in that glorious war of 1812—glorious, that is, as far as ships and seamen were concerned. In their early service lives these fine sailor men had been denied all adequate training, and when days of peace carried them leisurely athwart the hawse of the older navies they recognized how much their careers had lost through the stupidity and neglect of our government.

Sent to sea at a tender age, they were forced to begin their duties often in the shock of battle, always under circumstances rigorous enough to test the physical and moral endurance of the strongest men. The asperities of sea life in those days magnified the importance of rough treatment as fillip for sea boys, and beyond a training of the knock-down-and-drag-out school there was no royal tide to learning. Everything, except sailorizing, fighting, rambling and rough liberty on the beach was picked up haphazardly, and this went little beyond the art of bowlines and the science of carronades. Sometimes a bowing acquaintance was scraped with the simpler mathematics, and occasionally a few midshipmen were enabled to attend navigation schools. On board cruising ships chaplains were enjoined by regulation and tradition to instruct the midshipmen "diligently and faithfully in the science appertaining to their department," but as the parsons were not expected to know navigation, seamanship, gunnery, or any foreign language, the curriculum was usually not worth the shaking of a rope yarn.

The life of the younker—of the "Johnny Raw"—in those luminous was ever a hard one. On shipboard the older messmates showed a paternal care for his health by confiscating his allowance of spirits, and by assigning him the privilege—his main duty in port—of performing market-work generally. At sea, when off watch, he passed his golden hours under the vivifying beams of the purser's dip in an atmosphere redolent of bean soup, rum, tar, and tobacco, and all his leisure was employed in working out the day's run, and in writing up the log-books of those belly-rooks his more experienced shipmates. On watch, he called the cooks in the morning, saw the decks properly swept, tumbled aloft when sails were handled, and tramped for hours off and on to leeward in the gangways, squeaking out the orders given by the lieutenant in a voice not unlike that of a parrot stridently maundering through a cracked reed. He sneaked off, when he could, in his night-watches to the lee of [illegible] where he snoozed heavily, pillowed on a signal flag and blanketed with a greasy tarpaulin; though from here he was hauled out by the leg at unholy intervals and sent below to mix and bring to the officer of the deck a glass of grog strong enough to float a marline-spike.

After fighting his way for a year or two—and he was sorry a scrap day he and not—he became weary, learned to swear in five languages by the clock and arithmetically, fought for his eilage like a fishwife, and dunded on the tub whenever the master's mate of the spirit room in his cups forbade not, and this was often. After he had grown a little older, especially after he had seen a fight or two and been out in a duel, he became respectful to his superiors, attentive to his duties, thoughtful of the bluejackets, and finical as to the length of his kerchief, to the cockbilling of his shiny hat, to the tautness and bell-mouthing of his trousers, and to the brightness of the anchor-embossed buttons, which shone with the glory of Orion on the dark blueness of his round jacket. He roared no longer as 'twere a nightingale, nor gently as a sucking dove, his voice was larded with holes, and its cog-wheeled hoarseness came not from singing or bellowing of asthma. Proudest boasts of all, his ripening chin knew the barber's shear, and Bom Boat Sal no longer called him her "Ducky darling of a reefer."

Now, if big in muscle, beamy of shoulder, and two-handed with his fists, he became cock of the steerage walk. He borrowed more than he loaned, patronized and catered for the mess, took toll of grog from his vassals, drank the stingo to the lees—though this virtuously and discreetly, for, like Master Slender in the play, he caroused only with the sober-minded and in exemplary society. As an old-day writer says of him, there was at this stage observance in his eye, activity in his heels, humility in the hinges of his knee. From his seniors he took everything in good part—dinner with the captain joyously, reproof from the watch officers humbly, lunars with the master, assiduously, and conceit out of his juniors trustfully.

Of book-learning he had little or none; and knowing the influences and hardships which environed the officers of the day, it is not easy to understand how they learned so admirably the duties they had subsequently to perform as commanders of ships and squadrons. That they never forgot their early limitations is best shown by the splendid fight they made for the establishment of the naval school. In season and out, through good fortune and ill, they persisted, petitioning Congress session after session to make the navy, through a *personnel* properly selected and trained, equal to the demands which the ripening greatness of the nation would create. It was a long, a wearisome fight, but these old officers and their successors never faltered. In the end small classes were taught at the navy yards, then a school was established at Philadelphia, and finally, in 1845, the Naval School was organized by Secretary George Bancroft, and its location was fixed at Annapolis, Maryland.

II.

The number of naval cadets is limited by law to one for every member or delegate of the House of Representatives and to eleven others—ten at large and one from the District of Columbia—appointed by the President. As the age of admission falls between the limits of fifteen and twenty years, and the course extends six years, it follows that in certain districts appointments may not be open more than once in that period, thus making one-third of its boys unavailable. To enter, a candidate must be physically sound, and have a thorough knowledge of arithmetic, algebra, geography, grammar, writing, and spelling, and, when appointed, be ready to take an oath to serve eight years, the probationary period included. When a vacancy is likely to occur in any district the Secretary of the Navy must notify its representative as soon as possible after the 5th of March in each year, and if by the first of the following July no action has been taken, the privilege lapses, and the Secretary is empowered to make the nomination. As this system permits the choice of a candidate to be deferred until the May examination is over, or, as in the majority of cases, until the September examination ushers in the academic year, it would be better to follow the West Point rule, and to nominate a candidate and an alternate one year in advance. This would enable the applicants to pursue a special course, and if upon entrance the first three months were deemed probationary, the successful candidates could go at once upon a cruise, and learn definitely their aptitude for a sea-life. In the official reports of last year the Board of Visitors recommends that the course of study at the Academy should be made five years, in lieu of four, as at the present, to which should be added one year's sea service before final graduation, in place of the two now required.

After the candidate has passed the mental and physical examinations he reports to the superintendent, takes the oath of allegiance, and deposits twenty dollars for his books, and such an additional sum as may be required for his outfit. This amount is specified in the annual circulars, but will average about $175, though from it is deducted the value of such clothing brought from home that need not be of a standard pattern. One month after admission the cadet is credited with his actual travelling expenses to the Academy, but this must be refunded if he resigns voluntarily within a year. His annual pay is $500, but his control over it is purely nominal, for every year $60 is reserved for his graduation outfit, and nearly all the rest goes for his books, clothing, mess bills, laundry, barber, and monthly pocket-money—the last usually so microscopic as to keep him in the traditionally impecunious condition that everywhere is the hall and mint mark of the midshipman.

His hard work begins at the beginning, and his leisure is as scant as his coin. But it is a season of harvest labor, mental progress, physical growth—a system planned upon lines a long experience has justified, rich in brain and brawn for the worthy, and relentless only for the idle and careless. The cadet rises at 6, commences studies and recitations at 8, has recreation from 12.15 to 12.30, goes to dinner, and has recreation until 1.50, when the afternoon recitations begin, and from then continue until 3.55. From 4.10 until 5.30 he is at drill, then has recreation until 6, when he is marched to supper. Evening studies begin at 7.30 and end at 9.30. A half hour of recreation follows, and then at 10 taps are sounded, noises cease, the lights go out, the quarters slip into the darkness, and the cadet's long day is done. On Saturday there is one recitation period, ending at 10, and followed by a drill possibly on shipboard or with the batteries. At 10.30 on Sunday church service is held. This is non-sectarian, and attendance is obligatory, except in the case of cadets who have, at the written request of their parents, received permission to attend the Annapolis churches of their home faiths.

The limited space forbids any description in this sketch of the course of study, but it may briefly be grasped under eleven heads: 1, Seamanship, Naval Construction, and Naval Tactics; 2, Ordnance and Gunnery; 3, Astronomy, Navigation, and Surveying; 4, Steam Engineering; 5, Mechanics and Applied Mathematics; 6, Physics and Chemistry; 7, Mathematics; 8, English Studies, History, and Law; 9, Modern Languages; 10, Mechanical Drawing; 11, Physiology and Hygiene. In addition to the vigorously practical work on the high seas with sails, battery, and machinery during the annual cruise, exercises with canvas, guns, and engines and of the battalion and naval brigade are of frequent occurrence at the Academy, and in the laboratory, observatory, machine shops, armory, rigging loft, and boat houses you may see robust, red-cheeked, bright-eyed, lithe-limbed, straight-spined youngsters handling the various tools of their complex trades as deftly as they toy with the sputtering crayons on blackboards, where amazing signs, portents, formulæ, and other [illegible] are developed, until one wonders that these pundits do not burst from over-forcing and hot-bedding. They would, I believe, were it not for the equal care shown their physical training, for thanks to the encouragement given my old friend and messmate Surgeon Henry Beyer, particular attention is being paid "to systematizing the branch of physical training, the object in view being the best symmetrical physical development of every cadet. Each one is carefully measured and his strength of lift, squeeze, pull, etc., noted, after which the exercise necessary for the development of any point in which he is lacking is directed." The frequency of these examinations insure a rapid individual all-around growth, but no over-development of one part of the body at the expense of another.

It is not all work and no play—dry as the routine may seem—and Reefer Jack is far from being a dull boy. He has his breathing spaces, his privileges, and his amusements. On Saturday afternoons leave is granted to the deserving, and during recreation hours the tennis court, pistol gallery, bowling-alleys, and mild sea-fights are open to him. In good weather, on Saturdays and holidays, the steam-launches and sailing cutters are at his disposal, and the rifle range is always snapping and yelping whenever the firing-light hours and regulations do not deny. Each year the cadet has a brief leave served out—that is, if the ship comes home in time—and in the middle of the course one of considerable extent, when he is glorious in the toggery of sleek citizens, and more nautical than Benbow ever dared to be.

Like other students, he is riotously daft and eager with the fury of football, and the fourth match with the military cadets comes off just as this paper goes to press; you can read the result in Amateur Sport in our next number. The sailor has already won two out of the three games.

J. D. JERROLD KELLEY, Lieutenant-Commander.

A WOODLAND TRAGEDY.

THE mistletoe crowns the forest tree,
And the crystal berries gleam,
While the Dryad waits expectantly
For the promise of her dream.

She sighs and waits in her woodland cell,
Alas, the poor prisoned fay!
The graceless Faun that she loved so well
Has fled with a Nymph away.

The twain will lie 'neath the forest tree
When the summer brings the birds,
While the Dryad held in slavery
Will list to their loving words.

But she may not speak—for Pan hath said,
If her lover Faun forgot,
Ere the magic mistletoe was dead,
That a voice would matter not.

So she must be dumb—the god delights
Alone in a merry song,
And binds the tongues of his woodland sprites
When they fain would sigh of wrong.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE.

BY A GREAT-GREAT GRANDNEPHEW.

AN unparalleled thing happened in New York on Saturday, November 25th. A boy—a mere stripling of twenty-two—more than a century after his death, was given a triumph in the metropolis of his country. The city stopped work, and assembled to witness a pageant of the civil, ecclesiastical, military, and naval services, and to cheer at the unveiling of his statue.

The story of Nathan Hale has been told this week in every public print. In belated appreciation, journals are employing special writers to discuss his probable appearance, and the location of the apple tree beneath which he died. It is the story of a boy who, when the commander-in-chief asked "Congress' Own" for a volunteer for extraordinary, dangerous, and, above all, disreputable duty, said to the brother officers who tried to dissuade him, "Every kind of service necessary for the public good becomes honorable by being necessary. I will go"; and who, accordingly appearing that night before Washington in the house of the rich merchant, Robert Murray, on Murray Hill, received the commission of a spy. It is a tale of daring exploit, of capture, of the discovery of incriminating Latin memoranda in a boot, of cruel treatment at the hands of a provost-marshal, and of heroic death.

It was good to have given that imposing demonstration of reverence and affection for his name. It is good that there is to stand in the plaza there a monument to such sacrifice and such patriotism as his, good that before the eyes of the throngs that sweep up and down Broadway there is to be a memorial of a man who thought of his life only as a thing to be gladly given for his country. There is not in our history another quite so gallant, so romantic, a figure as that of Nathan Hale. His youth, his accomplishments, and attractions amply testified to the nature of his service, the tragic circumstances of his execution, his unflinching courage to the last, the sorrow of Washington and that of his own fair betrothed—for Alice Adams was fair—invest his fate with a peculiarly romantic pathos. "He is forever for America the young man's hero and inspiration," Dr. Edward Everett Hale said to me as we came down, and a moisture in the eyes of the venerable patriot said that he is also the old man's inspiration.

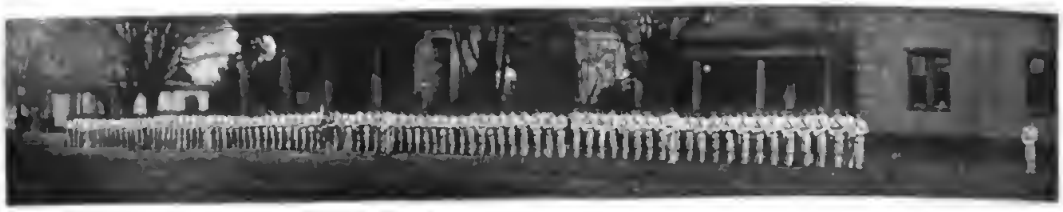
The statue is one of the best in New York. HARPER'S WEEKLY's picture of it, admirable as it is, cannot show, as Mr. Macmonnies' bronze does, a nostril and lips so fine that they seem to quiver with the last emotions of that magnificent spirit which could breathe the defiance, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

We always want verses to celebrate love and patriotism, and we pardon them if they are not great or even clear. These, written long ago by a fellow townsman of Nathan Hale, perhaps because they are in the martial metre of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," have always set my heart thumping:

"He fell in the spring of his early prime,
With his fair hopes all around him;
He died for his birth-land—a glorious crime—
Ere the palm of her fame had crowned him.

"He fell in her darkness; he lived not to see
The noon of her risen glory;
But the name of the brave, in the hearts of the free,
Shall be twined with his deathless story."

WILLIAM BAYARD HALE.



DRESS PARADE

TAKING OBSERVATIONS OF THE SUN.

PRACTICAL WORK AT THE FORGE

SWEET IDLENESS.

IN THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

FURLING SAIL ON THE PRACTICE SHIP.

IN THE MACHINE SHOP.

NAVAL BRIGADE DRILL—SCALING AN EIGHT-FOOT WALL.

A CADET TEA.

AT THE ANNAPOLIS NAVAL ACADEMY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCES B. JOHNSTON.—[SEE PAGE 1179.]

EXPLODING A SUBTERRANEAN MINE

EFFECT OF SHOT STRIKING THE WATER OFF WILLETS POINT.

BATTALION OF ENGINEERS CONSTRUCTING A PONTOON-BRIDGE

MODEL OF BLOCK-HOUSE DESIGNED FOR DEFENSE OF BRIDGES

EFFECT OF THE EXPLOSION OF A SUBMARINE TORPEDO.

PRACTISING THE RAPID CONSTRUCTION OF TEMPORARY BRIDGE STRUCTURES

WITH THE BATTALION OF UNITED STATES ENGINEERS AT WILLETS POINT.—[See Page 1194.]

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AN ARTIST IN THE SAN JUAN COUNTRY.

BY REMINGTON W. LANE.

It was in the early spring that our party left New York to go into the land of the "Cliff Dwellers."

Mr. Warren K. Moorehead, at the head of the expedition, had had charge of several successful surveys in Ohio, and was enthusiastic at the prospect of the archæological finds in the great "unknown land." We "Easterners" were worked up to a pitch of nervous excitement, until, at the close of the third day, we could descry from the car window signs of approaching desolation. Even the seemingly endless plains, with bunches of cattle here and there, were interesting to us.

After roaring through cañons and thundering through tunnels, we found ourselves, the evening of the fourth day, whirling through the Ute Indian Reservation in southern Colorado. Fatigued, travel worn, and tired of the monotonous clich of the car-wheels, my interest was suddenly revived upon seeing the white tepees with their brown smoked tops, and the Indians silhouetted against the small camp-fires.

The deepening twilight softened the rugged landscape, and night closing in, simple pictures, void of meaningless detail, rushed by the car window, camp after camp with thin blue streams of smoke curling up into the evening haze.

The life of the Indian seemed free, beautiful, and romantic. How different in the broad glare of day!

In a few hours we arrived at Durango, a raising town with the usual stamping-mill, smelter, numerous saloons, and gambling dens. Two newspapers, the *Solid Meldoon* and the *Republic*, give meagre news of the outside world.

The town is surrounded by the foot-hills of the Rockies, and so abruptly and so high do they rise that one feels that at any moment they might fall and crush the town.

The first few days were spent with stock men, grocerymen, teamsters, and cooks, and all seemed to know by intuition that it was the "tenderfoot" they had to deal with.

Our camp tingled with new names and new expressions. We must have "doubled-cinched" saddles, and so many pounds of "spuds" (potatoes). When Bill Matthews's "outfit" went out he had no and so. This "outfit" and that "outfit." A man walking by with a pick on his shoulder was an "outfit."

A train of burros and all the necessary "outfit" for Western travelling, and we were ready. With many a "good-by" and a "good luck to ye" from the inhabitants, we turned our faces toward the southwest.

Following the Animas River, running to the south between the foot-hills, we came upon a great plain. Sand, sage, and cactus, a true picture of the Southwest. The mountains in the distance, with their snowy tops, were beautiful in their softness of tone and grand proportions.

Along through the sand we plodded all day, the scene ever the same. But it wasn't too new yet to become monotonous.

What great sport it was to try our new Winchesters, shooting at the prairie dogs sitting so upright on their mounds of sand, their little eyes glistening in the sun!

Night coming on, we put up our tents in a clump of cottonwood trees, built a roaring fire, and soon had a satisfactory supper.

The next afternoon we reached Aztec, New Mexico, a village of ten or twelve houses and a population of twenty or thirty persons. Our wagon stopped in front of a saloon and hotel—a low building of adobe mud—where most of the town was congregated, waiting for the stage to bring the mail. Every one looked at our outfit with a great deal of curiosity.

One man took my fancy at once—evidently a Mexican, with small black eyes, swarthy skin, and black mustache. A broad, black, greasy hat cast a shadow over his handsome face as he sat there smoking a great black meerschaum, aimlessly whittling a piece of pine with a huge hunting-knife.

The sun was shining bright and strong on the yellow mud wall, and the red handkerchief knotted around his neck, and his blue shirt and lighter blue pants, stood out in strong relief against the yellow background. Sunny lands and bright colors! It was a veritable Italian picture.

These Aztec people were eagerly looking for a railroad, and seeing our surveying instruments, they hailed us with delight. And although they were wofully disappointed to find we were not forerunners of a railroad, they treated us hospitably, and we spent a pleasant Sunday amongst them.

By ten o'clock Monday we had the burros packed and were ready to depart. The wind was blowing strongly when we started and in less than an hour we were in the midst of a terrible sand storm. None of us had ever experienced anything of the kind before, and the severity of it was agonizing. One could scarcely walk against the furious wind to say nothing of the blinding clouds of stinging sand and dust. Stronger and stronger came the storm, and deeper and deeper sifted the sand into the dim trail. Mile after mile through the howling storm we toiled, our eyes and ears filled with dust, our faces burning with the force of the flying sand, limbs aching, steps flagging.

All day raged the storm, and as it was impossible to stop for dinner, we kept on and on, until darkness found us in the valley of the La Plata River, sheltered in the midst of a thick jungle of cottonwoods and willows.

The following morning we looked around us, and found many ruins of ancient pueblos on the imposing and prominent points. The buildings, I noticed, seemed to have been placed so as to command a view of the entire horizon.

To the north extends the valley of the ever winding Rio La Plata, far into the lands of the Utes, with its snow-clad mountains.

To the south the view is one of desolation, without one sign of civilization. Pinons, grease wood, and sage brush reign supreme.

There were many unmistakable signs of a prehistoric race that had lived and prospered. To the archæologist it is a locality of absorbing interest.

As the sun rose in the gap of the mountains, the morning of the 15th of April, it found our camp all bustle and hurry. The burros had wandered far away. One by one they were recaptured, and with a great deal of pulling and jumping the stubborn beasts were loaded with their pack saddles and baggage.

At last the tents were folded, and we were away, leaving only two or three well worn spots to mark our camp.

As we moved across the mesa, our outfit made a striking picture, and one that we from the East enjoyed in every detail. The burros with their packs, which seemed much too large for them, padded along quietly and patiently, but due only to the constant watching of the two men on horses behind them.

One is our guide. He rides a small bay horse. The saddle is tremendous, with many flying strings and trappings—all so characteristic of the Western saddle. Tight laced boots, short army jacket, a broad slouched hat, his face bronzed by the sun, and, altogether, the most interesting figure in the party.

Then come the two wagons, piled high with boxes, blankets, and baggage of every description. The cook's wagon is loaded with provisions, and one would naturally wonder what the great box filling the entire end could possibly contain, but when opened at the back it discloses to view shelves laden with pots, pans, and all kinds of kitchen utensils. Thus even in the great wilderness we have our own kitchen and pantry. Following this wagon is the pony carrying the art supplies.

We move along steadily, hour after hour, across a rocky mesa, then again down in the sandy plain. The view is strange and fascinating. Not a sign of vegetation can be seen, except an occasional piñon and a few cacti. As far as the eye roams are undulating valleys with mesas and foot-hills, and here and there a prominent point looming above all, giving to the scene a weird fascination.

Leaving one of these valleys we entered a rocky cañon. When we emerged it was past noon. At the divide we had dinner, and our tired animals were given a measure of oats, but no water. We must reach Navajo Springs for water—still many hours distant.

Near sundown we came to a small hut in the mouth of a cañon, and our guide told us we were at the Springs. Where we had expected to see a stream of sparkling water gushing from the rock we found only a stagnant pool. After the stock had been watered, hobbled, and fed, supper was soon steaming over the camp-fire. The sun vanished behind the rock cliff, and in the twilight we spread our blankets and turned in. All was quiet, save the soft wind rattling the sand through the sage brush.

In the morning I was awakened by the whir of the coffee-mill, and the cook soon afterward hurried us up to breakfast, while the stars were shining with the late moon still in the sky. Once more we were travelling across the sandy desert, our nearest place for water the Mancos River, our guide himself hardly knowing the trail. On one of the great swells of the plain we saw a rider driving some horses rapidly toward the north. Our guide intercepted him, whereupon he gave directions as to the trail, and the doubtful information that we might possibly find water by noon, and that the trail might be dim.

At noon we came to the place where we were to find water; but, alas! nothing but a dirty pool of alkali.

On and on over the rolling plain, the sun sinking behind the top of the rise just before us. We had thought to see the Mancos River, but another plain, even wider than the first, opened to our astonished view. Then we became discouraged. The horses, with their sides sunken and gaunt, could scarcely pull the heavy wagons over the sand mounds, and it would soon be dark, and we had no water. We must reach the Mancos.

Darkness soon encompassed us, and it became necessary for us to walk ahead of the wagons to guide the driver, keeping the general direction as best we could. At 9.30 we heard a shot fired ahead, and we knew it was the signal that we had at last arrived at the Mancos. In twenty minutes the animals were plunged breast-deep into the water.

The guide informed me that he had seen a bright fire reflected on the water, and had immediately signalled us, but that an instant after his shot the fire had disappeared.

Later we found we were close to an Indian camp. Seeing that we were friendly, the Indians built their fire again, and an old witch-like woman, with long stringy hair flying around her wrinkled face, came with a bundle of sage twigs for our fire. Tired out, we spread our blankets around the wagon and went to sleep.

The sun shining in my face awakened me, and I found myself looking with all eyes at hundreds of goats and sheep that some Indians were driving down from the mesa on my right. Where the animals were able to find anything to chew on was more than I could discover. Mounds, hills, and towers of rock extended in every direction—the most desolate scene imaginable; the general tone brown, not a green spot to be seen. The sheep and goats were driven into a ravine whose perpendicular walls prevented them from escaping. There the Indians milked them.

We crossed the river as early as we could, for late in the day it is a rushing torrent from the melted snow from the mountains. And as it was Sunday, we stopped for the day, too tired to do anything but lounge on our blankets.

I was entertained listening to the talk of the "Westerners." Here were three of those roamers of the empty earth, who gallop over the sage-brush plains and throw responsibility to the winds.

"Bill" Matthews and George Cox were "prospectin'" when they had money enough to buy bacon, beans, and dried apples. Now they were guide and cook. When our trip has ended they will be off to the mountains, a pack-mule—laden with pick, shovel, pan, and blankets, provisions and giant powder—their sole companion.

"Bill" Matthews has been a soldier, ranchman, cow-puncher, and guide; but always turns again to the seeking of gold, and, like the gambler, stakes his all on the last throw. So great is the fascination that he will end his days an old worn-out man, breathing his last in some desolate cañon, hundreds of miles from civilization.

Cox once owned thousands of cattle. Now he owns only a strip of bad land on the Animas River, with a poor lone cabin going to ruin. From the gold pan and tin quartz-crusher he expects to retrieve his fortunes.

Then the teamster, Wallace Olinger, or "Uncle Johnny," as all of us called him, is very interesting. He is past middle age, his eyes are bad and watery, and rheumatism has overtaken him. There is something about his countenance that evokes one's deepest sympathy.

As we ride along during the day it is always "Uncle Johnny" that takes great pains in answering our many questions and telling us of Western ways.

And in the evening, by the camp-fire, he would roll cigarettes in brown Mexican paper or thin corn husks and occasionally would rub the tears from his eyes, seemingly caused by the sage-brush fire. But he had such a sorrowful expression I was tempted to believe they were caused by other than that.

One evening, sitting by the camp fire as usual he rolled a fresh cigarette and sat gazing into the glowing embers. Suddenly he began to tell me of his life, as if by thus unburdening himself to obtain comfort.

"I came West," he said, "while quite a young man. After a number of years I returned to the East and married a beautiful young girl. But I was ever homesick for the wild free 'West.' We moved to Kansas—one step nearer. I had trouble with my father-in-law, and in a fit of passion I killed him. Then I fled to the West to loose and lose myself in the wilderness. In the smaller towns I worked in the mines. Tiring of this, I bought four large horses to haul freight between Durango and Farmington. Two of the horses became entangled in their ropes and strangled themselves. With the two remaining I managed to make a living."

There he sits by the fire, thinking of the young wife he will never see again. Sometimes in the mornings he will tell me of the terrible dreams of the night before.

Again we are plodding and pulling through the sand.

After leaving the divide between the Mancos and the Recapture rivers we crossed a rocky mesa. Threading our way down through a tortuous cañon, we looked out upon a great plain—miles and miles of sage-green velvety expanse sloping gently towards the west.

Rising abruptly from the plain on either side are lofty cliffs that seem to rise almost perpendicularly from the plain to their bare pinnacle-studded crests, where the snow is lying in shaded patches.

During the ages of erosion towers of rock have been left standing in the plain, giving to the scene a weird and wonderous effect. The color in all is beautiful: the snuff brown hue of the nearer towers and slopes losing itself in the blue and misty ones far away.

One could choose many a poetic foreign latitude to fit the scene, and forget that he was in southern Utah, until his eyes rested on the sage-covered plain.

We moved toward the setting sun, expecting when we reached the highest point to see the great San Juan Valley.

After days of travel over arid plains, hills, and mesas, with small supplies of bad water, what a thrilling scene presented itself to us! A wild rushing river, fed by the melting snows of the northern mountains, making its way through the fertile valley. The bottom lands, covered with a luxuriant growth of cottonwoods and willows, form an oasis in this desert, bounded in one one side by the Navajo Mountains and on the other by a steep bluff, from the top of which begin the arid plains.

The sun is sinking, the brilliant green of the foreground, the brown of the earth and the rocks, with the misty blue overhanging the entire valley, gradually solidifying the heights and depths, until the whole forms a single grand silhouette of the Navajo Mountains. In the prospect of a pleasant night in the beautiful valley our journey down the cañon is borne with patience.

Is it possible in any fertile spot in Utah, no matter how remote from civilization, not to find a prosperous band of Mormons? It might have been so before '79, but now we find many interesting settlements. One a carefully laid out village, built on the bottom lands between the San Juan River and the cliffs, is fitly called Bluff City.

From the oldest inhabitants I learned that the founding of Bluff City was attended with greater suffering and more arduous labor than any other like scheme of colonization, and that since 1847 the Mormons have founded two thousand colonies from Canada to Mexico.

I cannot imagine a finer example of Mormon enterprise than these two hundred people, with their log houses, their wealth of cattle and horses, leaving good homes and facing the dangers and hardships of an unknown country.

To-day, approaching the beautiful village of Bluff I could scarcely realize the trials and struggles said to have been endured. We were in a beautiful though quiet country, the features of the landscape clearly marked by ditches of water, the broad green fields diversified by trees and hedgerows. Through the trees we could see the glistening white of the great cliffs—the walls surrounding this paradise.

A turn in the road brought us to the town itself, and on to a broad sunshiny street, where the trees on either side are photographed on its spotless surface.

And such quaint houses! almost obscured in blossoming fruit trees, flowers, and climbing vines; while the dirt-covered roofs, grown over with grass and wild flowers, are veritable hanging gardens. They are all much alike these cottages, individual taste cropping out here and there in a brush-covered veranda, or a bed of bright flowers in the door-yard. Cottonwood, locust, and box-elder trees canopy with grateful foliage every avenue, and the gutters flow sparkling streams of snow-water, that dashes over beds of pebbles like native brooks. The settlers did not stop with the planting of vegetables and a little grain, they at once began a nursery of fruit and shade trees; ornament and comfort were not forgotten.

In the centre of the town is the Indian trading post and supply house, a good substantial building of hewn logs. In picturesque groups about the buildings stood Navajo Indians, straight and perfectly motionless, clad in wonderfully woven and beautifully colored blankets, gazing at us with all the curiosity of children. Others, with their blankets spread on the ground before them, were playing a game with Spanish cards, and so much interested as to who would win the pile of cartridges they did not even notice our approach.

Further along the street, on the same block, we found a long low building of logs, with grass-grown roof. A small bell perched on the comb of the roof calls the people to church, the children to school, and in the long winter evenings the young folks to the dance.

And the whole town seemed to be at church the following Sunday afternoon. Young men with bronzed faces, who had been herding cattle during the week, were loitering around the door, feeling awkward and uncomfortable in their Sunday clothes; young women in stiff white dresses and gayly decorated hats, their hands red from labor in the fields; old men, old women, mothers with their children, all of peculiar interest.

The weather is not the chief topic of conversation in this country, for "the sun never stops shining." The sunshine of the San Juan country is its glory and its riches. Day follows day, month follows month, without a cloud.

We drove all over the country near Bluff City, taking in final impressions, which were like our first.

During our halt there an old prospector—Durkett by name—came running into our camp, excited and gold crazed at a recent find of his. His hands were filled with specimens of mineral ore, and a cartridge-bag, swung over his shoulder, hung heavy with the precious pay dirt. After years of wandering in the San Juan Valley and the Navajo Mountains, attended only by disappointment, he was now confident he had "struck it," and all his golden dreams were about to be realized. Jubilantly he told me he just never had gone to Durango to have the metal assayed. It is reasonable to suppose that this was the beginning of the recent great exodus to the Bluff settlement.

The morning we left it it seemed to me I had never seen anything more beautiful than the fruit trees, so richly laden in all the gardens. Light and color are an abiding association with the San Juan Valley.

CAPTAIN LATTAMORE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

I.

ALL the Fareham women—women being as superior to logical sequence seventy years ago as some of them are now—were hot for hanging Captain Lattamore anyway. They said that a man who certainly had been a pirate, and who certainly had murdered his wife, ought to be hung in short order, and if the law couldn't hang him, why then it was so much the worse for the law.

But the Fareham men, being steady-going and sensible, objected to the premises of the women and denied their conclusions. They said that the only proof that the captain had been a pirate was found in his own loose talk when he had been drinking, and that as to having murdered his wife, there was no proof at all. The two had lived alone on Loveladies Island, two miles out in the bay—the captain was the keeper of the Loveladies Light—and all that anybody could say positively was that the woman had died there. That the captain's treatment of her had been brutal; that she had died suddenly; that the captain had kept her death a secret until long after he himself had buried her on the island without any sort of a funeral: these were points, the men admitted, which told against him heavily; but they were not proofs that would gibbet him—as anybody but a woman would have sense enough to know.

Nobody knew much about the captain. According to his own account of himself, he had served on board of a government ship in the war then lately ended—that is to say, the war of 1812—and had been appointed light-keeper at Loveladies as a reward for his services to his country afloat. This was all well enough; but what was not well—even before his wife came to her dismal ending—was his talk when in his cups about his doings down among the West India Islands and on the coast of the Spanish Main. Even when he was roaring drunk he never got beyond hints and suggestions; but these, being pieced together, gave such a notion of deviltries done as to send the blood of his respectable listeners running cold in their veins.

Before he took charge of the light regularly he came down to Fareham to have a look about him and to get at the lay of the land. During this visit he made his quarters with the widow Burgess—whose widowhood began when the *Laughing Jane*, whaler, was nipped in the ice, up to the northward, and who made a living by boarding and lodging respectable seafaring men. Captain Lattamore was so polite, and looked so well in his blue uniform—something like that of a sea-lieutenant—that the widow did not for a moment hesitate about taking him in. But the very first night she found out what a mistake she had made, when he sat up in her kitchen until after twelve o'clock, brewing himself one glass of punch after another and roaring out strong sea-songs in a way that fairly made the kitchen windows rattle, and that made the widow feel that if she were not a widow she certainly would have to stop her ears; and when she came down stairs in the morning, there was the captain stretched out on the kitchen table, with a pan of bread that she had set to rise overnight for a pillow, fast asleep.

The widow Burgess had a temper of her own, and she then and there blazed out like a ten-gun brig firing a broadside. Out of her house, and that very minute, she said that the captain had got to go! But the captain—when he had shaken off enough of his sleep to understand what she was saying to him—just looked at her for a minute or so with his big black eyes, while he twisted up the ends of his big black mustache and ran his fingers through his long black beard, and then, without as much as answering her, ordered her to get him his breakfast and to be d—— quick about it, too! There was no doing anything with such a masterful man as that, the widow concluded, and so she did get him his breakfast in a hurry, and also brought him the pitcher of fresh water that he cried out for to mix his morning stiffener of grog.

Outside of the house Captain Lattamore made himself quite as unpleasant as he did inside of it. When he took his walks about the town he always carried a brace of pistols stuck into the red sash that he wore about his waist, and he had a trick of fingering these pistols, when anything happened to be said that he did not exactly like, that made everybody around him exceedingly nervous. Most of the time that he was not over at Loveladies, looking at the island and the light he spent down on Herriott's wharf: walking up and down, in regular quarter-deck fashion, or sitting on the bench beside the oil-house in which the oil was stored when Captain Herriott's whaler, the *Bird of Dawn*, came home. Usually he smoked a short black pipe; and he always carried under his arm a large spy-glass that he was forever whipping out and levelling at every sail that came in sight out on the bay. If anybody spoke to him, the chances were that that body would get roundly cursed for his pains, and even the best that could be hoped for by way of answer was a grunt or a growl. When he was in a bad humor, and that seemed to be most of the time, he fell to hectoring everybody he came across; and if the hectored person plucked up a little courage and ventured to talk back to him, he had his hands on his pistols right away. He was not what would be called a companionable man.

The only approach to a friend that Captain Lattamore ever had in Fareham was Christopher Herriott, usually known as Kit Herriott, Captain Herriott's son. Kit would not have picked out the captain for a friend; but he did pick him out of the water one day—when the captain's dory, as he was pulling back from Loveladies, was upset in the tide-riff that forms on Taffrail Shoal when the last of the ebb meets the young flood. It is a bad place. People who get tangled up in that tide-riff usually get upset, and then they almost certainly drown. Kit happened to be coming up the bay just then, and he managed to get through the rough water to the captain and out safely into the smooth water again with the captain hanging fast to his stern. Then he rowed after the upset dory, and helped the captain to right it and to get on board again. While all this was going on the captain never spoke a word. And all that he did say, finally, just as he was beginning to pull away, was: "I guess you have backbone."

But Kit, being justly proud of what he had done, could not help having a rather kindly feeling toward the captain for giving him the chance to do it. After that he always nodded to the captain when they met; and sometimes, when their encounter was on the water and beyond the influence of public opinion, they even would have a little talk now and then—about fish, or the weather, or the whalers coming or going on the bay—for which small show of friendship the captain seemed to be grateful from the first, and almost pathetically grateful after he fairly had got under his black cloud.

II.

The cloud closed in on him very soon after his second coming to Fareham—a month or so after his first visit—when he returned to take charge of the Loveladies Light. Of all things in the world for such a man to bring with him, the captain brought a beautiful young bride—a delicate slip of a golden-haired girl, whose golden hair and fair beauty were emphasized in a manner almost startling by a pair of great brown eyes so melting soft that but a single glance from them it would seem must live forever in a man's soul.

Only the widow Burgess—at whose house the captain left his wife while attending to shifting the stores he had brought down from the wagon to the boat—had a chance really to get a good look at this delicately beautiful creature; and all the rest of Fareham, therefore, had to take the wonder at second hand in her report of it. Some parts of her report were accepted with several grains of salt. She asserted that the young wife turned pale when she heard her husband returning to take her to the boat, that he dragged rather than led her to the wharf; that as the boat drew away from the land there was in her great brown eyes a look of absolute despair: all of which, her hearers were disposed to believe, seemed to be so entirely unreasonable in the case of a bride and bridegroom that its genesis was more likely to be in prejudice than in fact. That a touch of jealousy might have tinged her statement was not at all impossible. As was well known in Fareham, the widow Burgess, being herself a sturdy person with a natural contempt for weaklings, had cherished a very kindly feeling toward the captain from the moment when he so masterfully had carried her kitchen by the board. But, even allowing for misrepresentation, all the rest of the women conceded that the case was a very queer one and ought to be investigated without a moment's delay.

The next thing that happened only made the queerness more queer. Being, as a matter of course, crazy to get the rights of the story, some of the women presently got their husbands to take them across to Loveladies to welcome the bride, as they put it, to her new home. As the boat stood into the dock the captain came running down from the lighthouse and roared out to keep off. He had on his red sash full of pistols—and when the men, thinking that he was only joking, tried to lay the boat alongside the dock, he did not stop at merely fingering those weapons. In a flash he whipped them out, one in each hand, and as he pointed them straight at the boat, cried out in a terrible voice that if they did not sheer off instantly two of the party instantly would be dead men! After such a broad hint as that they did sheer off, and in a hurry. It did not seem worth while to make a polite call on a bride under fire of the pistols of the groom.

To do the captain justice, the rule in social etiquette that he had established for himself was made to work both ways. On his side he was as consistently determined not to have anything to do with the Fareham people as he was determined that they should not have anything to do with him. Once or twice a month he would come over from Loveladies to buy stores, but he never would say a civil word to anybody, and whoever had the temerity to say a word, civil or uncivil, to him usually was sorry for it. A regular part of his stores always was a keg of Newburyport rum, and it was evident enough—from his thick and stumbling talk, and from his lurching gait, and from the way in which he sailed his boat—that he kept himself steadily soaked with this beverage all the way in to the marrow of his bones.

It was not a great while before the fact became plain enough to everybody that poor Mrs Lattamore was just as much a prisoner on Loveladies Island as though she had been locked up in the New Bedford jail—and with a much worse jailer, for the New Bedford jailer belonged to a Fareham family, and was a very respectable man. She never came up to town with the captain; she very rarely was seen even walking about the island. Frequently, though, people sailing past the island caught glimpses of her sitting at one of the upstairs windows of the little house on the roof of which was the light-tower; and on several occasions, when boats had happened to stand close in, she had stepped back from the window—so as to be out of range of the captain, who always was marching around outside—and with a wild eagerness of longing had beckoned to the by-passers as though entreating them to come to her aid. But with the captain right there, with his belt full of pistols—and guns in the house, too, very likely—nobody had felt like taking all the chances which were involved in going ashore.

The Fareham women-folk got very indignant over all this, and they talked away at the men until the men decided that very likely something had better be done. But when it came to doing it, that was another matter. After all, the men said, it wasn't good manners to meddle in other people's family affairs—and each of them was thinking all the while that it would be a risky business to administer moral correction to the captain when there was about a dead certainty that he would out with his pistols and answer them with a bang.

III.

That things were getting worse and worse on Loveladies Island was perfectly clear. One day, as Si Barkum was standing in pretty close to the light on his way across the bay, Mrs Lattamore came running down to the shore beckoning to him and waving in her hand what seemed to be a letter. Si guessed pretty well that she wanted him to take the letter and send it to her friends, and as the captain was not anywhere in sight he had more than half a mind to slide in to land and get the letter and take it along.

Si knew, though, that the captain might turn up at any minute, and that he had better take care what he was about. And, as he said afterwards, it was a blamed good thing that he felt that way and went slow—for while he was holding his boat up in the wind, studying over what he had better do, out the captain came from the light-house and tearing down to where his wife was standing in a way that showed he was in a boiling rage. With one hand he snatched the letter away from her, and with the other he grabbed her so savagely by the arm that she cried out with the pain of it and nearly fell. "Go back to the house!" he roared, and as he spoke he fetched her a blow on the side of her head with his open hand so hard that it half stunned her—as Si saw by the way that she staggered as she walked away. And then he out with one of his pistols and fired a shot so close to Si's head that Si heard the bullet whistle. "Off with you!" he shouted, and levelled the other pistol. Si did not wait for any more orders! He put his boat on the wind and away he went—expecting every second that the captain would fire. But the captain did not fire. He stood there holding his pistol until Si was well clear of the island and then he walked quickly to the light-house and went inside. A minute or two later Si thought that he heard a scream—but the wind was flawy, and he could not be quite sure.

There was a good deal of stir up in town when Si—still looking pale and scared—got home and told about what had happened. Things came, indeed, almost to a climax. Old Captain Warble, who allowed that he was too old to go himself, said that it was the duty of the young men of the town to go down to Loveladies and rescue Mrs. Lattamore if necessary by force of arms, and that if the captain happened to get killed it would be all the better job. But the young men did not see things in just that way. Si Barkum said frankly that he "wasn't a goin' t' put himself near them blamed big pistols agin"; and while none of the others spoke out with Si's honesty it was plain enough that the pistols were in all of their minds. And so nothing came of the talk about a rescuing party; and as a month went by without any fresh news from the island—although several dare-devil young fellows repeatedly ran within half a mile of the shore—the excitement sort of died out.

And then the interest revived suddenly and in a very melancholy way.

One day Captain Lattamore came up from the light in his dory as sober as a judge. The moment that he stepped ashore and his phenomenal condition was observed everybody felt certain that something strange, probably something dreadful, had occurred; and nobody was much surprised, therefore, when he said that his wife was dead. He was very pale as he told about it, and he spoke hesitatingly. She had been sick for a good while, he said; and that was the reason why, he added, he had not wanted visitors on the island. This struck everybody as being a very bad reason, but nobody felt moved to tell him so. Her sickness had got worse and worse, he went on, and at last she had died. That was all.

"When did she die?" Deacon Harbud asked. "This morning?"

"No, no it weren't *this* morning," the captain answered, slowly and reflectively. "I disremember which day it were exactly—but I know it were at th' full o' the moon. I'm sure about that, 'cause when I finished a buryin' her th' moon were a risin', an' I remember thinkin' how fond she were of starin' at th' moon with them big eyes of hers."

"But that was better'n three weeks ago," Deacon Harbud said, in great astonishment. "And you buried her like that—without any funeral and with no service at the grave?"

"Three weeks is about my reckonin' of it," the captain replied. "An' as t' funerals, they ain't much in my line, nor yet is services at graves. That's all there is to tell about it. I jest thought I'd better come over and tell what there was t' tell, as like as not you wouldn't hear about it if I didn't, and you might like to know." He was silent for a moment, as though waiting to answer any questions which might be asked. But even Deacon Harbud was too much upset to speak a word, and the rest of course were stone-dumb. "Well, I must be goin' now," he continued. "It's gettin' t' be time t' light up." And then he walked slowly back to the wharf, got into his dory, and so pulled away down the bay.

If there had been any backbone worth speaking of in the back of a single one of the Fareham men it is reasonable to suppose that Captain Lattamore would have been arrested that very day, and taken over to the New Bedford jail and thereafter put on trial for his life. But backbonelessness was not a Fareham characteristic—among the men, at least; there was plenty of it among the women, and they all, as I have said, were hot for hanging him, trial or no trial—and nothing was done to the captain at all. The Fareham men, contenting themselves with saying that a case could not be proved against him, went on with their own work—which was getting a living in one way or another out of the sea; and the captain, contented with being let alone, went on with his own work—which was keeping the light burning steadily by night, and keeping himself—his phenomenal sobriety was only momentary—steadily full of Newburyport rum both by night and by day. And so matters rested for close on to a year.

IV.

It was toward the end of this year that Kit Herriott, coming home from a good day's fishing on Taffrail Shoal, fell in with Captain Lattamore late one afternoon down the bay. The meeting was one that Kit would have avoided had avoidance been possible; but the captain—who evidently had been on the lookout with his glass—pulled out from Loveladies just in time to head him off in Roushy's Reach, and so had him foul. Nor did the captain give Kit a chance to choose between speaking to him and not speaking to him when they came together. He laid his dory alongside of Kit's, and at the same time took a turn with a rope's end about the thole-pins of both boats, so as to make sure that they should stay together until he had said what he wanted to say. It was a good place for a private conversation: the nearest land, excepting Loveladies Island, was Roushy's Point—that loomed far off against the fading glow of a red sunset; and the only boat in sight was a full mile away.

Kit was shocked by the look of the captain when he thus got sight of him at short range. Of a sudden he was come to be a worn and withered old man. In his black eyes—which always had seemed bold enough to stare the very devil himself out of countenance—there was a harried and hunted look, and they shifted quickly and uneasily as though following after some object floating in the air. Upon him, as was plain enough, a dark dread weighed heavily, and when he spoke—although no one but Kit could have heard him had he yelled his heart out—he spoke almost in a whisper, and his voice was hoarse and queer.

"Kit," he said, "I want you t' come over t' th' island with me an' let me shet my mind of somethin' by tellin' you all there is t' tell. Don't say you won't," he went on, hurr-

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riedly. "It's nateral fur you t' say you won't—but don't do it now. It'll be th' savin' of my life t' let me talk out t' you this thing that's a-killin' of me, Kit—an' you won't have no more bothers with me, fur I'm a-goin' away—ever so fur away, to a part of th' world where them big eyes o' hern won't come a-pesterin' me, an' where it's warm breezes an' sweet sunshine all th' time. An' you'll be well paid fur comin', Kit, fur I'm a-goin' t' make you a present of a hull boat-load of golden money—givin' it to you partly 'cause you're th' only one that's ever been friendly t' me of all th' folks around here an' partly 'cause I wants you t' keep on thinkin' friendly of me sometimes when I'm gone away t' them far-off lands. It's worth havin', Kit, money is—leastways, honest money is, and this is honest money if ever there were any in this world—so jest you come along."

That the captain was as mad as a March hare seemed to be the most plausible explanation of his wild talk. But the offer of a boat-load of gold, even though it came from a crazy man, was an offer so stimulating and so alluring as to set Kit all athrill with a wondering longing in which doubt contended with very eager desire.

While he still hesitated, the captain cast off the line that held the boats together, and got his oars into the water. "Come on to th' island, Kit," he said. "What I've got t' tell is t' be told there; an' th' money's there too—that great load of golden money I'm a-goin' t' give you 'cause more'n anybody else you've stood by me an' been my friend. When I've said my say out you takes it aboard, you does, that golden money, an' away you goes—richer'n any young feller in all these here regions of th' world."

As he finished speaking, the captain swung away toward Loveladies with a long steady stroke—and in something less than ten seconds Kit was pulling after him with jerky eagerness—while his heart pounded like a trip hammer and his brain was all on fire. Nor did his ardor at all cool in the twenty minutes or so that the pull lasted. Indeed, he still more quivered with the excitement of this rare adventure as he stepped ashore on the little dock that for so long a time no feet save the captain's had pressed; and then, following in the captain's wake, went up to the light-house along the grass-grown path.

It was after sunset when they landed, and the captain—leaving Kit in what always had been the living room—hurried up into the little tower to light the lamp. "It's th' last time ever that lamp's lighted by me, Kit!" he said as he started up the spiral stair, and this strange statement, while it fitted in well enough with what the captain had been saying about leaving those parts, served to stir up Kit's wonder more and more.

But without any words of the captain's to puzzle over, he found enough of a marvel in the room where he was left for the moment alone. He remembered this room very well in the old light-keeper's time, when it had been merely an ordinary living room—a sort of kitchen and sitting room combined. As he now found it, it was less like a living-room than a fort. The two windows were walled up inside, but with a loop-hole left in each through which a musket could be fired, while the door, also loop-holed, was re-enforced by two thicknesses of two-inch plank, and had handily beside it a pile of rocks with which it could be barricaded in a moment after it was closed. On a rack in the middle of the room—just where the dining-table used to stand—were a dozen muskets and a cutlass, the muskets loaded and primed, as Kit found by turning up one of the pan-guards, and the cutlass naked and ready for instant use, while on a shelf that was a part of the rack were a couple of boxes of cartridges and a powder-horn. On the mantel-piece—above where the cooking-stove had stood—were four pairs of horse-pistols, which also were loaded and primed—and had with them fixed ammunition and a horn of priming powder; scattered about the room so that everywhere one was within reach were wooden clubs, something like belaying pins but larger and heavier; in each corner stood a boarding pike; and four or five more cutlasses, but these in their sheaths, hung upon the walls. The place was a very arsenal!

V.

While Kit still was examining, wonderingly, these prodigious preparations for defence, the captain came down again from lighting the lamp.

"I'm safe *here*, eh, Kit?" he said, with a sort of a chuckle under his breath and still speaking in a kind of a whispering growl.

"Safe from what?" Kit asked.

"From them that's after me, Kit—from th' hunderds an' hunderds that's after me t' stretch my neck! I don't say they ain't right t' be after me, fur some folks might hold it t' be a hangin' matter what I've done. But it truly weren't, you know, fur I didn't go t' hit her hard. What's more, I didn't. I'd been a-drinkin', an' maybe I hit a bit harder'n I had a mind to. But it weren't really hard. I've hit lots o' fellers harder'n I hit her—jest in fun, you know—an' nothin' ever come of it. She were so weakly an' mis'rable, that were what did it—not my hittin' hard at all."

The captain was silent for a moment, and then with a long sigh he went on again:

"But them that's after me, Kit, don't look at it that way. *They* thinks what I done wasn't done chanceways, but a-purpose. An' so they wants t' ketch me an hang me fur it, they does—all them thousan's an' thousan's of 'em after jest one man. 'Tain't fair, Kit, fur so many to get after jest one like that; is it, now? But they'll never ketch me here, Kit; leastways, bein' all them thousan's of 'em, they may get in at last, but they won't never ketch me alive. An' I guess a good many o' them cowardly fellers 'll be more'n sorry they ever sot 'emselves t' try! Jest you look a-here in th' chimbly, Kit, an' see what I've got all snug an' ready for 'em if ever they gits inside o' these walls!"

Kit's hair fairly bristled as he listened to this wild and rambling talk—that yet had to it an under meaning so deadly clear. All the same, though lacking neither pluck nor curiosity, he was eager to see what the captain had in readiness should his outer defences be carried by storm.

By this time the room was nearly dark. The captain lighted a candle, and—after pulling away the fire-board from in front of the great chimney place—got down on his hands and knees and held the candle up the chimney and beckoned to Kit to kneel by his side. What Kit saw a little way up the chimney, was a thing that looked something like a big wooden musket; and made fast to what seemed to be the trigger was a light line which thence was brought down into the room.

"You can't make it out, Kit, can you, now?" said the captain, with a rumbling chuckle. "Well, you see it's jest a little sort o' contrivance of my own. There's flints in it, an' also there's steels. Bein' a good many flints, an' likewise a good many steels, she's jest dead certain sure t' go. I goes too, in course. But goin' that a-way is better'n hangin', Kit, a heap better—an' I has th' comfort o' knowin' that I'm takin' them cowardly fellers that's after me along. See?"

Kit did not see, and his puzzled look said so as plain as words.

"Why, it's this a-way, Kit," the captain went on, putting his mouth close to Kit's ear and speaking in a whisper that sounded like a growl. "It's this a-way. Right under where we're a-squattin' now, right smack under us, there's five kegs o' powder—enough powder t' blow this hull light-house clean acrost th' bay! I jest gives this line a jerk—that's when they gets in an' thinks they has me, you know—an away we all goes together with a tremjous bang!" For a moment the captain was silent, and then he added, "I say, Kit, I've more'n half a mind t' jerk her off now! What d' you say—shall I?"

The captain seized the line as he spoke, and the wild look that was in his eyes as he turned to ask this question struck such a chill of horror into Kit's heart that for an instant its very beating stopped short. And then, by way of answer he scrambled to his feet, bolted through the doorway, and tore down the path to his boat as hard as ever he could go—all the while expecting to hear the roar of the exploding mine and to be struck down by the volley of flying stones.

Having got safely on board his boat, the catastrophe still hanging fire, Kit knew that the most sensible thing for him to do was to pull away from the island as fast as he could swing his oars. On the other hand, curiosity bade him stay; in case the captain did blow himself up, he greatly wanted to see him go.

VI.

However, instead of making this display of personal pyrotechnics for Kit's benefit, the captain presently came shambling down the path through the gathering darkness, and his quiet manner as he walked out on the dock showed that his fit of madness had passed by. He brought with him a small box, which seemed to be prodigiously heavy from the way he handled it, and this he put aboard of Kit's dory without a word. When he had settled the box to his mind in the stern of the boat, he stepped back on the dock, took a turn or two up and down it in quarter-deck fashion, and then spoke to Kit in a tone that was quiet enough yet very sad.

"I'm sorry I scart you, Kit," he said. "Y' see I kind of gets crazy when I thinks o' things. Many an' many a time I've had my hand on that line an' a'most jerked it—like as I did jest now—jest t' get shet o' my terr'ble thoughts! It's terr'bler 'an I can tell, bein' alone on this island with—with *her!* I keeps a-seein' her, y' know—seein' her sort o' standin' around an' lookin' at me sorrowful like with them big brown eyes o' hern, th' same as she did after I hit her that day. It's killin' me, Kit, stayin' here alone with them big sorrowful eyes—an' so I'm a-goin' t' shet myself of it by goin' away. I'm a-goin' a long way off—where them that's after me 'll never think o' lookin', an' where its sunshiny an' pleasant all th' year round. There's some friends o' mine—an' jolly good fellers they is, too—down in them sunshiny parts. They'll be glad t' see me agin, an' they'll help me t' forgit things—when we're all a-drinkin' friendly together, an' not askin' no questions, an' talkin' about th' good old days. Oh my God! Kit, I wish I were there right now!"

The captain took another turn or two up and down the dock, as though to calm himself; and then he went on again:

"But before I goes, Kit, I wants t' square things with you. I was obleeged t' you for fishin' me out that day when I was like t' be drownded atween th' turn o' th' tides. I was obleeged t' you fur doin' that, all so quick an' bold; but what I'm most obleeged t' you fur is a-hat you've done since—your noddin' t' me friendly like, an' now an' then speakin' a civil word t' me, when nobody else in all th' world would open their mouths t' me t' so much as d—— my eyes. They've been better'n meat an' drink t' me, Kit, them friendly ways o' yourn has, an' specially thinkin' about 'em when I've been a-settin' here all alone an' *she's* been a-comin' and a-goin', worritin' me with her looks—most times jest them two big brown eyes a-sort o' floatin' around sorrowful in th' air—an' I've been wild with wonderin' how soon all them thousan's of cowardly fellers that's after me would get here an' I'd have t' jerk that line! At such times as them it's been only my thinkin' about your friendly ways as has kep' me from goin' roarin' ravin' wild. An' so, bein' very much obleeged t' you, Kit, fur what you've done, I'm a-makin' you a present of th' honest money that's in that box afore I goes. I've got some more that ain't honest; but that I'll keep for myself an' the curse that goes with it—seein' that money is useful, an' it don't matter much if I takes an extry curse or two along with me t' hell.

"But this money o' yourn in th' box, Kit, was come by fair and square. An' I comed by it this a-way: We was a-sailin' along, me an' a party o' gentlemen friends o' mine as was all in business together, in a schooner down among the West Injy Islands—th' friends I'm a-goin' back to now, Kit, an' all of 'em as good fellers as ever was. An' as we was a-sailin' along that a-way we overhauls a ship with her sails mos'ly blow'd t' bits, an' a-yawin' about like as if nobody was to th' wheel. So aboard of her we goes—thinkin' as mebbe we might be doin' her folks a good turn, you understand—an' th' only livin' thing on her was a yaller cat; as come an' rubbed hisself sociable agin my legs, an' kind o' meaowed as much as t' say as how he'd been lonely an' was glad t' see some folks agin.

"She were a Spanish ship, an' we jedged from her looks an' from there bein' some water in her as how a gale had struck her, an' as how her crew—bein' only Dagoes, an' cowards born—had got away th' fust chance, seein' as her long-boat were gone. But whose she had been we didn't care. Deserted she were on th' high seas, an' on th' high seas we found her; an' so, by the law of th' high seas, she were ours. An' sech a prize as she were don't get took often outside o' dreams! Aboard that ship, Kit, there was riches sech as you never see! There was silks, an' there was cloths, an' there was spices, an' there was wine an' spirits enough t' keep all hands of us as drunk as lords fur a year! An' there was loads of other things; an' th' best of all, down in th' run, right under th' cabin where the captain allus could keep his eye on 'em, was two an' twenty boxes of treasure, ducats, an' doubloons, an' moidores, an' sech like outlandish stuff—but all of it true golden money, an' in sech quantities as was fit t' make you holler your very heart out jest fur joy!

"An' so bein' ours, an' ours honest, we took that ship into a quiet harbor that we knowed about in them parts, me an' them gentlemen friends o' mine did; an' we made as many parcels of what was aboard of her as there was of we, an' then we draw'd lots fur 'em, all reg'lar, an' so ev'ry man of us got his own parsel, fair and square, of that great prize.

"When we'd sheered it all up, sheer an' sheer alike, me an' them friends o' mine, we'd ev'ry man of us a big fortin. An' so some of us, an' I were one of 'em, allowed as we'd give up th' seafarin' business an' go an' spend our money in livin' hun'some ashore. So we borrows a schooner from some folks who happened jest then t' come sailin' along, an' who hadn't no business t' be sailin' around like that anyway; and aboard of her, havin' cleared the folks out of her, we loads our sheers all snug an' comfortable, an' then we says good-by t' th' rest o' them gentlemen, an' away we comes jest as friendly an' happy as you please. An' so you see, Kit, this here money that I'm a-givin' you is as much honest money as if you'd a-got it all reg'lar out o' th' New Bedford bank."

VII.

Several times while the captain was telling this wonderful story Kit had pinched himself to make sure that it was not all a dream; and when what seemed to be the end of it thus was reached his wits were too widely scattered to permit him to make an immediate reply. However, an immediate reply was not necessary. As it turned out, the story was not quite finished; and presently, while he was trying to pull himself together, the captain went on:

"Some of our tradin' in th' big schooner down in them seas had been a little queer, Kit—not jest what you'd call reg'lar, y' know—and it weren't quite wholesome fur us t' be much where we'd see many folks; an' that was why I come down t' this out-o'-th'-way little place t' lie by; bein' able by th' help of a friend o' mine who'd knowed me in war times aboard a government ship, t' get made keeper of th' light. An' if I'd a-been sensible an' jest a-settled down quiet an' hadn't got married, I guess everything would 'a' gone all right. It was gettin' married that spiled th' hull game. She were a sweet little thing, she were, but she begun t' rile me from a'most th' start by not likin' it when I took a drink or two more'n was good fur me now an' then. That was th' hull trouble; only it kep' a-gettin' worse an' worse until—until that day. But I didn't go t' hurt her, not really t' hurt her bad, y' know, Kit, an' that's th' everlastin' truth. You see, I'd been used t' hittin' men, an' I never thought it wouldn't be the same with her—forgettin' her bein' so weak an' small. You haven't no idee, Kit, how terr'ble weak an' small an' how white she looked after—afterwards, you know. That's one of th' ways I keep a-seein' her; but mos'ly it's jest her two big brown sorrowful eyes a-floatin' an' a-floatin' in the air. I can't stand it, Kit, bein' alone all th' time on this here island with them sorrowful eyes allus a-follerin' me around—it's a-drivin' me jest ravin' wild. An' that's why I'm a-goin' back t' them southerly parts; where I've jolly friends a-plenty an' where th' breezes allus is soft an' pleasant and where it's sunshiny all th' time. Them eyes o' hern won't come after me down there—leastways I hope they won't—an' so I'll have some sort of a show t' live.

"That's the hull matter, Kit: makin' you know why I wants t' get away, an' how obleeged I am t' you fur bein' friendly t' me, an' that it's honest money I'm a-givin' you—bein' took by rights out of a Spanish ship me an' them friends o' mine found deserted and a-floatin' around all alone. You've got it all, all o' that golden money, in th' box down there in your dory—and all you've got t' do now is jest t' row home with it acrost th' bay."

What to do in this thrilling emergency Kit did not at all know. The temptation to accept the captain's gift was strong; but he was not well up in the law applicable to such cases, and he had a hazy notion that if he did accept it he might find himself shortly locked up in the New Bedford jail. How to answer the captain was a problem, therefore, that he could not solve. However, the captain did not seem to expect any answer; indeed, almost as soon as he had finished speaking he seemed to forget about Kit entirely—for he straightway fell to walking up and down the dock through the darkness, while he waved his arms about him and mumbled disjointed words. Presently his gestures became more violent and he spoke coherently and aloud.

"They'll never dare t' come here, them cowards!" he cried. "Them hunderds an' hunderds after one man—they'll never darst t' come! An' if they does come, I'm ready fur 'em! I'll shoot 'em all—an' up goes th' rest of 'em when I touches off th' mine!" He was at the end of the dock as he uttered these words, directly above the dory in which Kit was seated, and as he swung around in his walk and faintly saw through the gloom a boat with a man in it, he jerked his pistols from his belt and uttered an angry yell.

"Keep off!" he shouted. "Keep off, I say! If you try t' land here you're a dead man. Off with you, or I'll shoot you all!"

As he spoke, he gave the dory a strong shove with his foot that sent it well out from the dock; and then stood with both pistols levelled at it full. Thus persuaded, it is not surprising that Kit dug his oars into the water deep and hard—and thereby, probably, his life was saved; for the shot that the captain fired, just as the boat sprang forward, instead of going through Kit's body, did no more than plough an ugly gash in his thigh. An instant later the second ball whistled so close above his head that he felt the wind of it as it passed. By the time that the captain, having reloaded, fired again, Kit was so well covered by the darkness that the balls went wild—but for what seemed to him to be a large slice of eternity shots continued to drop around him, and he continued to hear the captain's roars of rage and his shouts to the cowards to begone. In spite of his wounded leg he made wonderfully good time until he was fairly out of range; and then, more slowly and very painfully, he covered the remainder of the distance between Loveladies Island and the town—and vastly astonished his people at home by limping into the house, pale and wounded, at nine o'clock at night, and by stating that down by the wharf, in his dory, was a box full of gold.

So far as Fairhaven was concerned, that was the end of Captain Lattimore. The next night the light on Loveladies was not lighted, and on the morning following this neglect of duty two whale boats full of heavily armed men—drawn from the crews of a couple of whalers just come into port—went down to the island to find out what was wrong. All that they could determine certainly was that the captain was not there. They found the defences which he had raised, and his prodigious supply of arms, and the queer affair in the chimney (that is there to this day, for nobody ever has cared to meddle with it) wherewith he intended to touch off his mine; but the captain himself had vanished—and what became of him has been a mystery through all these past seventy and more years.

AN EMINENT CAREER.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF HAMILTON FISH.

A LIFE so long, so conspicuous, so honorable, so successful, so well rounded to its close, as was that of Hamilton Fish, has an attraction for all sorts and conditions of men, and especially for young men who wish to know by what studies and conduct he prepared himself, and how came an opportunity for the work he accomplished.

Many of the high qualities displayed by him in political, social, and business affairs can be distinctly traced to inheritance, and the examples of ancestors both on his father's and

THE COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF HAMILTON FISH.
Garrisons-on-the-Hudson.

his mother's side. The connective tissue of civilization which heredity displays may be occult, but it is very powerful.

Local sentiments—the action of birthplace and external facts on one's personality—were also powerful with Mr. Fish. Places inspire like persons. He was a New-Yorker. His affection for the city and State of his birth, his pride in their early history, in their struggles and their triumphs, tinged and graced his whole career. He was born in the house owned by him when he died, now numbered twenty-one in Stuyvesant Street, and built in the very last years of the last century or the first of the present century on land a part of the farm of Governor General Stuyvesant, which has never been out of the ownership of the lineal descendants of the Governor-General since he acquired the title two centuries and a half ago. It was one of four houses built at the same time for his four daughters, by the grandfather of Mr. Fish. Then the city did not extend much above Anthony and Hester streets. When he was born, Broadway was paved only as far as Warren Street. Stuyvesant Street was a mere lane far out in the country. The surrounding land, east of the Bowery, had descended from the Governor-General to the grandfather of Mr. Fish. On an official map published five years before his birth the locality is represented as laid out in streets implying residences thereon, but that part of the city was only patriotic prophecy. Four of those streets were named respectively for his mother and her three sisters. Others had been named by Mr. Stuyvesant after other members of his family—Stuyvesant, Tenbroeck, Winthrop, Gerrard, Petrus, and Nicholas. Of those names only Stuyvesant survived the drastic work of the three commissioners appointed by the State of New York a year before the birth of Mr. Fish, who, in utter disregard of the features of the landscape, of the possibilities of a beautiful city placed between two noble rivers, formulated a plan that required cutting down trees some of which should have been spared, levelling picturesque hills, and burying limpid streams. On the flat surface thus created were put avenues and streets in straight lines, and instead of giving to them or preserving names associated with the earliest civilization of the locality, the commissioners designated and misnamed the avenues and streets by numerals, as are cells and their occupants in a prison-house. The house built by Mr. Fish some forty years ago as, and ever since till his death, his city residence on Stuyvesant Square, is on land also a piece of the same Stuyvesant farm, as is also Stuyvesant Square, which was a gift to the city by Mr. Fish's uncle, Peter Gerrard Stuyvesant.

In 1647 Governor-General Stuyvesant arrived off what is now Battery Park, and entered upon his office. Five years afterwards there came to Long Island from New England a band of colonists, which, by permission of the then Governor General of New Amsterdam, made a settlement called Middleburg by the new comers after a noted place in Netherlands. Among those Middleburg colonists was Jonathan Fish, who, from England, came first to Lynn, then went to Cape Cod, in Massachusetts, and finally made his way to Long Island. He was a magistrate, and a controlling man in the colony, who had controversies with the imperious Stuyvesant over the patent to Newtown, nearly opposite New York, and taxation of the colonists. A century and a half after those events, Elizabeth Stuyvesant, a lineal descendant of the Governor General, married Nicholas Fish, a lineal descendant of Jonathan Fish. Hamilton Fish was the eldest son of the union.

On that historical Sunday noon of April 23, 1775, when a mounted messenger sent from Massachusetts by the Committee of Safety arrived in New York with news of the affair at Lexington, Nicholas Fish, the father of Hamilton, was a youth of seventeen years. He put aside his books, joined the rebels, served throughout the war, from Harlem Heights to Yorktown, where he was under Lafayette, and finally emerged a Lieutenant Colonel. Alexander Hamilton, only a year older when, a student in King's, now Columbia College, he joined the rebelling army as Captain of Artillery. The two served together on the staff of Washington, and were intimate friends. Nicholas Fish had the confidence of Washington, Schuyler, and Lafayette. He was one of the executors of Hamilton's will. In 1798, when relations with France were so threatening as to forebode armed collision, Washington wrote asking that Nicholas Fish be Adjutant-General of the army Washington had by Congress been asked to command. He is described by the chroniclers as of singularly graceful and courteous bearing, and in every way brilliant. In "St. Mark's Church in the Bowery," on the corner of Stuyvesant Street and Second Avenue, is a tablet to his memory bearing the eloquent inscription, "Faithful soldier of Christ and of his country."

In those eight words of description of the father is to be found the key note of the endeavors of the son.

The preparatory training of Hamilton Fish for Columbia College was by Bancel, a French Legitimist of high family exiled from France, who came to New York by way of the French West Indies, and, near the beginning of the present century, established in New York a school for boys. Fish was graduated by Columbia College in 1827. He entered immediately the law-office of Peter A. Jay, the eldest son of the Chief Justice, and was called to the bar of New York three years afterward. Later on he formed a law partnership with William Beach Lawrence, the author of learned treatises on international law, who had returned to New York from service as Secretary of Legation at London under Mr. Gallatin as Minister. He devoted himself to chancery and real estate practice, and the volume of his business in those specialties, as well as his income, was among the largest in the city at that time.

Those among the young who would hold official power in a country like ours and have the opportunities for honor that official power offers, will do well to observe a fact in the career of Mr. Fish, which is that of the five offices held by him—member of Congress, Lieutenant Governor, Governor, Senator, and Secretary of State—he solicited only one, and that one the relatively unimportant office of Lieutenant-Governor.

The Congressional district on the east side of New York in which he dwelt in 1842 was Democratic, but the Democracy seems to have been riven in two factions, one led by John McKeon, and one by Fernando Wood. The former was nominated for Congress, but the latter, appreciating the popularity of Fish among Democratic voters in the district, persuaded the Whigs to nominate him, and he won over McKeon by a majority of 203 in a poll of 11,603. That office came to Fish without seeking or effort by him.

Next came the unsolicited and unexpected nomination in 1846 for the office of Lieutenant Governor. His defeat was the turning point in the path which led him out of purely professional and business occupations into public life. His service as a Congressman for one term was a mere disconnected episode. He was by the Whigs put upon the Gubernatorial ticket with John Young, not on his own solicitation, but (as the New York *Tribune* of the day expressed it) "to neutralize the radicalism" of Young. Professionally and otherwise, Fish was identified with what were then large interests in real estate, that gave to him complexity as opposed to the radicalism of "Anti-Rent," with which Young was suspected to be coquetting. He was not, nor was his family, in any way identified peculiarly with the results of the system of patroonship begun in New Netherlands by the Dutch government, or with grants of the enormous patents of crown lands continued in New York by the English government. Anti-Rentism emerged as a political and party issue. The positiveness of the opinions of Mr. Fish on that issue accomplished his defeat in 1846. The Lieutenant-Governor who was elected having afterwards accepted a judicial office, Mr. Fish was in 1847 again a candidate for Lieutenant Governor at a special election to fill the vacancy, and carried New York city by a majority of 3800, and was elected by a majority of 30,449. That was the only office ever sought by him, and then only out of resentment for defeat of him by the Anti-Rent party.

In 1848 he was the Whig candidate for Governor against Walworth, the Democratic candidate, Dix, the Free-soil candidate, and was elected. On the same day was the three-cornered Presidential contest between Taylor, Cass, and Van Buren.

Three years later the New York Legislature of 1851 had in the Senate 17 Whigs against 15 Democrats and opposition. In the Assembly there were 82 Whigs and 44 of the opposition. A Whig caucus nominated Mr. Fish for United States Senator by 63 out of 67 votes, but 30 Fillmore Whigs—"Silver-Gray Whigs," "Cotton Whigs," as they were called—were not present. The Whig party, when united, had only two majority in the Senate. The administration of President Fillmore was hostile to the choice of Fish, because he did not commit himself to the finality of the Fugitive Slave Law enacted as part of the "Compromise" of 1850. During nearly seven weeks a fierce contest raged over the nomination, but Mr. Fish was silent, and would take no part in behalf of his candidacy. He was finally chosen, March 18, 1852.

When he took his seat in the United States Senate that body was in Democratic control by a compact and disciplined albeit small majority. Sumner entered at the same time, chosen by a coalition of Democrats and Free-Soilers, which Benjamin R. Curtis, Esq., of Boston, described in an elaborate opinion printed in the books as a "conspiracy at common law." With him were Hale from New Hampshire and Wade from Ohio, classified as "Free-Soil." The Whigs had 23 Senators.

Whatever natural aptitude Mr. Fish may have had for extempore debate, his special practice as a lawyer and his work as Lieutenant-Governor and Governor did not develop it. He preferred a table, pen, ink, and paper to the platform and spoken speech.

Bismarck said at Versailles in 1871: "The gift of eloquence has done a great deal of mischief in parliamentary life. Everything that is really to be done is settled beforehand in the factions [committees], and the speeches in the House are delivered for the public in order to show what the speaker is capable of, and still more for the newspapers in the hope that they may praise. Is the poet or *improvisatore* exactly the sort of person to whom the helm of state, which requires cool considerate manipulation, should be confided?"

His faculty for clear, cogent, and persuasive writing is shown in his papers as Governor, and in the published volumes of his diplomatic work as Secretary of State. On the Senate Committees he was industrious, thorough, and most careful in conclusions. Eminently practical, he had that moderation and steadiness of purpose which come of modesty. He looked upon the work of carrying on a government as business—and business requiring more of the seclusion of the consultation room than the publicity of the forum. He believed that successful political issues could be more wisely framed and party efficiency better maintained by the private deliberations of recognized leaders than by their controversies and debates on the public platform.

There is ample contemporaneous evidence that Mr. Fish was not as Secretary of State in the mind of President Grant till many days after his inauguration. Two Western men were in his thoughts—Wilson of Iowa, who refused the office, and Washburne of Iowa, who accepted it. The President's plan, up to the date of the necessity of the retirement of Washburne at the end of a week's service, contemplated Mr. Fish as Minister at London. The President acquainted Mr. Fish by letter of the needed change in the State Department, solicited him to accept the place, and, without awaiting his reply, sent his name to the Senate. Immediately thereafter came a letter from Mr. Fish positively refusing to accept the offer. The President made haste to send a message to the Senate withdrawing the nomination, but the Senate, having acted immediately on the nomination, had confirmed it. Had it not been for that quick action of the Senate, Mr. Fish would not have been Minister of Foreign Affairs. As it was, he accepted the office on the stipulated condition that the incumbency was to be only a temporary one.

The record of the life of Mr. Fish presents a unique case of office seeking the man, and the man never but once soliciting the office.

His conduct during eight years as Minister of Foreign Affairs, his solution of international problems seemingly insoluble, his exemplification of the superiority of lawyers and judges over generals and admirals for settling conflicts between industrial nations, his courage inimitable when England threatened to rupture the Treaty of Washington after she had read the American "case," his management of the Cuban episode, and the affair of the *Virginius*, his winning over Democratic Congressmen and Senators to support his diplomacy, his emergence "without spot or blemish" from eight years of the Grant administration, are indeed "marvellous in our eyes," but they are to be looked on as evidence of the real qualities and virtues of the man.

At the close of the administration of President Grant came the final retirement of Mr. Fish from official life. It was to him most welcome in every way. He was then sixty-nine years of age. He had found pleasure in the good opinion of his countrymen, which had accompanied or followed his public employments—in honor, reputation, fame—but the chiefest source of his happiness was in the social circle. He was conspicuously a family man. He was never seen, even when most deeply engrossed in political and public concerns, in clubs, taverns, or places where active men usually gather together. To those who sought him at home he was accessible, cordial, courteous, sympathizing with party associates, and ready to co-operate and aid, but one must seek him at home. As a public man he was more solicitous in regard to what went on in his own consciousness, of what he could justly think of himself, than of promoting, except by his own good conduct, the applause of others. And yet he had not a trace of bigotry. He was democratic in sympathies and convictions. He had genuine sympathy with the masses of his countrymen. He had no tolerance for the pretentions of official or social rank in our country based merely on what is artificial, and unearned by good conduct. He regarded such pretensions as resting on a sham. His standard of honor—personal honor, social honor, family honor, official honor, civic honor—was high, exacting, absolute.

The death of Mrs. Fish in 1887—ten years after his retirement from official life—was an indescribable bereavement. Their married life of more than half a century, her wise and efficient but unconspicuous co-operation with him in his long public career, his constant dependence on her unfailing tact and forethought, and, more than all, the needfulness for him of family life at home, made those who understood the exceptional closeness of their association in affairs, public and private, business and pleasure, society and politics, solicitous over the effect of the rupture upon him. It did quite a little draw him into a retirement from which, even in a social way, he did not emerge during the remaining years of his life.

His chiefest interest outside his children and his property affairs was, while in retirement, in the concerns of the Society of the Cincinnati and of Columbia College, the chairmanship of whose Board of Trustees he had held thirty-six years. His colleagues on the board of the college would not permit him to resign, often as he had urged it on account of his age.

Undisturbed leisure was never burdensome to him. He had a rare faculty of enjoying rest after the vigorous pursuits of life had come to an end. He was not afflicted by the close of a long official career, as sometimes, even unto death, have been so many men in Europe and America. "Retiring" brought decay of neither cheerfulness nor health. He had a sufficiency of pecuniary wealth for his needs, but, better far than pecuniary wealth, he had the devotion of affectionate children and intellectual wealth—a never failing interest in books, especially of history, biography, and travels—that accompanied him to the end. He realized that "to be happy is to be self sufficient in the sources of one's happiness." Although he had strong individuality of character and personality that contributed so much to his contentment, yet he had intense nationality and intense national pride. Those who knew him superficially have fancied that pride in the city and State of his birth—their origin and growth, the lineaments of Dutch civilization and institutions mingled with English to be seen in both—was for him the greater pride, but it was not. His greatest pride was in the United States, but he did wish to see the great State of his birth lead—he felt that New York should lead—the Union in its onward, upward progress.

It is not an easy task even to sketch the busy life of one who was born during the administration of Jefferson, had voted at every one of the fourteen Presidential elections since he became a voter in 1829 down to the last election in 1892, participated actively and successfully in two great international negotiations—that of 1854, while a Senator and in 1871, while Secretary of State, each of which relieved a perilous international tension—and who was off and on during nearly forty years in high official station.

One who hereafter prepares an adequate exhibition of the public and private worth of Mr. Fish will not fail to dwell on the piety of feeling and sincere religious devotion that characterized him unaccompanied by a particle of pious hypocrisy. The full maturity of his intellectual faculties, his rare discernment, his power of keen analysis, his strong common sense, brought year by year a more and more profound faith in the Church of his baptism, confirmation, constant communion and abiding loyalty as "the pillar and the ground of truth." During wellnigh a half-century he bore as a layman, much the same relation to the government of the Episcopal Church in New York and in the United States that he bore to political government at Albany and Washington.

COLUMBIA.

SAN FRANCISCO AND THE MIDWINTER FAIR.—AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY TABER.—[SEE PAGE 1181.]

1. Golden Gate Park—The Buffalo Range. 2. San Francisco, from Alcatraz. 3. Golden Gate Park—Children's Play-ground. 4. View from the Golden Gate Park "Panorama." 5. Golden Gate Park—Conservatory, from the Music-Stand. 6. Golden Gate Park—Aviary.

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Point Bonita, where the Pacific Mail Steamer *City of New York* was wrecked. Golden Gate.

Strawberry Hill and Lake, Golden Gate Park. Water-works, Golden Gate Park. Midwinter Fair Buildings, Golden Gate Park.

GOLDEN GATE PARK AND THE CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TABER.

SAN FRANCISCO AND ITS MIDWINTER FAIR.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

MANY persons in many parts of the country are laughing at San Francisco for undertaking an international exposition at this particular time. In spite of this ridicule, which goes so far as to assert that the fair will never be opened, or that if it is it will be closed within a month for want of patronage, it is not at all certain that the projectors of the Midwinter Fair are not proving themselves to be possessed of very long heads and a shrewd business sense. The scoffers urge that, having just closed the gates of the greatest exposition the world has ever seen, the people of this country are weary of such shows, and must have at least a decade of rest before undertaking another. They claim that San Francisco is too far away, that the financial situation is too bad, that times are too hard, that a great fair cannot possibly be got ready in the few months allotted to preparation, etc., etc.

In reply to these objections the San Francisco managers say: "We are not undertaking a big fair as such things are understood in Chicago or Paris, though should we concede all the space and grant all the concessions already applied for, our little Midwinter would quickly assume the inflated proportions of the genuine Columbian article. At the same time we are going to present such a vast, varied, and altogether wonderful display of the resources of our own coast, from Alaska to Patagonia, together with those of Japan, China, and the islands of the Pacific, as the world has never seen. Many of the best exhibits from the White City and all the more interesting features of the Midway Plaisance are already on their way to San Francisco, while every steamer from South American or Oriental ports is unloading novelties that would drive Chicago wild with envy.

"The mere fact that one exposition has just closed is a good reason for opening another. The appetite of the American people for such things has been whetted, they have contracted the exposition habit, as it were, and thousands will visit the Midwinter who would not have thought of such a thing had they not already been to the Columbian. Times are hard, to be sure, and nowhere are they harder than on the Pacific coast, but that is only another reason why our fair should be held this winter. The harder the times, the more need there is for us to advertise California and her resources, the more need for us to provide work for those out of employment, and to keep money in circulation. Those who travel most and farthest are those who can afford to spend the most money. To attract such people we mean to make San Francisco the focal point of this winter's tourist travel from all parts of the world. Thus shall wealth be distributed where it is most needed, and, in course of time, all things shall again be well with us."

With such beguiling earnestness and such absolute confidence in their undertaking do these level-headed projectors of the Midwinter Exposition labor with the sceptic, that he is shortly won to their way of thinking, and soon becomes as enthusiastic as they. Thus convinced he sallies forth to view the scene of their coming triumph, firmly persuaded that whatever San Francisco undertakes she is bound to carry through with credit to herself, the coast of which she is the metropolis, and the country to which she belongs.

San Francisco possesses many features that are peculiarly favorable to the success of the proposed exposition. To begin with, it is the romantic city of this country; and whether the approaching traveller be an American or a foreigner, he cannot enter the Golden Gate or swoop down from the towering Sierras toward this home of the Argonauts without feeling the same anticipatory thrill that her aids his approach to the most famous cities of the Old World. He may be disappointed to find that its noble bay is muddy, but there will be no disappointment in its size, in the beauty of its islands and surrounding shores, or in its marvellous natural protection against storm or foreign foe. Although San Francisco has a vile summer climate, compounded of wind, sand, and fog, it is possessed of winter weather as perfect as that of a New England June, and holding about the same proportions of shower and sunshine. It is a city of hills so steep and so numerous that the pedestrian shrinks from them in dismay. At the same time it is a city endowed with such a perfect cable-car system that before it the hills melt away as though by enchantment. So swiftly and easily is the sightseer borne up and over their acclivities that, vanquished as obstacles, the hills only remain as vantage-points for gloriously widespread and ever-changing views.

The swift running street cars of San Francisco thread every nook and corner of the city, with never more than two blocks to walk between lines, and with such a complete transfer service that it would be difficult to discover a destination within city limits unattainable by the expenditure of a single fare. The objective points of all lines, either directly or through their connections, are the parks and the ferries. The latter, running to Oakland or Alameda, where they connect with Southern Pacific trains to Tiburon or Sausalito, are all gathered under a union roof at the foot of Market Street, the great diagonal artery of municipal life, in which all car lines converge. On the other hand, these same lines lead more or less directly to Golden Gate Park, or to connections with the two steam railways that take one to the Cliff House. At present these steam roads demand an extra five-cent fare, but an effort is being made at consolidation, by which a single fare will transport a passenger from the ferries to this most popular of all San Francisco resorts.

While traversing this queen city of the coast in any direction the stranger cannot help being intensely disappointed at its prevailing architecture. It is not only a city of wood, but is of wood assembled in the most unattractive of forms. Even the so-called palaces on that portion of California Street known as "Nob Hill" are, with one or two exceptions, built of wood, and are irredeemably ugly. For this universal use of wood two excuses are made. One is that it is cheap, and the other that in the event of an earthquake the occupants of a wooden structure would be in less danger than in one of heavier and more rigid materials. While both these reasons for building of wood are valid, no excuse can be offered, nor apparently is one deemed necessary, for the complete absence of architectural beauty or even pretence that forms so striking a feature of San Francisco.

There are possibly half a dozen handsome business buildings, of which the Mills and the Crocker are notable exam-

THE NATHAN HALE STATUE, CITY HALL PARK, NEW YORK.
FREDERICK MACMONNIES, SCULPTOR.—(See Page 1181.)

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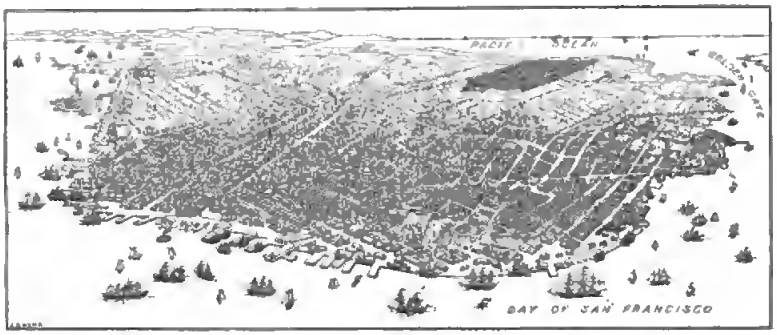


MAP OF SAN FRANCISCO, SHOWING THE LOCATION OF GOLDEN GATE PARK AND THE CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.

ples, and so many residences, scattered at wide intervals on Pacific Avenue and adjacent streets and on the summit of Russian Hill, that betray the existence of an artistic taste and knowledge, all else is commonplace and vulgar. In the business portion the eye rests wearily on block after block of monotonous iron fronts, while the residence streets are crowded with mile after mile of insignificant wooden structures covered with scrimshaw work in the shape of mouldings, false fronts, rosettes, brackets, and scroll-sawing. It is evident at a glance that their only architects have been carpenters or contractors, whose perverted tastes have been granted an unrestrained license. That San Franciscans know how to erect beautiful wooden houses is shown by the tasteful summer houses at San Rafael, Sausalito, Bellevue, and other suburbs, but that a refined taste in architecture has been willingly eliminated from the city itself is painfully apparent on every side. Even the public buildings, on which millions of dollars have been lavished, are bad beyond comparison. The San Francisco Post office is more of a disgrace than that of Chicago, if such a thing may be credited. The exterior of the Palace Hotel excites surprise without admiration, while the new City Hall is so hopelessly lacking in any suggestion of architectural beauty as to be unworthy of criticism. That such a state of affairs should exist in a city of the wealth and possessed of the natural advantages of San Francisco is amazing and inexplicable, but that it does exist will be painfully apparent to every Midwinter Fair visitor.

With all this there is so much in San Francisco that is pleasing and worthy of admiration that for disappointments in one direction there are ample compensations in others. The views from the many hill tops of the city are superb, while that of a sunset through the portals of the Golden Gate is glorious beyond description. At this hour, too, the city, as viewed from Alcatraz Island, half veiled in rose-tinted smoke-clouds, and with its myriad windows aglow with the western splendor, is transfigured with a surpassing glory. Another of San Francisco's fascinations is the ride to the Cliff House along the southern shore of this same wondrous gateway from the Pacific, which affords a treat long to be remembered, and repeated as often as one's time limit will allow. High up on the face of the cliffs that present their frowning fronts to the rushing tides the train follows their every contour, winding in and out, and opening new and more charming scenes at every turn, while hundreds of feet below the Pacific breakers foot and foam with ceaseless surge. On the far seaward horizon the distant Farallones rise from the sparkling waters like grim sentinels of the coast, while near at hand the Seal Rocks present their fascinating and ever-changing studies of mammoth sea monsters, in whom they afford a congenial home.

Of the many other things for which San Francisco deserves praise none is more in evidence than its beautiful Golden Gate Park, in which are now rising the stately structures destined to house the Midwinter Fair. One must search far and long to discover a more complete triumph of art over rebellious nature than is presented by this people's pleasure-ground. A few years ago it was but a waste of shifting sand dunes devoid of vegetation, while now it is one of the show parks of the country. It covers nearly eleven hundred acres, and its main entrance is distant four miles from the City Hall. From this point it stretches away four and a half miles to the west, with superb sixty foot driveways and bordering bridle-paths traversing the entire distance. Although systematic work was only begun on this park in 1880, more than two hundred and fifty acres of it are already under the highest cultivation, and now present the most pleasing results of skilful landscape gardening.

The first step toward the reclamation of this wind-blown waste of sand was its planting with *Arundo arenaria*, a European beach-grass that thrives best in sea sand, and serves to hold the shifting soil in place. The beach grass was succeeded by a heavy crop of wild lupine, and at the end of a year a systematic planting of pines, cypress, and other indigenous trees was begun. At present the entire area of the park is thus provided with shade and wind-breaks, while one-quarter of it has been advanced to the final stage of emerald lawns, crystal waterways, perfect drives, shaded alleys, flower beds, clumps of shrubbery, and a great variety of shade trees from European and Asiatic countries, as well as those indigenous to California mountains.

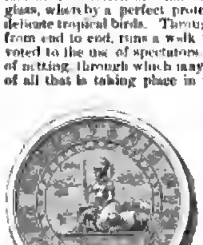
In this portion of the park are found many of the attractions that add so greatly to its value as a place of public recreation and instruction. Prominent among these is a children's play-ground occupying fifteen acres of shaded lawns and open courts. Here are ball grounds, tennis courts, swings, seesaws, and merry-go-rounds, while at one side stands a beautiful stone house known as the children's dairy, which is elaborately fitted up for their comfort and entertainment.

Adjoining the children's play ground is Concert Valley, overlooked by a fine bronze statue of Francis Scott Key, author of our national song. Here is an ample band stand, backed by a huge sounding board, after the fashion of that at Manhattan Beach, and here are seats for thousands of music lovers, besides a vast court that will accommodate hundreds of carriages. At this point the park band, which is the finest organization of its kind on the Pacific coast, gives free afternoon concerts every Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday.

To the north of Concert Valley rises the graceful form of the Conservatory, which is claimed to be the finest belonging to any city park, and which is at all times freely opened to the public. It contains extensive collections of orchids, begonias, and caladiums, besides an immense variety of exotic plants and trees, among the latter of which is a cocoanut tree in full bearing.

To the eastward of Concert Valley, and hidden from it by dense masses of foliage, are the buffalo range and the aviary. In the former the buffalo, which have already bred and added several fine calves to the attractions of the park, share their ample space with Alaskan reindeer, South American vicuña, and a number of dainty antelope.

Next at hand is the aviary, a feature of this San Francisco park which, considering the small outlay demanded for its construction and maintenance, probably gives greater pleasure than any other. The structure is a substantial framework of timbers, 475 feet long by 260 feet wide and 30 feet high enclosed within a netting of stout wire. One hundred feet of the western or windward end has walls and roof of glass, which by a perfect protection is afforded to the most delicate tropical birds. Through the centre of the structure, from end to end, runs a walk thirty feet wide, which is devoted to the use of spectators. It has sides and a low roof of netting, through which may be had an unobstructed view of all that is taking place in the busy bird world just beyond. At the same time the feathered inmates of this beautiful house pass without hindrance from side to side of their domain, above the narrow quarters in which the feathers less bipeds are so securely caged. The two great compartments into which the aviary is thus divided are carpeted with a thick sward of the greenest grass, and furnished with dense covers of shrubby foliage, in which the birds hide, nest, and find retreats that are even more secure than those of their native haunts. Several streams of pure water ripple merrily through this artificial woodland, and in the occasional pools formed along these miniature waterways scores of happy birds may be seen at all times taking their daily bath. Scattered in every direction are dozens of little square tables, always spread with such repasts as birds best love, and there is no prettier sight in all the park than that of a feathered dinner party perched on the edge of one of these tables, discussing with delighted twitterings the meal thus thoughtfully provided for them.



SOUVENIR MEDAL.
California Midwinter Fair.

As I leaned against the rail, watching these happiest of birds my thread of thought was interrupted by a voice at my elbow.

"Happy little beggars, these."

"Yes," I answered mechanically, at the same time turning to survey the speaker.

He was tall, lean, old, and shabby, while his face bore the most striking resemblance to that of a bird. His fingers, too, as they clutched the rail, were claws, while his voice was sharp and piping.

"Sorry recruits, one to the doctrine of reincarnation, don't it?" he continued.

"I don't know that I exactly understand," I replied, perplexed and yet curious to know what he was driving at.

"Soul's got to go somewhere when it shuffles off this mortal coil, hasn't it? If so, why not into the body of a bird? If into a bird, why not into one of these birds? They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet you can just bet they don't want for anything to make them happy or comfortable. No enemies to molest them either, no owls, nor hawks, nor snakes, nor rats, no dunns nor bill collectors, nor sheriffs. That's why I'm here," he added, lowering his voice to a confidential tone and glancing nervously about him. "Of course I'm not attempting to anticipate nor hasten natural events, you understand, but when *it* happens, I want it to happen right here, and then I'll be on hand to apply for the first vacancy in yonder. I come here every day, as soon as they open in the morning, and stay till they close at night, so, if *it* will only happen in the daytime, I shall be all right. I have a personal—I might almost say, a speaking—acquaintance with every bird in there already, and have selected the bush in which I intend to build."

"Build what?"

"A nest, of course. You see, I have a theory of nest-building based upon mechanical laws, which I am most anxious to put into practice. If you can spare a few moments, I'll explain. By the-way, you don't mind my being hungry, do you? I don't be, you know, when I get to the other side of the netting."

I slipped a two-bit piece into the old man's hand, with a muttered apology for doing so as I moved away, and of the first policeman I met I inquired concerning him, but the gravest knew him not.

"Some crank as was jostling ye for a tip, I reckon. There's a many of 'em about here these times, and they mostly do seem to be envying of the burruds."

Among the fortunate birds that have thus become objects of envy to a certain class of humanity are over a thousand canaries, many bulbuls from Persia, linnets larks, a fine display of golden and silver pheasants, mocking birds, cardinal grosbeaks, toucans, parroquets and a great variety of pigeons—most interesting and startling of which is the Bleeding heart. It is a snow white bird, with a splotch of crimson about the size of a silver dollar on its breast, and a few smaller spots, like drops of blood, just below it. The resemblance to a freshly torn and bleeding wound is so striking that the appearance of one of these strangely marked birds invariably elicits exclamations of pity from the spectators. Besides the birds already mentioned there are ruffed grouse, daintily crested California quail, flocks of tiny but brilliantly plumaged natives of Central America and Java, and scores of others—all united to form one of the most varied, largest, happiest, busiest, and most contented bird colonies in the world.

The first cost of this aviary was only $4200, while that of its maintenance is but $100 per month. At the same time I venture to say that no portion of the whole $192,000 annually appropriated by the city of San Francisco to the support of its Golden Gate Park provides more genuine pleasure or valuable instruction than the modest sum thus devoted to birds.

A stranger from the East visiting this park for the first time is struck with the absence of all restrictive signs. Any one may walk on the lawns as freely as on the paths, and yet no park shows greener or more thrifty grass than this one. A few years ago when Mr R P Hammond, who is still one of the three park commissioners, was president of the board, he was one day asked by the superintendent for a few hundred more sign boards with which to protect the lawns. They would have cost a hundred dollars.

"Supposing we save that money," suggested Mr Hammond, "and at the same time try an experiment."

The experiment was tried the very next day, and it took the shape of pulling up and burning every one of the 1100 "keep off the grass" signs that had until then disfigured Superintendent McLaren's lawns. He was in despair, and predicted their speedy destruction, but to day his lawns look better than ever.

Almost exactly in the centre of Golden Gate Park rises a rocky knoll. It is half a mile in circumference, and 410 feet high. The knoll is surrounded by a lake, which at one point is spanned by an artistic bridge. From here a broad winding roadway leads to the summit. On its very crest is a clear fresh water pond, sparkling like a jewel in a setting of rough rocks, and supplying a gleaming waterfall that foams and tumbles down a sheer precipice into the lake below. This is Strawberry Hill, noted as affording the finest all-around view to be had within the city limits of San Francisco. Beside its crowning pond rises a quaint brick-arched and glass-enclosed Acropolis known as the park panorama, from the parapet of which the wondrous view may be seen at its best.

Overlooked by Strawberry Hill, between it and that portion of the park already reclaimed and beautified by the landscape gardener, lie the 160 acres set apart for the use of the Midwinter Fair. Here on the 24th of last August the first shovelful of sand was upturned. By the first day of October the entire tract had been graded and buildings were in process of erection. Here on the first day of January, 1894, the Midwinter Fair will be formally opened and during the ensuing six months hundreds of thousands of delighted visitors will bless the foresight that located it in so charming a spot as the park of the Golden Gate.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Mr POULTNEY BIGELOW does not find it necessary to nurse his reputation as a good American by sticking close to his native shores. He is off to Europe again—to London first, and then to Berlin to hear the Kaiser open the Reichstag. But he makes only a flying visit, since he is under bonds to be back in February and lecture before the New York Historical Society on the Three Great Revolutions—American, French, and German—of 1776 1789, 1813. It would seem that a lecture on great revolutions, to be absolutely comprehensive, must include the English revolution of 1688, but either that happened too long ago, or Macaulay has already made it sufficiently notorious. Two of the revolutions about which Mr. Bigelow will discourse the average American already knows a good deal about, but with the German revolution of 1813 he is very much less familiar, and Mr. Bigelow is the very man to enlighten him.

There is another revolution on which it is probable that Mr Bigelow would like to lecture, and that is the one not yet hatched out, which is to establish the liberties of the people of Russia. If he does not approve of the government of the Czar, it is no more than tit for tat, for, as appeared from the treatment he received some months ago, when he went to Russia with Mr Remington in the interest of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, the Czar's government does not approve of him, nor of the MAGAZINE either. Its disapproval does not spring from lack of knowledge. *Grashdanin*, a Russian periodical, published doubtless by permission of the Czar, by Gursten Mechtcherski, calls attention to Mr Bigelow's recent article in HARPER'S on the German army, and introduces two stories of how Prussian officers went spying into Russia with the remarks

"HARPER'S MAGAZINE published an interesting article on the German army by Poultney Bigelow, an American, who is known through his articles on Emperor William I. . . . In his article on the German army he speaks as one who knows his subject. It contains, among other matter, an account of the system of acquiring information in the army, which is of interest, although it is difficult to imagine a Prussian officer making such open-hearted communications of his adventures to an American writer."

And speaking of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, a Rochester contemporary—the *Post Express*—finds in the opening article of its Christmas number a text upon which it makes a sufficiently curious discourse. Observing that "The Old Dominion," by Thomas Nelson Page, is "a charming theme treated by a charming writer," it goes on to say that the "prevailing fad in all our magazines for some years has been Southern romance in the South in the 1[illegible] of war, and . . . while the Southern fad prevails, of course anything about the Northern side of the civil war or the romance of the Northern volunteers would have as much chance of getting into an American magazine as into an English magazine. . . .

The boys in blue," it adds, "remain in the background as mere commonplace mercenaries."

These sentiments betoken rather an acrid state of mind, and are the sort of thing one expects not so much from a journal of sound heart and sane ideas as from some swindling pension agent who fears indictment, and wants to raise a cloud of misconception to cover his escape. If the war literature of the South abounds somewhat in contemporary magazines, it is because it is a late growth, and has come late to market. If it has a peculiar charm and claims space and excites attention, it is partly because the great system of compensations which helps to make life tolerable provides a special endowment of romance for defeat.

But the *Post Express* is right in saying that Mr. Page's article is charming. Read it. It will warm your heart, and bring you nearer to Virginia and all the South. And more than that, it will help you to realize what a terrific job it was to thrash the Southern Confederacy, and with what terrible thoroughness it was done. If it is true that the "Southern fad" prevails in the magazines, the younger generation of Americans should avail themselves of the chance it offers them to learn what manner of men it was that their fathers fought, and what sort of a task it was to crush slavery and rebellion and maintain the Union. If they also learn sympathy with their brethren in the South, and respect for Southern fortitude and endurance, even those are lessons that Christianity would not condemn, and that the truest patriotism could not hesitate to foster.

That same Christmas HARPER'S abounds in other articles besides Mr. Page's, which, while not open to the objection of being Christmas literature, excite such sentiments as suit the Christmas season. Where could one find more of the atmosphere of peace and good will than in such homely love-stories as Miss Jewett's "A Second Spring" and Mrs. Stuart's romance of the Simpkinsville Post-office? And surely it is excusable at Christmas time to indulge what may be a weak propensity for literature that is pleasant. It abounds in the Christmas HARPER'S, with plenty enough besides that is critical or informing, or more seriously edifying. And such pictures, too, by Reinhart, Abbey, Frost, Smedley, Fyfe, Hyde, Carleton—many old friends and many new ones! Verily the American Christmas magazine is a marvel, and in the current number of HARPER'S one sees it at its very best.

A well-known characteristic of the late James R. Osgood was his devotion to his friends. He was exceedingly kind. His heart was so large that there was room in it for a great many people, and he always seemed to keep it full, and to make it part of the important business of his life that the people whom he liked should find this world a pleasant and hospitable place of sojourn. Ties of friendship were as strong and as influential with him as ties of blood or kinship or business interest are with other people. He spent himself for his friends constantly, generously, and as long as he lived. This characteristic has been recognized in the inscription of the memorial stone that has been placed upon his grave in Kensal Green Cemetery. It runs:

TO

JAMES R. OSGOOD

A CHERISHED COMPANION AND LOYAL FRIEND

BORN AT FRYEBURGH, MAINE, U.S.A.

22ND FEBRUARY, 1836

DIED IN LONDON, 18TH MAY, 1892

THIS MEMORIAL IS ERECTED BY THE MANY

WHO RESPECTED AND LOVED HIM

It is proposed, and there is obvious propriety in the suggestion, that the cost of this monument shall be defrayed by contributions, not to exceed twenty-five dollars each, from people who would feel it a privilege to contribute. A circular to that effect, which has been sent out to the more intimate of Mr. Osgood's American friends, states that communications may be addressed, and checks sent, to Mr. J. Henry Harper, of Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York city, or to Mr. Henry M. Rogers, 42 Court Street, Boston.

In the fervor of its disapproval of contemporary football, the *Evening Post* goes so far as to refer to Wellington's remark that Waterloo was won on the Eton football field as an "apocryphal saying." The *Post's* position would be stronger if it accepted the remark (which has a currency of half a century to back it) and simply denied that the Duke knew enough about Waterloo to make his opinion valuable. In support of this position it might bring forward the fact that he named the fight after a village which, as Victor Hugo has pointed out, had no part in the battle, and was half a league from the scene of action. Germans have spoken of it as the battle of St. Lambert, Frenchmen have called it Mont St.-Jean, but Wellington's name has stuck. He and Waterloo have kept the credit of the fight, which was not fought at Waterloo at all, and possibly was not won on the Eton football field but over German chess-boards. What did Wellington know about Waterloo anyhow, compared with what the *Post* knows about football?

Next year will be the last in which Baireuth will have a European monopoly of the production of Wagner's *Parsifal*. It is the only one of Wagner's operas that remains subject to copyright restrictions. The Austrians have wanted to produce it in Vienna, but Wagner's heirs have succeeded in getting their rights respected, and it will be brought out for the first time outside of Baireuth in January, 1895, at Prague.

An exploit unprecedented in the annals of opera was the recent production at La Scala, in Milan, of the new opera *Signa*, by F. H. Cowen, an English composer. It is founded on Ouida's novel of the same name, and was to have been brought out in London at Mr. D'Oyley Carte's English Opera-house. But Mr. Carte did not stick to opera long enough to reach it, and Mr. Cowen's contract with Mr. Carte prevented him from producing it elsewhere in London; so he took it to Italy, and for the first time the Italians have heard an opera by a living English composer.

The latest newspaper report about Mr. R. L. Stevenson is dated "San Francisco, November 23d," and represents him as being in a precarious condition from a complication of measles and whooping cough. It usually takes about ten days for the denial of one of these reports to overtake it. It is odd that they should come with such regularity. Possibly it is because Mr. Stevenson is seldom well. Not improbably it is because he does not care for visitors, and sends down word when the steamer is sighted at Apia that he is sick abed, and not likely to recover.

In describing the simple habits of the late Marshal Marmahon, the London *Times* says that he took a cup of black coffee when he got up, and "breakfasted towards noon, spending almost as little time at his meals as an American man of business."

How is it about that? Has the *Times* been reading *Martin Chuzzlewit*, or do American business men still bolt their food so fast as to deserve to be cited as awful examples of hasty feeding?

E. S. MARTIN.

"TORO, TORO!"

A DISTINGUISHED newspaper man said to me the other day, in a conversation: "No, I do not like American history; it is brutal—crude—lacking in *finesse*. I prefer that of Germany, France, or Italy." His mind was a well-arranged one, and he lacked imagination. I do, however, like American history, and I think the newspaper man was probably right in his arraignment of it.

I sat on the veranda of the New York Athletic Club at Travers Island one day while an old gentleman by my side reminisced. He had gone to California as a boy, and had owned and operated a cattle ranch there before "the winter of '49," and when he had done I went home and did the picture of "Toro, Toro!" Since I have never seen an ancient California Indian do the "vaquero act," it must stand for what it is worth. And I am prepared to shift a good deal of responsibility on to the gentleman who sat talking on the veranda. The old-time vaqueros were all Indians, and their hats were imported from Chili. They dressed in cotton and leather, and were not the expensive and bespangled beings which have gone into popular fancy any more than the soldiers of Valley Forge were dressed in velvet coats and yellow silk stockings. The handkerchief over the face is worn by all cowboys in the round-up to keep the dust out of their mouths and eyes. Mexicans and Indians never take off a serape until the sun is high, for fear of pneumonia, to which they are much addicted.

I can only tell of the situation of the picture as the old gentleman narrated it, which was like this: "How the men did have to work—at daybreak in the saddle then scattering up along the draws and cañons, far up into the mountains! Then come the wild cattle from all points, followed by the charging vaqueros, yelling, swinging their *reatas*, until the little bunches melt into the sea of horned animals around which the watchful sentinels gallop, pursuing the brutes that try to leave the herd. At times a maddened steer breaks for the hills, and away he goes, with the mettlesome little pony following, without touch of spur or rein, over gully and chaparral, while the tall graceful vaquero is slowly gathering his rope. A few times the rawhide turns slowly and gracefully in the air, and with a whiz and a jerk the noose has tightened on the horns—two quick turns about the horn of the saddle—the little pony gives a brace, and the steer goes heels up to the ground with a thud that sickens him of any further escapade."

They were glorious old days, now grown mellow in the mind of the man who had long forgotten the anxieties which must have attended his youthful days. It was a quaint baronial existence, under the blue sky, with the mountains standing about, and the white-washed adobe lying so quiet and contented in the great valley below. The hum of insects, the cigarettes, the blue shadows, and the listless waiting for the processes of nature always slow, in contrast with the bellowing, roaring *rodeo*, the straining ropes and surging muscles, the blood in torrents—and then the profits were a neat sum for a young man to contemplate. But it's all past now—it's a memory. I was in California this spring for the first time, and I saw nothing of it. An old Californian out there said, "No, it's all over—these one-lunged people from New England are running this State—they are raising fruit and wheat and putting up wire fences, and they outvote us. I wish they had never come."

I agreed with him.

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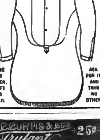

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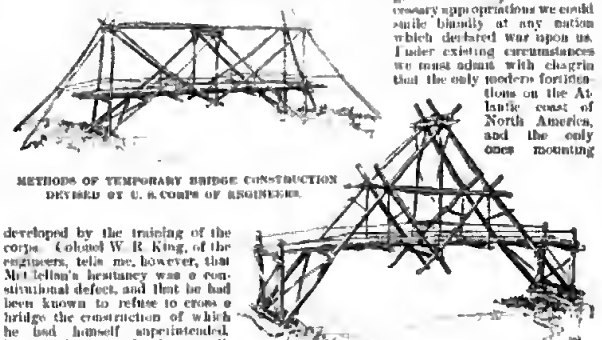
THE UNITED STATES ENGINEER CORPS.

THE duties of a military engineer may be epitomized as follows: He must aid in every way in bringing his army face to face with the enemy, and then turn in and fight. He must be equally expert with the hammer, the spade, and the rifle. He plans and builds fortifications, points out where the guns should be placed in position, and is ready to fight the guns if necessary. The United States Engineer Corps are carpenters, bridge-builders, electricians, sappers and miners, and withal as well drilled a body of soldiers as our army can boast of.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than the impression which prevails in many quarters that the military engineer is a mere mechanic and non-combatant. Would you call Robert E. Lee, the greatest general on the Southern side in the civil war, Meade, who defeated him at Gettysburg, Hooker, who fought the "battle above the clouds," or Buttrigard non-combatants? Yet these had all been officers in the Engineer Corps. Many of General McClellan's critics have laid his hesitancy to the fact that he was an engineer, claiming that thought rather than action was developed by the training of the corps. Colonel W. R. King, of the engineers, tells me, however, that McClellan's hesitancy was a constitutional defect, and that he had been known to refuse to cross a bridge the construction of which he had himself superintended. The services of subordinate officers of engineers have been of the greatest importance in the field. Scott employed them in his Mexican campaign to choose points of vantage for battle; and it was an officer of engineers who discovered that Little round Top was the key of the situation at Gettysburg, and hurried the Union forces to its occupancy just as the Confederates were marching for the same purpose.



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The military engineer is as old as the earliest engine of war. For the builder of it was a military engineer in fact if not in name. No sooner had he built it than another military engineer set about devising means of resisting its destructive effects, and this sort of thing is still going on, only, instead of building catapults and erecting walls to resist them, we are building great rifled guns and modern fortifications; that is, we in the United States should be doing these things. But, as a matter of fact, foreign nations are building the guns and we are not building the fortifications. How long the term military engineer has been in use may be judged from the fact that it was he whom to have "hoist with his own petar" Shakespeare held great sport. But you would have to wait a long while before a United States engineer would contribute to this sport.

Our Engineer Corps dates from the Revolution. Its first chief was a French army officer, Du Portail, who numbered Kosciusko among his assistants. The forts and the chain barrier at West Point were built and the siege operations of Boston and Yorktown planned by the engineers. At the close of the Revolution, artillery and engineers were merged into one corps and stationed at West Point, where they became the nucleus of the Military Academy. In 1802 a separate corps of engineers and artillery was created, the engineer corps consisting of a major, two captains, four lieutenants, and ten cadets. A corps of topographical engineers was also organized; but at the outbreak of the civil war the two engineer corps were consolidated. Until 1866 the Military Academy at West Point was part of the engineer corps. But—as the story runs—at the outcry of General Scott the commandant neglected to furnish carriages for the committee of Congress which attended the funeral, which so incensed the committee that through its influence the control of the Military Academy was taken away from the engineers. As at present constituted, the corps consists of one hundred and eighteen officers, the chief of the corps being a brigadier general, the only officer of that grade in the corps, and four companies of enlisted men, who form the battalion of engineers. From two to six of the brightest graduates of the Military Academy are annually assigned to the corps.

Three of the four companies of the engineer battalion are stationed at Willets Point, Long Island Sound. Here they not only go through the drills and perform the usual duties of the soldier, but also receive instruction in the varied work required of a military engineer. This is to the main a thoroughly practical course, the work being performed just as if the battalion were in the field. Pontoon bridges are constructed (several pontoons at Willets Point saw service during Sherman's march to the sea, and a number were brought into requisition after the Johnstown flood); field works are laid out, sieges, surveys, and reconnaissances conducted. Instruction in torpedo service is also one of the branches of work at Willets Point, this important auxiliary in coast defence being in charge of the corps of engineers.

The Engineer Corps has also developed a humorist, Captain Derby, better known to fame by his literary name, "John Phœnix." At West Point he perpetrated a joke which is one of the classics of the corps. The *Theoretical Journal* of the siege prescribes just what is to be done in investing a fortification, with the invariable result—theoretical, of course—that the works are obliged to surrender within a certain number of days. Professor Mahan called upon Derby to explain how with a given number of guns and strength of garrison he would defend a fort.

"I would immediately evacuate the fort, then lay siege to it, and recapture it in forty-one days," replied Derby.

The Engineer Corps has worked out a complete system of coast defence, and if Congress would only vote the necessary appropriations we could smile blandly at any nation which declared war upon us. Under existing circumstances we must admit with chagrin that the only modern fortifications on the Atlantic coast of North America, and the only ones mounting modern guns, are those at England's new gateway to India, Halifax, Canada, which is a veritable Gibraltar.

Colonel King, who is in command at Willets Point, an officer of large experience, having been through the civil war, told me during a conversation on this subject that our old forts, with modern guns, and with far less additional strengthening than is usually supposed, could be defended against any fleet now afloat. He does not believe that actual service tests bear out the deductions from proving ground tests.

"For instance," said Colonel King, "experiments on the proving ground show that a sand parapet to be proof against modern ordnance should be seventy feet thick. But the actual service test at Alexandria entirely disproved this. More than one hundred guns, from the 16-inch rifle down, were in action on the British side, yet but one earth work, and that only twelve feet thick, was penetrated. The defences of Alexandria were mainly earth-works, yet their bombardment by the British fleet of eight heavy ironclads and half a dozen smaller vessels wrought so little havoc that had the works been defended by Anglo-Saxons they could have repaired at night the damage done during the day."

Colonel King believes in the efficiency of sand for fortifications, and considers that sand and earth works should be used wherever there is room for them. The resistance of sand increases at a greater ratio than the velocity from increasing charges of powder, for sand will scatch right into steel and as there are no fragments in sand, the effect of an exploding shell is entirely local. Colonel King does not regard the old fashioned ordnance now mounted in our forts as entirely useless. In his opinion, our old 10-inch smoothbores are convertible into 8-inch rifles, against which no fleet could stand at close quarters, and would be most serviceable in protecting torpedoes. Colonel King considers the torpedo, when used promiscuously, a good deal "like a gun in a watermelon patch." Their proper place in his view is in a channel under fire of our own guns, to prevent an enemy from forcing his way through.

In regard to the comparative efficiency of forts and ships for harbor defence, Colonel King said: "It was known long before the civil war that masonry unmasked by earth could be knocked to pieces. Yet Dupont's fine fleet was held at bay—in fact, driven back—by old brick Sumter. In fact, the day after the bombardment the fort reported as more serviceable. But earlier in the war this very fort had been reduced by a shore battery." These views are interesting as coming from a distinguished officer of engineers.

An American is but little hampered by tradition. As a rule, he hasn't much reverence for it. He solves problems in his own practical way, quite indifferent as to how those who went before him solved them. It would therefore have been very surprising if our civil war had not developed some new ideas in military engineering. Important among these was the use of hastily thrown up field works, which have since then become a feature of modern warfare.

When Banks's and Porter's expedition was retreating down the Red River, the water had fallen so low that the fleet was stopped by the low water above the Alexandria rapids and at one time it seemed that it would have to be abandoned. But Lieutenant Colonel Joseph Bailey, who had entered the corps from civil life, having been a civil engineer, threw a temporary dam over 750 feet long across the river below the rapids, raised the water 6½ feet, and floated the fleet down, the construction of the dam occupying only ten days.

In building pontoon and more substantial bridges the corps was also highly successful during the war. Work of this kind proceeds upon a regular system, in which the men are carefully drilled, each man knowing just what he has to do and how to do it. Thus pontoon bridges can be thrown across streams at a rate of from 200 to 300 feet per hour. The corps also performs work on more substantial structures with extraordinary rapidity, and has the record of erecting a trestle bridge 400 feet long and 80 feet high across the Potomac Creek, Virginia, in nine working days, cutting the timber for it on the spot.

An immense amount of work not properly of a military character is done by the United States Engineer Corps such as boundary and lake surveys and river and harbor improvements, the most notable operations of this kind being at Hell Gate and on the Mississippi. Each light-house district in the United States calls for the services of an officer of the corps, and all matters of light-house construction and repair are assigned to engineer officers. In fact, the conquests of the corps are as numerous in peace as in war.

In the great parades in New York during recent years the battalion from Willets Point has presented as fine an appearance as any of the troops. The United States engineers may be mechanics and electricians but they are first of all soldiers.

GUSTAV KOBBÉ

AMATEUR SPORT

PRINCETON DEFEATED YALE, 6-0, on Thanksgiving day, in a game showing the finest football of this year of advanced skill. It was the greatest contest from first to last ever played on an American field—great in the physical strength and endurance of the twenty two men, for it is safe to say that an hour and a half of harder football was never played; greater in their skill, but greatest in showing to the forty thousand spectators that filled every available square foot of space within the Manhattan Field enclosure, and overflowed on the surrounding hills and other points of observation, that a game of football can be played without slugging. Mr Godkin, the football editor of the *Evening Post*, must have been disappointed in the hard, clean exhibition. Only once was the umpire called upon to warn a player.

It was a decided triumph for the Princeton coaches, since it has been said at different times and by various authorities that they had not kept pace with the game down at the New Jersey university. The tears they turned out this year, however, proved that not only had they kept pace with the ultra game, with its flying wedge and kindred plays, but had brought their eleven up to a degree of perfection in good straight football, with its interference and team play, that has never been excelled, and equalled by only one or two of Yale's star eleven. Let us hear no more of Princeton not being in the same class with Harvard and Yale for if there is any defining of class this year, the orange and black must be placed by itself, and at the top. Not only did it completely outplay Yale at every point of the game, except punting, but it was the only team that could keep Pennsylvania's very strong offensive play from scoring. Pennsylvania scored on both Harvard and Yale, but could not by its most desperate work cross the Princeton goal-line.

BUT THOSE WHO TALK OF CLASS among these four great universities talk without thinking. While of course Yale and Princeton must be considered better than either Harvard or Pennsylvania, it is only a question of time, when Harvard acquires "spirit" and Pennsylvania more skill along the lines they have laid this year, when there will be very little choice between them. This year we have seen Harvard defeated, first because her team slumbered on a few showy Deland tucks, and, ostrichlike, poked its head into Yale's line leaving the vital part exposed to the blue rushers, and second, because her team lacked "sand."

Pennsylvania has been defeated by all three, because, despite her weight and some

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very clever men in and behind her line, notably Thornton, Oliver, Simmons, Vail, Knipe, Brooke, Osgood, she has not yet reached the skill of the other three. There has been no distinctive school or system until this year, when Woodruff the old Yale guard, established one, and of course on the Yale basis. That she has developed some fine playing, her scoring against Yale particularly shows, and next year we must expect a still better game from the Pennsylvania team. They did not end the season with Harvard so well as they began it with Princeton and Yale, for their game at Cambridge on Thanksgiving day had neither the desperation nor the skill they showed against both their other opponents, largely because of the precedent that always instinctively makes a Pennsylvania team play its hardest against Yale and Princeton, and partly because the eleven had been on edge in the first two games, and could hardly be expected to maintain it for the Harvard struggle two weeks after its second.

AMES, CENTER
Military Academy

HARRISON, RIGHT END. CARSON (CAPT.), FULL-BACK.
Military Academy.

STACY, RIGHT HALF.
Military Academy.

If OUR THOUGHT AT all of a separate class, it was only when Princeton and Yale came together on Manhattan Field, for he who had seen all four elevens play realized instantly that these teams and their coaches knew more football than all the others combined.

If indeed there were to be a class, we should, based on this year's play, call the Harvard game practice for Yale, and the Pennsylvania ditto for Princeton; but of course I am only giving a little dose of their own reasoning to some of these rampant brothers we all know, who, when unable to meet on any other common stamping ground, drag forth that much battered and dust laden "dual league" fetich, and soothe their otherwise ruffled feelings by reciprocal "if's" and "and's" and "oh my's."

In all seriousness, however, Yale and Princeton have beyond question proved themselves greater masters of football science than the others—not merely by the fact that they won, but by the character of game they played. Nor does only this year's play decide that matter. Yale's position in football science is certainly unquestioned, and Princeton's record of victories over Harvard, and the style of game the two have played, go to show that they have always at Princeton put up a more up-to-date game and played better football all round than at Harvard. Curiously enough, Harvard, with twice as many students, her magnificent material, and the many fine players she has graduated, has never been able to get together until this year, and even then she could not master up stability enough to persist in a system.

Harvard seems not to have learned the lesson the others mastered long ago with first principles. And yet how simple! How shall any college expect to turn out winning teams until she has organized a system, and graduated men in that system who can return to coach, and thus start a school? Harvard seems always seeking for short cuts to success. If she will now at last profit by experience, retain the coaches she has had this year, drop Deland tricks, except as the merest incidentals to a game, and buckle down to good straight football such as Lewis, Perry Trafford, Cammock, Hollowell, and several others can teach her, there will be some chance of her keeping abreast of the times and playing as good football as Yale and Princeton.

BUT I HAVE DIGRESSED FAR from the Thanksgiving day game between Yale and Princeton, and must get back to it, for space is limited, and it is a pleasing story to tell, with its two halves abounding in skilled and plucky play on both sides.

Princeton won the toss and took the ball, starting off with one of those flying wedges which have become so popular with all teams (and must be legislated against before an other season of play), and gained 20 yards before being downed. The next two plays were not so successful, and Yale, on a fumble in the centre, received the ball by Stillman's sharp work. Yale's attempt to send Greenway through the line failed by Wheeler's breaking through and downing him, so on the next down Butterworth kicked to Princeton's 45-yard line, where Yale got it on four downs, the blue line standing solid. Yale sent Greenway and Armstrong for 10 yards at this point, and then the ball went to Princeton for off side play by Yale. It is not my purpose to follow each "down" of this great game, but only to lead up to the point where both teams had settled to their work, and from which began a series of brilliant plays that were maintained up to the very last call of time, beginning with Morse's beautiful run around Greenway's end for 25 yards, which was ended by Butterworth's fine tackle. Princeton followed by a punt that sent the ball to Yale's five yard line, where Butterworth once again distinguished himself by a good catch.

Yale made several attempts to get the ball out of such dangerous ground by backing Princeton's line, but was finally obliged to punt, and Butterworth for this once only failed to do himself justice, for 25 yards was all the kick gained.

YALE HAD DISCOVERED BY THIS TIME that the Princeton line was too strong to get through, and that, on the other hand, her own defensive game, although superb, was not proof against Princeton's two half backs, Morse and Ward. Therefore at this point the blue began the tactics that were kept up throughout the game. When Princeton worked the ball into their territory it was passed to Butterworth for a kick, with the single exception of Butterworth's very pretty run of 25 yards through the Princeton team on a caught punt. Yale's gains with the ball in hand were very small. They could not make their distance after this star run, and the ball went to Princeton on four downs. Blake promptly punted to Princeton's 30-yard line, where Yale could not gain, and Butterworth sent it back to the orange-and-black 20 yard line, the nearest the ball came to Princeton's goal throughout the game. It was carried back to the 35 yard line, where Yale secured it, but lost it almost immediately on downs. Starting at their own 30-yard line, Princeton began an exhibition of wonderful ground gaining that carried the ball straight down to Yale's 25-yard line, where it went to the blue, and Yale punted it out to their 40 yard mark, only to have the orange and black again begin the onslaught that landed them across the goal-line, and gave Princeton her first touch down against Yale since 1890.

SIMMONS, LEFT END. BROOKE, FULL-BACK.
University of Pennsylvania.

THORNTON, CENTRE. MACKEY (CAPT.), LEFT TACKLE.
University of Pennsylvania.

EZARD, HALF-BACK.
Naval Academy.

Yale fought every inch of the way to her goal-line, and her defensive game was great, but the Princeton charge was not to be checked. King kicked a pretty goal, and the ball went to Yale in the centre of the field. By short desperate rushes Yale carried the ball to Princeton's 25-yard line before they lost it, where Princeton got it and worked it back 15 yards, only to have Yale take it once more to their 25-yard line. Blake punted 15 yards, and again Yale worked it down to Princeton's 26 yard line. Princeton had carried it back to their 45 yard line when time for the first half was called.

KAVANAGH (CAPTAIN), CENTRE.

BOOKWALTER, QUARTER-BACK.
Naval Academy.

THE FIRST HALF had been the most brilliant football seen this season on any field, but it remained for the second to eclipse even that. Such errorless play is seldom seen. There had been but two fumbles in the first half, but there was not one in the second. Yale's well known strength in the second half of a game had been seen so often that no one was surprised to note the added pace in their work when they started off the last half on Thanksgiving. Throughout the entire forty-five minutes it was the fastest, sharpest football two elevens ever played. Yale opened at a terrific gait that gained them 17 yards before Princeton got the ball, and after carrying it back a few yards lost it again by off-side play. Yale now punted, and the ball reached Princeton's 20-yard line (the diagram is incorrect in putting this kick at the 15-yard line). It was punted to their 45 yard line, where Yale, after gaining only a couple of yards, lost the ball for holding, and Princeton made haste to get it into Yale's territory by a punt of about 25 yards. From now on to the very end of the game Yale relied on Butterworth to save them from another touch down. Whenever they got the ball it was passed to him for a kick; the entire distance gained in this half by Yale, with the ball in hand, was but 40 yards, against 200 yards by Princeton in the same half.

McCORMACK, RIGHT END.
Naval Academy.

In the first half Princeton carried the ball 157 yards to Yale's 110, punting 138 to Yale's 113. Princeton punted but 95 yards in the second half to Yale's 223. Gradually in the second half the struggle drew nearer and nearer the Yale goal, and only their magnificent defensive game saved them from two touch downs more being scored. The fight more than half the time was between the 20 and 30 yard lines. Three times Princeton had the ball on Yale's 10 yard line, and once on the five. Such line-breaking as the orange and black showed in this last half especially, though it was so all through the game, has seldom been seen; never, in fact, for no 'varsity eleven's brilliant work was ever done against such a strong team as Princeton had against her Thursday.

Morse and Ward were alternately sent through the Yale line at every point of it from end to end and Wheeler gained whenever called on. So the struggle went on until the 45 minutes of play in the second half had elapsed, and Yale, by hard, heady play, had protected her goal against the most terrific onslaught any eleven was ever called on to withstand.

OF PRINCETON'S ELEVEN EVERY MAN played up to his best form, and kept at that pitch straight through the game. As a matter of fact, every man played the game of his life, and they were in the physical condition to do it. Yale's added pace in the second half had no terrors for them, as they not only saw it, but went the line one better. The whole team showed that it was on that field to play the best and hardest football it knew how, and they went in as if they meant to win.

Their team work was fast and clever. The runners got

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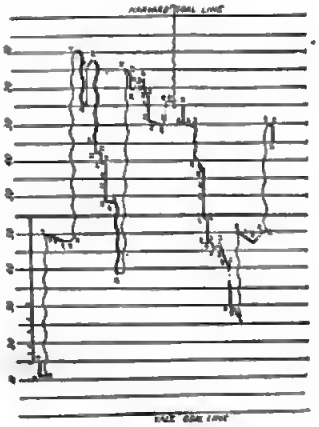
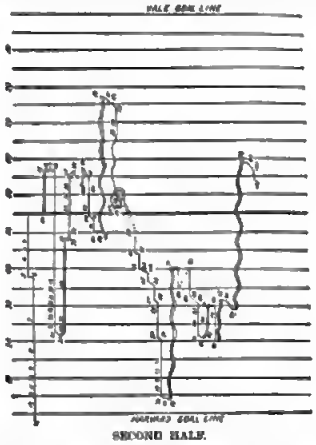


FIRST HALF.

off quickly, and when they struck the line they kept going, backed up by every man that could get into the play. The best team Yale ever sent out of New Haven never equalled this Princeton eleven in the number of men who got into every play, and got into it to some purpose. Their interference was skilfully planned and deftly executed, and both Hinkey and Greenway, two of the cleverest ends that ever played on a team, went down before it more times than they broke it up.

OF THE PRINCETON INDIVIDUALS it is hard to pick out especial ones for commendation. Every one of them played his position for all it was worth. Wheeler looms up most prominently of them all by his magnificent work in blocking, breaking through, tackling, and diagnosing Yale's plays, and the quality of his work stands out the clearer for the reason that he faced Bickok, a veteran, and one of the best guards in the country. Lea, at tackle, overshadowed Murphy, with whom Newell, the great Harvard tackle, had his hands full at Springfield, and, in my judgment showed the best game at that position of the season. Taylor was so good that McCren could not block him, and Holly played a superior game to any he ever put up. He has improved out of all recognition, and was too strong for Beard. Trenchard played a wonderful game, especially on interference, and ran his team more ably than any Princeton captain in my recollection. He played a stronger game than Hinkey. Brown, on the other end, well matched Greenway, and once or twice got the better of him. King played a great game; only once was there a fumble, which his brilliant 30-yard run quite offset. His tackling and passing throughout were of the best. The ground gaining of Ward and Morse has seldom been equalled against such a strong line as Yale's. Their line backing and running behind interference were strong and clever. Blake deserves great credit for his punting, which showed very favorably against Butterworth's, and for the level head he kept on his shoulders. His try for a goal from the field was weak, but he more than made up for it. Princeton has the making of a great full-back in him, and if they can develop a quarter next year as good they will be very strong behind the line.

NOR DOES ALL THE GLORY OF THE DAY belong to the victorious eleven. He who has lowered his colors after a gallant, skilful battle shares honors with his conqueror, and Yale fought valiantly from first to last. Those who saw the game must have been surprised to read in the World that Yale's work was "listless," that their men lost "heart and strength," that they "only played hard when their goal was menaced dangerously, and their offensive work was miserable in the extreme." Such comment is thoroughly unjust to the Yale team. It is simply untrue. They were never listless for a moment, nor was their offensive play miserable.



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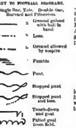
On the contrary, they played hard aggressive football from first to last, and their defensive game was magnificent; had it not been, Princeton would have scored two more touch-downs. They played with all the Yale dash, and I have failed to think out a weak spot in their entire team. Armstrong was the least effective back, but a man can hardly be called weak because he could not get through that wonderfully strong line of Princeton's. Both he and Thorne, so long as he lasted, played hard and well, and against any other line in the country their work would have been brilliant, as it was against Harvard. When Butterworth, who is nothing short of a wonder at line-bucking, could do so little, what could be expected of any back? What plunging Butterworth did was remarkable, and his punting, with two exceptions, equally good; one of his kicks was for 65 yards. His tackling, as well as that of all the men behind the line, was low and hard; twice he stood between the Yale goal and a Princeton runner, whom he brought down by a beautiful tackle. Adee at quarter tackled like a fiend, and kept his head on his shoulders; once he fumbled, but throughout got the ball back well, which is sufficient praise of itself, with the Princeton men brushing through all about him.

IN THE LINE YALE WAS EQUALLY GOOD, Hickok and Stillman especially distinguishing themselves; the former made some pretty tackles, and the latter held his own well against such a skilled veteran as Balliett.

Yale lost from no fault of her men; they played the best and hardest game of football they knew how; nor did they lose because they were tired, or younger or lighter than Princeton. They went on to the field the most experienced eleven that ever lined up. In age the two teams averaged alike, and in weight Yale had almost five pounds per man the better of it.

They lost because they were outplayed; because the Princeton defensive game was strong enough to resist their hardest and most skilful play; because the Princeton forwards broke through, and killed most of their plays before they got under way; and because the offensive game of Princeton was so well directed and so thoroughly backed up that no line Yale ever had could have stopped it, and because every man on the Princeton eleven unfailingly followed the ball.

It is a fact worth noting that good straight football made more gains throughout the game than the new-fangled flying plays, which, after all, are the easiest diagnosed.



OF THE BRILLIANT PLAY in which nearly every man of both teams was a part at one time or another during the game, we carry away especial remembrance of Morse's two pretty runs—one around Greenway for thirty-five yards, the other from a long pass around Hinkey for twenty; Trenchard's beautiful interference in the tandem plays and his long pass to Morse; King's twenty-yard run on a caught punt through the Yale eleven, and his interference and prominence in every play; Wheeler's breaking through, blocking, particularly his following the ball, and his ground-gaining sometimes with half the Yale team hanging to him—all of which stamps him the great Heffelfinger's equal; Blake's running catch of Butterworth's punt; Lea's clever play at tackle, and his pluck; Butterworth's twenty-five-yard run on a caught punt through the Princeton team, his tackling (twice saving a touch-down), and his fifty-five-yard punt; Thorne's desperate plunges into the Princeton stone wall; Adee's and Hickok's tackling; Hinkey's hard, clever work and his pluck. Indeed, no game was ever played that gave forth more individual flashes against the always brilliant team-work of each eleven.

Of the make-up of the two teams, Princeton had five of last year's 'varsity in her line—Balliett, Wheeler, Lea, Holly, and Trenchard, and two behind the line—King and Morse; so that they had to develop this year's guard, an end, one half and a full back. Of these all were undergraduates but Balliett and King, both of whom are pursuing post-graduate courses.

In the Yale line there were also five of last year's 'varsity—Stillman, McCrea, Hickok, Hinkey, and Greenway, while back of it Butterworth alone represented the veterans. That left two tackles, a quarter, and two half backs to develop. Beard, who played one tackle, is a veteran at the game, and Adee captained the second eleven last year. All are undergraduates. The scores of the two universities since the present system of counting points began, in '83, follows:

1883.	Yale-Princeton .. 6-0	1888.	Yale-Princeton .. 10-0
*1884.	Yale-Princeton .. 6-4	1889.	Princeton-Yale .. 10-0
1885.	Princeton-Yale ... 6-5	1890.	Yale-Princeton .. 32-0
*1886.	Yale-Princeton ... 4-0	1891.	Yale-Princeton .. 19-0
1887.	Yale-Princeton ... 12-0	1892.	Yale-Princeton .. 12-0
	* Undecided.	1893.	Princeton-Yale .. 6-0

THERE HAS BEEN SO MUCH TO SAY about this game that it leaves no space for the Harvard-Pennsylvania and Annapolis-West Point games, which were too good to be dismissed with a few lines, and will therefore be handled in the next issue.

Football scores week ending December 2d:

November 30th.—Princeton, 6; Yale, 0. Harvard, 26; University of Pennsylvania, 4. Virginia, 16; North Carolina, 0. University of Chicago, [illegible]; Michigan, 10. Dartmouth, [illegible]; [illegible], 0. Purdue, [illegible]; De Pauw, [illegible]. Chicago A. A., 0; Boston A. A., 4. Illinois, 10; Lake Forest, [illegible]. Vanderbilt, 10; Sewanee, 0. Columbia A. C., [illegible]; Georgetown University, 16. December 2d.—U. S. Naval Academy, 6; U. S. Military Academy, 4. Yale Freshmen, [illegible]; Harvard Freshmen, 4. Vanderbilt, [illegible]; Central, 0.

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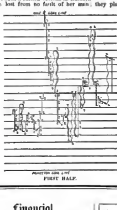

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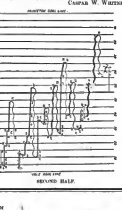

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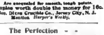

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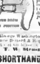

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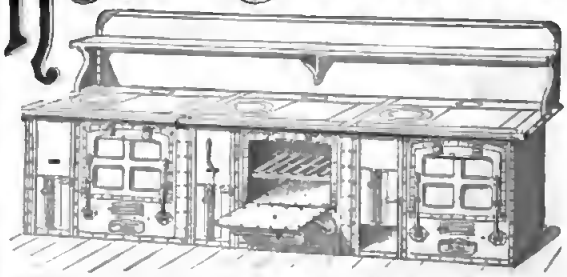

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXVII.—No. 1930.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1893.

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"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE."—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

[SEE CHRISTMAS STORY BY BRANDER MATTHEWS, PAGE 1206.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(THIRTY-TWO PAGES WITH ILLUMINATED COVER.)

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE President's message is a sober business document, devoted in the main to a statement of the operations of the government in the ordinary routine manner. Excepting the paragraphs relating to the tariff, it is wholly nonpartisan in character and tone. A sensible, conservative, patriotic Republican in the Presidential chair might have written it just as well as a Democrat. The plain recital of facts is interspersed with but few expressions of opinion, and the opinions it does express will generally commend themselves by their soundness to all fair minded men, irrespective of party. The President reports our relations to the powers of the world, great and small, to be invariably friendly. Complications which at one time or another appeared to threaten grave consequences and greatly inflamed excitable minds are now discussed with a calmness which happily corresponds with the present temper of the public mind concerning them. We all remember the flurry about Samoa, which some years ago moved our jingoes to fierce declamations about the necessity of maintaining our national dignity and protecting our commercial interests in distant seas, if it must be, by force of arms. After having pointed out the confusion brought forth by the famous diplomatic settlement embodied in the Treaty of Berlin, President CLEVELAND coolly remarks, "This incident and the events leading up to it signally illustrate the impolicy of entangling alliances with foreign powers." To which the common sense of the country is now ready to respond with an emphatic assent.

What the President says of the Hawaiian affair is equally calm and reasonable. After a clear and dispassionate statement of the facts in the case, as reported by Mr BLOUNT, the President expresses his opinion that "the only honorable course for our government to pursue was to undo the wrong that had been done by those representing us, and to restore as far as practicable the status existing at the time of our forcible intervention." This is the evident dictate of justice and national honor. The President adds that, "with a view of accomplishing this result *within the constitutional limits of Executive power*, and recognizing all our obligations and responsibilities growing out of any changed conditions brought about by our unjustifiable interference, our present minister at Honolulu has received appropriate instructions to that end." This quiet remark is calculated to cool the ardor of those who assailed the administration with frantic cries on the wild assumption that the President had resolved to declare war against the provisional government of Hawaii without authorization by Congress. The President promises soon to lay the details of this matter before Congress in a special message.

As to the matter of our monetary system, the President wisely suggests that after the repeal of the silver-purchase act a lasting and comprehensive financial plan should be prepared, but that this should be done with careful deliberation, avoiding all unnecessary haste. This advice is eminently sound and timely, and it can be followed without the slightest risk. With the silver-purchase law our greatest danger has disappeared. There is plenty of money in the banks and trust companies—more than business demands for immediate employment. While it is not pretended that the existing financial system, as the repeal of the silver purchase law has left it, should be regarded as a permanent one, no immediate measure of change is called for. With the banking and currency legislation that is to last, we can afford to proceed slowly and cautiously.

The condition of the Treasury exhibited by the President is by no means gratifying. The estimates of government receipts and expenditures for the current fiscal year show a deficiency of $28,000,000. The task of covering this deficiency by new taxation he leaves to Congress, mentioning only that the Committee of Ways and Means "have wisely embraced in their plan a few additional internal revenue taxes, including a small tax upon incomes derived from certain corporate investments." This indicates the abandonment of a general income tax—a piece of news which is most welcome. The President is at his best when he preaches rigid economy in public expenditures as one of the means to relieve the difficulties of the Treasury, and we are glad to see that he deems it proper to warn Congress in this respect against needless appropriations for the construction of new ships of war. This is all the more sensible as the building of new armored battle-ships would only furnish us costly things of which nobody knows what they will be practically good for, and which in our hands would only be dangerous incentives of embroilment in foreign trouble.

The severest drain upon the Treasury being caused by our extravagant pension system, the President devotes to it some impressive remarks. The civil war lies nearly thirty years behind us, and the sum required for pensions during the current fiscal year is $165,000,000. If this had been predicted twenty years ago, it would have been scouted as an impossibility. Posterity will look at it as almost incredible. That the pension-roll is teeming with the names of fraudulent pensioners is a well-known fact. That the people so meekly bear this is an encouragement of further fraud, perjury, and robbery. We are glad to hear the President demand in a tone of indignation that "frauds in the pension-rolls should be exposed and corrected with thoroughness and vigor," and that "those who attempt in the line of duty to rectify these wrongs should not be accused of enmity or indifference to the claims of honest veterans." There is no vilier demagogy than that which seeks to catch votes at the expense not only of the public treasury, but of the public morality and conscience, and this demagogy is by no means confined to one party.

The reform of the tariff the President regards as the principal problem now to be solved. "Nothing so important," he says, "claims our attention, and nothing so clearly presents itself as both an opportunity and a duty." He expresses his agreement in general terms with the tariff bill of the Committee of Ways and Means recently published. In the way of argument he has nothing to say that is new. But he addresses a word of warning to the members of his party in Congress that is of the highest importance. It is that if members insist upon the preservation of protective duties on articles produced in their local constituencies, tariff reform must inevitably fail. This is as clear as sunlight. If the Texas delegation successfully insists upon a protective duty on wool, the West Virginia delegation upon one on coal, the Alabama delegation upon one on iron ore, and so on, the whole fabric which rests upon the free admission of raw material will surely tumble to pieces. And there is one of the greatest dangers threatening tariff reform. The Committee of Ways and Means has avoided this danger, and it is to be hoped that the President's warning will not be without effect in the House of Representatives and the Senate.

A review of the President's utterances on the subject of civil service reform, which would require too much space at this time, we reserve for another issue.

THE TARIFF BILL.

THE tariff bill reported by the Committee on Ways and Means is in one sense a moderate measure; in another sense, a radical measure. Compared with the tariffs under which we lived and prospered for many years before the civil war, it leaves us still with a very high degree of protection. Compared with the tariffs of countries like France and Germany, in which there has been of late years so distinct a revival of protection, it is also a strongly protectionist measure. Compared with the completely non-protective tariff of England, its duties are immoderately high. But compared with the McKINLEY tariff act, it is, in one respect at least, a radical measure. It drops the policy of indiscriminate protection. It rests on the principle that, after all, there are some things which the country is capable of producing, but which if will nevertheless permit to be freely imported. So far as the great mass of manufactured commodities is concerned, the changes in duty are not incisive; but the free admission of some important raw materials marks a radical change in policy.

Far and away the most important of these changes is that by which raw wool is to be admitted free of duty. For thirty years we have been imposing heavy duties on any and every quality of wool, and we have been promised by domestic wool-growers, or at least by their spokesmen in politics, that they would be able to supply all the wool of every quality that the country wanted. They have never done so; in fact, conditions of soil and climate make it impossible that they should do so. They furnish us with an abundant and sufficiently cheap supply of wools of medium quality. But they are not able to produce fine wools in any quantity, and they do not find it worth while to produce very coarse wool at all. Under these circumstances the bill wisely puts wool upon the free list, and so gives the American people the benefit of the fine quality of Australian wool and of the extreme cheapness of the coarse wool of Russia and East India.

The free admission of wool is the most important political change in the bill. For many years the duty on wool has been made to do service in States like Ohio and Michigan as bringing to the farmer his share of the benefits of protection. It required the courage of President CLEVELAND to face the situation boldly, and to declare for free wool even though Ohio was a doubtful State. This he did in his message, now passed into history, of December, 1887, when he took that unflinching attitude on the tariff question which has brought his party to the position in which it now is. If there is any one part of their programme to which the Democrats are committed it is the free admission of wool; and this part of the bill may be expected to reach the stage of enactment if any part of it does. Once made, the change unquestionably will be found a beneficial one. The great mass of the wool-growers will find themselves injured to no appreciable degree; the manufacturers will have their material cheaper; and the consumers will have better and cheaper clothes.

Next in political importance to the free admission of wool is the free admission of iron ore and the reduction of the duty on pig-iron. If anything is raw material, iron ore certainly is, and if a beginning is to be made anywhere in the direction of cheapening materials, this is the most appropriate point that could be found. The duty on pig iron is reduced to 22½ per cent.; the existing duty is equivalent to between 60 and 70 per cent. The reduction is thus considerable. It must be remembered, however, that the pig iron duty has for many years been virtually prohibitory, except for small lots of special qualities of iron; and except along the Eastern seacoast it is doubtful if any considerable greater use of imported iron will ensue. Along the Eastern seaboard the change, if carried to the point of enactment, will make iron somewhat cheaper, and will aid all iron using establishments—and this means all manufactures of every sort.

So far as manufactures are concerned, most of the changes are from duties that were prohibitory to duties that will be somewhat less prohibitory. Such is the case with most silk goods, cotton goods, glassware, and china ware. On woollens there is a more important change. They are admitted at the simple duty of 40 per cent., which is to be reduced one per cent. each year for five years, until finally the duty on them reaches the definitive rate of 35 per cent. This change is the counterpart of the free admission of wool, which entailed a complete removal of the present high and complicated duties on woollen goods, and the substitution of a simple and comparatively moderate *ad valorem* duty. In almost any other country duties of 35 and 40 per cent., coupled with free raw material, would be thought to give more than adequate protection. We are confident that they will be found to give all the protection that the woollen industry of the United States now needs, and that they will cheapen goods to the mass of the consumers without seriously endangering the prosperity of the manufacturers.

On the whole, the bill is carefully and conscientiously drafted. It faces the situation boldly, applies the knife sharply to some excrescences of a protective growth, and redeems in a substantial way the promises under which the Democratic party came into power. Yet it makes no such radical or far-reaching changes as will disturb the great mass of the manufacturing industries. The country can easily accommodate itself to such changes, and within a few months after its enactment, few will advocate a return to the existing order of things.

THE CAVES OF THE BANDITS.

IF the reports that are appearing in the daily press be true, Senator HILL has confessed the cause of both the strength and the weakness of the machine. He nominated MAYNARD against the inclinations of his associates, and MAYNARD was defeated. The combination of city bosses upon whom he depended for success realized that the load was too heavy for them. They understood, as he apparently did not understand, that there is a limit to the patience of American citizens with the evil men and things of their politics. They went down before the wrath of the voters, and they hold Senator HILL responsible for the disaster. But the arch-master of the cheap politics of the stews possesses the audacity of his trade, and he hinted upon the lieutenants who had lost his fight and their own. CROKER, MURPHY, and SHEEHAN were plainly told that they had been incompetent. McLAUGHLIN of Brooklyn, the independent political brigand of Kings, who has acted now with one faction and now with another, who has traded with the bosses and lent them his hand on many of their predatory excursions, was also called to account. The scenes between the beaten and bedraggled captains and their storming leader are described as interesting and as filled with fury. The captains did not relish rebuke from the man who had loaded them with MAYNARD's odium, who had thereby invited defeat, and who now lectured them for not performing the impossible feat of vindicating him and his candidate with the votes of people who detested both. They turned upon him, MURPHY and

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CROKER leading, for they had come out of the fray with fewer scars than their fellows, and renounced their allegiance.

This episode, which is worthy of relating because it is likely to form part of the history of the interesting and important political movement now in progress, does not mean that the combination of city bosses is broken. It shows its existence, the intimate relations of its members, their mutual interdependence, the general recognition by the bandits of the necessity of their union if the business of looting is to continue to be profitable. It ought to be, and possibly will be, a revelation to a good many Democrats who have deluded themselves with the belief that they have been helping to advance Democratic principles in national politics, whereas they have been simply the unconscious allies of a band of freebooters. Now that the bosses have demonstrated the truth about themselves, and demonstrated it in such a way that ignorance of them and their methods can be an excuse to no one, there ought to be no question of their ultimate destruction.

The power of the corrupt Democratic machine is in the cities. The bosses rule them, carry their votes in their pockets, make and unmake candidates, and in ordinary years carry elections. Their power is a grant of the Legislature. If it had not been for corrupt bargains at Albany, the cities of the State would not have been transformed into autocracies. Years ago Senator MURPHY was reported to have said that there was no difficulty about carrying a city if you had control of the police. From that time to this the effort has been to secure the control of the authorities who are charged with the duty of appointing the inspectors, who have the custody of the ballot-boxes and the votes. Under existing laws the bosses of the great cities have control of the election machinery. MURPHY's principle has been applied. For New York the law was changed so that three inspectors, two Democrats and one Republican, have succeeded to four, two from each party. The law further secures to CROKER the two Democrats. In many election districts bargains with Republican free lances give to CROKER a Republican inspector who is also his loyal henchman. In Troy, MURPHY reigns by aid of the laws of the State. In Buffalo, SHERHAN secured control of the ballot-boxes by a series of legislative raids, by stealing marches, and by sneaking methods and snap-judgments in the last Legislature, the conduct of that body being quite in keeping with the thievish basis of its Democratic majority.

These four counties, New York, Erie, Kings, and Rensselaer, gave Mr. CLEVELAND in 1892 a plurality of 107,259. His plurality in the State was 45,578. The four great cities controlled the State. They may control it in any reasonably close election. If the recent revolt against the machine had not been a great popular uprising, MAYNARD might have been counted in by the election machinery, which is in the power of the city bosses. The evidence that false counting was actually resorted to in this city is convincing. In some of the down-town election districts no Republican votes were returned, and in the others so few were returned that it is certain that MAYNARD would have been counted in if his defeat had not been overwhelming. The expression of honesty was so strong that dishonesty could not stand before it.

The first duty of the Republican Legislature will be to save the State from the bosses of the cities. As these bandits are intrenched and aided by the laws passed by previous Legislatures, relief can be obtained at once by the repeal of these laws. It would seem as though party policy and expediency would dictate the immediate passage of repeal bills. Unfortunately, however, there are Republican politicians—and some of them are members of the Legislature—who profit through an alliance with the bosses, and are accomplices in their political crimes. These men will delay, and may be strong enough to prevent action unless they shall be forced to right conduct by decent leadership in the Senate and the Assembly, and by a full expression of the popular feeling through the daily press. If the Republican Legislature does not repeal the laws by which the city bosses have obtained their power, the recent popular victory over the machine will lose much of its significance and its moral force. The power to destroy the bosses rests with the Legislature. The emancipation of the cities ought to be the first great step in the work of municipal reform. They are now the strongholds of the bandits, and threaten the safety and welfare of the State. Before undertaking the necessary reform of their governments, the Legislature should see to it that they cease to be fountains of political corruption.

A DANGEROUS SCHEME.

THERE is evidence that a determined movement will be made in this State this winter to secure the passage by the Legislature of a bill giving public money to schools commonly known as denominational, and there are signs that a like movement may be pressed in various other States of the Union. We do not suppose that any one has serious doubt as to the origin of such a plan, or as to who would be its chief, probably its sole, beneficiaries. There is only one Church from the bosom of which it could spring, only one on which it could confer any advantage, and only one the members of which would, we think, consent to share its benefits. That is the Roman Catholic Church, and though the scheme will in form extend to the schools of all Churches, it never would even have been suggested from any other source. It is a scheme to use the public money for the aid of Catholic parochial schools, and for nothing else.

There is no reason to suppose that it will succeed. There is certainly none why it should succeed. The plea of the parochial school is as familiar as it is delusive. It is that as Catholics pay the school tax and cannot conscientiously send their children to the public schools, they ought to have part of the tax for their own schools, to which they can conscientiously send their children. The answer to this is that the school tax is levied to give all children a chance for the schooling that is a prime need of a State governed by universal suffrage. The Catholics get that chance in return for their share of the tax. If their conscences will not let them take it, it may be unfortunate, but it is not unjust. The State does not teach religion, either Catholic or anti-Catholic, and it leaves all parents entirely free to give their children any religious instruction they choose—Catholic, Lutheran, Israelite, Mohammedan, or atheistic. In other words, it gives all children what all need and must have, and forces on none what the parents can object to. That is perfectly fair to every one.

But the new scheme proposes the exact opposite of this. It proposes to use the public money to support schools that teach religion which is abhorrent to a great part of the taxpayers. Catholics would be taxed to teach anti-papacy, Protestants to teach the condemnation of LUTHER, Israelites to teach Christian dogma, and so on. The plan is as ridiculous as it is unfair, and we are not surprised that Monseigneur FARLEY, for the officials of his diocese, declines any responsibility for it. Nevertheless, a considerable number of the Catholic clergy here for a long time advocated the principle of the plan, and it will be for the higher authorities to give to it something more than a negative opposition.

THIS BUSY WORLD

IT ought not to be indispensable to a hearty appreciation of Christmas that one's balance at the bank should be on the right side, but practically when the balance is not where it should be it strains one's self control a little to meet the holidays with glee. The balance is pretty generally unsatisfactory this year, but Christmas is coming just the same, and one must face the music always, even when it is Christmas carols. This year's carols will be hailed joyously by some of us, and welcomed complacently at least by others, but a great multitude will turn toward them faces in which there must be less of exultation than of perplexed endurance.

It behooves us many of us as find ourselves in the latter class to take our holidays as easily as we can, doing heartily what is indispensable, and lightening all the pecuniary burden the regulation of which is within our control. It is a great year for making a little money go a great ways. And because the very poor are so much poorer this year than is usual, and because so many people are out of work, and lack food and clothes and coal, and all the commonest Christmas necessaries, such as turkeys, it is a great year to abate to its narrowest limit the conventional custom of swapping expensive gifts, and a good year to put one another off with presents of small cost bestowed with much love, and to spend the bulk of our surplus on things that bring larger returns. This year, at least, one's good will toward men is better expressed by buying coals than diamonds, and if any one can't give both, and has to choose which to buy, let him buy the coals, and let the diamonds hold over. When we give expensive presents we are apt to do it more to gratify ourselves than our beneficiaries, and the people we give them to don't care so much about what they get as they do to forestall our gifts with something equally fine. If we didn't swap so much, and gave more, we would get off much cheaper, and have a good deal more real fun.

This is a good season to spend money on the very poor and the very small, the two classes which are entitled to the most consideration at Christmas-time, and with which the smallest expenditures go furthest. Bless all unspoiled children, who have no conception of money values or comparative worth. It is so cheap and easy and satisfying to make a Christmas for them! Cucumbers of skates and sleds and pocket-knives and dolls and toys and picture books and paint boxes and candy in striped sticks and oranges and gilded walnuts and Christmas trees should have their Christmas just about as usual, and if there is any shortage in the fund that supplies their simple gratifications it should be made good by skimping the outlay for jewelled watches, *éclisses de luxe*, and articles generally that cost more than five dollars apiece. If any one is to suffer, it should be the well to do grown ups, whose conception of Christmas is already formed, and who ought to be able to extract spiritual benefits from self denial, even when it is forced upon them.

The comparatively cheap pleasures seem to be the best, not only for this Christmas, but in life generally. There is so little that the very rich can buy for themselves that need stir envy in people who are just comfortably off. Warmth is such a delightful thing in winter, but you and I can get as much as we want of it, and a millionaire can have no more. And then there are so many cheap ordinary things to eat that are just as good as or better than the expensive things. An epicure who lives somewhere in the western part of this State was saying the other day that, having a particular dinner in view, he sent to a judicious man in New York for the best fish that the market offered. They sent him a fresh cod, and he admitted that no fish could be better, and moralized (those are his remarks above) on the comparative cheapness of the fleshly gratifications that were really best, such as potatoes and chickens and fresh air, and tea and water (warm and cold), and soap, and sleep. When one considers how good a big five-cent sandwich tastes when he is really hungry, and what a poor thing a five-dollar dinner is when he is not, and how little difference there is between good wine and good water when it has once passed one's gullet, and how much of that difference is in favor of the water, it really lends a dangerous charm to economy and simple living, and makes one wonder that thrift is not more catching, and that the delights of avarice should be so generally monopolized by the aged.

One of the cases where a cheap article is often at least as good as a dear one is in the matter of sons-in-law. How often it happens that the plain cheap son-in-law who exacts no bonus, and even in some cases contributes to his wife's support, turns out in the end to be really more valuable and satisfactory than the bankrupt loafer prince who costs a million or two at the start, and all that he can lay his hands on afterwards!

People who went to see the Yale-Harvard football game seem very generally to have come back with the impression of a serious defect in the vocal efforts of the Harvard crowd. Harvard made some noise at Springfield, particularly during the first half of the game, but it was the general sentiment that her cries, compared with Yale's, were feeble, undisciplined, and ineffectual. Some of the wise men assert that the victory Yale won was really a moral victory, and that Harvard had the materials to win the game, but lacked the resolution to use them. The Harvard crowd, they aver, never yelled as they should have yelled, and it was partly due to lack of support from their backers that the Harvard players let the game slip through their fingers. It seems excessively difficult to teach Harvard men to play football well enough to beat Yale, but at least it ought to be possible to teach them to yell. What they seem to need in Cambridge is a new official, to be known as the *magister clamandi*, whose business it should be to see that the undergraduate body whoops it up with due lung power and proper spirit on occasions when there is a call for noise. The master of the yelling should be a graduate, and should have authority to select a staff of lieutenants from the undergraduate body, with whose help he could undertake to turn out at least as much noise as the Yale men on all occasions where noise would do good. The office will take time and concentration of energy, and should command a salary. And, of course, the man to fill it is the gentleman whom Mr. Joseph Choate once pointed out at a Harvard Club dinner as the incarnation of the Harvard spirit. Mr. Evert Jansen Wendell is the man. He has the ability and the disposition, give him the authority also, and there will be something very seriously amiss with Harvard lungs if he does not make them adequately responsive.

One result of the activity of the police on the night of the Thanksgiving day football game was to disclose that great numbers of the most turbulent marauders in orange and black were not college men at all, but clerks and shop-boys improving a chance for misbehavior at the cost of the college man's reputation. That the Princeton devil should not be as orange and black as he is painted accords with precedent, and is only what one would expect, but that the delinquent in orange and black should turn out not to be the Princeton devil at all is a disconcerting manifestation of unscrupulous shifts. To borrow a man's credit is bad enough, but to cloak one's misdemeanors with his discredit is a form of pilfering that deserves a full measure of discouragement at the hands of the police.

In its issue of December 1st the *Evening Post* observes:

> "William A. Bancroft was elected Mayor of Cambridge a year ago, and entered office unpledged to anything except a faithful performance of my duty." He successfully has to conducted affairs that he has just been renominated by a citizens' convention upon a non-party platform, and everything indicates his reelection."

It would be interesting to ascertain whether the *Post* is aware that this gentleman whose course as Mayor of Cambridge has been so honorably successful is the same Bancroft who was the captain and mainstay of the Harvard crew in 1877 and 1878, and was regarded for ten years afterwards as the one man who might have been able as coach to fit the Harvard eleven to compete successfully with the pupils of Robert J. Cook. It would be too much to say that the *Post* maintains that a man who has been a good athlete in college is never good for anything afterwards, but its deliverances on college athletics certainly suggest that impression. Mayor Bancroft is a good example of a notorious college athlete who was apparently good for something afterwards, and the *Post*'s own allusion to him would seem a good paragraph for the *Post* to mark for future reference.

Most readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY will have learned ere this of the lamentable and untimely taking off of their old friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes. The story has been told in detail in the daily press. It is grievous news. We could have better spared some one else—some one to whom fewer things happened, or whose experiences were harder reading and less refreshing to a tired mind. In spite of his ominous addiction to certain drugs, Mr. Holmes at last accounts seemed to good health and full of business and irregular energy. His mind was working well, his income was satisfactory, and there was every reason to hope that he would be spared to practise for years to come the profession which he so signally adorned. His friends even hoped that in due course he might marry, and that some of his remarkable gifts might prove to be hereditary in a growing family. But it seems that through the intervention of one Doyle, a physician, who had a claim upon him, he was induced to undertake a case of desperate peril, in which there is every reason to believe that he lost his life. At any rate he has disappeared, and though his remains have not yet been found, the proof is almost absolute that he died a violent death. His many admirers will cling to the last to the hope that he may be found, and found alive; but that seems so remote a possibility that the more reasonable solace, such as it is, appears in the chance that his brother, whose perceptions are well known to be marvellously acute, may be roused by this bereavement from the indifference which has so long impeded him, and be restored to a useful and active life. Dr. Doyle, who is directly and almost criminally responsible for our friend's tragic death, owes it to us to try at least to induce the other Holmes to abandon the club where he stagnates, to move into the quarters in Baker Street, and to uphold at the old stand the reputation of his family.

E. S. MARTIN.

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CHRISTMAS FUN.—Drawn by F. S. Church.

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THE RIGHT OF WAY.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.—ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BROUGHTON.

THIS is a true story, and one that is intended to illustrate a characteristic of the English people. It shows, I think, to what lengths an Englishman will go to gain his rights when an American would say, "Oh, what is the use?" or, "Never mind." One of the reasons England is such a comfortable place in which to live is due to the fact that the English people have this peculiar habit of fighting for their rights, by letters to the *Times*, or by taking the numbers of cabmen and policemen and appearing against them in the courts, or by sending war ships into strange harbors where the window panes of some English merchants have been smashed. If there were elevated roads in London, the clerk who lives in Kensington would not hang and swing from a strap on his way to and from the city. He would see that he was given the seat for which he had paid. The American is too busy and too good natured to fight for his rights, so he continues to stand from Rector Street to Harlem, and to walk over unclean streets, and sees the beautiful green park at the Battery taken from him and turned into a railroad terminus. He will learn, in time, that the reason the Englishman has better roads and better streets and better protection for his life and property is because he "makes a kick about it," and protests and growls and is generally disagreeable until he gets what he wants. Good nature is not always a virtue, and sometimes the easy-going person is a very selfish one too. Equally strong with his desire to be [illegible] rights is the Englishman's [illegible] the rights of others. He shows this deference by respecting the English law, which makes those rights good. There was a young woman in England who told me that she and seven or eight other young people had trooped in single file through a gentleman's dining room one evening, while he and his guests were at dinner, in order to establish a right of way. The Englishman had built his house on a meadow directly across a pathway that had been used for centuries, and once a year the young people of the neighboring estates marched across his lawn, and up his stairs, and through his house, in order that he should remember that the right of way still existed. She was an exceedingly shy and well bred young person, and of a family quite as old as the right of way, but it apparently did not strike her that she was rude in tramping through a stranger's house, or, indeed, that she was doing anything but a public duty. And the interesting point of the story to me was that the English householder, instead of getting a Winchester and driving the young trespassers off of his lawn, should have had as full an appreciation of their right to question his right that he simply bit his lips and went to law about it.

"YOU CAN'T GO THROUGH THERE, SIR!"

There was an Irishman in the same county who lived in a small cottage on an estate, and who was in the habit of crossing from it to another through the gateway of a very distinguished and noble gentleman. He had done this for twenty years, and when the noble gentleman came into some more money and hung two fine iron gates between the posts, the Irish laborer took a crowbar and broke the hinges on which they hung, and tramped over them on his way. He was put in jail for this for a month, at the end of which time he went after his crowbar and tore the gates down again. When he had been in jail five times in six months, the people round about took up his case, and the right of way was declared a just one, and the gates came down forever. The Englishman will go farther than this, he will not only fight for his rights, but he will fight for some other man's rights; he will go out of his road to tramp through a gentleman's property simply because the people in the neighborhood are disputing for right of way with him. I heard of three young barristers when I was in London who went on a walking tour, and who laid out their route entirely with the purpose in view of taking in all the disputed rights of way in the counties through which they passed, and who cheerfully sacrificed themselves for the good of others by forcing their way into houses and across private grounds and by tearing down hedges.

This brings me to the particular right-of-way case in which I was involved, and of which I was appointed chronicler. I have been somewhat tardy in bringing the true story of this inglorious Oxford movement to the attention of the world, but now that it is to be written it will be given fully and with all possible detail, as being so important an event in the history of the struggles for English liberty.

The Balliol Eight had bumped the boat in front that day, and were celebrating the fact with a dinner. I remember this dinner very well, because each of the eight had come to me in a friendly way during the afternoon, and had told me not to dress for dinner, as only boatmen and cads wore dress clothes at a "wine." I accordingly came in flannels, and found the entire eight in the proper garments of evening, and with a pained and surprised look at my appearance, and when I demanded with some indignation why they had put me in such a position, they all denied ever having spoken to me at any time on the subject of dress, and apologized for my appearance to the other guests by explaining that I came from America, where evening dress was unknown. The guests accepted this as an interesting fact, and the eight grinned together in unison at the success of what they considered a very subtle practical joke. But I had my revenge, as they were still in training for Henley, and could eat nothing but cold meat, and so were forced to look on at the celebration of their victory by the only men present who had in no possible way contributed towards it. It was near the close of the dinner when the Hon Hubert Howard, who pulled bow that day, rapped for silence, and when he had obtained it announced gravely that he was looking for volunteers to join Mra in an expedition which promised much excitement, possible danger, and the ultimate success of which would bring liberty to many British subjects. Having gained the centre of the stage by this declaration, he stood up and further explained himself. He began with the deliberation of one who has a long story before him, and who means to tell it with all possible detail.

"Last summer," he began, "a chap named Curzon started to row from Stratford to Warwick with Harry Farmer, the gentleman on my right, whose work at stroke, I may add parenthetically, so largely contributed to our success of this afternoon." Mr. Farmer blushed at this and bowed his head, and everybody except the boy who wanted Farmer's place in the boat rapped with his knife handle and cried "Hear! hear!" in patronizing tones.

"They rowed about seven miles," Howard continued, "until they were stopped by a barrier of chains and iron rods across the river at Charlecote. The Charlecote estate, as you know, belongs to the Lucy family, and their land runs on both banks of the Avon. They keep deer there, and they claim that the excursionists from Warwick and Stratford who row up and down the river frighten these deer. As you may remember, the Lucys were always very particular about their deer; they, or one of them, had Shakespeare himself up for killing a deer, and so handed themselves down to an inglorious immortality. Well, they've put this iron barrier up now to keep the boats out, and they've marked the river that runs through their lands 'Private Water.' When Farmer and Curzon discovered it, they rowed back to a village and borrowed some tools and broke the barrier down, and rowed on into the private water, for which the agent of the estate took Farmer's name, and told him he would summon him to the high courts for trespass and destruction of private property. That was just a year ago this June, and they haven't summoned him yet, and they never will. And why? Why, because they are afraid, because they know they've no more right to block that thoroughfare than they have to build a wall across the Strand. Suppose a man owned a house on both sides of the Strand, that wouldn't give him the right to run a fence between his two properties, would it? Of course it wouldn't. Well, that's what these people have done. Now we have been corresponding with the Stratford Rowing Club, and they tell us that the barrier has been built up again, and they want to know if we won't go there and break it down. They're afraid to do it themselves, you see, because they live too near to Charlecote, and the Lucys might make it unpleasant for them. So Farmer and I are going down there to-morrow or next day to tear down that barrier, and any other gentleman who wants to sacrifice himself for the sake of liberty can come with us. I call for volunteers."

There was much confusion, and questioning, and mocking laughter.

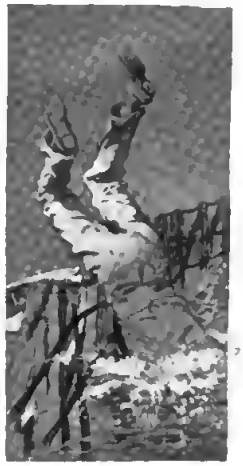
"Right on our side?" demanded Howard. "There never was a case with so much right on one side. It is overbalanced with right. And we've documents and pictures and things, and we're going to nail the documents to a church door. There's a precedent for that, and I speak to address the populace.' Mr. —— here," pointing to the father of one of the crew, "is an attorney, and though he won't let his son go with us, he'll be our legal adviser, and Davis will be chronicler and treasurer. Davis, you Americans are always talking about your love of liberty, and here's a chance to exhibit it. Besides, somebody must be treasurer, or we can't go."

I temporized by saying that I should like to hear from the legal adviser now instead of later, when his advice would not perhaps be so valuable. The legal adviser smiled, and asked what those documents of Howard's might be.

"One of them is an order in Privy Council, issued by Charles II., declaring that the Avon must be kept clear and open from Coventry to the Severn, and we've got an old engraving of Charlecote which proves conclusively that there was no barrier there as late as 1790; and we also have indirect backing in the fact that the Earl of Warwick had to get an act of Parliament passed before he could put up a barrier at Warwick Castle, which is a step the Lucys have never taken."

The legal adviser, after a pause, asked if Howard rested his case there, and on the Honorable Hubert's replying that he did, the legal adviser instantly withdrew from it. "I don't believe you really want an attorney," he said, "though you'll need one badly enough before you get through."

But they were not at all frightened, and to the American there was something particularly amusing in the idea of destroying a gentleman's private property on the strength of a document issued three hundred years back in the past. I wanted to see what an English householder would do under the circumstances; I could guess how the American householder would act. So it was agreed that I should supply the money to bail them out in case of their being arrested, if they would supply the copies of the order in council and the weapons for the attack. I was also to act as photographer and chronicler of the expedition, and to help enroll two other men. Further than this I refused to strike a blow for the cause of British liberty; but as it turned out we all had to strike several blows.



"MURRAY CLUNG TO THE SLEDGE-HAMMER."

We went down to Stratford third class, with three sledge-hammers and three crowbars in a green-baize cricket-bag, at which the guards would make a grab, and then drop it with a crash upon the platform, with the final conviction, as we drew out of the station, that they had fallen upon a kit of burglar's tools. There were five to the party—Howard and Farmer, T. P. Rogers, the Captain of the Eight, and Murray, all of Balliol College, and myself. There was another man coming, who had been asked chiefly on account of his name, but he overslept himself, and so missed all the glory. Howard tried to get several other titles for the same reason, as he thought he would impress the police; but their owners strangely enough objected, and for the same reason, saying that the police were about the last people they had any desire to impress. We told them they had an sporting blood, and when they read this they will be sorry they did not take the chance we gave them to add further lustre to their ancient and distinguished names. We called ourselves the Sons of Liberty, and when we arrived at Stratford distributed our orders in council from the top of the coach, and left them at the doors of several houses belonging to gentlemen connected with the local government and the Stratford Rowing Club. There was no church on one way in the river, so Howard could not nail one of the orders to its door, and we were in too much of a hurry to wait for him while he addressed the populace.

EXHIBIT "A"—CHARLECOTE HOUSE WITHOUT THE BARRIER.
From an old Engraving.

"Little they know," Howard said, as we pulled away in the boat we had hired at the landing, "as they go idly by, that we are going to strike a blow for their rights and liberties. To them we are merely a party of rowing men out for a lark, and that bag which is filled with destruction contains nothing more terrible than luncheon."

We all wished that it did contain nothing more terrible than luncheon before we had rowed very far, for the Avon seemed to run up hill, and at places we all had to get overboard to lighten the boat, and to pull her over the shoals, while we stood knee-deep to the water. By two o'clock we had covered five of the seven miles before us, and had eaten and rested at a little village where the innkeeper was very rude to us.

"There again," said Howard, "you see the ingratitude which makes martyrs. The innkeeper doesn't know that we are going to increase his Sunday trade for travellers at least two pounds a week. He thinks we are a lot of vagabonds, and now that I come to look at the rest of you, I don't much blame him. But it is always thus with great

THE ATTACK ON THE BARRIER.—From an Instantaneous Photograph.

reformers. They suffer that others may reap the benefit. To obtain liberty—"

"Oh, look where you are steering us to," cried Rogers, "and don't talk so much."

"You're getting rattled, T. P.," Howard called back cheerfully. "It's not too late to drop out if you choose."

We were all rather silent. The rich green banks lay level on either side of us uninhabited save for an occasional fisherman dozing beneath a bunch of willows and for the birds that sang to us across the meadows. And only half a mile ahead we saw a row of great trees and an old water-mill, which, so Farmer explained to us in a whisper as though he was afraid the birds might overhear him, marked our near approach to the Charlecote lands.

"It's only another bend of the river now, and then you can see the barrier yourselves. There will be no one about," he added, with great indifference; "at least I think not. The barrier is over a quarter of a mile from the house, and the family seldom walk there. We can hack it down and get away again," he added, reassuringly, "before they know what is going on."

We all looked more cheerful.

"Let's go on to Warwick and break down that barrier too," cried Howard. "We might as well make a clean sweep of the river while we're out. What do you think?"

None of us said what we thought. We were rather quiet, all save Howard, whose delight and excitement were rising visibly.

"Now look again, Farmer," he cried, as the boat swung around the bend, "can you see it from here?" Farmer, who was sitting in the bow, stood up, and the Sons of Liberty rested on their oars and waited. "Yes," he cried, excitedly. "I can see it, we are almost on it. They've built it up again, and then—oh, I say—" His voice changed and died out so suddenly that we all scrambled to our feet to see for ourselves without waiting for an explanation.

What we saw, two hundred yards ahead of us, was a barrier of iron rods and chains swung between heavy wooden posts that rose three feet above the water-line and the level turf stretching away from one bank to a thick woods, and from the other to a great mansion. But the turf between the barrier and the house was covered with tents and marquees, and overrun with workmen who were digging and hammering and filling the place with life and movement. Instead of finding our barrier at a deserted bend of the river, hidden by overhanging bushes, we had come upon it apparently in the only populated spot upon the Avon, and we stood silent and dumfounded like criminals caught in a trap. It was Howard who was the first to speak.

"I say," he exclaimed, delightedly, "we are going to have an audience, aren't we? I must say, Farmer, it was rather civil of you to send them word."

"They're making ready for an agricultural fair, or a lawn party or something," growled Farmer. "How could I know that? What shall we do now?"

"Do?" said Murray. "What do you suppose? We haven't travelled four hours in a third-class compartment, and rowed seven miles up hill, to go back again, have we?"

"Now, then," cried Howard, clutching the tiller-ropes around him. "Pull up to it in style. Lively, now. Bump her right into it." They fell back in their places and shot at a racing pace over the last stretch that lay between them and the private water, when they came to the barrier they slowed up, and unshipping their oars, ran the boat up broadside against it. "Make her fast there at both ends," Howard commanded, standing up and laughing with excitement. "You mustn't land. If you did, they would have us up for trespass. We must attack it from the boat."

"Wait a minute," I shouted back, "I want those orders in council put up first."

"Quite right," answered Howard. "Farmer, run along the barrier and put one up on that tree where they can see it."

Farmer stepped over the side and on to the barrier, and worked his way along it as a sailor runs out on the bowsprit. When he had reached the bank furthest from the house and from the workmen, he nailed the order in council upon a tree which stood so close to the water's edge that it was used as a support for the barrier. It had all been done in a second of time, but one of the workmen on the estate had seen us coming and had run down to the edge of the bank to meet us.

"You can't go through there, sir," he called, waving with his hand. "That's private water, sir."

T. P. Rogers was on his knees working at the straps of the cricket bag, he pulled out the sledge-hammers and held them up, and Howard swung one blindly and struck the lock of the gate that formed the centre of the barrier. The lock rattled, but the gate stood like a stone wall.

"First blood for us," Howard claimed. "Now, all together!"

The workman dropped his shovel and started on a run towards the house, calling to his mates. Some of them followed him, and others ran down to the water's edge and consulted together in great uncertainty. They were the first persons to show me that day that an Englishman knows when it is not his place to interfere, and that all things, even the resisting of an assault, must be done decently and with due regard for law and order. All of the Sons of Liberty had crowbars or hammers in their hands now, and were striking frantically but impotently at the swinging chains. But as they were doing no possible damage, I advised them to stop until they could pick out the vulnerable point of the barrier, and while they were doing this I photographed them. The picture shows them when this photograph was being taken.

Each of us had an entirely different idea as to how the barrier should be attacked, and we were all shouting at once, and telling each other to "Hit it there, where it joins," or "Here, give it to me," or "I'll show you, let me have it," and "It is no use prying at that, knock it off with the sledge."

It was most exciting, and as the crowbars struck the iron chains and the sledges rang on the gateway, the sparks flew brilliantly, so that one might have thought they were fighting their way out of prison instead of into a stretch of pretty water. They had changed the soft summer quiet of the Avon into the noisy clangor of a blacksmith shop.

"How long did it take you to get this thing down last time, Farmer?" Howard gasped between strokes.

"An hour," said Farmer, who had lost his crowbar overboard and was holding on to a post to steady the boat.

"An hour!" gasped Howard. "And we have to do it in five minutes." The Sons of Liberty were not used to sledges or crowbars, and the boat rocked as violently as they swung their bodies for each stroke that the water poured over the sides, and one crowbar after another was jerked out of their hands and shot with a splash to the bottom of the river. The bank was crowded now with workmen and the servants of the Lucy household. A grave young man, who looked as though he might be the agent of the estate, was the first to arrive. He bit his nails and grinned feebly, and then frowned sternly in much indecision. He was followed closely by half a dozen stable-boys in gaiters, and the butler and underservants struggling into their coats as they ran. They all prowled up and down the back like animals in a cage not two oars' length from us, or gathered in groups and whispered and laughed nervously. At every second stroke of the flying hammers they turned their heads to look back at the house.

"You fellows had better hurry," I said. "Somebody's coming soon who means to do something. They're waiting for him."

There was only one small hammer and a mean little crowbar left to us now, and the four collegians stopped for lack of weapons and gazed hopelessly at the barrier, panting and covered with muddy water and perspiration.

As each hammer or crowbar had disappeared I had called to the boys to jump in after it, but they, in spite of the fact that they were already wet and in dirty cricket flannels that would not have been hurt by a bath, had looked at me scornfully and made no answer. Now that the attack had stopped altogether, I besought them again. But Rogers only growled and asked if I wanted to drown him.

"I thought anybody could swim under water," I explained.

"Can you?" Rogers demanded.

"Why, yes," I answered, injudiciously.

"Then pull your clothes off and get over there, quick," cried Murray, who was the largest of them, "or we will throw you over. Jump now!"

There was at this time about forty people on the bank, and among them a dozen housemaids in white caps, chaperoned by a fat cook who was fanning herself, after her run, with a large checkered apron. I was going that evening to a country house where I knew no one as yet, and was not, in consequence, dressed in shrunken cricket flannels. So for these two reasons I hesitated.

"Come, jump," said Howard; "you've got to help too."

Whenever a crowbar had been carried away the crowd on the bank had cheered and jumped up and down with satisfaction, but when I got up and began to pull off my clothes there was an interested silence, and a hasty stampede on the part of the women, whose modesty and desire to see the outcome of the attack on the barrier pulled them both ways. It was very cold in the Avon, and the barrier had caught innumerable branches of trees on their way down stream and had dropped them to the bottom, where they felt to the touch exactly like water-snakes, and suggested man-traps, though why any one should put a man-trap eight feet under water I cannot now imagine, but while I was crawling around feeling for sledge-hammers it seemed the most natural and probable thing for a person to do. I got all the weapons but one, and as each showed above the water the boys yelled, and the crowd cheered too, as it promised more entertainment for them. Then they hauled me over the side and went at the gate again more carefully, so carefully, indeed, that once, when Murray lost his balance, he, sooner than let the hammer go, let himself go, and the result was that the force of the blow and the hammer's weight pulled him forward, and he hung himself up over the barrier as a horse does over a fence, with the important difference that all of the upper part of Murray's long body was under water while his legs were kicking wildly in the air. We pulled him back again spluttering and coughing and with green moss and twigs and leaves sticking in his ears and hair, so that he looked like a water-nymph. We were all fighting the gate now, for they had given me a hammer that I might get warm again, and the lock was nearly gone, then two chains fell to the bottom and the lock broke and the gate swung back, and with a triumphant yell we pulled and pushed our boat head forward into the private water. We were not a moment too soon, for across the lawn came a galloping cob swinging a dog-cart behind him with three men clinging to its top, and going at such a pace that the cart rocked like a skiff at sea. They were the three largest men I had ever seen. They were dressed in keepers' knickerbockers and velveteen, and of course I, being an American, expected they would begin to shoot as they reached the bank. I supposed from what I had read of game-keepers in Kingsley's novels that they would probably carry shot-guns with sawed-off barrels, such as poachers affect, and while carefully steering the boat into the private water I was wondering how far a shot-gun would carry, and whether sawing off the barrels would not make the shots scatter over a very large surface. Howard, being an Englishman, knew perfectly well that no one would shoot us, as he hailed their approach gayly.

"Now it's getting exciting," he said. "Shall we stop here and fight 'em, or go on to Warwick and break down the other barrier?"

We admired his spirit very much, but we pointed out that we had established our point by destroying the barricade and entering the private water, and that it was now a case for lawyers to settle. So, in spite of Howard's remonstrances, the boys pulled the boat's head around toward Stratford. The keepers sprang from the cart into a punt, and six of the grooms and servants tumbled in after them, and with a single oar shoved after us in pursuit.

"Let's stop and board them," said Howard, who was sitting impotently in the bow. But Farmer said to go on, but not to hurry, or they would think we were running away. "Keep the stroke you have got, and talk about the weather," he said. But our dignified and leisurely departure went for nothing, for the first thing the keepers went for was the order in council. They were evidently not going to attack any one until they had read and digested this brief, and they judged that the piece of paper fluttering on the tree was ours. It served us as the child thrown to the wolves served the men in the sleigh, for by the time the keepers had puzzled it out, and what possible bearing it had on our destruction of their barrier, we had lighted our pipes and drifted gracefully out of sight around the bend.

"Such a lot of muffs I never did see," said Howard, who was in full mutiny. "Why didn't you row up alongside and bang them with the oars?"

"What's the good?" said Murray. "The barrier's down, isn't it? There were forty of them, and they'd have thrown us in a horse-pond, most likely; and that's not dignified. What's the use of rowing with keepers? 'Tisn't their barrier."

"Use?" said Howard. "Well, we'd have been arrested for one thing, and I could have made a speech too."

We lay on our oars and let the boat run with the rapid current, which was now with us, and we felt like patriots and heroes as the people in the occasional villages hurried to the banks to ask if the barrier was down, and on hearing that it was, started off with a shout to tell their neighbors. Then the boats of the Stratford Rowing Club began to appear, and the occupants asked the same question, and said, "That's good," and laughed at our muddy garments and dripping hair.

"We'll have a grand reception when we get to Stratford."

"WE ARRIVED AT THE BRIDGE."

EXHIBIT "B"

March 8, 16$\frac{3}{6}$

ORDER OF THE KING IN COUNCIL.

Sec. Windebank this day acquainted his Majesty, sitting in Council, that Wm. Sandys, of Fladbury, co. Worcester, had undertaken at his own cost to make the river Avon passable from Severn, where that river falls in near Tewkesbury, through counties Worcester, Gloucester, and Warwick, unto or near Coventry, and that he has been already at great charge therein; also that Mr. Sandys intends to make passable a good part of the river Teme lying towards Ludlow, whereby the said counties may be better supplied with wood, iron, and pit coals which they want. It was ordered that commissions should be issued to persons of quality in each of the said counties, authorising them to see that all persons interested in any lands, mill, weir, or other thing adjoining the rivers aforesaid be reasonably compounded with, and to call before them such persons as shall not be content to accept reasonable recompence for their estates whereof use is necessarily to be made. In such case the Commissioners are to assess such recompense to be given by Sandys as shall be just; and if in a business so well approved by his Majesty the Commissioners find any persons factious or opposing, they are to certify their names to the board that such further order may be taken as shall be just. Lastly the Attorney-General is to give his special furtherance in this undertaking.

See Calendar of State Papers

Edited by Bruce.

Longmans, 1866.

S—60—A Corporation Record. Avon Navigation.

Council Book C, p. 120.—

At a Hall held 7 January 1635.— "At this Hall a Writinge passed under ye Comon Seale unto Wm Sandis esq. testifying ye approbation, commendacon and allowance of the makinge of the River of Avon passible for bringinge in Wares from sundrye places to this boroughe of Stratford."

do p. 200. Hall held 1 Oct 1641.—"Mr Wm Sandes to have the Comon Seale to a peticon to be Drawne by Mr Dighton for assistance in his navigacon and for mendinge the highe-waies."

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said Howard, gleefully. "It will be all over the town by that time. Those orders of council we threw out will have stirred up their curiosity."

There was a nice old gentleman fishing from a punt about a mile from Stratford, and he regarded our dishevelled and disreputable appearance as we drifted toward him. "Are you the gentlemen," he inquired, doubtfully, "who went up to Charlecote to destroy the barrier?"

We said that we were. He regarded his bobbing float with interest, and then called after us, without raising his head:

"They're waiting to give you a reception at the bridge. They will be glad to see you."

"Do you hear that?" asked Howard, triumphantly.

There was something about the nice old gentleman's manner that I did not fancy, and I said I thought we had much better tie the boat up to a tree and make a run across country until we struck a railroad station. "We can telegraph the man where his boat is," I said, "and send the money by mail. I don't want a reception."

But Howard would not hear of it. "Why, that's the best part; that's our reward," he remonstrated.

"He wants to address the populace," said Farmer. "Let him alone." The bridge was black with people, and many more were grouped along the wharf and far up the bank.

"There must be a boat-race on," I suggested, "and they're waiting for the finish."

"They're waiting for us!" shouted Howard, as we turned the last bend. "Isn't it glorious?" he chuckled.

But Farmer, who was pulling bow and looking over his shoulder, suddenly threw himself forward on his oar. "Stop—back her!" he shouted. "Look at the police!"

The entire constabulary force of Stratford was gathered in brave array at the edge of the water, with an inspector at their head, and our friends the game-keepers and the nervous agent drawn up beside them. A cab, smothered with lather and with heaving sides, was standing on the bridge hitched to a dog-cart, and told the story.

"They've beaten us," said Howard. "If we had rowed instead of drifting, we should have won easily."

We paddled up to the wharf and the crowd on the bridge cheered. Howard stood up and took off his cap to the inspector. "Are you going to arrest us, Mr. Policeman?" he asked.

"We are," said that dignitary.

"Then we must ask you to stand just as you are for a minute until we photograph you. I have never been arrested, and I must have the pictures of the men who do it as souvenirs. Move up close," he said to us over his shoulder, "so that Davis can get a good focus; but don't get too close," he added, hastily, "or they'll grab us with a boat-hook."

We snapped the shutter at them several times from a safe distance, much to their disgust, but to the delight of the crowd, in whose eyes we were martyrs. The attitude of the inspector was strongly suggestive of an old hen on a bank worrying over young ducklings in the water.

"Are you coming out to us, sir," said Howard, "or do we have to come in to you?"

"Come, now, no nonsense," said the inspector; "we've been here long enough." So we ran the boat to the bank and gave ourselves up. The inspector and the agent whispered together and the game-keeper pointed at each of us.

"All of them?" said the inspector.

"All of them," repeated the agent.

My hopes of reaching the country house at which I was promised began to grow infinitesimally small, and I fingered nervously at the bail money in my pocket. "You are not a Stratford man?" said the inspector to Howard.

Howard replied in a very loud tone that he was not, but that that made no difference, as the liberties and rights of the people of Stratford were as dear to him as though he had always lived among them. The men in the back of the crowd said "'ear! 'ear!" at this, and some boys on the bridge who were too far off to know what was going on leaned over the railing and shouted "Hooray." The inspector frowned angrily and took out an imposing looking black book.

"Where do you live?" he asked, "if you live anywhere, and what's your name?" Howard gave his name, and Balliol College, Oxford, as his address. The reporters, who were looking over the inspector's shoulder as he wrote, whispered to him eagerly at this and he stared at Howard's muddy garments and disreputable appearance and shook his head.

"This gentleman says that you're the son of Such a Person. Is that so?" he asked.

"Well, what if it is?" said Howard. "I say," he went on, eagerly turning to us, "this is my chance, isn't it, now I will address the populace." There was a broad row-boat turned bottom up, and Howard sprang on that and waved his hat at the crowd. "Gentlemen," he said, "the inspector has shown surprise that we should come all the way from Oxford to break down a barrier. We would go twice as far for as good a purpose. This gentleman without any shoes on has come all the way from America to do it, and we are glad and proud of what we have done. We are going to fight this case from court to court until it reaches the House of Lords, and then," he said, suddenly running up to the keeper and patting him on his broad chest, to which Howard's hand could just reach, "this keeper and I will walk up hand in hand to the bar of the House together and settle this thing between us."

The crowd cheered, and we applauded, and everybody laughed except the keeper, who was so overcome with the idea of walking hand in hand with a peer's son to the very bar of the House of Lords that he could only grin helplessly and rub one knickerbockered leg against the other. Then the inspector took the other names, and as T. P. was Captain of the Eight and a very famous man indeed, and as each man save myself gave Balliol College, Oxford, as his address the crowd continued to laugh and cheer, and the inspector to look worried and confused.

"It certainly is a queer lark for gentlemen like you," he remonstrated, resentfully, "to come all that way just to break the peace—and dressed like that, too!" he added, as if that were criminal enough in itself.

The agent seemed to regret having mustered such a show of force, and assured us with infinite politeness that our names and not our persons would be quite sufficient for his purpose. So he and the keepers drove off in the cart, and the towns-people took us to the Red Lion, where they gave us things to drink and made us fine speeches, and organized committees to take up subscriptions and to fight our case.

That ends this famous story which tells how William Shakespeare was avenged, and the liberties of the Stratford Boating Club recognized. But I grieve to relate that after I left England Farmer was summoned to appear before the High Court, where our order in council and our engraving of the Charlecote estate *without* the barrier made no impression whatsoever, strange as it may appear, upon the judges, who smiled our attorney out of court, and made us pay ten pounds each for sacrificing ourselves upon the altar of liberty. And this in spite of the assurances from all parts of the country which we had received by telegraph and through the papers that we had done well.

But the cruelest cut of all, perhaps, is that in Oxford, where this great movement of reform originated, there are some who say that it was not for the sacred cause of liberty that we broke down the barrier, but in a trivial spirit of adventure. And thus are the motives of all great reformers misunderstood.

ILL-TREATING A GHOST.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.—ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

HE was a queer looking fellow. His hair was fiery red, and stuck out in ragged wisps under the rim of his slouched hat. His shaggy red eyebrows hung bristling over a pair of cold steely gray eyes that seemed to swim in moisture. His nose had evidently been broken, and that very badly, for it was a shapeless mass. His beard, like his hair, was brilliant, and it looked as if it had never known a comb. His face was deathly pale, and his gaze was fixed straight ahead. His hands were clasped loosely behind the tails of his threadbare brown coat, and he had a large green handkerchief wound around his neck.

The skipper sat watching him as he passed gravely down the street. Then he shook his head, shuddered as if he had a chill, and said, "S'posin' I was to ax you fur a glass o' suthin' hot?"

"I think I could arrange it," said Mr. Bosee.

"Thankee kindly," said the skipper. "Ye see, I've ben kind o' friz up by wot I've seed."

"Do you mean the man that went down the street?"

"Did you see him?"

"Certainly I saw him. He looked as if he might have an interesting story, if the man who knew it could tell it."

"An' who are a-sayin' that I can't tell it?"

"Well, all I know is that you've been sailing-master of my yacht all summer, that you look like the setting sun, and wear brass-barrel hoops in your ears, like a South Sea Islander, and you've never told me a yarn yet."

"Waal, Mr. Bosee, all I got to say are that a sailor-man wot don't tell no yarn are a werry good pusson fur to let alone, 'cos ef he starts, there's no tellin' w'ere he'll stop."

"It were him," continued the skipper, musingly, as he sipped his "suthin' hot"—"it were him sure. Now I wonder wot do he want here?"

"Who is he?" asked Mr. Bosee.

"Well, it are consid'able of a tale, it are, an' then, w'en it are all done, ye don't know who he are no more nor I do, w'ich the same I were shipmates with him, leastways he were my passenger for three weeks."

"Oh, tell me about it!"

"That are edzackly wot I'm a-preparin' fur to do. O' course we'll hev a gale o' wind inside o' twenty-four hours, 'cos w'y, he allus are bound to bring bad luck. It were w'en I were master o' the brigantine *Flyin' Squirrel* that I got, as ye might say, acquainted with that 'ere individool wot have jes passed by. I can't say as acquainted are edzactly the word, 'cos nobody can't never get to know sich persons as them. 'Cos why, he are not a livin' bein'."

"A ghost?" exclaimed Mr. Bosee.

"Jes as sure as a flyin' fish are not a monkey," said the skipper, gravely. "Jes listen to this 'ere yarn wot I'm a-goin' fur to tell ye, an' see ef any livin' bein' could 'a' behaved the way that 'ere critter did aboard my brigantine. The *Flyin' Squirrel* were bound from St. John to Greenock, with a cargo o' carpet tacks an' bottled beer. We got under way with as fine a wholesail breeze over the port quarter as I ever seed, an' I laid a good course fur our destination. We bowled along at a 'leven-knot gait fur about twenty hours out o' the fust day, an' then she fell calm. It were a mean, measly calm, with a cross-greined, hump-backed swell that rolled us scuppers under an' made the masts snap like whips. An' hot! My eye! W'y, the werry water wot run in through the scuppers 'd go up in steam off the decks. Wall, at noon I got the sun, an' found we'd made two hundred and fourteen miles, so I wasn't so werry mad about the calm, purwidin' it weren't goin' to last long. Sure 'nuff about four bells in the afternoon watch—wot shore folks calls two o'clock fur short—I seed a blue-black cloud a-risin' in the sou'west, an' sez I to myself, sez I, 'We're a-goin' fur to have all the wind we wants.' So I had all the fore-an'-aft canvas taken in, an' put the brigantine under her fore-tops'l an' a storm jib. I hadn't no more'n got this done than down it came all a-whoopin', rain fust an' wind—gallowsaf't—behind. I jumped below into my cabin to get my oilers, an' in the far corner I seed a man sittin'. I thought it were the steward, an' I shouts at him, 'Git forrard out o' that, ye lubber, an' don't be a-luxoorutin' in here!' With that I bounces on deck agin, 'cos 'twarn't no kind o' time fur the skipper to be hugga-luggin' aroun' down below.

"Well, I ain't goin' fur to detain ye with no account o' that squall, 'cos one squall at sea are werry much like another, 'ceptin' that the one you're in are allus wuss then them wot ye remembers. Howsumever, that ain't got nuthin' to do with this 'ere yarn wot I'm a-tellin' you. As soon as it were over, I told the mate to put cloth on her, an' then I went below to git a dry pair o' boots an' to fill my pipe. As soon as I went into the cabin I seed that feller still a-sittin' there. I walked right up to him, an' then I seed it weren't the steward. It were that critter wot perambulated down this 'ere identical street not more'n ten minutes ago."

The skipper paused to note the effect of this statement on his listener, and finding it satisfactory, continued:

"'Who 'n Jerusalem are you?' sez I to him, sez I.

"'Wot's that to you?' sez he to me, sez he.

"'A good deal,' sez I, kinder flabbergasted by his answer, 'seein' as how I are the skipper o' this 'ere craft.'

"'Oh,' sez he, 'you're the skipper, eh? Well, I are a-goin' to Greenock with you.'

"'But,' sez I, stammerin' in my surprise, 'we don't take no passengers aboard this 'ere brig.'

"'You're a-takin' me,' sez he, grinnin'; 'an' as you was two hundred and fourteen miles out at noon, I don't see how you kin put me ashore.'

"'H-h-how 'n bloomin' fun 'd ye git here?' I axed him.

"'Oh, never mind,' sez he, 'here I are, an' I got money to pay for my passidge. How much?'

"Well, I were so kerflummuxed that I jes up an' sez that I'd take him for fifty dollars.

"'How'll ye have 't?' sez he to me, sez he—'in big bills, little bills, or silwer?'

"'I'll take 't in gold, ef it's all the same to you,' sez I to him, sez I, jes like that, bein' a little mad now.

"Well, blow me for pickles ef he didn't jes reach out an empty hand an' get two twenty-dollar gold pieces an' a ten right out o' the air!

"'There's yer money,' sez he to me, a-smilin' like a dried mermaid in a museum. An' I were so mollified that I couldn't say a bloomin' word.

"'Wot's yer name?' sez I to him, sez I, a-bracin' up arter a while like a ship wot's bin knocked down by a squall.

"'Well,' sez he to me, sez he, 'they used to call me Horatio B. Smiggs, an' I s'pose it ain't forbid fur me to use that there same name now,' sez he, jes like that, me bein' the cap'n o' the brigantine, an' him a red-headed critter a-sittin' onto a locker.

"So I dooly entered him as a passinger tuk aboard at St. John, 'cos why, nobody would 'a' b'lieved me ef I'd said he come aboard out there in latitood an' longitood. I were pooty consid'able hungry by this time, an' the steward comin' in with my dinner, I axed the new passinger to jine me in a social bite. 'No, thankee,' sez he to me. 'I never eat.'

"An' with that he gits up an' goes on deck. I knowed the crew would be a-puzzlin' their bloomin' brains about him, an' I knowed how ready sailors was to be sooperstitious. So I bolted my dinner an' went on deck. Sure enough, there were Horatio B. Smiggs a-walkin' up an' down the port side o' the quarter-deck, an' the man's forrard a-p'intin' at him an' lookin' werry curious. So I jes sez to the mate, sez I, 'This 'ere gen'leman's Mr. Smiggs, a passinger wot come aboard jes afore we sot sail.'

"'No, I didn't,' sez he; 'I come aboard jes afore that squall busted on ye. Cap'n, ye hadn't ort to go fur to deceive an honest man like your mate.'

"Waal, wot 'n goodness blue could I say? The mate looked scared, an' one o' the men wot were at the w'eel an' heerd the conversation looked scareder. So I jes winked at the mate an' tapped my head, meanin' to indicate that the passinger were crazy. Blow me fur pickles ef he didn't seem to see me, though his back were turned, fur he wheeled around, winked at the mate, an' sez he, 'Don't you b'lieve him. I'm not crazy, I'm dead.' An' then he laughs fit to bust hisself. I tell you he give me cold shivers all down my back. An' he scared the other men too. It weren't an hour later w'en I heard one o' them a-sayin' to another, 'There won't be nothin' but bad luck on this 'ere v'yage, 'cos we got a spook aboard.'

"Well," continued the skipper, after a momentary pause, "at four bells in the fust watch—wot shore folks calls ten o'clock at night—I heard a fearful yell on deck an' a splash in the water, follered by the cry o' 'man overboard!' I jumped on deck jes in time to see somethin' a-slippin' away astern. Quick as I could I had the brigantine brought to an' a boat lowered away. Meantime I'd learned that it were my bloomin' passinger. He'd bin walkin' on the rail, an' dancin' jigs there, an' gin'rally scarin' the crew, but all on a suddint he slipped an' went over. I tuk command o' the boat myself, an' away we went. Of course I were sure he'd be sunk long afore we could git to him. But by the great horn spoon! D'ye think ye kin drown a dizzy ghost? Not much. Pooty soon we hears him a-singin':

> "'Sittin' on the ocean,
> Underneath the stars,
> Waitin' for a boat that's
> Rowed by jolly tars.'

"Sure 'nuff, w'en we came up to him he were actooally a-sittin' on the ocean, with his feet hangin' over—or I ort to say under—an' a-smokin' a pipe wot smelled like brimstone.

"'How are ye, cap'n?' he sez. 'I've gone an' got my feet wet, an' now I s'pose I'll have rheumatix agin.'

"He climbed into the boat an' sot down alongside o' me, an' blow me fur pickles ef he weren't as dry as a hot biscuit, w'ich the same your cook makes better'n any one on 'arth. Thankee kindly, sir; since you're so pressin', I will eat one w'en I've finished tellin' this 'ere yarn. Well, arter that there weren't no doin' nothin' with the crew at all. I heerd one on 'em a-sayin' to another, 'We've gone an' got a Jonah aboard, an' we can't do no good throwin' him overboard, 'cos w'y, he won't git drownded ef we do.' Then the other sailor-man he sez, sez he, 'Wot kin we do? We kin jes go ahead an' work the ship into port as fast as ever we kin, an' that's all as we kin do,' sez he, jes like that. As fur me, I jes took Horatio B. Smiggs down in the cabin, an' sez I to him, sez I,

"'See here; ef you jump overboard agin, I'll sail right on an' leave you.'

"'Leave an' be blowed!' sez he. 'D'ye think there ain't another wessel a-sailin' this 'ere ocean 'ceptin' yourn? I reckon I kin git another passidge.'

"'Then I jes wish you'd go an' do 't,' sez I.

"'Oh, I'm werry comf'table right 'ere,' sez he.

"An' of course that settled it, an' I had to let him stay. He didn't make no more trouble till midnight. Then I were woke up by a great flappin' o' canvas, an' I knowed the brigantine were up in the wind. I jumped up an' went on deck. Fust thing I see were the man at the wheel, w'ich the same he were not at the wheel, but were hidin' behind the lee side o' the cabin.

"'Wot's up, mate?' sez I.

"'Ugh-h-hoo-hoo! Loo-oo-ooh!' sez he, p'intin'.

"Well, I looked, an' there were that bloomin' passinger a-walkin' up an' down the middle o' the deck, an' walkin' right straight through the masts without seemin' to notice they was there. I went up to him an' sez I to him, sez I,

"'Look here, wot sort o' conduck do you call this?'

"'W'y,' sez he to me, sez he, 'it's the right sort. I'm a ghost, an' its arter midnight, so it's my business to walk.'

"'Yes,' sez I, 'but ye don't need to walk right through the masts that way an' scare the crew.'

"'I don't care who gets scared. Ghosts never do,' sez he.

"'Werry good,' sez I, 'then your walks are a-goin' fur to end right here.'

"With that I made a grab an' got hold o' his green silk neckercher. He squeaked an' pulled an' tried to git away, but 'twarn't no good. I jes yanked him down into the hold, an' tied him to a ring-bolt by his own necktie; an' then I sez to him, sez I, 'Good night, sleep tight, an' don't let the rats bite.' Then I went back to my cabin an' turned in. I hadn't slep' more'n an hour w'en I were woke up agin, an' it were by the most terrifyin' o' all cries at sea—'Fire! fire!'

"Well, I were on deck in less 'n a second, an' givin' orders to man the pumps an' do other things. Then I seed that the smoke were comin' right out o' the main hatch, an' I remembered that Smiggs were down in the hold. I s'pected that he were at the bottom o' the trouble, so callin' to a hand to follow me, I jumps down. Well, blow me fur a salt mackerel ef that bloomin' Smiggs weren't a-sittin' there a-smokin' a great big pipe. The pipe were red-hot, an' Smiggs's eyes were a-blazin' like two hot coals, an', my hands! but you'd ort to seen the clouds an' clouds o' hot yallerish smoke wot was a-comin' out o' that 'ere pipe!"

"'Say, Mr. H. B. Smiggs,' sez I, 'this 'ere's a-goin' too fur.'

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"'FUST YOU SHUT ME UP, AN' THEN YOU MAKE A ROW 'COS I SMOKES. IT'S TOUGH.'"

"'What's the matter now?' sez he. 'Fust you shut me up, an' then you make a row 'cos I smokes. It's tough, that's wot it is. I'm a respectable, peace-lovin' ghost, an' all I axes are to be let alone.'

"Well, some o' the men had follered me down, an' they was pooty mad. 'Kill him!' yells one. 'Ye can't,' sez another. 'I'll have a back at him anyhow,' says number one, an' afore I knowed wot were the matter he hauled off an' smashed the ghost in the face. Well, it knocked Horatio B. Smiggs agin the side o' the brigantine, an' blow me ef he didn't laff, an' go right on through into the water, leavin' a hole six feet high. O' course the water come a rushin' in, an' we all hurried on deck to take to the boats, for we knowed the brigantine would go down in a werry few minutes. It were a nice how de do to be wrecked four hundred mile from shore by a bloomin' ghost wot were not invited aboard, but there we was. We'd hardly got a few needfuls chucked into the longboat an' got her lowered away w'en the *Flyin'-Squirrel* gives a lurch an' goes down slowly, her bow settlin' first. An' then what d'ye think happened?"

"What?" asked Mr. Boxer.

"That 'ere measly spook appeared sittin' on the main truck, smokin' his pipe an' laffin' fit to bust hisself.

"'Ye'll ill treat a ghost, will ye?' he yells. 'Next time ye git one aboard ye'd better take good care o' him. Whee-ee-oop! Here we go down, down, down!'

"An' with that him an' the brigantine sank out o' sight, an' I never seed him agin till I seed him a goin' down that 'ere blessed street half an hour ago."

Mr. Boxer gazed down the street with the deepest interest.

THE LITERARY REMAINS OF THOMAS BRAGDON.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.—ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

I WAS much pained one morning last winter on picking up a copy of the *Times* to note therein the announcement of the death of my friend Tom Bragdon, from a sudden attack of la grippe. The news stunned me. It was like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky, for I had not even heard that Tom was ill. Indeed, we had parted not more than four days previously after a luncheon together, at which it was I who was the object of his sympathy because a severe cold prevented my enjoyment of the whitebait, the fillet, the cigar, and indeed of everything, not even excepting Bragdon's conversation, which upon that occasion should have seemed more than usually entertaining, since he was in one of his most exuberant moods. His last words to me were, "Take care of yourself, Phil! I should hate to have you die, for force of habit is so strong with me that I shall forever continue to lunch with none but you, ordering two portions of everything, which I am sure I could not eat, and how wasteful that would be!" And now he had passed over the threshold into the valley, and I was left to mourn.

I had known Bragdon as a successful commission merchant for some ten or fifteen years, during which period of time we had been more or less intimate, particularly so in the last five years of his life, when we were drawn more closely together. I, attracted by the absolute genuineness of his character, his delightful fancy and to my mind wonderful originality, for I never knew another like him; he, possibly by the fact that I was one of the very few who could entirely understand him, could sympathize with his peculiarities, which were many, and was always ready to enter into any one of his odd moods, and with quite as much spirit as he himself should display. It was an ideal friendship.

It had been our custom every summer to take what Bragdon called spirit trips together—that is to say, along early in the spring time Bragdon and I would choose some out-of-the-way corner of the world for exploration, we would each read up all that we could find out concerning the chosen locality, and then in August, boarding a small schooner rigged boat belonging to Bragdon, we would cruise about the Long Island Sound or sail up and down the Hudson River for a week, and then, throwing all other subjects, tell each other all that we had been able to discover concerning the place we had decided upon for our imaginary visit. In this way we became tolerably familiar with several places of interest which neither of us had ever visited, and which, in my case financial limitations, and in Bragdon's, lack of time, were likely always to prevent our seeing. As I remember the matter, this plan was Bragdon's own, and his first suggestion by him was received by me with a smile of derision, but the quaintness of the idea in time won me

ON A SPIRIT TRIP.

MORE DELIGHTFUL THAN THE REALITY.

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over, and after the first trial, when we made a spirit trip to Belomchistan, I was so fascinated by my experience that I eagerly looked forward to a second in the series and was always thereafter only too glad to bear my share of the trouble and expense of our annual journeyings. In this manner we had practically circumnavigated this world and one or two of the planets, for, contemplate as we were to visit unseen countries in spirit only, we were never hampered by the ordinary limitations of travel, and where books failed to supply us with information, the imagination was called into play. The universe was open to us at the expense of a captain for our sharpy, canned provisions for a week, and a moderate consumption of grey matter in the conjuring up of scenes with which neither ourselves nor others were familiar. The trips were refreshing always, and in the case of our spirit journey through Italy, which at that time neither of us had visited, but which I have since had the good fortune to see in the fulness of her beauty, I found it to be far more delightful than the reality.

"We'll go in," said Bragdon when he proposed the Italian tour, "by the St. Gothard route, the description of which I will prepare in detail myself. You can take the lakes, rounding up with Como. I will follow with the trip from Como to Milan, and Milan shall be my care. You can do Verona and Padua, I Venice. Then we can both try our hands at Rome and Naples. In the latter place, to save time, I will take Pompeii, you Capri. Thence we can back back to Rome, thence to Pisa, Genoa, and Turin, giving a day to Siena and some of the quaint Etruscan towns, passing out by the Mont Cenis route from Turin to Genoa. If you choose you can take a run along the Riviera and visit Monte Carlo. For my own part, though, I'd prefer not to do that, because it brings a sensational element into the trip which I don't particularly care for. You'd have to gamble, and if your imagination is to have full play you ought to lose all your money, contemplate suicide, and all that. I don't think the results would be worth the mental strain you'd have to go through, and I certainly should not enjoy hearing about it. The rest of the trip, though, we can do easily in five days, which will leave us two for fishing, if we feel so disposed. They say the blue-fish are biting like the devil this year."

I regret now that we did not include a stenographer among the necessaries of our spirit trips, for, as I look back upon that Italian tour, it was well worthy of preservation in book form, particularly Bragdon's contributions, which were so delightfully imaginative that I cannot but rejoice that he did not live to visit the scenes of which he so eloquently spoke to me upon that occasion. The reality, I fear, would have been a sore disappointment to him, particularly in relation to Venice, concerning which his notions were vaguely suggestive of an earthly floating paradise.

"Ah, Philip," he said, as we cast anchor one night in a little inlet near Milford, Connecticut, "I shall never forget Venice. This," he added, waving his hand over the silvery surface of the moonlit water—"this reminds me of it. All is so still, so romantic, so beautiful. I arrived into at night, and my first sensations were those of a man who has entered a city of the dead. The bustle, the noise and clatter, of a great city were absent; nothing was there but the massive buildings rising up out of the still, peaceful waters like gigantic tombs, and as my gondolier guided the sombre black craft to which I had confided my safety and that of my valise, gliding in and out along those dark inlit streams, a great wave of melancholy swept over me, and then, passing from the minor streets into the Grand Canal, the melancholy was dispelled by the brilliant scene that met my eyes—great floods of light coming from everywhere, the brilliance of such ray re enforced by its reflection in the silent river over which I was speeding. It was like a glimpse of paradise, and when I reached my palace I was loath to leave the gondola, for I really felt as though I could glide along in that way through all eternity."

"You lived in a palace in Venice?" I asked, somewhat amused at the magnificence of this imaginary tour.

"Certainly. Why not?" he replied. "I could not bring myself to staying in a hotel, Phil, in Venice. Venice is of a past age, when hotels were not, and to be thoroughly *en rapport* with my surroundings, I took up my abode in a palace, as I have said. It was on one of the side streets, to be sure, but it was yet a palace, and a beautiful one. And that street! It was a rivulet of beauty, in which could be seen myriads of golden-hued fish at play, which as the gondola passed to and fro would flit into hiding until the intruder had passed out of sight in the Grand Canal, after which they would come slowly back again to render the silver waters almost golden with their brilliance."

"Weren't you rather extravagant, Tom?" I asked. "Palaces are costly, are they not?"

"Oh no," he replied, with as much gravity as though he had really taken the trip and was imparting information to a seeker after knowledge. "It was not extravagant when you consider that anything in Venice in the way of a habitable house is called a palace, and that there are no servants to be tipped, that your lights, candles all, cost you first price only, and not the profit of the landlord, plus that of the concierge, plus that of the maid, plus several other small but aggravatingly augmentative sums which make your hotel bills seem like highway robbery. No, living in a palace, on the whole, is cheaper than living in a hotel, incidentals are less numerous and not so costly; and then you are so independent. Mine was a particularly handsome structure. I believe I have a picture of it here."

"BUT FINALLY I NERVED MYSELF UP TO THE DUTY THAT HAD DEVOLVED UPON ME, AND OPENED THE BOX."

Here Bragdon fumbled in his satchel for a moment, and then dragged forth a small mounted photograph of a Venetian street scene, and pointing out an ornate structure at the left of the picture, assured me that was his palace, though I had forgotten the name of it.

"By the-way," he said, "let me say parenthetically that I think our foreign trips will have a far greater *resemblance* if we brighten the illusion with a few photographs, don't you? They cost about a quarter apiece at Blank's, in Twenty-third Street."

"A good idea that," I answered, amused at the thoroughness with which Bragdon was "doing" Venice. "We can remember what we haven't seen so very much more easily."

"Yes," Bragdon said, "and besides, they'll keep us from exaggeration."

And then he went on to tell me of his month in Venice, how he chartered a gondola for the whole of his stay there from a handsome romantic Venetian youth, whose name was on a card Tom had had printed for the occasion, reading.

GIUSEPPE ZOCCO.

GONDOLA AT ALL HOURS.

Cor Grand Canal and Garibaldi St.

"Giuseppe was a character," Bragdon said. "One of the remnants of a by-gone age. He could sing like a bird and at night he used to bring his friends around to the front of my palace and hitch up to one of the piles that were driven beside my door step, and there they'd sing their soft Italian ballads for me by the hour. It was better than Italian opera, and only cost me ten dollars for the whole season."

"And did this Giuseppe speak English, Tom?" I queried, "or did you speak Italian? I am curious to know how you got on together in a conversational sense."

"That is a point, my dear Phil," Bragdon replied, "that I have never decided. I have looked at it from every point of view, and it has baffled me. I have asked myself the question, which would be the more likely, that Giuseppe should speak English, or that I should speak Italian? It has seemed to me that the latter would be the better way, for, all things considered, an American produce broker is more likely to be familiar with the Italian tongue than a Venetian gondola-driver with the English. On the other hand, we want our accounts of these trips to seem truthful, and you *know* that I am not familiar with Italian, and we do not either of us know that a possible Zocco would not be a fluent speaker of English. To be honest with you, I will say that I had hoped you would not ask the question."

"Well," I answered, "I'll withdraw it. As this is only a spirit trip we can each decide the point as it seems best to us."

"I think that is the proper plan," he said, and then proceeding with his story, he described to me the marvellous paintings that adorned the walls of his palace, how he had tried to propel a gondola himself, and got a fall into the "deliciously tepid waters of the canal," as he called them, for his palas, and it seemed very real, so minute were the details into which he entered.

But the height of Bragdon's realism in telling his story of Venice was reached when, diving down into the innermost recesses of his vest pocket, he brought forth a silver filigree effigy of a gondola, which he handed me with the statement that it was for me.

"I got that in the piazza of St Marc's. I had visited the cathedral, inspected the mosaic flooring, taken a run to the top of the campanile, fed the pigeons, and was just about returning to the palace, when I thought of you. Phil, getting ready to do Rome with me, and I thought to myself 'what a dear fellow he is!' and, as I thought that, it occurred to me that I'd like you to know I had you in mind at the time, and so I stopped in one of those brilliant little stores on the piazza, where they keep everything they have in the windows, and bought this. It isn't much, old fellow, but it's for remembrance' sake."

I took it from him and pressed his hand affectionately, and for a moment, as the little sharpy rose and fell with the rising and falling of the slight undulating waves made by the passing up to anchorage of a small steam-tug, I almost believed that Tom had been to Venice. I still treasure the little filigree gondola, nor did I, when some years later I visited Venice, see there anything for which I would have exchanged that sweet token of remembrance.

Bragdon, as will already have been surmised by you who read, was more of a humorist than anything else, but the enthusiasm of his humor, its absolute spontaneity and kindness, gave it at times a semblance in what might pass for true poetry. He was by disposition a thoroughly sweet spirit, and when I realized that he had gone before, and that the trip he and I had looked forward to with such almost boyish delight year by year were never more to be had, my eyes grew wet, and for a time I was disconsolate; and yet one week later I was laughing heartily at Bragdon, read, his literary executor. I fairly roared with mirth to think of Bragdon's having a literary executor, for, imaginative and humorous as he undoubtedly was, he had been so thoroughly identified in my mind with the produce business that I could scarcely bring myself to think of him in the light of a literary person. Indeed, he had always seemed to me to have an intolerance of literature. I had taken but half of a spirit trip with him when I discovered that he relied

"THERE, LEANING AGAINST THE MANTEL AND GAZING SADLY INTO THE FIRE, WAS TOM BRAGDON HIMSELF."

more upon his own imagination for facts of interest than upon what could be derived from books. He showed this trait no more strongly than when we eater, upon this same Italian tour of which I have already written at some length, to do Rome together, for I then discovered how imaginary indeed the trips were from his point of view. What seemed to him as proper to be was and neither history nor considerations of locality ever interfered with the things being as he desired them to be. Had it been otherwise he never would have endeavored to make me believe that he had stood upon the very spot in the Colosseum where Cæsar addressed the Roman mob in impassioned words, exhorting them to resist the encroachment upon their liberties of the Pope!

At first it seemed to me that my late friend was indulging in a posthumous joke, and I paid his memory the compliment of seeing the point. But when, some days later, I received a note from his executors stating that they had found in the store-room of Bragdon's house a large packing box full of papers and books, upon the cover of which was tacked a card bearing my address I began to wonder whether or not, after all, the imagination of my dead friend had really led him to believe that he possessed literary ability.

I immediately sent word to the executors to have the box forwarded to me by express, and awaited its coming with no little interest, and, it must be confessed, with some anxiety; for I am apt to be depressed by the literary lucubrations of those of my friends who, devoid of the literary quality, do yet persist in writing, and for as long a time as I had known Bragdon I had never experienced through him any sensations save those of exhilaration, and I greatly feared a posthumous breaking of the spell. Poet in feeling as I thought him, I could hardly imagine a poem written by my friend, and while I had little doubt that I could live through the reading of a novel or short prose sketch from his pen, I was apprehensive as to the effect of a possible bit of verse.

It seemed to me, in short, that a poem by Bragdon, while it might easily show the poet's fancy, could not fail to show also the prosaic broker's clumsiness of touch. His charm was the spontaneity of his spoken words, his enthusiastic personality disarming all criticism, what the labored productions of his fancy might prove to be, I hardly dared think. It was this dread that induced me, upon receipt of

GIUSEPPE ZOCCO.

the box, appalling in its bulk and unpleasantly suggestive of the departure to other worlds of the original consignor, since it was long and deep like the outer oaken covering of a casket, to delay opening it for some days; but finally I nerved myself up to the duty that had devolved upon me, and opened the box.

It was full to overflowing with printed books in fine bindings, short tales in Bragdon's familiar hand in copy-books, manuscripts almost without number, three Russia-leather record-books containing, the title-page told me, that which I most dreaded to find, *The Poems of Thomas Bragdon*, and dedicated to "His Dearest Friend"—myself. I had no heart to read beyond the dedication that night, but devoted all my time to getting the contents of the box into my library, having done which I felt it absolutely essential to my happiness to put on my coat, and, though the night was stormy, to rush out into the air. I think I should have suffocated in an open field with those literary remains of Thomas Bragdon heaped about me that night.

On my return I went immediately to bed feeling by no means in the mood to read *The Poems of Thomas Bragdon*. I tossed about through the night, sleeping hardly any, and in the morning rose up unrefreshed, and set about the examination of the papers and books intrusted to my care by my departed friend. And oh the stuff I found there! If I was depressed at starting in, I was stupefied when it was all over, for the collection was mystifying to the point that it stunned.

In the first place, on opening Volume I. of the *Poems of Thomas Bragdon*, the first thing to greet my eyes was these lines:

CONSTANCY

Often have I heard it said
That her lips are ruby-red;
Little heed I what they say,
I have seen as red as they.
Ere she smiled on other men,
Real rubies were they then.
But now her lips are coy and cold;
To mine they ne'er reply;
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye:
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

As I read I was conscious of having seen the lines somewhere before, and yet I could not place them for the moment. They certainly possessed merit, so much so, in fact, that I marvelled to think of their being Bragdon's. I turned the leaves further and discovered this:

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Come to me, O ye children,
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

"HE WAS IN AN UNUSUALLY EXUBERANT MOOD."

The Poem of the Universe
Nor rhythm has nor rhyme;
Some God recites the wondrous song,
A stanza at a time.

I dwell not now on what may be;
Night shadows o'er the scene;
But still my fancy wanders free
Through that which might have been.

Two stanzas in the poem, the first and the last, reminded me, as did the lines on "Constancy," of something I had read before. In a moment I had placed the first as the opening lines of Longfellow's "Children," and a search through my books showed that the concluding verse was taken bodily from Peacock's exquisite little poem "Castles in the Air."

Despairing to solve the problem that now confronted me, which was, in brief, what Bragdon meant by bodily lifting stanzas from the poets and making them over into mosaics of his own, I turned from the poems and cast my eyes over some of the bound volumes in the box.

The first of these to come to hand was a copy of *Hamlet*, bound in tree calf, the sole lettering on the book being on the back, as follows:

HAMLET.

Bragdon,

New York.

This I deemed a harmless bit of vanity, and not necessarily misleading, since many collectors of books see fit to have their own names emblazoned on the backs of their treasures, but pray imagine my horror upon opening the volume to discover that the name of William Shakespeare had been erased from the title-page, and that of Thomas Bragdon so carefully inserted that except to a practised eye none would ever know that the page was not as it had always been. I must confess to some mirth when I read that title-page:

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

A TRAGEDY

BY

Thomas Bragdon, Esquire

The conceit was well worthy of my late friend in one of his most fanciful moods. In other volumes the same substitution had been made, so that to one not versed in literature it would have seemed as though "Thomas Bragdon, Esquire," had been the author not only of *Hamlet*, but also of *Vanity Fair*, *David Copperfield*, *Rienzi*, and many other famous works, and I am not sure but that the great problem concerning the "Junius Letters" was here solved to the satisfaction of Bragdon, if not to my own. There were but two exceptions in the box to the rule of substituting the name of Bragdon for that of the actual author; one of these was an Old Testament, on the fly-leaf of which Bragdon had written, "To my dear friend Bragdon," and signed "The Author." I think I should have laughed for hours over this delightful reminder of my late friend's power of imagination had not the second exception come almost immediately to hand—a copy of Milton, which I recognized at once as one I had sent Tom at Christmas two years before his death, and on the fly-leaf of which I had written, "To Thomas Bragdon, with the love of, his faithfully, Philip Marsden." This was, indeed, a commonplace enough inscription, but it gathered unexpected force when I turned over a leaf and my eyes rested on the title, where Bragdon's love of substitutes had led him to put my name where Milton's had been.

The discovery was too much for my equanimity. I was thoroughly disconcerted, almost angry, and I felt, for the first time in my life, that there had been vagaries in Bragdon's character with which I could not entirely sympathize, but in justice to myself it must be said these sentiments were induced by first thoughts only. Certainly there could be but one way in which Bragdon's substitution of my name for Milton's could prove injurious or offensive to me who was his friend, and that was by his putting that copy out before the world to be circulated at random, which avenue to my discomfiture he had effectually closed up by leaving the book in my hands to do with it whatsoever I pleased. Second thoughts showed me that it was only a fear of what the outsider might think that was responsible for my temporary disloyalty to my departed comrade's memory, and then when I remembered how thoroughly we twain had despised the outsider, I was so ashamed of my aberration that I immediately renewed my allegiance to the late King Tom, so heartily, in fact, that my emotions wellnigh overcame me, and I found it best to seek distractions in the outer world.

I put on my hat and took a long walk along the Riverside Drive, the crisp air of the winter night proving a tonic to my disturbed system. It was after midnight when I returned to my apartment in a tolerably comfortable frame of mind, and yet as I opened the door to my study I was filled with a vague apprehension—of what I could not determine, but which events soon justified, for as I closed the door behind me, and turned up the light over my table, I became conscious of a pair of eyes fixed upon me. Nervously whirling about in my chair and glancing over toward my fireplace, I was for a moment transfixed with terror, for there, leaning against the mantel and gazing sadly into the fire, was Tom Bragdon himself—the man whom but a short time before I had seen lowered into his grave.

"Tom," I cried, springing to my feet and rushing toward him—"Tom, what does this mean? Why have you come back from the spirit world to—to haunt me?"

As I spoke he raised his head slowly until his eyes rested full upon my own, whereupon he vanished, all save those eyes, which remained fixed upon my own, and filled with the soft affectionate glow I had so often seen in them in life.

"Tom," I cried again, holding out my arms toward him in a beseeching fashion, "come back. Explain this dreadful mystery if you do not wish me to lose my senses."

And then the eyes faded from my sight, and I was alone again. Horrified by my experience, I rushed from the study into my bedroom, where I threw myself, groaning, upon my couch. To collect my scattered senses was of difficult performance, and when finally my agitated nerves did begin to assume a moderately normal state, they were set adrift once more by Tom's voice, which was unmistakably plain, bidding me to come to him back there in the study. Fearful as I was of the results, I could not but obey, and I rose tremblingly from my bed and tottered back to my desk, to see Bragdon sitting opposite my usual place just as he had so often done when in the flesh.

"Phil," he said in a moment, "don't be afraid. I couldn't hurt you if I would, and you know—or if you don't know you ought to know—that to promote your welfare has always been one of the supremest of my desires. I have returned to you here to-night to explain my motive in making the alterations in those books, and to account for the peculiarities of those verses. We have known each other, my dear boy, how many years?"

"Fifteen, Tom," I said, my voice husky with emotion.

"Yes, fifteen years, and fifteen happy years, Phil. Happy years to me, to whom the friendship of one who understood me was the dearest of many dear possessions. From the moment I met you I felt I had at last a friend one to whom my very self might be confided, and who would through

"YOU GOIN' TO KEEP A DIARY?"

all time and under all circumstances prove true to that trust. It seemed to me that you were my soul's twin, Phil, and as the years passed on and we grew closer to each other, when the rough corners of my nature adapted themselves to the

curves of yours, I almost began to think that we were but one soul united in all things spiritual, two only in matters material. I never spoke of it to you. I thought of it in communion with myself; I never thought it necessary to speak of it to you, for I was satisfied that you knew. I did not realize until—until that night a fortnight since, when almost without warning I found myself on the threshold of the dark valley, that perhaps I was mistaken. I missed you, and so sudden was the attack, and so swiftly did the heralds of death intrude upon me, that I had no time to summon you, as I wished; and as I lay there upon my bed, to the watchers unconscious, it came to me, like a dash of cold water in my face that after all we were not one, but in reality two; for had we been one, you would have known of the perilous estate of your other self, and would have been with me at the last. And, Phil, the realization that chilled my very soul, that showed me that what I most dearly loved to believe was founded in unreality, reconciled me to the journey I was about to take into other worlds, for I knew that should I recover, life could never seem quite the same to me."

Here Bragdon, or his spirit, stopped speaking for a moment, and I tried to say something, but could not.

"I know how you feel, Phil," said he, noticing my discomfiture, "for though you are not so much a part of me that you thoroughly comprehend me, I have become so much a part of you that your innermost thoughts are as plain to me as though they were mine. But let me finish. I realized when I lay ill and about to die that I had permitted my theory of happiness to obscure my perception of the actual. As you know, my whole life has been given over to imagination—all save that portion of my existence, which I shall not dignify by calling life, when I was forced by circumstances to bring myself down to realities. I did not live whilst in commercial pursuits. It was only when I could leave business behind and travel in fancy wheresoever I wished that I was happy, and in those moments, Phil, I was full of aspiration to do those things for which nature had not fitted me, and to the extent that I recognized my inability to do those things I failed to be content. I should have liked to be a great writer, a poet, a great dramatist, a novelist—a little of everything in the literary world. I should have liked to know Shakespeare, to have been the friend of Milton, and when I came out of my dreams it made me unhappy to think that such I never could be, until one day this idea came to me: all the happiness of life is bound up in the 'let's pretend' which we learn in childhood, and no harm results to any one. If I can imagine myself off with my friend Phil Marsden in the isles of England and Scotland, in the African jungle, in the moon, anywhere, and enter so far into the spirit of the trips as to feel that they are real and not imagination, why may I not in fancy be all these things that I so aspire to be? Why may not the plays of Shakespeare become the plays of Thomas Bragdon? Why may not the poems of Milton become the poems of my dearest, closest friend Phil Marsden? What is to prevent my achieving the highest position in letters, art, politics, science, anything, in imagination? I acted upon the thought, and I found the plan worked admirably up to a certain point. It was easy to fancy myself the author of *Hamlet* until I took my copy of that work in hand to read, and then it would shock and bring me back to earth again to see the name of another on the title-page. My solution of this vexatious complication was soon found. Surely, thought I, it can harm no one if I choose in behalf of my own conceit to substitute my name for that of Shakespeare, and I did so. The illusion was complete; indeed, it became no illusion, for my eyes did not deceive me. I saw what existed, the title-page of *Hamlet* by Thomas Bragdon. I carried the plan further, and where I found a piece of literature that I admired, there I made the substitution of my name for that of the real author, and in the case of that delightful copy of Milton you gave me, Phil, it pleased me to believe that it was presented to me by the author, only the inscription on the title-page made it necessary for me to foist upon you the burden or distinction of authorship. Then as I lived on in my imaginary paradise it struck me that for one who had done such great things in letters I was doing precious little writing, and I bethought me of a plan which a dreadful reality made all the more pleasing. I looked into literature to a slight extent, and I perceived at once that originality is no longer possible. The great thoughts have been thought; the great truths have been grasped and made clear; the great poems have been written. I saw that literature of to-day is either an echo of the past or a combination of the ideas of many in the productions of the individual, and upon that basis I worked. My poems are combinations. I have taken a stanza from one poet, and combining it with a stanza from another, have made the resulting poem my own, and in so far as I have made no effort to profit thereby I have been clear in my conscience. No one has been deceived but myself though I saw with some regret this evening when you read my lines that you were puzzled by them. I had believed that you understood me sufficiently to comprehend them."

Here my ghostly visitor paused a moment and sighed. I felt as though some explanation of my lack of comprehension early in the evening was necessary, and so I said,

"I should have understood you, Tom, and I do now, but I have not the strength of imagination that you have."

"You are wrong there, Phil," said he. "You have every bit as strong an imagination as I, but you do not keep it in form. You do not exercise it enough. How have you developed your muscles? By constant exercise. The imagination needs to be kept in play quite as much as the muscles, if we do not wish it to become flabby as the muscles become when neglected. That your imagination is a strong one is shown by my presence before you to-night. In reality, Phil, I am lying out there in Greenwood, cold in my grave. Your imagination places me here, and as applied to my books, the play of *Hamlet* by Thomas Bragdon, and my poems, they will also demonstrate to you the strength of your fancy if you will show them, say, to your janitor, to-morrow morning. Try it, Phil, and see, but this is only a part, my boy, of what I have come here to say to you. I am here, in the main, to show you that throughout all eternity happiness may be ours if we but take advantage of our fancy. Do you take delight in my society? Imagine me present, Phil, and I will be present. There need be no death for us, there need be no separation throughout all the years to come, if you but exercise your fancy in life, and when life on this earth ends, then shall we be reunited according to nature's laws. Good-night, Phil. It is late, and while I could sit here and talk forever without weariness, you, who have yet to put off your mortal limitations, will be worn out if I remain longer."

We shook hands affectionately, and Bragdon vanished as unceremoniously as he had appeared. For an hour after his departure I sat reflecting over the strange events of the evening, and finally, worn out in body and mind, dropped off into sleep. When I awakened it was late in the forenoon, and I was surprised when I recalled all that I had gone through to feel a sense of exhilaration. I was certainly thoroughly rested, and cares which had weighed rather heavily on me in the past now seemed light and inconsiderable. My apartments never looked so attractive, and on my table, to my utter surprise and delight, I saw several objects of art, notably a Barye bronze, that it had been one of my most cherished hopes to possess. Where they came from I singularly enough did not care to discover; suffice it to say that they have remained there ever since, nor have I been at all curious to know to whose generosity I owe them, though when that afternoon I followed Bragdon's advice, and showed his book of poems and the volume of *Hamlet* to the janitor, a vague notion as to how matters really stood entered my mind. The janitor cast his eye over the leather-covered book of poems when I asked him what he thought of it.

"Nothin' much," he said. "You goin' to keep a diary?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, when I sees people with handsome blank-books like that I allus supposes that's their object."

Blank-book indeed! And yet, perhaps, he was not wrong. I did not question it, but handed him the Bragdon *Hamlet*.

"Read that page aloud to me," I said, indicating the title-page and turning my back upon him, almost dreading to hear him speak.

"Certainly, if you wish it; but aren't you feeling well this morning, Mr. Marsden?"

"Very," I replied shortly. "Go on and read."

"Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," he read, in a halting sort of fashion.

"Yes, yes; and what else?" I cried, impatiently.

"A Tragedy by William Shak—"

That was enough for me. I understood Tom, and at last I understood myself. I grasped the book from the janitor's hands, rather roughly, I fear, and bade him begone.

The happiest period of my life has elapsed since then. I understand that some of my friends profess to believe me crazy; but I do not care. I am content.

The world is practically mine, and Bragdon and I are always together.

HOW DARKIES BECAME BLACK.

BY WILLIAM CLIFFORD ORTON.

"Hi, chile! You am de worst for askin' questions I ebber seen. Fust 'tis, 'Why doan chickens fly like other birds?' Den it's, 'Why has mules long ears?' And now it's, 'Why is we black?'"

Here the old man tilted back his chair against the house, and made the air resound with aged cracked laughter. He was a long thin white-haired old negro, whose bent figure and lank hanging arms denoted a life of hard work, and whose high wrinkled forehead showed signs of brain capacity.

Every one in this old Jersey town knew Uncle Charley Maffet and his wife. Knew them to be the neatest, most industrious darkies that had ever graced the village.

The most particular house-keeper could find no fault with Aunt Sue's house-keeping, nor the most exacting gardener with Uncle Charley's patch of lawn and garden.

No building in town—not even the house of the turret-crazy architect—could boast such an array of marvellous weather-vanes, windmills, and bird-houses as did theirs.

People driving by had often taken it for some government meteorological station, until, upon close examination, they saw that connected in some way with each instrument was the figure of a negro working away, in wooden unconsciousness of the parody on its race it was enacting.

Wherever in town around a barn or cottage one saw some marvellous windmill or bird-house, he was certain that Uncle Charley did live or had lived there; for he was gifted with an inventive and mechanical talent that, backed by even a common education, would have made him famous. But he could not read a word, and while old aunty read aloud from "de Book" (meaning the Bible), he spent the evening in converting old bed-heads, boxes, and barrels into marvellously constructed articles of furniture.

With an old table-knife, a saw, and hatchet he fashioned toys that delighted every one.

At his gate post this day, fanned by a gentle breeze, four wooden negroes in red shirts and blue trousers turned in such a realistic way a huge wheel that one's back ached for them, and you wished they could stop and mop their faces.

Beyond on a clothes-pole a man was sawing a log, while surmounting another across the path was a red-dressed wench churning for butter that never came.

Over the door of their one-storied house a woman stood, broom in hand, apparently shooing a long line of horses, cats, and dogs that turned with the wind along the ridge-pole. She was the failure of the family, for she had obeyed no wind in two years; but, as Uncle Charley said, "Eben de Lawd couldn't make a woman go straight when dey wasn't only one in the world, and I guess I can't neider."

Among those who knew him well his mechanical inventive genius amounted to nothing compared with his ability to make and tell stories. He had "de gif' ob gab," and was not saving of it.

"De Lawd didn't hang my tongue loose unless He tendered it ter go," he said.

This was a day when he had no work, and, knife in hand, whittling away, he was laughing at my demand for a story.

"Why, sah, I doan know as I 'member 'bout dat. You jest come roun' dis ebening and I'll tell you how we came ter be black."

With this assurance I went down to the cottage at night, knowing that I would hear something original; for whenever he "disremembered" he called upon his inventive faculties to supply the loss. The result was often surprising.

Aunt Sue was sitting by the window, knitting coarse gray socks; a gray cat was rubbing her arched back against the table legs. In a corner surrounded by a little cloud of smoke sat Uncle Charley, chair tilted, knees even with his chin as usual.

After greetings, and Uncle Charley's usual protestations that he had not expected me, nor had any time to "think her up," he started off.

"Well, chile [illegible] 'prisin' ter me dat a man like you what's alway[illegible] [illegible]oks, doan know how we came ter be black—[illegible] [illegible]ow dat we wasn' always black! De[illegible] [illegible]den ob Eden. But somehow or 'nother folks ain't always satisfied. Dey always wants more dan dey got; and often get less. De horse what's tied ter a hitchin' post always wants de grass on de odder side de road. De log Sam saws always 'pears smaller dan mine. De girl yer can't get am de sweetest on de airth."

Here, casting a furtive glance at "de ole woman," and seeing no signs of objection on her part, he chuckled to himself and continued:

"Well, dese yer Israels was a-gittin' tired of Egypt, and dey got up a little Fourth ob July and said dey was done makin' brick widout pay, and dey left.

"When dey got away it was jest de same. Dey heered tell about a lan' called Canaan, and dem dey mus' go. So Moses he done send a lot ob de strongest and finest-looking fellers out ter spy out de lan'. Up over de mounting dey climb and see a big lan', full er houses and cities and big bunches ob grapes.

"Den dey held er-er consecrasion, an' 'cided ter call on de Canes. Well, de Canes was mity glad ter see 'em, shook 'em by de han', 'vited dem in, and tried ter fin' out ef dey was any kin'ship ob dem. By-and-by dese Israels was pretty near starvin', an' right glad was dey ter stay ter supper when de Canes axed dem, for dey could smell something cooking. My, but it was good, dey nebber smelled no such smoke before!"

Here the old man rubbed his stomach and rolled his tongue around in his mouth as though the odor was in the room.

"So," he continued, "dey sat down, and nebber tasted nothing so good in all deir libes as dis yer meat, what de Canes called chicken. Dey ate and ate. My golly! but 'twas jest as good den as now."

Here he again lost himself in the raptures of the imaginary meal, while Aunt Sue laughed behind her apron.

"Well, when dey got back dey tole de people dat de Canes was a fine people, but dat dere was no room in deir lan' for any more pussons.

"Moses he doan believe, nohow. Some wanted ter go, some ter stay—like a balky team—and so dey kep' a talkin'.

"But dese yer spies—my gracious! how dey think about dat chicken! Dat was de fust dey had ebber eat, and oh, how could dey get de taste out ob deir mouths?

"So while all de bickerin' was a-going on, dey went back ter see de Canes and got more chicken, and kep' up a going.

"At fust dey was glad ter see 'em; but when dese yer Canes found dat de Israels didn't come ter see dem, but git deir bellies full; didn't come ter marry deir daughters, but only jest fill up on fried chicken, oh! den dey got pow'ful mad, an drove dem home. Sent word ter Moses if dey come again dey 'ud be killed.

"Moses he was madder ner a fooled rabbit dog; said, 'If any more goes I'll kill dem myself.'

"But chickens, like beer and watermelons, once had, always got ter have 'em."

Here Uncle Charley poked me and gave a sly glance at his wife, while he refilled his pipe.

"By and by," he went on, "dese yer spies 'cided dey mus' hab some more. Dey got up a crowd ob demselves an' deir sweethearts, an' plan a great picnic. Dey was all ter go out in de woods, an' some ob de fellers would go erhead, an' git some chickens from de Canes' roost.

"My, but dat was jolly fun, so dey went an' dey got erbout twenty big br'ilers from de Canes' roost, an' nebber got cotched.

"When dey got back in de woods, near de Israels' camp, de girls had a fire an' spits ready. It didn't take long ter git dem ober de fire, an' dey was soon er roastin' brown. My golly! but dey smell good. De fire crackled, de grease sputtered.

"But, young man, nebber you tell a girl you lub her till you got de ring in your pocket an' de parson at de door.

"One ob dese fellers had a squab'le wid his sweetheart an' lef' her behind. Oh, I tell you women's tricky, an'"—here he dodged a slipper that came from Aunt Sue's corner, and chuckling to himself went on:

"Well, somehow 'nother, Mose, he heered ob dis yer party. He nebber say much, but he were great on git up an' gittin'.

"Jest when all de chickens was about done an' de Israels' mouths was a waterin' an' deir stomachs itchin', an' dey was all er squattin' round de fire, hold er hands, suddenly dey heerd a great yell, an' Moses' soldiers came up behind an' pushed dem all headfust in de fire.

"My, but dere was a yellin', an' a screamin', an' dey all scrambled out an' run away, deir faces all burned black an' deir hair all frizzled up.

"An', chile, doan you know dat to dis yer day, dey, nor deir chillun, nor deir chillun's chilluns has been able ter wash dat black off, git de crinks out deir hair, or stop stealin' chickens?"

Here Uncle Charley laughed and laughed. As I went to leave he called out:

"Doan yer want ter hear why mules has long ears?"

But I had no time to listen, and promised to come again to hear the story.

HARPING ON A TIME WORN SUBJECT

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THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE.—Dr

THE DEADLY FOLDING-BED.

WITHIN the past few weeks the folding-bed has achieved a most unpleasant notoriety, and the catalogue of accidents due to its irrepressible internal contortions seems almost to justify the suspicion that a carnival of folding bed calamities has set in. Either by reason of an outbreak of the innate depravity of this mechanical mahogany hybrid itself, or because the æsthetic daimon wishes to teach us to go back to the decent and invertebrate bedstead, we appear to be at the mercy of an automatic impulse toward the wardrobe state which threatens those who confain themselves to the treacherous engine with suffocation, if not concussion of the spine, whereas nightmare was really the worst that was to have been anticipated.

There is something peculiarly shocking in such behavior on the part of a bed. Bed has been the friend of man since time immemorial, and not only does it speak to us of rest, sleep, freedom from care, and the peaceful home, but it is most intimately connected with the great drama of birth, life, and death. The very differentiation of civilized man is that he dies in bed. That bed should kill him is an atrocious turning of the stats. A man might as well die with his boots on as be telescoped in a folding-bed collision—the fact that he is in his night-gown is no sort of consolation to those who must separate his outraged remains from the spring mattress.

It is this iniquity in the folding-bed accident that encourages the surmise of a latent devilry in the machine. The addition of the principle of the lever to a piece of furniture which our ancestors rightly constructed on simple, enduring, and reposeful lines—to which they gave the stern solidity of a knight's slumber and the airy height of a fair lady's dreams—might have been expected to develop in it a taste for impish nocturnal saltations. The majestic mediæval bed, with its massive columns and spreading canopies, was built to be proof against witchcraft. But this modern bed, with its stomach full of springs and chains, would have been banned by the Church in elder days, and no one would have looked to be safe in it at midnight even had it been riveted to the floor.

The worst thing that can be said against the folding bed, however, is that it is in bad taste. It is not wholly a modern invention, to be sure, as it had its predecessor in the famous "bed by night and chest of drawers by day." And in so far as it is designed to economize space it is pardonable. But, like so many another invention of ours, it cannot rest satisfied with being a convenience, but must try to pass it off by a cheap assumption of being something else. The folding-bed chooses to assume to be a wardrobe, and people whose ideas are not nice believe it to be a very refined thing to keep such a vulgar thing as a bed out of sight during the day. Just how much more prudish a wardrobe is than a bed it is difficult to say. Perhaps M. Max O'Rell might calculate the degree. But it is a curious fact that wherever you find a folding-bed you almost always find the corners of the room unswept, so perhaps the recent carnival of calamities is in the nature of a judgment.

T. W.

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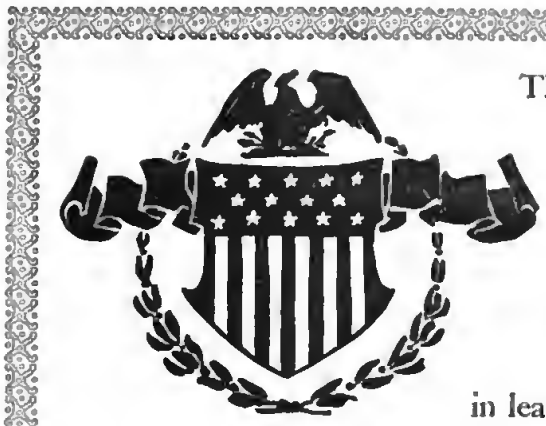

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"UNTO THE GREEN HOLLY."

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON.—ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

NO one could understand it. If she had been beautiful, or bright, or well connected, or rich, the village might have found the whole matter plain. But when Vint Nichols fell in love with her there was distinctly nothing in her looks or circumstances to afford a reasonable base for the young man's action. For she was little and spare, with a small clay-colored face, from which dull brown eyes stared with a sort of doglike pathos. And her hair had the peculiarly dead flaxen hue which is directly intimative of soulless rooms and meagre food. Her very attire, even in the estimate of the small village, where the great elementary fact of fashion existed only in modest sort, was lamentably poor.

On the day when Nichols first saw her she was toiling up the steep hill road, clad in a chocolate colored frock which showed about the skirt yellowish streaks indicative of let-out tucks. A thin shawl pointed its threadbare fringes between her narrow shoulders, and her heap of hazy hair was half hid in a limp hat piteously trimmed with dejected-looking grasses.

The group of men on the post office porch suspended talk to observe her.

"Kind of a sorry looking little trick," remarked a man in jeans. "Visiting up yonder at Bailey's."

"Any kin to them?" asked Nichols, quickly. He had caught the briefest glimpse of the face under that poor hat—a face so wan, so sad, and yet so appealingly childish that something tugged at his heart.

"Heh? Er—yes. Sort of second cousin to Bailey, I hear tell," pursued the other, happy to furnish information to a man so flourishing in worldly matters as was Nichols. One's cap may well be doffed to a fellow being who owns a stave yard and two buckers. "This yere girl's name's Clarissy Mosely. She's from Lincoln County. 'Pears like she's got a step-maim, and the old lady's always a-picking at her, and so Clarissy aims to strike out for herself. Bailey 'lows she lays off to locate here if she kin git sewing to do."

Nichols, with his hands constrainedly pocketed, gazed after the little figure going up the hill road. The evening sun alone through the highway dust, casting about the girl's feet a haze of gold in which she seemed to float. Before her the tall Kentucky knobs rose barren with late fall. Clumps of dull red brush burned lustily in ledges of the rocks, but below in the river bottoms, a bare most of the hamlet lay, only an occasional stubble field took the eye with a touch of vivid color. The South Fork lay thick and swart, ribbed at its banks with bleached logs. Piles of lumber sat about, gray and square as tombs. Like distant pastoral pipes the mill sang a song sweet and high. Presently a whistle blew shrill. From the various small houses came smells of cooking. It was supper-time, and men in blue blouses began to appear at the gates of the mill.

It was an accustomed scene to Nichols. From the inn doors, the stave office window, and the store porch—that Mecca of village bachelorhood—he had viewed this evening outlook many times as a dull, unromantic vista. Now on a sudden it had meaning. Those mean houses were homes. That thread of smoke denoted a hearth at which folk who loved each other gathered. The thin crooning of a voice in a cottage hard by struck him to the soul. It was the lullaby of a woman who clasped her baby to her breast.

Nichols's young face paled a little. He drew his cap over his eyes, and turned into the road to speak to Bailey, the sawyer, just then coming up from the mill shoot.

Something later, Bailey, entering his own domain, a pea-green relic of one story, pointed a jocular finger at his second cousin.

"You're going to hev comp'ny to-night, Clarissy!" he announced. And as the girl looked at him confusedly, he winked reassurance. "She's got a beau Clarissy hez," he explained to his wife as she poured the coffee. "Y Gee! the best-fixed man in town!" In a prophetic burst he added: "I reckon you won't need to chase round after no body's sewing, Clarissy. Nichols was mighty lot'rusted

(Continued on page 1211.)

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(Continued from page 1208.)

about you. Well, sirs, it ain't always the reddest-cheeked girls that catches 'em."

This view proved less vividly fanciful than it seemed to Clarissa in the hearing. For that night, as the stars crept out, peering over the Cumberland's heights and glassing themselves in its turgid water, Nichols came up the road to the Bailey cottage. He came obviously as a suitor. The neck-scarf at his throat was of the pale lavender hue revered in village regions to those who tread their ways for love. From his pocket a stiff handkerchief displayed four white peaks. His dark head was bedewed with liquid odors, and his boots, above an honest rim of red mud, cast off dazzling gleams.

Clarissa, with her lean hands clinched in embarrassment, sat mute and scared. She had been so evilly handled by her step-mother that an outcast state was the only state to which she was able to accommodate herself. She made no effort at speech. She was too dazed for gayety, for any of those encouraging blandishments which Mrs. Bailey afterwards urgently advocated.

"Why 'n earth didn't you say somethin' pleasant, Clarissy? You set like a stone statute, so you did, and him fairly talkin' hisse'f hoarse! Tell you what it is, men's right like bees: they're huntin' sugar, not vinegar. You got to step up to 'em lively! I'd never in the livin' world her got Bailey if I hadn't jest natchelly kept a palaverin' and wheedlin' of him till he skercely knowed where he was at. You got to keep right at 'em, for they're mighty oncertain, reckon, and if one girl won't toss 'em a bait there's others thet will. So you better watch out."

"I don't know how to do," gasped Clarissa, bewildered at the brilliancy of the chance which she, through ignorance of ways and wiles, was conjecturally letting slip.

One evening she and Nichols were walking along the cliff road. Far down below them the village lay half seen in the twilight. A dimness of sunset crimson folded the dark western hills. Everything was motionless and quiet except that a bat, restlessly whirring across the fading crimson, seemed still to feel the fret and fever of the day.

Nichols walked in a small gait to keep step with Clarissa, who loitered at his side, a little sprite, almost spectral in her austere delicacy of line and color. Her face was shyly lifted. The flaxen hair frayed about her brows like a silvery nimbus about the face of a Virgin of the Botticellian type. Against her slight frame her lax skirts sagged. She kept her heavy eyelids down, being half afraid to gaze openly at the figure beside her, arrayed in a brand-new suit, and with a neck-scarf of tenderly suggestive hue below its chin.

Suddenly a gray twig, catching at her skirt, rose in the path with a snakelike twist. Clarissa uttered a cry, and caught at Nichols's sleeve.

"It was only a loose branch," he reassured her, agitatedly clasping her small clinging hand; "but say, oh, Clarissa, you'll let me take care of you always, won't you?"

Coming to the village ear, this betrothal was altogether unaccountable. No one could make out "what on yearth Vint Nichols see in thet pore little white of a Mosely gyrl." And, indeed, the Mosely girl was herself more surprised than any one else. She had been shut in a dungeon of despair, she had expected no prince, and behold, here were the sound of silver trumpets, a cloth of purple, and the royal suite doing obeisance. She felt like bending the knee and lifting pressed palms. Then, as Nichols insisted on being himself the slave, Clarissa suffered a curious revulsion of sentiment. She permitted herself to be adored, and actually developed a right queenly air of condescension in her bearing toward her lover.

"Blame if she don't wind Nichols round her little finger!" speculated Bailey. "She'll rule the roost in that house."

"It'll be a house wuth rulin'," returned his wife. "Nichols her bought the best lot in town, and he aims to put up a two-story house with piazzers. Law, well! Some's born to luck. Only, if I was Clarissy, I'd hate to live acrost from that old house of Saler's—a grave in its front yard, and all. It 'd give me the shakes, Clarissy."

Clarissa, with dignified unconcern, looked toward the site of her future home. The lot sloped a little over the hill's brow. Just beyond it, in a thicket of beeches, the old Saler cottage slanted its clapboarded roof. Gray lichens scaled the eaves, and blistered the ancient walls like fossil tears. A scrap of broken window blinked into the weedy yard, the further end of which showed always a myrtle-green spot, darkly evident beneath a gnarled rose-tree. Whether there was snow about, or the pale freshness of spring, the deep verdancy of summer, or the party-colored drifting of autumn leafage, that spot lay always in view. Saler's little daughter had slept for forty years under those myrtle sprigs. She had been only a baby when she died; but though Saler had moved to another town, and was old and case-hardened in business pursuits, he still remembered the dimpled little thing who had been lowered so long ago into that rifted garden end.

"I'll get him to sell the place, and we'll tear the old thing down," said Nichols.

"I'll never consent to build opposite unless you do," said Clarissa, firmly. "It would make me miserable to have that rickety hut across the road. It's in frightful repair. And that grave! Oh, of course the place must be torn down!"

"Certainly," acquiesced Nichols, with great decision.

Day by day the walls of his new house rose in pine-lined prominence against the green hill side. On a certain summer morning he and Clarissa, returning from a wedding journey to Lexington, passed over the freshly painted threshold of the lavender-colored structure, and were at home to their kinsfolk and acquaintance.

"I never laid eyes onto no such stuffed chairs as you got, Clarissy," said Mrs. Bailey on her first visit. "And lace curtings and a organ! Well, some's born to luck! You'd ought to thank your God, Clarissy, for givin' you a man like you got, and a house with water in the kitchen."

"I shall never be happy," said Clarissa, smoothing down the folds of her pink cambric frock, "till that Saler house is torn down. We've made him offers, but he won't sell. And I can't look out without seeing those broken windows and that baby's grave. Oh dear! Sometimes I just know I see something white flickering through the brush yonder—a little ghost!"

Mrs. Bailey rose with dignity.

"You're plumb crazy," she remarked, with easy candor. "By the time you got a teethin' baby of your own you won't hev time to see ghosts. You better quit complainin', and try to make Vint happy. Husbands and sweethearts ain't the same thing. You may ketch a man with a purse of your lips, but it takes the grip of the bull jaw to holt him."

Clarissa tossed her head. The flaxen hair was prettier now than it had been, and a generous diet had brought a rosy glow to Clarissa's cheeks. Her lips were lined with pink, and her eyes were dark and bright.

"You are handsomer than ever," Nichols said daily to his wife. "Is it—oh, Clarissa, is it because you are happier?"

"I can never be really happy while that old house scowls at me daily," replied Clarissa, slipping coldly from her husband's arms. Nichols sighed. She was always, materially and spiritually, slipping coldly from him.

Her ambition perpetually stimulated him to new business ventures. She had never before felt in her hand the reins of the steed of fortune, and in the exhilaration of the novel experience Clarissa was riding rather recklessly.

"If Saler won't sell, we *will*," she exclaimed. "Let's buy up on the hill, Vint, and build a bigger house. I want double parlors."

"I reckon we'll have to wait till next year," said Nichols. "I'm a little in debt—building and all. Every cent I got is invested in staves. I've got a big drive up river waiting for rain." He looked paler and thinner than when he had wooed Bailey's young cousin. Business cares sat heavy upon him in these autumn days, and his vision strained to the far horizon which lay beyond the three of "tides." The two buckers in his yards stood silent, waiting hungrily for those rough slips of oak that lay upstream. In his dreams Nichols saw their corrugated pistons in activity, their double blades skimming off the staves to smooth concavity. Nichols laughed in his sleep, thinking of the pyramid of bucked staves that should rear in his yards.

Drouth lasted long. Then little rains came, but too little to speak of.

"Oh for a long wet spell!" sighed Nichols.

"Rain!" said Clarissa, playing a small tune on the organ. "This hole of a village is bad enough when it's clear. When the rain sets in—well, I don't know how I'll stand that awful old Saler house then." She twitched her shoulder a little as Nichols bent to kiss her good-by. "Oh, how foolish you are!" said Clarissa.

On a sudden the weather changed. The skies knotted themselves together like the brows of one in anguish. Lightnings shackled the hills. The earth was shrouded in sheets of rain. Day and night it poured, upriver and down, and those who had prayed for a big Christmas "tide" felt that the gods were propitious. But even while Christmas buying went on briskly at the village store, and firs were cut down from distant hill sides, and great bunches of mistletoe were carried to the school-house to deck the barren room for holiday "exercises"—even while all this was forward, a great fear fell on those who had timber afloat.

The "tide" was too heavy. Suddenly came word, too, of a freshet that would be upon the booms by nightfall—the very nightfall when children were wide-eyed with expectation of the morrow's gifts.

"Christmas eve!" muttered Nichols, as he watched the treacherous river foam over its banks and saw the wild redness of the countless lanterns alongshore, and listened to the shouts of the men leaping from log to log or working with the boom ropes, or tipping about in little skiffs among the loosened drift. Nichols, armed with a pike-pole, and half sick and dizzy with cold and weariness and dread, steadied himself as a shout rang from the opposite float.

"She's catching it from above! Look out for the boom! Is that you, Nichols? God A'mighty, man! Your staves are slippin' through the boom like snowflakes. No use, we can't holt 'em in."

Nichols leaned forward. A sudden flood swept between the melting banks, and he saw a current sharp with the edges of thousands of staves floating airily out toward the deep sea. A wild laugh seemed to haunt the shuddering air. It was the time of Christmas cheer. Nichols could see the lighted store windows full of toys and balsamic greenery. Further off burned a smaller light in the room where Clarissa sat at ease. Through the darkness her face, careless, unloving, yet to him so sweet, rose with eyes of menace. He had hoped to do so much for her, and he had lost everything.

Nichols groaned as he stumbled against a great coil of rope and sank upon it. An intolerable desire for rest stole over him. Through the anguish of his soul he seemed, strangely enough, to see the myrtle-hidden couch where Saler's little daughter slept so well. To sleep—that was it—to sleep! He cast a dull eye on the river, which, even as he looked, softened to the likeness of a dark, dimpled arm held out to receive him. Clarissa sat warm and safe at home. If he, Nichols, yielded to the murmuring invitation of the river, if he closed with its swift embrace, and drank its sweet fierce kiss and was whirled away in a delirious passion of death, perhaps then Clarissa would forgive him.

Some men passed, and saw the crouching figure by the coil of rope.

"Keep your eye onto him, Joe," said one. "It's Vint Nichols. He's lost his pile to-night. Cuss a rounting stream, anyhow!"

Up in her bright sitting-room Clarissa, indeed, sat as Nichols imagined her. She was idly practising on the organ. Some one knocked. The door burst open, and Mrs. Bailey stood excitedly on the threshold.

"Clarissy! my goodness! are you a-playin' chunes when men's lives is in danger?" she cried, casting her wet shawl back. Clarissa had risen. She had paled a little, and stood catching at the collar of her crimson gown.

"I don't know what you mean," she stammered.

"Mean!" vociferated Mrs. Bailey. "Hain't you heard tell of the freshet? Everything's sweepin' through the boom. Wilkins's boy is drownded, and thar ain't a man on the river to-night but takes his life in his hands. Your man's lost every splinter of wood he had afloat. I just got word he was actin' like he was plumb deranged—and *you*—you dressed up to kill, a-playin' music like Babylon itself. I asks God to forgive me for marryin' kin of yourn, so I do, Clarissy Nichols!" She broke off, panting.

Clarissa had grown white as the thread of ribbon in her shining hair. Her eyes stared large and dazed. She tottered as if she would have fallen, and then, still tremulous, sped suddenly forward, and past the portly figure in the doorway.

"Clarissy!" cried Mrs. Bailey, scared and confused. The wind howled back at her as she peered into the whirling rain, but the darkness had already swallowed the slight small form of Nichols's wife.

Down on the river confusion reigned. Everywhere was red-streaked darkness, and the clamor of rain and rushing water. Men's voices rose loud and insistent, but Nichols, sitting on the rope coil, heard and saw only vaguely. The sound that reached him most definitely was the siren voice of the river, forever murmuring its rhythm of rest, forever mixing its utterance with Nichols's memory of another voice, as sweet but less concerned to give him a hint of love or peace. Clarissa would not care. Nichols, rising rapidly, stumbled nearer the verge of the stream. As he moved, two figures appeared on the bank behind him. In the hand of one a lantern swung, pricking the gloom with dozens of flaming needles.

"There he is—there's Nichols," said a man's tones.

"Where?" said a softer voice. In the red-shot dusk something in crimson garments took shape—something with drenched long hair blowing out in the wet wind. "Where?" said the soft voice. And then Nichols, leaning over the river's edge, felt a clasp of sudden fingers on his arm. Clarissa's wet hair blew up against his face, but through its meshes he saw her white cheeks, her slight throat, and parted lips. Was it Clarissa? Clarissa with such a look in her eyes as stilled the very beating of his heart?

"Vint!" she said, "Vint!"

"It's all lost," he stammered, confused by her tenderness of modulation. "Home, everything. I risked all—and lost. I wanted you to have everything—I—"

"I have everything I want!" sobbed Clarissa against Nichols's dripping shoulder. "Everything! And if the house is gone—we can live somewhere else." She paused, and broke into a low laugh. "Vint," she cried, "Saler will rent us his cottage. We'll mend the fence and fix the windows. I know now why that place worried me so—it was begging for curtains and pots of geraniums and paint and soapsuds."

Nichols gazed at her, half forgetting, in the warmth at his heart, that they were not really going to be so romantically poor as Clarissa fancied.

"You forget," he said, "dear, you forget Saler's daughter."

"I shall plant roses over her," breathed Clarissa, "poor little baby! And to-morrow—oh, Vint, to-morrow!—I'm going to lay a wreath of holly on her little lonely grave, so she'll have a share in the happy, happy Christmas we're going to keep."

AN IGNOBLE "SPORT."

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

I CONFESS that I begrudge using the word sport, even guarded by quotes, when the crust hunter whom Mr. Fleming has brought before us so vividly is the subject under discussion. I have no toleration of "crusters," except where an empty camp kettle has made meat a necessity.

"Crusting" is the winter device of the butcher who in summer turns his unsportsmanlike attention to "jacking."

Possibly some of my readers do not know what is "crusting"; my sincere wish is they never will know by experience; and for these a few words of explanation. The "cruster," sometimes incorrectly called a sportsman by the unenlightened, is a man whose sole conception of sport is to kill; the chase of his quarry he considers uninteresting and tiresome work; to him the matching of the hunter's woodcraft against the animal's cunning and naturally keener ears and nose means nothing whatever. What he wants to do is to kill, and if the animals were all tied fast and hard to trees, so that he could in safety split their heads with an axe, it would suit him all the better. So long as he gets the deer or elk or moose that he is after, it makes no difference by what means he attains his end.

The same qualities that make the "cruster" are found also in the man who plays foul on the football field, who abuses his horse or dog, or who as manager or captain of a college team permits the playing of an ineligible man. In my trips about this country, which with rifle and shot-gun have taken me pretty much all over it, I cannot call to mind a sportsman of my acquaintance who had not as boy and man "played fair" first and last. I can remember, on the other hand, men who as boys had not played fair, and as men fell far short of being sportsmen. If ever I wanted to know a man thoroughly I should go afield with him, and, by the way, that leads up to the thought of what an exceedingly profitable field for young women to cultivate!

It is when the snow is fairly deep, crowned with a crust strong enough to bear the man though not his quarry, that the cruster goes forth in all his diabolical glory. He revels in the prospect of a "kill," for he knows when once the trail is found the slaughter is certain to follow. It may be only half an hour, as oftentimes it is with deer; it may be for an hour or two, if it is a moose, but the hunter knows that with the crust cutting its legs at every plunge, the poor beast will eventually wear itself out and stand at bay exhausted. This is the time when the cruster reaches the climax of his triumph, for the worn-out creature stands shivering before him, and he may take his ease in the killing. It is a poor sort of man indeed who finds pleasure or profit in crusting!

There are many different degrees in crusting, where the time of chase and facility of killing are more or less long or easy, but they all lead to the one result. Crusting is about as much sport as it might be to tie a tin can to a dog's tail, and then turn him loose in thick underbrush for the other dogs in the neighborhood to chase.

The favorite time for the cruster is when with several feet of snow on the ground there comes a thaw, followed by a hard freeze. An icy crust forms which, when broken, scrapes and cruelly cuts the legs of the frantic animal.

The degree of cruelty in crusting depends entirely on the depth of snow and quality of crust. It is all butchery, but the victim may have a longer run, until it is finally exhausted, if the snow is not deep or the crust very hard.

Crusting is oftentimes misapplied to hunting on snowshoes when there is but a foot or eighteen inches of snow, with no pronounced crust. Under these conditions the sportsman is decidedly the more handicapped of the two, for there is slight, if any, resistance to the moose and elk, and even the deer can travel through such snow at a turn of speed that soon carries them where the most expert snowshoere will not molest them until after at least several hours of hard tramping.

With snow in this condition, it is still hunting with the advantage the tracks give, but as an offset the sportsman has decidedly the disadvantage in locomotion; he cannot begin to go so rapidly on the Canadian or web shoe (such as the hunter in the illustration wears) as without them on the bare ground, and Norwegian shoes are very awkward to handle in timber.

When the snow is very deep and the crust hard, crusting is in its vilest phase. At such a time deer will take but a few bounds before they sink exhausted, elk will persevere longer, and moose will stand the fatigue and pain the longest of all; but even they will probably not be able to keep at it more than half an hour, if that, and the cruster, if he be only moderately expert on shoes, may travel within revolver-shot all the way. It is like sticking a beef to kill a moose under such conditions.

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AT BAY—RUN DOWN BY A CRUST HUNTER.—Drawn by A. H. H. Heming.

A crust strong enough to enable a deer to escape would of course fail to support the weight of a moose, while drifts of snow that would stop a deer, the long legged moose would trot through with slight concern.

There are conditions when the crusting of moose contains an element of danger, and those are when the snow is not deep enough to make the going of the beast a succession of plunges and the crust is not hard enough to cut his legs severely. This would be when the snow was, say, about two and a half feet deep, with a fairly hard crust, but not one that has resulted from a thaw. The cruster does not favor these conditions, for it means, if he gets on the track of a moose, an all-day's tramp at least—possibly longer—and very likely an exciting time at the finish.

The moose starts off at his ungainly but ground covering trot, and at a pace that no man on shoes, be he never so expert, can equal. But unless he is a novice at crusting he knows that after an hour or so the moose will slow down, for it is a wearisome gait in this going even for such long legs. As the hours wear away, persistent pursuit and the hard travelling begin to have their effect on the moose, his legs are becoming tender from the continual scraping of the well packed snow, and his humor grows dangerous. He is getting tired and savage. Very likely he will make a stand now and then and look toward the cruster, who by this time is not very far behind, but the poor animal is more apt to keep on going until, worn out, he stops and faces about, determined to test the fighting quality of this solitary pursuer.

This is the time when the cruster had best beware, for the moose has a villainous temper when brought to bay, and often has still enough energy left to charge and to give his persecutor on snow-shoes as dangerous a few moments as ever he had. He will do well to draw near his quarry cautiously, being careful to keep near some tree, up which he can climb in case his first shot does not kill.

It is at just such a moment that Mr Heming has sketched his cruster; and the sullen defiance of the moose, with his bristling mane, means that the hunter will have to do some very lively scrambling or rapid shooting should he not bring the old savage down with the first shot. This cruster, however, seems to be no tenderfoot, for he has a friendly tree at hand in case of necessity, and is taking a long, sure aim.

Notwithstanding a fairly prevalent idea to the contrary, it has been my experience, and that of most of the sportsmen I have known, that moose will not charge you except when extremely harassed, though the first moose I killed kept me on his trail in Wyoming from one morning at daybreak until the sun was about two hours high the next, and then gave me a very unpleasant few moments, charging me furiously, and requiring two bullets from my good "old reliable" 40-90 Sharps. But Theodore Roosevelt puts the case properly in saying that moose differ as widely as men in courage and ferocity.

To my mind there is no sport that equals hunting moose. No game is so difficult to stalk, unless it be the white-tail deer, the chase of these two greatly surpasses all other still-hunting in the skill required and the excitement furnished, save, possibly, the pursuit of that wonderfully elusive creature, the Rocky Mountain sheep. But all that is "another story." If I have shown one crust hunter the error of his ways, the mission of this article is accomplished.

AMATEUR SPORT

The futile crusade against football into which the editor of the New York *Evening Post* has recently flung himself with well-developed hysteria and a Roget's Thesaurus would hardly excite comment were it not that undoubtedly many worthy readers of the *Post* are as ignorant—if less irascible—on the subject as is the editor. I pass over the diatribe of a Philadelphia medical trade journal as too absurd even for censure. Mr Godkin must have been put to sore straits for argument to quote such a hodgepodge of misstatement and ignorance. Nor is it my purpose here to enter into a lengthy refutation of the *Post's* many absurd misstatements about the game. Any student of the times, any common sensed man who keeps his eyes and ears open, knows perfectly well, without my telling him, that football and all athletics have done and are doing magnificent work for the physical development and moral betterment of our boys and young men all over the country.

If Mr Godkin really doubts this I commend to him the editorial columns of the New York *Sun* and *Tribune*, where recently much good matter on this subject has been printed, and further, to him and to all who question my statement, I commend the Superintendent of the Young Men's Christian Association, which, with its branches all over America, has been one of the most active workers in the good cause. But these facts are patent to all save the editor of the *Post*, who writes,

"But the fact is that, however valuable football may be as a means of moral and physical discipline, none of the universities profit by it."

The veriest tyro of a reporter on the *Post's* staff could have told his chief better; the faculties of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and of every college in the country would have been glad to tell him how athletics, of which certainly football is an integral part, have elevated the general morale of the undergraduate body by absorbing the animal spirits that formerly were wasted in dissipation. Still further, the reporter could have informed Mr Godkin that American and English universities have none of the duelling and sanguinary scandals common in European colleges, where football and athletics are not practised; he could also have told him that only so recently as December 1st the Bavarian War Minister at Berlin publicly declared it to be impossible to do away with duelling, that if it were abolished "men would have recourse to fisticuffs," and I might add that if football were introduced, there would be no need for legislation on duelling.

A man argues himself an ignoramus when he disputes the value of athletics at our schools and universities in the moral and physical development of boys and young men. There is no need of a sermon on this subject to any thinking father who remembers his own boyhood.

Wading through the columns of vituperation which the *Post* and some of the provincial papers on its exchange list have printed against football, I am able to discover but three points at issue: 1. Does the game play an important part in the education of the boy? 2. Is it brutal? 3. Is the tide of popular favor setting against it?

I have already answered the first. We must have the game, we need it. As for the third, pick up any Western, Southern, or Eastern paper in season and note the attendance at the game and the amount of space the newspaper gives to it.

Now as to the game being brutal. Distinctly it is not, as played by thoroughly trained and competently coached teams. It may be and in some instances has been made brutal, but the same men could make any game brutal. Much has been made by the *Post* over several sad deaths resulting from accidents on the football field. From all I can learn, however, only one received his hurt in a scrimmage, and he was not in condition to play. Most of the "serious accidents" result from a reporter's desire to wax sensational and fill space.

There are two charges which may be brought against the game and sustained, one, that as it has been growing in the last few years it absorbs too much time of the students; the other, that there is not enough open and too much closed or "mass" play.

Both of these matters will be remedied in the coming year.

Any game that develops so enormously and so rapidly as has football must of a necessity require new rules, as experience teaches their need. But these are to be made only after very careful and thorough consideration by practical level-headed men, and not by a hysterical editor who knows nothing of the game, or of the grand work athletics are doing for Young America.

Wedges and all mass plays, flying plays, and interference, will be legislated upon before the next season opens.

And again I wish to propose the University Athletic Club to all colleges as a balance wheel in this kind of legislation. I regard the club, with its Board of Governors composed of the most prominent and ablest alumni advisers, as the balance wheel of college sport.

It is my opinion that this is the very time when it should act, by calling a congress of university men competent to consider and advise on football legislation. The opinions of fifty men such as the club could gather would be invaluable.

As for the time spent on the football field, that also will receive attention, and next year we shall see the game develop along more skilful and more interesting lines.

Let us have an end, therefore, to all this sensational hullabaloo about the game being tabooed. Football will not die out, never fear; it is more firmly implanted in our affections than ever. It will continue to be improved as we learn by experience, and athletics will continue to fill an important rôle in making us "the people."

While the "Evening Post's" football editor, Mr. Godkin, has been allowing his imagination to run riot in sensational accounts of the appalling "brutality of football," I have been busy gathering statistics throughout the country of just how frightful have been the "shocking calamities" of this "terrible" game, and how widespread the "wave of indignation" about which he has been telling his readers. I have written to a trustworthy and painstaking correspondent at the representative colleges of the different sections of the country, and I will let them tell the story in their own language.

University of Virginia:

"The men are in very good condition, nor have we had any kind of an accident that laid any one off, notwithstanding the fact that our grounds are very hard."

University of Michigan:

"We have had no serious accidents here this fall. Several men have suffered with bruises and sprains at various times, but all are nearly well now, and there is not one of them who will not be perfectly sound in a few weeks. We have had this fall ten different class and department teams, and played the hard game taught by Yale coachers."

University of Wisconsin:

"Our record as to accidents this year is a clear one. Each man has played in his place from the beginning of the season till the end, and each has come off without a hurt. During the season we have substituted in games just three times, and the men laid off at those times mended in a day or two so as to go back to practice. In practice games we have been just as fortunate, no one having received any injury of account on our campus. I say fortunate, but it is rather through good handling. Mr Davis of Princeton has been with us this year and conducted the train-

(Continued on page 1214.)

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In **SPECIAL LINES** the highest order of talent will be drawn upon for contributions. Hon. CARL SCHURZ, F. R. COUDERT, CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, HORACE WHITE, Senator WOLCOTT, Congressman JOHN DEWITT WARNER, JULIAN RALPH, GEORGE W. CHILDS, JOSEPH H. CHOATE, Col. T. A. DODGE, U.S.A., Lieut.-Commander J. D. J. KELLEY, U.S.N., EMILIO CASTELAR, Rev. J. M. BUCKLEY, D.D., Prof. F. W. TAUSSIG, of Harvard University, Prof. RICHARD T. ELY, Prof. JOSEPH JASTROW, and LAURENCE HUTTON are among those who have made the present volume notable, and there will be no falling off in this respect the coming year.

The first **SERIAL STORY** of the year will be by MARY E. WILKINS, and is one of the strongest pieces of work that she has ever done.

SHORT STORIES will continue to be an important feature. The contributors to the present volume include such names as RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, A. CONAN DOYLE, WALTER BESANT, Miss MURFREE, JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, WILL CARLETON, T. A. JANVIER, BRANDER MATTHEWS, the MARQUESS OF LORNE, HOWARD PYLE, and EVA WILDER MCGLASSON, and these will be reinforced in 1894 by several names new to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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AMATEUR SPORT.—(Continued from page 1214.)

ing of our men. From my experience and observation on the gridiron, I believe that football is no more dangerous or brutal than most other athletic games when played as it should be with proper instruction. There have been two fatal accidents from the game in the West this season, but both came from gross carelessness. One was at Helena, and the man killed was a "deaf mute," and, of course, out of his sphere, as a football-player needs all his five senses. The other was a Duluth high-school boy, who was untrained, and knew really nothing of the game. I feel I can say that the men have been improved fifty per cent in appearance from what they were when they commenced training in the fall. They have all stood the season's work without any apparent inconvenience, have kept up their work in the university, and are among the best students in it."

University of Iowa:

"Our team began training September 24th, and has had many hard games; but our men, although not in the strictest of training, have finished the season's work in good physical condition. But one of the players has had a day's sickness since the season opened. The only severe injuries sustained by our team were a broken nose, received by a 'scrub' in a practice game, and an injured eye. The men are now in the best physical condition they have been in this year."

Lake Forest University (Illinois).

"Our accidents this year have been few, and not of any serious nature. In seven regular games only two players have received any injury, and both of these were not serious. Spraining the ankle or the knee sometimes happens, but its effects only last for a day or so. No one has ever been seriously hurt on our teams in four years. Our boys have stood the season splendidly, and express themselves as feeling better physically for the time spent at the game."

Portland, Oregon:

"The only football we have here on this northwestern coast is furnished by the athletic clubs of this city, and Tacoma and Seattle, Washington. The games this season have been better than any ever seen here. The football spirit has increased much, and the standard of the game been raised. There have been no accidents except the ordinary bruises and sprains."

Denver, Colorado:

"The Athletic Club team went into training the 1st of September, and the season lasted until Thanksgiving day, the team playing nine hard games. In all these we have only once been actually compelled to retire a man from the game. He was tackled hard, and, in falling, struck on his shoulder and dislocated it. He has entirely recovered, and is able to play as well as ever now. The same experience applies to our opponents, as I think none of them, including the 'varsities of Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Boulder, Golden, and Baker, suffered any serious hurt in any of the contests. I might add that every member of the team expresses himself as pleased at being able to play the game, as he feels it so beneficial to health and spirits. Personally, I believe it to be one of the very best forms of exercise, and that its benefits to the participant are as great mentally as physically, to say nothing of the moral effect of the training."

University of Tennessee:

"We had some very hard games this season. The only injury that amounted to anything was a sprained wrist, and this did not lay our man off but one week. In our Thanksgiving-day game, which was the hardest fought game I ever saw, no one was hurt, sustaining only the bruises generally received in practice. None of our opponents ever received any injuries to amount to anything."

Northwestern University (Illinois):

"Last year we had a team and nine substitutes. Early in the season one of the players, whose nose was slender, had it broken. It was set, and he was able to play in three days, protected by a nose guard, and has not been troubled since. There were three men who had sprained ankles, and a few were bruised some on their legs and body, but none so that they could not play all season. This year two men were hurt early in the season. One wrenched his leg; the other was a man who dissipated and could not be made to train, but had a magnificent physique. He went into the game and played hard, receiving a bruise that made him quit practicing. No one on the second eleven, or college, has been badly hurt. Twelve have played on the team and as substitutes for two years, and have received hardly a scratch, never having had time called for them. All of these have played in every game for two years. I think that the spirit to win at all cost overshadows the true object of the game, namely, physical and mental culture. This spirit is what sometimes pollutes college athletics, puts hired athletes in athletic clubs, and prompts one to twist legs or break fingers while underneath a scrimmage."

Dartmouth (New Hampshire):

"Our football team has had a very successful year. Very few accidents have happened, and we have been deprived of the services of only one man on this account, whose injury is not serious. I am fully satisfied that the training has been healthful to the men on the team, and in no instance has it been injurious."

University of Kansas

"In regard to accidents and the general condition of our team, I would say that outside of a couple of sprained ankles and a broken nose our accidents among thirty-four men amount to nothing. Our men are in better condition now than at any time during the season."

Vanderbilt University (Tennessee):

"We have been exceedingly fortunate this season, so far as accidents are concerned. Only two men have had noses broken, and several received slight sprains or bruises. We are now in splendid physical condition, and I include in this not only the 'varsity eleven, but all the 'scrubs,' amounting to about forty, which is due largely to good handling."

Wake Forest College (North Carolina):

"In regard to the number of players injured here, I will state that three have sprained their ankles, and one an arm. In the case of the sprained arm, it was the second day that the man had ever played, and was due to his lack of knowledge in falling when tackled. I do not hesitate to say that the cause of the three sprained ankles was because of the very rough condition of our grounds. In one instance especially an end rusher fell and sprained his ankle without coming in contact with either ball or player. We have played match games with neighboring institutions for seven years, and never, without a single exception, has a member of the team broken a bone or received other than very slight injury. In addition, it pleases me to state that the members of the team have at all times received the highest honors bestowed by the literary societies, and have taken a fine stand in their class-rooms."

Williams College (Massachusetts):

"During this season we had two men stop playing. One had his collar bone broken, and the other hurt his leg and was advised to stop. Both have entirely recovered. Our centre was off for a week with a knee out of joint, and a few other men were hurt slightly, but when the season closed every one of them was in better condition and playing better ball than at any other time, and after our last game, with the exception of the half-back, who did most of the rushing, there was not a man laid up from accidents or injuries. When I compare this season with last in baseball, I find that, with the exception of a broken bone, there were no more men hurt on the eleven than on the nine, and since I have been in college (four years) there has been no man who received permanent injuries. It seems to me that the trouble comes to men who are not in regular training."

Brown University (Rhode Island):

"The general physical condition of the Brown team has been very fair, although I certainly am sure we experienced our share of accidents. A number of the regular eleven have been laid up regularly at one time or another, but we have finished the season in good shape."

Amherst (Massachusetts):

"The team stood the season well. We have been entirely free from serious accidents, broken bones, and the like. The principal injuries to the men have been slight muscle bruises and only temporary affairs. We have met very heavy teams this year, where we were clearly outclassed in weight, but in spite of this our injuries were comparatively slight. I can only emphasize the fact that the team has stood the season well, and every man on it is better for his training. I find that people who never saw the game are the ones who cry loudest against it."

University of North Carolina:

"Fifty men started out training for our team this year. Of them all thirty stuck it out through the season. We had numerous accidents, none of which were of a serious nature, and all have entirely recovered. Of course the regular number of sprains and bruises came to the men, but at the close of the season they were in the best physical condition they had ever been in. We have had men (indifferent students) that play football, but the men who are looked to as the best are usually those who rank well in their classes. It has been my experience that those who are most violent against football are usually men who are entirely ignorant of the game, and don't want to learn."

Kansas City, Missouri.

"Football in the Missouri Valley has taken great strides towards popularity in the past season. The work of all the teams shows a decided improvement over that of last season, and after careful investigation, I find that while the teams have had the usual accidents—bruises and sprains—that are expected in a game where there is so much muscular effort, all finished in the best physical condition that the men have ever been in, and fathers are as enthusiastic over football as the boys themselves, because of its keeping their sons from the usual dissipation."

San Francisco, California:

"Ten thousand people saw the game between the Leland Stanford University and the University of California on Thanksgiving day, and there is no longer any doubt about the popularity of football out here on the Pacific coast, and among our most cultured people. I have carefully looked into the physical condition and accidents of not only these two universities, but of the teams of the Olympic and Reliance Athletic Clubs, which are the two largest on the coast, one in San Francisco, and the other in Oakland. In the two latter cases the players are principally business men. There have been the usual accidents, though the average of bruises and sprains has been small, but I found all the men in better physical condition at the end of the season than they had ever been, and greatly improved by the play. At the universities the football players this year have been among our best students. Football on the coast has done a great work in checking youthful dissipation."

NEAR AT HOME, THE STORY is about as these letters show it to be throughout the country. I cannot think of any serious accident that has befallen any member of Princeton, Yale, Harvard, University of Pennsylvania, Lehigh, or Cornell elevens. Princeton played through the season without the loss of a man. Yale went through three of the hardest games any eleven ever played without calling on a substitute until the last part of the second half of the Princeton game, when one of their half backs, who has had a weak ankle nearly all the season, was retired. Harvard began and ended the season with the same men—Waters and Emmons excepted. Waters had a weak knee half the season, and was thrown out of much practice; he should never have gone into the game at Springfield. Emmons was overtrained, nervous, and half sick, and was hurt in the Pennsylvania game.

Here is a fact for Mr. Godkin and other uninformed carpers to bear in mind. Looking back over ten years of football, we find the hardest games of the year—those between Harvard, Yale, Princeton—to have recorded the least injury to players. And here is another: After careful compilation at Harvard a year or so ago, it was found that of the 3000 students the standard of excellence of athletes for the four years of their course was above the average in class marks.

HARVARD'S GAME AGAINST UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA on Thanksgiving day (26–4) bespoke a desperate determination to redeem their defeat by Yale, and I am frank enough to say that the men themselves rather than their coaches deserve the credit for that victory. From what I have learned since the Springfield game, it appears undeniable that the team was handled with the poorest judgment, the training of the men up to within two weeks of the game ill advised. They seemed to have no reserved energy, and when a call came for increased effort, as it did in the second half at Springfield, the men could not respond, and went to pieces. This, combined with secretly depending for success on a style of play that was showy, but ineffective against experienced players, all goes to persuade one that the Harvard team this year was miserably managed and badly coached. Not that the individual coachers failed to do their best by the men, but whoever has dominated the policy, whoever has stood as sponsor for Harvard's methods, has, unless my data is all wrong, displayed ignorance of training and of football, as well as a narrow conception of the best means to attain success.

I have commented a little at length to qualify my application of "sand" to the Harvard players last week, because I do not believe that a single man on that team lacked it. It is true that Harvard teams appear to be wanting in that spirit which keeps them at their best in an up-hill fight, but this I consider the result of the present method of training in vogue at Cambridge. Their game against Pennsylvania was snappier and stronger because individually the men were desperate and more confident, and because they were never put to that extreme effort under the steady hammering of a powerful and aggressive opponent. Had Pennsylvania been in mood and condition to play as they did against Princeton and Yale, Harvard would never have scored 26 points. The stumbling-block to Harvard's athletic success (outside of track athletics) has always been a lack of harmony among her graduates capable of coaching. This year there was harmony among a certain few, but the policy that guided them was warped.

TWENTY-SIX TO FOUR IS HARDLY A FAIR SCORE TO Pennsylvania for the reason that throughout the entire first half the umpire permitted unmistakable off side play on Harvard's part every time Pennsylvania attempted their flying interference. Harvard started as quickly as the Pennsylvania interferers, and before the ball was in play, so it quite frequently occurred that the crimson forwards were through on the Pennsylvania quarter back almost as soon as he got the ball from the snap-back. The umpire's (Mr. Gill) attention was called to this during the intermission, and Harvard kept on side in the second half. There is no doubt whatever that this failure of the umpire to rule on off side play in the first of the game accounts to some extent for the size of Harvard's score. Besides this, the referee allowed 65 instead of 45 minutes of playing in the first half, and it was during the last 20 minutes Harvard made two of their touch-downs.

Pennsylvania did not play the game against Harvard they did against both Yale and Princeton, the men plainly showing they were not "on edge" as they had been in those first two games. They were slow, and the rush-line work poor.

The most notable feature of the day was the almost total abandonment by Harvard of their Deland plays. Pennsylvania started off with the ball, but lost it almost immediately, and by the repeated gains of Brewer and Wrightington, were forced back to their 2-yard line. Here Acton fumbled, and Brooke's kick was stopped by Mackey with a safety for Pennsylvania. Then Harvard made steady gains through the centre and around the ends, until Dunlop was pushed over for the first touch-down twenty minutes from the start. Pennsylvania made their one touch-down by Knipe's brilliant 45-yard run from kick-off, around A. Brewer, who had taken Emmons's place, and by the clever working of the on side kick. At no other time during the game was Harvard's goal in danger.

In the second half more bucking was done by both sides. Harvard made the fourth touch-down in six minutes, but was not able to score again, though twice forcing the ball to Penn's 5-yard line, only to lose it on downs.

A COMPARISON OF THE TEAMS SHOWS HARVARD to have been stronger in the line, while behind the line it was about an even thing. Brewer played the most brilliant game on the field, and showed what he could have done if the insane policy of the Deland tricks had not been persevered in at Springfield, and he had been properly used, as in '92. He made magnificent runs round the ends and good gains through the centre, was sure on catching, and kicked far better than at Springfield. In punting, Brooke had a little the better of it, though he was not up to Brewer in other respects.

Of the backs, Wrightington, Knipe, Dunlop, and Osgood, the Harvard men made more ground, but they had much better openings, and were backed up stronger. Knipe was the only Pennsylvania back who, with a few exceptions, made any ground. At quarter, Harvard had much the better of it, Beale playing a remarkable game for a Freshman. In the Yale game he had been very much handicapped by Waters, who, dazed by the rap his head got when tackled, was unable to understand his signals, and gave many himself, resulting, of course, in confusion. Thursday Beale ran the team entirely, and he did well. Lewis played a wonderful game. He was everywhere and in everything, and at the same time captained the team in Waters's stead in a masterly manner. Newell played a very brilliant game. He was in every play, and he and Lewis shared honors in doing the best work of the line men. Stevenson and Emmons outplayed Simmons and Newton. It was a clean game.

THE ANNAPOLIS-WEST POINT GAME at Annapolis, December 2d, would have been a tie had the man who "placed" the ball for Carson done so properly, for it was the easiest kind of a goal to kick. As it was, West Point's failure to get these two points left the score 6-4 in the Naval Cadets favor. It was one of the most remarkable games I think I ever saw. One kept wondering throughout why West Point's line could not block their much lighter opponents. It was a magnificent exhibition of grit and skill against beef, and the former won, as it will almost invariably. It was a most striking and practical illustration of the need of generalship and strategy in any contest. A valuable object-lesson on a minor battle-ground. When the two teams lined up, the difference of weight in favor of West Point was apparent to the most casual spectator; compared with them the Naval Cadets looked like a prep. school team against a 'varsity eleven. The West Pointers averaged, I believe, ten pounds a man heavier and three years older, though these figures may not be absolute, as exact statistics are unobtainable.

THE PLAYING OF THE NAVAL CADETS was generally good, but I should say their victory was due chiefly to the accurate passing, excellent interference, hard tackling, and always cool work of quarter back Bookwalter, the punting of full-back Bagley, the blocking of centre Cavanagh, who had a most difficult man to handle in Ames, and last, but by no means least, to the splendid all-round work of Reeves, right guard. This man played the most brilliant game of the day: he blocked securely, got through and broke up West Point's plays, and was down the field on kicks before the ends. His tackling and falling on the ball gained yards upon yards for the home team. The way Annapolis opened up the heavy West Point line, and sent Davidson and Kimball, both good nervy half-backs, through for gains was little short of surprising. Nor was their offensive work the best feature of Annapolis play; their defensive game was very strong, and their stand against West Point's heavy rushes plucky to a degree. Neither side scored in the first half, although West Point kept the ball in the Naval Cadets' territory most of the time. Annapolis did not gain much in bucking the line during this half; but when West Point had worked the ball toward their goal they would secure it after a determined stand, and then Bagley would punt it well into the Military Cadets territory. In the second half Annapolis started off with a rush, and carried the ball to West Point's ten yard line before losing it. But they almost immediately regained it by Bookwalter's pretty breaking through, when, with a few desperate rushes, Kimball was finally pushed over for a touch-down, and Bagley kicked the goal.

WEST POINT RALLIED AT THE KICK OFF, and for the first time in the afternoon their rushes were irresistible. They went straight down the field to Annapolis's goal, through the centre and around the ends, and finally, on a tandem play, Carson scored a touch-down directly between the posts. It was the easiest goal to kick one could possibly have, and all expected a tie game, for there were only a few moments left to play. But the old saw, "There's many a slip," etc., renewed its youth in this instance, and West Point, bitterly disappointed, had four instead of six points, and a defeat instead of a tie. Annapolis played without McCormack and Izard, two of their best men.

Of West Point's play the two most prominent features were the failure of the forwards to give their backs the assistance they should, and the wretched fumbling and muffing, which continually gave the ball to Annapolis. It was really an unusual occurrence for West Point to get the ball on a punt by Annapolis. Neither was their kicking good. Stacy, Shelton, and Creedon all made desperate attempts to advance the ball, and gained much more ground than the Annapolis backs, only to lose all they had made by a fumble which gave the ball to Annapolis, when Bagley would punt it back again, and more often than not West Point would muff, and Annapolis get the ball after a gain of thirty to forty yards with scarcely an effort on their part.

I should like to ask those Army and Navy men who objected to the game on its introduction to the Academies what they think now of football as a developer of soldierly and officerly qualities, if they know of any better training ground (as an auxiliary to the prescribed Academy course) for discipline, strict attention to orders, strategy in manoeuvring, or coolness under fire, than the gridiron field?

THE GAME SHOWED the highest development in football the two Academies have yet reached, credit of which is largely due, of course, to the coaches, which were, for Annapolis, John A. Hartwell, the well-known Yale athlete, assisted by Paul J. Dashiell, the old Lehigh player and now a professor at the academy; and for West Point, Laurie Bliss, the ex-Yale star half-back, who was re-enforced for the last couple of weeks by Williams, Corbin, and Graves—all ex-Yale. Mr. Hartwell's work with Annapolis deserves especial mention, for his original material was inferior to that of West Point. He builded that eleven as he did the winning Yale crew of '92 he captained. He put into them the same drive and determination, and they did equal credit to his teaching.

The Annapolis-West Point football record now stands: 1890—Navy, 24; Army, 0. 1891—Army, 32; Navy, 16. 1892—Navy, 12; Army, 4. 1893—Navy, 6; Army, 4.

The development in Western and Southern football this year has been notable, and their work will be commented upon in our next issue.

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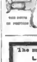

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tax cannot be trusted to appoint the right kind of men. The committee should be so large that subcommittees may be appointed—a committee on the Mayor, another on the Police, another on the Commissioner of Public Works, another on the Police Justices, another on the Sheriff, and so on.

If the Legislature will go to work in earnest, the citizens of New York will doubtless discover how CROKER has grown rich. The revolution will be painful to many good persons who have an undue proneness to think well of those who are in authority, but it will be wholesome. It ought to put an end to boss rule forever, for it might in lead to the enactment of laws at Albany that would make it impossible.

FREE RAW MATERIALS.

A CENTURY ago and more MONTGOMERY and ARNOLD were besieging Quebec, and endeavoring to separate Canada from Great Britain and to join it to the nascent American Union. They failed, and perhaps it was as well that we started our new career without the difficulties and complications which the possession of Canada would have entailed. But if we had succeeded, and if all Canada had become part of the United States, we should certainly have esteemed it one unqualified gain, at least, that the natural resources of the eastern shore of the United States had been increased by the position of the Canadian coal fields. In Nova Scotia and Cape Breton there are great coal deposits close to tide-water, the nearest and most direct source of coal supply for New England. If Canada had become part of the United States, nobody for a moment would have questioned that it was to the best advantage of New England, and to the best advantage of all the United States, that this material should be supplied as freely and as fully as possible. Does the accident of political separation alter the situation? Does it suddenly make it desirable that we should restrict and fetter the importation of coal from Canadian ports to New England?

Half a century ago, on the other side of the continent, we were again disputing with Great Britain as to the possession of the region which is now split up into the American States of Oregon and Washington, and the Canadian province of British Columbia. For a while the cry was "fifty-four forty or fight." Fortunately, we did not fight. The sober second sense of the American people asserted itself. We agreed to a compromise in a dispute in which neither party could give clear proof that it was in the right, and the present boundary line between the two countries was agreed on. As it happened, that boundary put on the British side the great coal fields of Vancouver, then undiscovered, which are the natural source of supply for the whole Pacific coast. While there are some coal mines of inferior quality on the American side, by far the best and most valuable coal comes from those on the British side. If we had succeeded in 1846 in maintaining our original claim, and if the mines had thus been thrown into American territory, they would have been rightly esteemed among the most important of nature's treasures on the Pacific coast. Are they the less advantageous because the turn of diplomacy threw them on the other side of the line? If the land in which they are situated had been American soil, the Americans of the Pacific coast would have rejoiced in getting the advantage of them through a full and free supply of coal. Do they not get identically the same advantage if we permit the coal to come freely to the ports of Tacoma and Seattle and Portland and San Francisco? and is it not cutting off our own noses if we proceed to clap a duty of 75 cents per ton upon it?

A few years after the Oregon dispute the annexation of Cuba became one of the possibilities of American history, and for ten years before the war there was a real danger that the slave power would endeavor to wrest the island by force or by purchase from Spain. The movement was rightly opposed by all who cared for the fair fame of the country; for its object was simply to enlarge the area of slave territory and increase the power of the slaveocracy. If, unfortunately, this unjust and impolitic aggression had been carried out, we should at least have had one compensation. In the island of Cuba are rich mines of iron ore of the quality suitable for making Bessemer steel. There are great mines of Bessemer ore in the Lake Superior region; but the eastern slope of the United States, this side of the Alleghany Mountains, while it has great supplies of iron ore, has none of that particular quality so essential in the modern development of the iron and steel industry. The Cuban ores, in view of the cheapness of water transportation, are virtually as near our Atlantic shore as if they were in Virginia or Pennsylvania. If we admit these ores free, we get the benefit of them as fully as if we owned the island of Cuba. We secure the industrial advantages without the political difficulties. Is it not absurd that we should shut ourselves out from the bounty of nature, and hamper the iron and steel industries of the eastern shores of the United States, by putting a duty of thirty per cent. or more on iron ore?

No part of the tariff policy pursued by the Republican party since 1870, and emphasized by the MCKINLEY act of 1890, is more foolish than the maintenance of duties on articles of this sort. The WILSON tariff bill puts them on the free list, and it is difficult to see how any sane man can urge their maintenance. The reasons which are urged in support of them, such as the protection to the coal mines of Virginia and West Virginia, and to the iron mines of the Lake Superior region, would apply with precisely the same force in favor of protecting Pittsburg iron makers against the competition of the South, and the Pennsylvania farmers against the competition of Western beef. There may be grounds for saying that the development of manufacturing industries is not determined by nature, and may be affected by government aid and protective legislation; but as to the raw products of the earth, it is clear that we do best by getting them from the sources which nature has made most productive. This is what free raw materials mean, and this is what the WILSON tariff bill will bring us.

"THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH."

IT was a very fortunate choice that fell upon CHARLES READE's masterpiece as the subject of one of the most sumptuous, and to many readers quite the most attractive, of the holiday books of 1893. There cannot be much question that it is his masterpiece, nor that it deserves a high place among the historical romances not only of the English language but of European literature. In this its author's great gifts and accomplishments are shown to the utmost advantage. In one of the epistolar controversies with his favorite foes, the "anonymuncules" and the "pseudonymascules," in which he was so prone to explode, READE described himself, with perfect truth if not with exemplary modesty, as "a scholar and an artist." Nor can it be denied that the author of *The Cloister and the Hearth* was both. He never undertook a task quite so congenial as this to his tastes and his powers, nor essayed any other novel on a scale so monumental. The labor of accumulation and preparation which is so evident in all his larger novels may seem in some of them to be so displayed as to become, what a friendly critic has called, "tedious and revolting." But this was when it was applied to "getting up" contemporary subjects, and directed to the reform of prisons or insane asylums or trades-unions. When, as in this story of the end of the Middle Ages, it was devoted to the reconstruction of a by gone state of society, and vivified by a true historical imagination, there is not a dull resulting page. The fifteenth century lives here again before us as scarcely any other writer of history or of fiction has made it live. The people who come and go are not lay figures, but real people, even the incidental people, like the delightful Denys, who is worthy and likely to live as long as Dugald Dalgetty. READE's power of sharp and epigrammatic expression is shown on every page. And all this is merely the setting of one of the purest and most affecting of all the stories that depict the conflict of Love and Fate.

To select this book for a sumptuous edition is not only to revive the interest in it that has never really languished. It is to give it its rightful place by crowning it as a classic, now when a decade has not quite elapsed since the author's death. The old admirers of the novel will be grateful for the provocation these superb volumes give them to read *The Cloister and the Hearth* again, and renew old delight, while they will cherish some envy for the new generation of readers, who will associate the story with these beautiful pages and with Mr. JOHNSON's admirable illustrations, almost equally admirable as decorations and as characterizations. This is an added charm where the choice of the illustrator has been fortunate, as all readers will be ready to bear witness who could not tell how much of their impressions of the people of *The Newcomes* they owe to THACKERAY's pen and how much to DOYLE's pencil. Mr JOHNSON will have his share in the conceptions of Margaret and Gerard and Denys and the rest that are formed from these pages. The illustrations are valuable also as documents, and to increase their value in this respect the artist visited the country in which the scenes of the story are laid, a pilgrimage of which the reader reaps the benefit. The mechanical execution of this book is not less admirable than the artistic. Indeed, it recalls vividly a sentence in the book itself: "For this was a century in which the fine arts and the higher mechanical arts were not separated by any distinct boundary." In our latest examples of sumptuous book making we seem to be recurring to that fraternity of craftsmanship, when the illuminator of a missal was the transcriber of it also, for here the illustrator gives his best work to the decoration of a page not unworthy of it. To apply again from the Vulgate the similitude the application of which in *The Cloister and the Hearth* all readers will remember, this edition is "an apple of gold in a net work of silver." The holiday season has not produced a more beautiful setting, nor reproduced a classic more worthy of a beautiful setting

HIGHER EDUCATION.

No type of educational meeting is proving to be more useful than that in which representatives of the colleges and of the secondary schools meet together for the discussion of their common problems; for it is just these problems that block the way to more rapid progress in the development of higher education in this country. Last week nearly two-score college presidents, more than a hundred college professors, and as many more secondary school teachers met at Columbia College, New York, to hold the 6th annual convention of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools in the Middle States and Maryland, and their attention was occupied, during a series of sessions lasting over two days, with two fundamental questions—the relative place to be assigned to the classics in the liberal education of these modern days, and the teaching of English in schools and colleges.

As to the first question there was wide difference of opinion, although signs were not wanting that a much larger proportion of the leading men than formerly are ready to admit that the study of the Greek language is no longer a *sine qua non* of liberal culture. The fact that the bachelor degree may be obtained from Harvard, Johns Hopkins and Williams without the study of Greek is a stubborn fact that cannot be ignored. Professor BOYESEN, of Columbia College, took the advanced ground that German, and possibly French as well (though he did not speak with authority as to the latter), could be so taught as to be a satisfactory substitute for Greek in a liberal education. President SCHURMAN, of Cornell University, in a few eloquent sentences, made the same claim for the mother-tongue and its literature. It is worthy of note that every speaker here willing testimony to the lasting and uplifting influence of the Greek civilization, although it was insisted that the prolonged study of the Greek language was not necessary to an appreciation of the Hellenic spirit and ideals.

As to the teaching of English, college professor and school-master were in entire agreement. English must be made a serious study, and treated as seriously as Latin or mathematics, was the text of every speaker. Mr. FARRAND, of the Newark (New Jersey) Academy, in the strongest paper of the meeting, severely criticised the colleges for the laxity and irregularity of their admission requirements in English. Much reading of standard authors and frequent writing, carefully criticised, were unanimously agreed upon as the proper procedure in teaching boys and girls to use their own tongue.

OUR AMERICAN NEWSPAPER HABIT.

THE announcement that one of the street-car lines in this city is to be lighted with gas-lamps of many-candle power, so that passengers may read newspapers as they ride, must be suggestive of our American newspaper habit to the foreign observer. To people who have not contracted that habit the frequent complaints of travellers by rail, in the city or out of it, that they cannot see to read their papers, must appear exceedingly unreasonable. A visiting Bostonian Brahmin, reading such a plaintive demur in a New York newspaper, wrathfully exclaimed: "The American people read too many newspapers. If the railroads made it impossible for the complaining working man to read his confounded newspaper in the early gray of the morning on his way to work, they would do the state some service."

Certainly there is a refreshing contrast in the intelligent lover of his kind in the sight of the British navy or the stolid German plodding unwillingly to his morning toil on Bickerhead docks or on the banks of the Spree, and the American laborer taking his luncheon and his reverently saved morning paper together, or studiously absorbing the news while he rides down town to his work. We know that one of these rare can read; we are not so sure of the rudimentary education of the other two. And in this country, at least, it is our habit to regard education as a panacea for pretty much every ill but those to which mere flesh is heir. "We racks to gild 'em," was the triumphant reply of Hood's "Chairman of the Philanthropical Society" when asked why more money was needed after it was discovered that the nigritude of the blacks could not be removed by even the costliest scrubbing. "We mean to educate 'em" is the equally confident answer to all pessimistic observations on the prevalence of sin, wickedness, misery, and crime. The average American loves to see the poor and horable reading the newspaper on the way to work if not *at* work, for is it not a distinctively American habit? And does not this indicate that the intelligent reader has a sense above treason, stratagems and spoils? Yet we may recall with some doubtfulness the excellent education of an emi nent New York criminal, who not only read the newspapers with exceeding ease, but who registered himself as he went into his prison, "Statesman."

The proportion of illiterates among the vicious classes is notoriously small in this country of ours, and the newspaper habit should be cautiously received as a hopeful or virtuous indication. We may well sympathize with that craving for the world's daily news that induces the laborer, the shop boy, or the early toiling million to spend a penny for the morning dram of mind-stimulation. It is better for some men that they should read then think. And the thought that comes afterward of the great football match, or of the Italian related crisis, or of the "disastrous conflagration" of the previous night, is better and cheerfuller than a sodden rumination on the sorrows of the laboring man. But, after all is said, it cannot be denied that a nation wholly given over to the newspaper habit is in a fair way to a species of national paresis. That this should be sinlessly and vigorously denied by the caterers for the daily morning dram is to be expected. No physicians will admit that his medicine is disordering. Nevertheless, no thoughtful person can regard the newspaper habit as an unmixed good, however good and clean the newspaper which the habitual reader seeks. There is an ancient tradition that the word "news" has been derived from the initials that indicate the points of the compass—N. E. W. S. And with this intent the reader's thoughts, like the fool's eyes, "are in the ends of the earth." For the time being at least his mind roves from China to Peru, from the latest divorce case to the President's message, from the higher criticism to baseball, and if the newspaper crammed wayfarer does not take in a mental dyspepsia with his noonday luncheon, his is an uncommon digestion. It was Mr DU MAURIER's aesthete who did not read books, but wrote them. The victim of our American newspaper habit does not think, for he only has time to read.

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THE REV EDWARD B. BAGBY.

JOHN TYNDALL.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL E. S. OTIS, U. S. A.

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE HOUSE.

THE Rev. Edward B. Bagby, who was recently elected to be chaplain of the House in place of the Rev. S. W. Haddaway, who died after a brief occupation of the office, is a very young man to occupy so conspicuous a position, though the Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind chaplain of the Senate, was chosen chaplain of the House when but twenty two years of age. The Rev. Mr. Bagby was born September 29 1865, in King and Queen County, Virginia, so that he is but little more than twenty eight. He was reared in Richmond, obtained his education at Aberdeen Academy, the Kentucky University, and the Yale Divinity School.

This young Virginian, enlisted to Christian work as a representative of the denomination of the Disciples of Christ, found his first charge along the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, ministering to the people of Roncoverte, Clifton Forge, and Sinks Grove. From these little churches in these towns he went to Newport News to preach, until he became engaged in evangelistic work among many churches, which he visited to conduct revivals. In April, 1891, the Vermont Avenue Christian Church, Washington, built a chapel on Capitol Hill, and called upon the Rev. Mr Bagby to conduct a revival meeting to awaken interest in the undertaking. At that meeting about one hundred converts were added to the church, and the interest aroused has been so maintained under the ministrations of the young pastor that the Ninth Street Christian Church numbers, with two and one-half years of existence, more than four hundred members, including a very large body of active Christian Endeavorers. Mr Bagby is tall, dark, slight, and beardless. He does not wear clothes of ministerial cut, and he does not wear a white tie. His voice is soft and smooth, and he uses it without dramatic effort in prayers of the simplest character, some of which are long.

THE NEW BRIGADIER-GENERAL.

A PERSON not well acquainted with the size of our regular army might jump to the conclusion, from the frequency with which new brigadier generals are made, that the military branch of the public service is very large. But the frequency of new appointments is due to the compulsory retirement law, which shelves an officer, whether he will or not, when he has reached the age of sixty-four years. And as the men who won high rank in the battles of the rebellion are generally well along in life, it is not often that one of them has the privilege of wearing the single star in active service. The most recent appointment is that of Colonel E. S. Otis, of the Twentieth Infantry, to be Brigadier-General in the place of General W. S. Carlin, recently retired. This is the second time that Colonel Otis's name has been sent to the Senate in nomination for this office.

In Mr. Harrison's administration General Carr, an officer distinguished for his service during the war, and also for his work on the frontier, was promoted from a Colonelcy to a Brigadier-Generalship. Shortly afterwards General Carr was informed that he had been promoted with the understanding that when his forty years of service had expired he would voluntarily retire. According to the law, an officer after this length of service, even though he be not sixty-four years old, may retire or be retired. General Carr did not like this arrangement, to which he had not been a party, and therefore refused to retire. He was peremptorily put on the retired list by President Harrison, and the name of Colonel Otis sent to the Senate in nomination for the vacancy. The Senate did not go into executive session before adjournment, and therefore the nomination was void.

When Mr. Cleveland took office he nominated General Carlin for the vacancy, and Colonel Otis has had to wait almost a year before being obliged to buy a new uniform. Colonel Otis was a gallant soldier during the war, and won advancement, both honorary and actual, for gallant and meritorious services to the battles of Spottsylvania and Chapel House. Though a native of Maryland, he was appointed to the army from New York, and served as Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel of the 140th New York Infantry. He was mustered out of the service in 1866, and then appointed Lieutenant Colonel of the Twenty second Infantry. With this he served till February, 1880, when he became Colonel of the Twentieth Infantry. During the labor riots of 1877 he commanded his regiment in Pennsylvania. Since then he has been mostly in the Northwest, though for two years he was superintendent of the recruiting service in New York.

INTERIOR OF THE TURKISH THEATRE.

IN THE CAIRO STREET

IN THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN VILLAGE.

MISCELLANEOUS GROUP IN FRONT OF DAHOMAN VILLAGE

A BURLESQUE MIDWAY

The novel Entertainment lately given by the Detroit Light-Infantry.—[See Page 1234.]

"LEDYARD, WHO WAS SEATED BESIDE HER, WAS TRYING TO PERSUADE HER TO LEAVE THE TABLE."

HIPPOLYTE.

BY GEORGE BASSETT.

I.

IT was in Paris that I found the valet with whom this little narrative concerns itself—found him there and lost him there; and all so recently that it is almost an indelicacy to talk about him. I had told the *maître d'hôtel* of my club that I was looking for a servant, and he permitted himself to entertain the hope that he might assist monsieur in his search.

"It is only a boy," he said, "but he is a boy with a long head. It is my nephew, monsieur, and my poor brother has not been happy this year. They are working jewellers in the Faubourg St. Denis, and, what with all the cheap trinkets stamped out by the machine these days, there isn't enough work to keep the lad busy at home, and he must find some other trade. He's a good boy, monsieur, and if you try him you will find I'm not wrong when I say he has an old head on young shoulders. But I can't give him a place here in the club. Monsieur can understand that I couldn't do right by him. I'd have to be harder with him than with any of the other pages, or there'd be fusses every night."

Now I had a great respect for the venerable François, and I was sure he could detect the clay from which a good servant might be made. The making, if I took this untried lad, would, however, be my task, not his, and of my own powers in such a direction I had the most profound distrust. But just as my little "no," which is the weakest-sounding word in my vocabulary, was trying to make itself heard, François took my cup of coffee from a footman, placed it on the table, and left me with a discreet air of having sown his seed, and being quite ready trustfully to await its germination. And thus the coffee did its work. There is one short quarter of an hour in every day I live—the quarter of an hour after I know that I have had dinner enough, and before I know that I have had too much dinner, during which the summer calm of contentment lets insidious currents draw me toward what shoals they serve. If a horse has ever turned out badly on my hands, if a bit of money lent has not come back to me again, if a small bet has proved to be an altogether hopeless cast, the horse has been bought, and the money lent, and the bet made, during one of these quarters of an hour. It poisons me, too, the coffee. It's worse than the bread, and the red wine, and the fourth cigar, and all the other forbidden fruits; but for that little quarter of an hour it lulls to sleep every doubt of other men's clear rectitude and of my own sagacity.

The excellent François knew all this, of course. And he was not at all surprised when I told him half an hour later, that the boy could come to see me in the morning.

It was raining when he came, and he seemed to be a mere leaf blown from a curb-stone tree. He was undersized and lean, and his eyes were too close together, and two moustrous ears sprang affrighted from his bushy fox-red hair. But he was very willing; that was all he had to say for himself. And he was ready to show that it was no idle boast. In the one moment during which he had stood before me his volition had fallen helpless before mine, like the fabulous bird at the gaze of the fabulous snake. His whole horizon was bounded by my wishes. His only estimate of what a fair beginner's wage would be was "as monsieur should wish." I don't think he used another phrase than that in all the course of our preliminary interview, except when he gave me to understand that his uncle had sent him to me with an intimation that if he failed to find favor in my eyes he need never hope for another recommendation. And then of course I was helpless. I told him that I would try him for a day or two, in order that we might see how we got on together, and that his first employment would be to help me move from the apartment I then occupied in the rooms I had taken in a hotel for the rest of the Paris season. I stood over him while he packed my boxes, or tried to make myself believe I did. As a matter of fact, I folded all my clothes, with a running commentary on the misuse and abuse of creases, and laid them one upon another with a disquisition on the art of packing trunks just full enough and not too full. When it was all done, and he had said "Oui, monsieur," some hundred times or more, he buckled all the straps, and then I thought the time had come to see what resources he had within himself. "I am going to breakfast now," said I, "and you must fetch an omnibus from the nearest railway station and move my luggage to the hotel, where the concierge will pay the driver, and where you may wait for me."

I met old Ledyard at Paillard's, and before we had finished our mélange I had exposed myself to his unmeasured scorn.

"You are an owl, my dear fellow," said he—"an owl of the Apennines; you will never see your things again. I am glad of it, for they are all abominable, and now perhaps you will let me choose some decent clothes for you, instead of leaping about looking like a fiend of the woods." I bore this abuse meekly, for Ledyard really is one of the best-dressed men in Europe, and his friends are all accustomed to his innocent belief that they look like either book-makers or non-conformist preachers.

"Yes, my poor foolish friend," he continued, "this boy will lose all your atrocious trousers and all your obscene coats, and as soon as we have finished our steak we will go to your hotel, and we will have a fire, and you will give me some whiskey and Vals, and I will win all your money at écarté while you are fussing and fuming because your ragamuffin doesn't appear."

And, as it proved, he did win four games running before one of the hotel people came to the room to tell me that my servant and my luggage had arrived. The man said "the servant of monsieur" with a little look of astonishment, and when Hippolyte—for Hippolyte was his unhappy name—appeared, I forgave the impertinence. He had been by no means a smart looking youth when I first saw him in the morning. His trousers were very much too short, and clung so closely to his lean shanks that they seemed to fade raggedly into the drooping elastic sides of his rusty shoes. His coat was as much too high in the neck as his short collar was too low, and its high waisted skirts were abbreviated in that strange fashion which makes a Frenchman of his class look like some absurd sort of little bird. But now the effects were all heightened. He was dripping with rain; up to his knees the black liquid mud lay as thick as if he had emerged from a bog in the Landes, and from his knees up he resembled one of those ingenious wall ornaments of spatter-work which school girls used to make when I was a boy. But his hat was in his hand, and he waited respectfully for permission to explain himself. I asked him, carefully avoiding Ledyard's eye, if the luggage was all there.

Yes, it was; and he regretted that he could not have had it there two hours, or perhaps even two hours and a half, earlier. But there had been difficulties. It was raining so hard, and so many of the cabmen were on strike, that all the omnibuses at the railway yard had been taken, and he had been obliged to go to the central market and hire one of the small handcarts kept to be let out to the hawkers of fruit, and then to another *loueur* who had booths and tents to let for the suburban fairs, in order to hire a tarpaulin with which to cover the luggage. And on the cart he had pushed his load all the way through the wet streets.

Beaming beneath the rays of monsieur's approbation, he went down stairs to superintend the mounting of the boxes, and then I had my little word back at Ledyard.

"You are no doubt in the right," said I, "when you say that the only good servant is a thoroughly trained English valet, and if you only move from your place in the country to your house in London, he is never at fault, but when you come to meddling about all over the Continent, and sometimes a further shot than that, I am not so sure that I'm an ass to prefer a man who doesn't need to be handcuffed to an interpreter, and who won't be forever telling me that what I ask him to do isn't his work. A fellow like yours would have let those trunks crumble to dust before he would have dreamed of bringing them here himself."

"That's all very well," said Ledyard, "but chaps like that are too clever by half; you may think it's all very funny to pay sixteen guineas a dozen for your beastly *batiste* shirts, and then let a young monkey like that count them for the wash. But you'll be sorry yet that your ever saw his dirty face."

This I did not mind very much, for it is always Ledyard's way to be disagreeable when he has been winning at écarté, in order to disguise his pitiful exultation.

II.

The next morning, when Hippolyte came to draw my curtains and prepare my bath, the contemptible pleasure which every one afflicted with moral cowardice finds in doing and saying amiable things lay smiling in my path. I told him that I thought he had the making of a very good servant in him; and he repeated his little, "Oui, monsieur," tacking to it the rider, "Soyez tranquille, monsieur"—a locution with which I was afterward to become painfully familiar. But it was new to me as yet, and did not jar upon my beatific sense of satisfaction with myself and all the world. Life is, indeed, a series of so trifling joys and sorrows that even now I can recall to my face the serene smile with which I awoke that morning. I had sternly refused my after-dinner cup of coffee the night before. I had only taken one glass of bock and seltzer in the course of the evening, and I had left the club with a few pounds of my friends' loanings in my pocket.

"You cannot, of course," I continued, "expect a very large wage at first; I will give you forty-five francs a month, and I will furnish your clothing of every sort. You will, indeed, be able, if you are thrifty, to put by every sou of your earnings." Hippolyte, with his stereotyped formula of assent and reassurance, gave me to understand that it would be his pride and his joy to avail himself of so magnificent an opportunity to become a capitalist.

"You will," I continued, warming to my subject as I saw that it was a sunny day, and observed that the morning's post had brought me no tiresome letters to answer—"you will be lodged and nourished at my cost. The cost of your washing I will also defray. You will learn all that a gentleman's servant ought to learn, and I hope you will not be an ungrateful as most servants are."

Later in the day I put him by the driver's side on the box-seat of my coupé (an unpretentious but highly respectable

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vehicle supplied by a job-master), and drove off in an enormous emporium distinguished by the sign of the "Belle Jardinière." I had never before entered one of these gigantic outfitters' establishments, and it was not without a certain timidity that I alighted at its glittering portals.

Hippolyte, who had either been seeking enlightenment at the hands of the coachman, or had arrived by his unaided powers of reasoning at some theory of the functions of a servant on the box of a carriage, had leaped to the movement with astounding agility, and stood with uncovered head awaiting my pleasure. He was still in his rags and his bearing combined the dignity of a hungry dog with the elegance of a suburban footpad. At that moment I regarded neither Hippolyte nor myself with contentment nor was I the better pleased when the affable person who received us in the vestibule of the "Belle Jardinière" gave me to understand that he supposed me to be a distinguished father in search of raiment for his son.

I never knew before how cheap clothing could be nor how expeditiously a man could attire himself, if he were not absurdly fastidious about the cut and fit of his garments. Hippolyte certainly was not. His coat and his waistcoat and his trousers and his overcoat and his mackintosh and his cravat and his gloves and his shirts and his collars and his wristbands and his underwear and his hosiery and his boots and his hat and his umbrella were, in his eyes, the most prodigious gifts that fortune could have brought him. He would, I think, have preferred a cravat of some what less sombre hue, and an overcoat of a military cut profusely bedingged seemed to him more desirable than that which I had selected. But he was happy. He failed to see why he should have garments especially designed to be worn when he was in his bed and explained to me that it had always been his habit to wear by night the linen that was no longer immaculate enough to be worn by day. He seemed to think too, that I was unnecessarily lavish in the matter of toilet requisites, but I told him that I was my wish that he should have absolutely nothing at the hotel except what I selected for him, and that I expected him to take his morning bath as regularly as I took mine. It was at the moment when I laid this injunction upon him, and chose for him a travelling-tub, that he probably arrived at the conclusion that I was a well-meaning person of unsound mind. That this was his intelligent generalization I have been convinced by certain of his subsequent methods and achievements.

Within a few weeks, however, Hippolyte had learned, if not to take his bath every morning, at least to put on a look of agreeable freshness with which to begin the day. And he took so evident a pride in keeping himself smart that I let him put away his ready made clothing from the "Belle Jardinière," and had some decent things made for him by a tailor. The great Napoleon is said to have begun to unify his friends and antagonize his marshals from the moment that he first wore an imperial robe bedizzened with his short lived golden bees. And from the moment that Hippolyte perceived himself to have risen to the plane of those who have their clothes adjusted to their persons he entertained a fine scorn for the unhappy wretches who are obliged to adjust their persons to their clothes. With me he was as mild as a May morning. His voice was low and pleasant, and he taught himself a small deprecatory cough, which he executed behind his hand whenever he was overcome by his sense of my surpassing splendor and his own unworth. But I heard him sometimes crying in the waste places for hot water and for towels and other matters, which it in the peculiar province of chambermaids at inns to forget and neglect. Thus he was another Hippolyte, and not a very nice Hippolyte. His face was, indeed, the sort of face that always looks as if it might, were it lifted up disclose a less civilized visage behind it. His father—the working jeweller of the Faubourg St. Honoré—had come one morning to thank me for having taken Hippolyte beneath my magnificent protection, and I knew since then where the lad had found his shifty eyes. I think that with another look in them he used in glare wolfishness at the poor stupid maids of the hotel. His voice I knew, was the snarl of a beast of prey when he pounced them to seek for what I needed. I told him one day that he would find a milder form of exercise equally effective, and much more conducive to his personal popularity.

"*Oui, monsieur. Soyez tranquille monsieur.* Monsieur knows that they are all Prussians, and more stupid than the pegs. When monsieur does not like to be kept waiting for his hot water it is then that they are impossible, these Prussians."

One merit he certainly had, and that was that he was rigorously honest. I hate to have to lock things up, and so for making a pastime of counting the small money in my clothes at night, I should go mad over it. There were always some *billets de banque* in my note-case, and more or less loose gold and silver in my pockets. And I thought it would be wise to make a little test to see whether anything stuck to Hippolyte's fingers when he emptied out my pockets in the morning before he took my clothes to brush. I tried him every now and then by making a laborious count at night, and solemnly noting down my total, and I always found when I made my conquest-on next morning that every sou was there. When one stops to think what temptations such opportunities for petty thieving must present, one marvels that there are any honest servants in the world, and wonders, too, if it is altogether fair to them to try their probity so far.

III.

The cold weather had come now, and I began to make my plans for the South. If I had carried them all out, these projects that I make at every year's end for three months' sojourn in the sunshine, I should have been able by now to write a guide-book to the south of Europe and the Orient. Sometimes I manage to get as far as Algiers, and once or twice I have accomplished a winter stay in Cairo—one of the most delightful places I know—to think about. It is always with a sense of virtue that I contemplate such flights as these. They are almost as heroic as a hunting winter in England. But somehow I always find myself at Monte Carlo before the end of January. I am ashamed of going there, and I make April vows each time that I will not go back again. Not that I lose money there, for I am a cold, half-hearted player, pleased to win a little and never losing much, but because the atmosphere of the place reeks with vulgarity. I play games of chance because the men I know best and like best are always to be found where play is going. But the moment the play ceases to be one of the lesser incidents of life it is abominable. One might as well keep a shop and be done with it as always to be counting money and *jetons*, and think of nothing but gains and losses.

So I resolved to try Algiers again, and put quite out of mind the thought that it was, after all, only thirty six hours across to Marseilles and down to Monaco, if Mustapha proved too wet. And as I was bent upon taking a little run into the desert, I thought it would be well for Hippolyte to learn to sit a horse, in order that he might go with me. I asked him if he would like to take riding-lessons, and he told me that it had always been his heart's most cherished hope that he might some day find a horse between his legs. I made the necessary arrangement at the *manège* where I stable my own hack, and the senior riding-master, who had often seen me trotting around his *piste* when the mornings had been too rainy for the Bois, assured me that he would make a horseman of Hippolyte in the shortest possible time. I was not riding that month, for I am of a slightly arthritic temperament, and I was at the moment suffering from one of my occasional touches of accidental gout—a mere form of rheumatism, but not calculated to promote one's comfort with one's feet in stirrup irons.

Hippolyte was to take his lessons in the early morning, and every day for a fortnight, when he came to wake me, I used to ask him what progress he had made. And every morning he used to tell me that he felt a trifle stiff about the knees, but was learning not to roll about much in the saddle. There even began to be perceptible, after the first week, a hoity fashion in his gait. And one day he came to my room in breeches and leggings, apologizing for having been detained a little later than usual at the *manège*.

"How many lessons have you had?" I asked him. "You ought to have accomplished something by now, and it is only necessary that you should be able to make a journey in the saddle from inn to inn without falling off your horse."

Hippolyte went through a little pantomime of counting his lessons on one hand and the Sundays he had missed upon the other, and announced that he had taken twelve in all, and that he thought he could ride well enough for practical purposes. So I told him that he need not go to the riding school again. A day or two after, my foot was so much better that I told him to lay out my riding things. I noticed as he fastened the straps as my trousers that he seemed ill at ease, and I could not seem to teach him how to slip the spurs into their boxes. I asked him if he were ill and told him that he must not sit up too late at night gossiping with the other servants, for lads of his age needed sleep. And then I drove up to the Rue Chaigrin to take my horse. While I was waiting for him to be saddled, I asked the man behind the *guichet* to let me know how much I owed him for the lessons, and asked if the riding master was satisfied with the progress Hippolyte had made.

"The servant of monsieur has accomplished about as much as a beginner usually does," he replied, "but a gentleman as profoundly versed in the art of equitation as monsieur knows that in only three lessons but little can be done."

"Three lessons?" said I. "But he's had a dozen, hasn't he?"

Just then the bell of the telephone behind his chair attracted his attention, and he begged me to excuse him for a moment while he answered the call. When he had received the message he turned to me again and said:

"I hope monsieur will not let the young man know that I have said what I am about to say, but the truth is that there have been only four lessons, and that the young man has this moment telephoned to me asking that I should disguise from monsieur the fact that there have not been twelve. I regret very much to be obliged to tell monsieur, but I do not see how I can well do otherwise."

"Of course you couldn't, unless you were going to rob me of the price of eight lessons, and leave me to discover in Algiers that the young rogue doesn't know a horse's head from his tail," I replied, for nothing annoys me more than the sneaking way Frenchmen of this class have of trying to shield a servant who has misbehaved. And then I rode down to the Porte Dauphine and turned into the Allée des Poteaux, very much out of humor at this absurd discovery. But it's an old rule of mine never to chide a servant while I am out of temper, and I resolved to say nothing to Hippolyte until the next morning. I think he heard the people at the riding school had not betrayed him, for although his knees shook so that he could hardly pull my boots off when I came in from the Bois, he was as smiling as ever when he dressed me for dinner that night. I was dining in an English house in the Avenue Malakoff, and Ledyard was there. At first I thought I would keep my discomfiture to myself, but I cannot for the life of me resist telling a story that seems to me to be droll, even if it is against me, and by the time fish was served I had made a butt of myself.

"I know it's all very funny," I said to Ledyard, as we drove away from the house, "but it's a nasty business all the same. I have had the young monkey for a couple of months now, and he's begun to learn my ways, and I've really taken a lot of trouble with him, not to speak of what his clothes and all that sort of thing have cost me. I've had him taught to press hats and how to take care of clothes, and I gave a man from my boot-maker's half a louis to spend a whole of one Sunday morning showing him how to do all kinds of boots. And now, after his making a fool of me in this fashion, he'll have no respect for me if I keep him, and he'll think he can play such pranks every day."

"It is a serious business," said Ledyard, "but in the mean time you might give me a light for my cigar."

"It is a serious business, whether you think so or not," I replied. Ledyard is the sort of man who imagines the winds of heaven ought to cease to blow when he has a cold in his head, but thinks nothing of another man's yacht but log the good fellow when you are ill. "It's a very serious business," I continued. "I don't know anything that makes more difference to a man than having a really good valet. The best and quiet and quick and neat, and this boy is small very well to talk about the important events in one's life, your horse at a review that makes you happy or unhappy in the long run. It is the smoothness of every-day life, like having a good digestion, and if I have to break in a new man I shan't dare to look at a glass of Burgundy for a week."

"Of course the boy was an ass," said Ledyard. "It isn't one man in a hundred who would have been fool enough to make a very smart servant of him in no time at all. But horse, and he lied about it, and thought he could pull wool over your eyes, as these beastly little Frenchmen always do when he hadn't been to ride. That was what I should want to be to go at that. What do you want him to ride for, after all? You're not going to Algiers, messing about among a lot of nasty blackamoors. You're coming to Monte Carlo, where I'll be, and where everybody else that is fit to speak to will be. And you want to look sharp about it, too. I'm going in three days, and there won't be a tonneau in this hole a week from now."

And to Monte Carlo I went, taking Hippolyte with me, after rating him well. I told him that he had been an ungrateful scoundrel, and that he had tried to compare with the riding school people to let me pay them money for nothing, and that if he went on in that fashion he could end up by getting into the hands of the police, and having his papers marked, and being ruined for life. And then he wept copiously and declared that he had delighted to learn to ride, and only missed his lessons because he over slept himself in the morning, and had hoped to make them up afterward, and all that sort of thing. And by the time we were on board the Mediterranean Express he was quite happy again, and trying to atone for his faults by doing his work with a dexterity and precision altogether remarkable.

IV.

The sun shone brightly on the flowered terraces of Monte Carlo the morning after my arrival but I had still preserved my lofty tone, and I tried to make myself believe that I had only come in order to take care of old Ledyard, who plays himself into a state of picturesque impecuniosity if there is not some one there to drag him away from the tables when he has made a winning.

"The whole thing," I said to him that night at dinner, "is disgusting. Here's a duke at the next table to us, a great leader of public opinion, and a man who has no right to be in the same room with the worst blackguards in Europe. And there at the very next table is a scoundrel who has been kicked out of every club in London. And those people over in the corner ought to know better than to bring an eighteen year-old girl into such a place. It's a good sound Warwickshire family. I know who they are. And the girl can't look up from her plate without seeing forty women that she must know are wrong. I'm not a straitlaced man, but I call it hideous, Ledyard."

"You've been losing," said Ledyard, "that's what's the matter with you. You're what I call chicken hearted. When you lose, you lose; and when you win, you don't follow it up. And then you hate your dinner because the rooms haven't paid for it, and grow because you are dining at Lambeth Palace. Why shouldn't the duke come here if he wants to? What's the use of being an English duke if you can't do what you please? I call it the finest position in the world, and that's just what makes it so fine. The royalties always have to be thinking what the radical newspapers will find to say about them, but a man like that can do anything in reason. There are lots of men here I wouldn't play cards with; but then I don't have to. And as for the women, they wear smart gowns, and they look pretty and that's all I want to know about 'em. You're old women, that's what you are. You're always thinking about what you're afraid to eat, and what you're afraid to drink, and now you're setting up a moral indigestion as well."

"Monte Carlo wouldn't be worth coming to if the people were all respectable," said Biche Montgoudin, with whom we were dining. "You say it's such a fine thing to be one of your English dukes; and they're certainly better off than our people, most of whom are too poor to come here at all. But it would be no fun for them if everybody in England were a duke. It's just the same way with the other thing. There's no satisfaction in being an honest man if everybody else is as honest as you are. We three men wouldn't set ourselves up as an example to the rising generation in the ordinary way, but we are in this place moral dukes, there are so many others worse than ourselves."

"I don't see it in that light," said I; "the place is a mire of iniquity, and it is only because we fellows have no personal substance that we don't flounder in over our heads, and come to grief. A man who knows how to take care of himself, who knows his way about, as they say, is simply a cool headed chap who has cooled his heart first. He keeps out of trouble just as a dry leaf blows over the surface of the bog. It's your hearty, full blooded youngsters, who take everything seriously, and the moralves most seriously of all, who make fools of themselves."

"Not a bit of it," said Ledyard; "it's the dried up old wretches like you who always come to the most dreadful grief. It's like hunting; you ride a young horse that knows nothing about his work, and he'll jump like a fool, and bird in all sorts of places, but he'll scramble out again, because he's young and quick and has a good heart in him. An old screw like you, who is supposed to be safe because he's too weak to bolt and too sleepy to kick, will peck from sheer laziness, and once he's missed his foot, over he goes almost any effort to recover himself. I'm not a great many years younger than you, but I'm not afraid of anything. Pretty woman that—just come in the door. Who is she Montgoudin? She's never been here before. She looks like an English woman."

"She isn't," replied Montgoudin, who had already been at Monte Carlo for a week, "she's a Viennese. Some women speak to her, and some women don't. She calls herself the Baronne Alixe de Schenwald. But I think that's her maiden name. Her husband was an Italian, and he used to beat her, or she used to beat him, and now he's dead or divorced or something. Lady Dulverton had her over at Cannes the other night, as of course she must be all right. But the Italians make a noise at her. If you want to know all about her, ask old Tourneilli, you're sure to see him over at the rooms to-night, and he'll tell you in a moment."

Before we had finished our cigars, Tourneilli himself, who had been dining on the balcony, walked through the room, and Ledyard beckoned to him. He took a seat at our table, and we asked him about the lady who was said to have beaten her husband.

Montgoudin had not apparently been very accurately informed. The late husband had not been an Italian but an Englishman with an Italian twist to the end of his name, who had made his home in Venice. And there had been a story, of which the opening chapter had followed the preliminary nuptials without the customary interval of a blank page or two. The marriage, which had taken place in Italy had been annulled by the Holy Father, and she had never spent more than two or three fours under her husband's roof. Her father had been an admiral in the Italian navy and she had but a small fortune, with which she was at the present moment playing ducks and drakes at the tables. The elder lady who was with her in the restaurant was an aunt of hers, a sort of unchaired companion and duenna.

"If you ask me," Tourneilli replied, "whether the Baronne is respectable, you leave me no alternative but to re-

ply that she is. I know her very slightly, but if it would amuse you to meet her I think she will permit me to present you. Speaking for myself, I would not put my hand in the fire for her. When a lady who is young and good-looking has made a mess of her marriage, I don't think Monte Carlo is the place for her. But she is received by some of the best England people at Cannes, and they no doubt know more about her than I do."

After we had finished our cigars we went over to the rooms, and when I had lost the modest ten or fifteen louis which I thought a large enough straw to show that the wind did not blow my way that night I went to the next *trente et quarante* table to console myself by observing the misfortunes of my friends. The Baronne and Ledyard were seated at the table side by side, and Tourniellé, who was standing behind her chair, had apparently made them acquainted, for I could see that Ledyard was advising her about her play. With the little flush of excitement in her cheeks and the bright intentness in her eyes, she was much prettier than I had thought her when I saw her in the restaurant. Her face had the peculiar softness which is the characteristic beauty of the Viennese, and she did not look more than two or three and twenty. Her hair, which was of the dull straw-color that one sees oftener on a child's head than on a woman's, lay in graceful undulations—a disposition which never fails to please my eye, and which is, I have been told, to be attained by employing the services of a hair dresser at the cost of some twenty francs a day. She had a little sheaf of five-hundred-franc notes in her hand, and as I took my place among the by-standers at the side of the table opposite to her I saw her put two of them on the red. She lost. Then she staked four notes on the red again. This time she won. And for a number of *coups*, playing sometimes a smaller and sometimes a larger stake, she continually added to her little capital, which was enlarging itself like a ball of soft snow rolling down a hill. I was glad that she was not losing, but, on the whole, I was sorry that I happened to be in the rooms while she was playing.

I watched her snowball accumulate until she had some forty thousand francs before her, and then I saw her waver for a moment. Ledyard was evidently advising her to leave the table. Tourniellé, too, leaned over and said a word in her ear. She had been playing high, for a woman, and the people at her end of the table all looked to see what she was about to do. While she hesitated, the croupier, who had glanced at her, began to deal without any stake of hers upon the table, and it resulted in what is called a *refait*. The cards used for *trente et quarante* are laid upon one line until their pips aggregate thirty-one or more, and then upon the other line. And the red line or the black line which is the total of one or the other happens to least exceed thirty-one. But both may hit upon the point of thirty-one. This is called the *refait*, and when it occurs all the stakes upon the table are, as the phrase is, "put in prison," and must remain where they were until the cards are dealt again. If the color upon which you had played loses this second deal, you lose your stake; and if it wins, you are not paid any profit on your venture, but are only permitted to withdraw your stake which had been thus imprisoned. It is in this law of the game that the advantage of the table lies. Since there is an even chance that you will lose upon the second deal, and since you cannot win, the value of your chance may be said to have been reduced one half by the occurrence of the *refait*. And you are permitted, if you wish to do so, to give the croupier half your stake and withdraw the other half, instead of leaving the whole imprisoned, and waiting for the second deal. The *refait* occurs, it has been computed, once in about every fourteen deals. And yet each player hopes that he will be able to make his little profit before it has appeared. And, obviously enough, if there were not some such recurring advantage for the bank the player, since he is at liberty to increase or decrease his stakes all the way from a *coup* of one louis to a *coup* of six hundred louis, would be sure to win eventually. He may, it is true, by paying to the croupier an insurance of a few francs upon every stake, purchase exemption from the rigors of the *refait*. But the repeated insurance premiums amount in themselves to a considerable loss, and Madame de Schewald had not seen fit to pay this blackmail to the robber *refait*.

And as the *refait* came while the Baronne was still trying to make up her mind what she should stake, the customary sighs and murmurs of vexation and astonishment rose vaguely toward the frescoed ceiling, which ought by now to be stained quite black by all the angry exhalations it has known. Some of the players said "*Parbleu!*" to the croupier, who thereupon confiscated half their stakes, and gave them back the rest. Others, greatly daring, trusted in the hazard of the second deal, which resulted in favor of the black, so that those who had played the black, and had not compromised by giving the croupier half their stake, recovered the whole of it, but without receiving any profit, while those who had staked upon the red, and let their venture wait upon the issue of the second deal, lost. If the Baronne had played this *coup* in pursuance of the haphazard policy she had followed, she might very probably have had her stake upon the red and the happy indecision which had stayed her hand was one of those little favors of fortune which superstitious gamesters especially admire. She rose from the table, and, accompanied by Ledyard Montgoubin, and Tourniellé, made her way through the spectators to a sofa in a corner of the room, where they sat down together to discuss the combat, from which she had borne away the honors and the spoil. I was curious to see how she took her success, and catching Tourniellé's eye, I went over to the corner, and was authorized by him to make my bow to her.

"I am telling Mr. Ledyard," she said, "that he was very kind to show me how to play."

"I can't show you how to play," said Ledyard. "Nobody can do that. All any one can do is help you when you are playing to try to keep you cool, but you were not a bit upset, my dear child, and you were in great luck to stop before that dirty *refait* came."

"It was you who saved me," rejoined the Baronne, with a grateful upward glance at his bald pate. And then Montgoubin and I grinned at each other, while Ledyard pulled out the swaggering ends of his great gray mustaches. For we are always amused when Ledyard adds another to the long list of the women of all ages, nationalities, and previous conditions of servitude each of whom he calls "my dear child," and each of whom thinks he is the most charming old gentleman in the world. There clings to him, I think, some faint aroma of the day when he was one of the greatest dogs in all the Household Cavalry—a day to memory of which some sober dowagers still look askance at him. He is even now as soldierly, fine-looking a man as one could wish to see, and with his hat on looks fifty at the most. But why young ladies who are young enough to be his seventh daughter call him "Bob," and wreathe his door-knob in the Rue Marbeuf with flowers and pots of jam when he is ill, I and I can only suppose that Ledyard's profound belief that women find in a precocious boy to whose innocuous audacity they are amused.

V.

The next day Ledyard took me to tea at Alixe de Schewald's apartments in the Villa Constance, and strutted about talk soon turned upon play, that inexhaustible subject of conversation at Monte Carlo, and the Baronne, who had not been in the rooms that morning, and whose winnings of the night before still remained intact, again thanked Ledyard for having shown her how to make a snowball, for the simple process of letting her winnings lie rose seemed to her a bottomless mine of wealth.

"If you take my advice," I said, "which of course you won't, you will consider yourself uncommonly lucky to be a bit ahead of the tables, and leave it at that. It's as plain as possible that if you go on playing long enough, and the cards run just as will for you as they do for the tables, you will lose every sou you have in the world. At *trente et quarante* the *refait* makes a constant advantage of about three per cent. for the tables. At roulette there are thirty-six numbers on the wheel, and the zero as well, making in all thirty-six chances to one that you will not hit upon the right number. And if you do hit upon it, they only pay you thirty-five times the amount of your stake. So that in the series of thirty-seven shots, if you hit it once, as you might fairly expect to do, you would at the end of the series have lost your stake once. And if, instead of putting your stake on one number, you play upon a combination of chances, which makes it more probable that you will win the rules of the game more than proportionately diminish the return you get. If, for instance, you place your stake astride of two numbers, so as to cover the chance of either turning up, and one of these should win, you will only be paid seventeen times your stake, which makes the odds you receive thirty-seven to one instead of thirty-five. On the whole, the percentage in favor of the bank is larger at roulette than at *trente et quarante*, and the men who play high, and play every season, all play at *trente et quarante*. They make a winning once in a way, which seems enormous if you forget how much they have lost before they make it. But even the three per cent. or three and a half per cent. of the *trente et quarante* tables is hard to fight against. If they made you play with counters instead of money and only said you ninety-seven louis' worth of counters for your hundred louis in money, you would think this discount was a monstrous extortion, and when you remember that the shares of the company sell to-day for five times what they originally cost, notwithstanding the enormous expenses which have to be paid out of the profits of the rooms before a dividend is declared you can't help seeing that it is absurd to play."

"But it is very nice to win," said Madame de Schewald.

"Ask him why he plays if it's so hopeless," said Ledyard.

"I play because I am, like most of the nicest people I know, not so wise as I ought to be. But, on the other hand, I am not as foolish as many of them, because I do not play so high. I shouldn't care to be at Monte Carlo without playing at all. It's the custom of the place, it's in the air. Not to play at all would be like going about in a frock coat and a top hat. One plays because the others play, and if one did not play one would have a cold sense of being an intruder, like a one legged man at a ball. I never lost more than three or four hundred louis in a season. When I begin to lose, I stop; and mine is only milk-and-water play at best. I never staked a maximum in my life."

"I have only been playing for a few days," said the Baronne, "and as I am a winner so far, I think it's all delightful."

"You mustn't be too enthusiastic about it," said Ledyard, "because if you stick to it you'll drop a lot at it some day, and then you'll hate me, and I shall rush madly out and hang myself to a tree on the terrace, and dangle in the moonlight like the chaps you read about in the newspaper."

"It seems to me the most interesting thing I ever saw," said the Baronne. "Of course I've read a lot about Monte Carlo, but when you read in a novel about how a man staked so much and won it, and then staked so much and lost it, it always seems confusing and tiresome. But when you see them play, and when you play yourself, it's wonderful."

"It's cheaper to read about it," said Ledyard. "But most of those fellows who write about Monte Carlo come down here for a week with a tourist's ticket, and live at a little *pension* down Mentone way. They play five-franc pieces at roulette, and they don't know any of the men who really punt. So far as playing goes, the only thing to do is to let your winnings run, and cut short your losses. When you do that you are playing with the bank's money. I haven't missed a season here for more than twenty years, and I don't think there has been a single day in them all when I haven't seen a series of eight or nine blacks or reds in succession, and counted up what I would have won if I had started with a louis and let it double up. It's a lovely set of figures. I rattle them over in my sleep: two, four, eight, sixteen, thirty two, sixty-four, one hundred and twenty-eight, two hundred and fifty six, five hundred and twelve, and then if you win the tenth *coup* you've got a thousand and twenty-four louis, more than a maximum, and have to take your money off and go home. Only ten *coups*, think of it! How I'd love to do it to-night! But it takes an awful lot of pluck to leave it all up. Fancy that tenth *coup*, when you've already won over five hundred louis for the one louis you started with, and you could draw it off if you wanted to. You want to howl with rage if you lose it, and yet if you take it off, and then when the *coup* is played you see that if you had left it on you would have won again you go and hammer your head against the wall."

"I simply couldn't do it," said the Baronne. "I should have to have my hands tied behind me, or I couldn't leave it."

"I've done it two or three times in my life," said Ledyard; "thrown down a louis for luck, when I was standing up behind somebody, and not meaning to play at all and then let it run into a maximum. And then how I swaggered out of the rooms and had a lot of people in dine! But I always say to a young man who asks me about play, 'Never touch a card—never!' I've said it a hundred times. I suppose I've lost in all, forty or fifty thousand pounds playing here—for I used to play like a demon when I was a young ster—and there's nothing in it."

"I suppose it would be better for me not to play any more," said the Baronne. "It's delightful to have won what I have, and I should feel dreadfully if I lost."

"You are quite right," said I, "but you will play never theless. Everybody makes good resolutions, and everybody goes back to the tables."

"Except," said Ledyard, "the man who won a heap of money and then built a big villa up on the hill, where he sits on his balcony all day and pulls faces at the Casino, without ever going near it. But he was one man out of a million."

"And there are people," said I, "who believe that he is an employé of the administration, and that the whole performance was a put-up job to encourage people to believe that it is possible to beat the tables in the long run."

"It is wonderful," said the Baronne, "to think that there are ten millions of francs in the vaults of the Casino, and that the administration could draw on the bankers for as much more if they had to borrow money. Think what one could win in a single day if one only knew beforehand what the *coups* would be."

"It is wonderful," said Ledyard. "And for that matter, I suppose there is hardly any limit to the amount of new capital they could raise if they needed it. But nobody ever has crippled them and nobody ever will. All the stories you hear about men having broken the bank are the merest rubbish. If of course it often happens that the amount of capital with which each table is equipped when the play begins may be exhausted by a run in favor of the punters, but as soon as the croupiers see that their stock is running low, they send a man rushing up stairs to the office for more money. And it has only happened once or twice in the course of all the play I have seen at Monte Carlo that a croupier has been obliged to deal his cards at opa his wheel a little more slowly to gain time until the messenger brings him more money. The administration of the Casino is one of the strongest bodies in the world, and if people only knew more about the inside of its affairs there would not be nearly so many fools ready to lose their money. It is all very well to say that the governments of Europe ought to combine to put a stop to the playing here, but if they could drive a little common sense into the heads of the idiots who come here, that would serve the purpose quite as well. To men like me it really makes very little difference whether they play or not. When we have a bad year here—and the year is almost always bad—we have to deprive ourselves of some of the luxuries we like. But of course there are silly boys—and silly men, too, for that matter—who cripple themselves for life in the course of a single season. And yet, after all, most of the play is harmless enough. The men who play high are nearly all Englishmen and Englishmen who are in the habit of winning and losing large sums over cows and horses at home. It isn't, after all, the big fish who fill the nets of the Casino. The bulk of the money comes from the people who lose four or five louis and then stop. It is wrong and it is immoral, and it is everything you please but still the administration gives you a good deal in exchange for your money if you don't play too high. And as long as they do that I don't know that it's anybody's business how big a profit they make out of it. It is the most beautiful spot in the world, and it was nothing but a bare rock when they took hold of it. Lots of people come here who never play at all, and there is the orchestra and the opera and the gardens and all that for their benefit just the same."

"You know as well as I do, my dear fellow," said I, "that you can talk until you are blue in the face, and you can't make yourself believe, let alone making anybody else believe, that this place isn't a sink of iniquity. It ought to be blown sky high, the whole thing."

"I wonder," said Ledyard, "whether Madame de Schewald has ever heard the story of the man who threatened to blow it sky high. They say it is true, but whether it is or not, it's ingenious. He was the commanding officer of a Russian man-of-war, this chap, and while his ship was at Nice he used to come over here every day and play like mad. He lost a lot of money, and then he began to help himself out of the ship's chest, like the bankers' clerks, and such people, who think they can make good again. Finally he got to the end of the ship's money. He was a man of very good family and all that, and there was nothing for him to do but to write a letter to the navy people at Petersburg, calling himself bad names, and then blow out his brains. But he made up his mind he'd have some fun first, and he got up steam and ran down by Villefranche for drill. When the ship was off Monte Carlo he went ashore in his launch, and marched up to the upper floor of the Casino, where he sent in his card to the chief of the administration. When he got into his office he said:

"'I have lost a lot of money at your beastly game, and I have robbed the ship's chest. I am going to kill myself, but first I am going to make it hot for you people. If you look out of the window you can see my ship lying off the port. My crew are not in the habit of taking questions before they obey orders, and I have had all the shore broadside slit ready. I am going off there now, and I am going to blow your gingerbread building into so many pieces that the crows up on Turkle will be using thousand franc notes to line their nests with. *Je vous salue, monsieur!*'

"And with that he started to walk out of the room. The man grabbed him by his braided coat tails, and begged him to sit down and talk it over. The end of it was they gave him back all he lost, and no one ever heard the story until he had retired from the navy."

"It would have been money in your pocket if he had blown it up Ledyard," said I.

"I don't complain," replied that cheerful philosopher; "as long as I have enough left to pay my hotel bill when I want to leave I am satisfied, and the administration will always lend you your fare home. And now, my dear child, I must be going over to the rooms. It's the best time of the day to play, for all the little pigs that get the seats at the tables and scream with joy when they win tuppence three farthings have gone to their horrid dinners, and I'm going to win a million francs before I dress."

"She's rather an agreeable young person isn't she?" remarked Ledyard, pulling up his shirt collar and tucking in his chin, as we crossed the gardens on our way from the Villa Constance to the rooms.

"She seems to be an excellent listener," I replied. "I may be mistaken, but I don't seem to remember her having found a chance to do anything but say 'yes' or 'no' and gape at you."

"She ought to be uncommonly glad to have the chance, my funny little friend," said Ledyard. "My conversation is always agreeable and entertaining, whereas you sit fooling yourself with tea, and twiddling your thumbs over your poor old stomach like a rhinoceros on a music stool."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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IN THE COLORADO GOLD FIELDS—SKETCHES AT CRIPPLE CREEK.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 1231.]

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THE CHRISTMAS SAVINGS.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

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ANARCHY.

BY PROF. RICHARD T. ELY,

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THE successful treatment of disease requires correct diagnosis. Anarchy is a social disease of a malignant type, and the indignation and horror which properly fill us when we hear of outrages such as those which have taken place recently in Spain and in France—especially the recent explosion of a dynamite bomb in the French Chamber—should not deter us from a calm examination of the peculiarities of this monstrosity. What do these men want who are called anarchists? Why do they so generally propose to attain their ends by violence? How do they justify themselves to themselves in a reckless disregard of human life, which can scarcely be paralleled in the most brutal episodes of modern warfare?

If it is stated that the anarchists, with but few exceptions, desire a co-operative commonwealth in which men shall work together for their mutual advantage, it does not follow that their social programme is necessarily a bad one. They have declared their purpose themselves in these words: "The establishment of a free society based on the co-operative organization of production." This may or may not be practicable, but to strive for this is, at first, at any rate likely to strike one as praiseworthy, rather than blameworthy. Moreover, this is an end which the anarchists have in common with numerous other groups of persons in modern society. Many men whose names we all honor have wished to contribute what they could to the establishment of a free co-operative commonwealth. We do not have, then, in this statement of purposes that which is peculiar to anarchy. We cannot find in it that for which we are searching, namely, an explanation of their awful violence. This must be sought elsewhere.

There are various groups among the anarchists, but they are agreed in one fundamental and most dangerous doctrine, namely, that man has no moral right to exercise authority over his fellows. To the exercise of authority of some sort over other men they trace the social and individual evils of our time. It is authority, they claim, which protects privilege, exploits labor, maintains wage slavery, and stands athwart the pathway which leads to the promised land of plenty and peace secured by co-operation. Men are held by anarchy to be naturally good, and to be restrained from brotherly co-operation by the authority of a few oppressors maintained through church and state. The evil of evils, then, is authority. Even this may not suggest at once its full meaning to the reader. Let him remember, however, what consequences naturally flow from the principle that authority has no ethical or religious basis. Does not government then become simply a combination of individuals exercising force merely for personal advantage? If government has the character of any private combination of strong men to pursue their own advantage to the detriment of others by downright physical force, does not resistance to it become a duty? We are now brought face to face with one of the most serious problems of modern times, namely, the true seat of authority in government and its ethical justification. The anarchist can look upon resistance to government at a particular time at the best as only a question of expediency. You may take the position that it is better to submit to a certain injustice from a pugilist rather than to resist him with your insufficient physical strength. You wish that you had the power and the skill to knock him down, you know that should you punish him as the brutal fellow deserves your conduct would be only praiseworthy. There are anarchists who say that resistance to government at present is folly, because it has no outlook for success; but there are no anarchists, so far as the writer knows, who look upon resistance as morally wrong. It is this refusal to recognize anything but ordinary brute force in government which renders anarchy the most extreme social theory in the world's history, and the most dangerous theory which civilization has ever had to encounter.

The anarchists are natural and avowed social rebels. The disease which we are examining is an old-fashioned one, with an old fashioned name which scarcely seems to have a place in science any longer, namely, sin, and that fundamental sin *rebellion*. It is said that Cain was the first anarchist. But there is a story of an older and far more powerful anarchist, the king of all anarchists, that arch-rebel Satan. This does no injustice to the anarchists, because the founder of modern anarchy Michael Bakounin, delights to honor Satan as a rebel whose conduct, if followed, will lead to universal peace and enjoyment. Satan is called by him "the eternal rebel, the first freethinker, and the emancipator of the world." Bakounin states, moreover, that Satan "makes man ashamed of his bestial ignorance and obedience, he emancipates him, stamps upon his brow the seal of liberty and humanity in urging him to disobey and eat the fruit of knowledge." Adam and Eve are praised for their disobedience. It is stated that they were little better than the animals of other species, but that in Adam and Eve there were two precious faculties, namely, the power to think and the desire to rebel, which were the beginning of human progress.

As the anarchists are rebels against human authority, they are, with perhaps scarcely an exception, rebels against divine authority. The flag which they wave is the flag of atheism and materialism. Voltaire said that if God did not exist it would be necessary to invent Him, because he felt the need of the idea of God as a social force. The anarchists says, however, in the words of Bakounin, "If God existed it would be necessary to abolish Him." The meaning of this is that the source of all authority is God, and it is possible to get authority out of the world only by driving out of the minds of men the idea of God. There is in this perverse statement of the anarchist a profound philosophy. God is indeed the source of authority, as the apostle Paul long ago said, "There is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God." The only solid foundation of authority in human affairs is God; and the anarchist, to break down authority, must endeavor to annihilate the idea of God.

The anarchist then avows that the two fundamental institutions of oppression and slavery are church and state. He calls these the vampires of history nourished upon the blood of millions of oppressed and down trodden men and women. Religion is to him but "a collective insanity."

The "propaganda of deed" is not difficult to explain when we understand the fundamental hypotheses upon which anarchy rests. This propaganda advocates the use of violence by individuals and groups of individuals, either hoping thereby at once to break down authority, or to attract attention to the doctrines of anarchy, while they trust they will receive general recognition as a result of enforced discussion. This "propaganda of deed," which has been accepted by a very large proportion of modern anarchists, although not now perhaps so generally adopted as at one time, originated naturally enough in Russia, where free discussion and reform by persuasion are rendered so difficult by autocratic power. One whose name has an unenviable distinction as the first clear annunciator of the "propaganda of deed" is Netschajew. Some twenty years or more since he framed a "Revolutionary Catechism," in which he describes the revolutionist. Unfortunately space is too limited to permit a full quotation, but a few sentences will give the reader a lively idea of the terrible character of this document:

"The revolutionist despises all dogmas. . . . He knows only one science, namely, destruction. For this purpose, and for this alone, he studies mechanics, physics, chemistry, and possibly also medicine . . . He despises and hates the present social morality in all its leadings. . . . For him there is only one pleasure, one comfort, one recompense—the success of the revolution. . . . He must be ready to die, and equally ready to kill every one with his own hands who hinders him in the attainment of this purpose."

Perhaps nothing more extreme was ever uttered, and such a statement of principles could not count upon anything like universal acceptance among anarchists, even if it may be a logical deduction from their principles. Probably less to day than formerly would it meet with the general approbation of anarchists.

The first impulse is to determine to attach them as wild beasts of society, to exterminate them as enemies of their kind. Yet the first impulse here is not wholly reliable. Looking at the matter thoughtfully, we find it is necessary to make distinctions. The "propaganda of deed" must, in fact, be suppressed. Violence must be punished with severity, public peace must be preserved at all costs. The power of society must be brought to bear upon rebellion and put it down; and society, we may all rest assured, is equal to this task. But this is not sufficient. The philosophy underlying anarchy cannot be rooted out by physical force. Wise thinkers have long recognized that the only cure for a bad philosophy is a good philosophy. We must replace the philosophy of freedom and happiness through rebellion with the philosophy of real freedom and real happiness through obedience. We must learn to recognize the state as something sacred, or else we must be prepared to deal with anarchy as a perpetually increasing force. We must establish upon a firm foundation the right of man to exercise authority over his fellows, showing in what this right originates, what maintains it, and what holds it within desirable limits. Indeed, if government is mere brute force, why should it not be resisted by brute force? Is the policeman's club the beginning and the end of authority? If this is so, what ethical reason can be deduced to show that a stronger than he should not wrest his club from him?

It has been stated that the anarchists themselves recognize God as the source of authority. May we not ask ourselves in all seriousness the question whether modern science has not become too materialistic, and whether we have done wisely in driving out of our political science the idea of God? Shall we, in our economics and politics, shrink from this idea as something unscientific? If so, we must be prepared to accept the consequences. We perceive, therefore, that anarchy is to some extent—indeed, to a very great extent—an ethical and a religious question requiring the attention of the moral teacher and the preacher. Yet there are those who tell us that the preacher should let alone political and social questions, and confine himself to "the simple gospel of Christ," whatever that may mean.

But this question of anarchy is also a question of economics. It is important to add to our ethical and religious teaching a sound political economy, and this political economy will show the impossibility of the attainment of the end proposed by the anarchists by the means which they propose, altogether apart from the ethical nature of these means. The economic impossibility of anarchism is a topic which is worthy of serious treatment.

There are dangers against which we must guard in the present emergency. One of these is that the strength of the anarchists will be over-estimated. They are but a handful of people, and perhaps in a dozen years have not been weaker than they are now. Desertions from their ranks have been numerous, and those who lead other and, relatively at least, sane movements are frequently persons who have turned their backs upon anarchy. The deeds of violence which have occurred recently must not be misunderstood. They represent no general movement whatever. These deeds are not seen to proceed from any of the leaders of the anarchists, and it may be very much doubted whether they represent even a general movement among the few anarchists. Probably the best heads among the anarchists regret them as inexpedient, and it may be found that the individuals here and there who have been guilty of these deeds are half insane.

This recent violence is to be regarded like an epidemic of crime, such as takes place from time to time in different cities, for which a comparatively few individuals are responsible.

Another danger is that society will fail to discriminate between the various social movements, and thus, on the one hand, lose much useful support, and, on the other, by acts of persecution, will tend to drive some to the anarchistic philosophy and practices. The chief discrimination which should be made at the present time is that between socialism and anarchy, which have so recently been confounded. The two are far enough apart, and where the one thrives the other languishes. The most effective force, for example in keeping anarchy out of Germany has been social democracy. And if this social democracy were stronger in Spain, there would be less anarchy there. The abhorrence of the deed of violence in the French Chamber of Deputies expressed by the French socialists is doubtless very sincere and genuine. There is, no doubt, very much to be condemned in social democracy, but this is something different enough from anarchy. It is one of the most useful antagonists of anarchy, because it opposes the social demand of anarchy from a stand-point which the masses can understand. It is something which is to be attacked and overcome by very different methods.

CLOSURE IN THE FIRST SENATE.

BY HENRY HARMON NEILL.

THE United States Senate is now the only important legislative body in the world that has no closure rule. In the Senate alone can a minority theoretically talk a measure to death. The House of Lords is not an exception for its power to defeat a bill, whether by direct vote or by inaction, is reducible to *nil* by a determined Commons. But the Senate's right to defeat legislation is may real and is the Senate the minority's power to prevent legislation a very positively declared and not infrequently exercised.

And during the trying struggle of last summer a large number of Senators, including nearly all the older members, declared against the adoption of a rule providing for the previous question, and the shrewdest and best informed observers at Washington believe the adoption of such a rule impossible. The reasons given are practically all contained in the undoubted fact that Senatorial tradition is respected, and to a certain extent respectable. Senatorial tradition, it is held, forbids the adoption of a closure rule, prohibits any action by a majority of the Senate looking to its adoption so long as a minority, or a single member, desires to speak against it, and especially makes it impossible for the Vice-President to put any question to a vote without the consent of every Senator present.

The last point is most strongly insisted upon, and it based upon constitutional law as well as Senatorial tradition. The Vice-President, as President of the Senate, is held to be a respectable automaton, with no constitutional right to take any part whatever in its proceedings except by its each request. He may decide points of order in first instance, he has a vote if the Senate is tied, he puts a question when asked to do so. A leading Senator has declared that should he attempt to put a question when not asked—say, when a single member out of eighty-eight objected—he would not live to see the result of his violation of tradition, of law, and of the Constitution.

This Senatorial tradition is held, of course, to be as old as the Senate, just as our constitutional law is largely derived from the opinions of the framers of the Constitution. Americans have a respect for the "framers," second only in their respect for the "signers," of the Declaration. Senators share in this with their fellow-citizens, and fix "framers" who also became Senators their respect approaches veneration.

In the Senate of the First Congress of the United States sat nine men who had been "framers," had signed their names to the original draught of the Constitution; they comprised more than one-third of the Senate from April, 1789, to March, 1791. Here, if anywhere, we shall find a firm basis for Senatorial tradition, and the proper interpretation of the Constitution so far as it relates to the rights and duties of the Senate.

The whole case against a closure rule, if it depends upon tradition, falls to the ground when we discover that such a rule existed and was repeatedly made use of in the First Senate. It read as follows:

Rule 7.—In case of a debate becoming tedious, four Senators may call for the question; or the same number may at any time move for the previous question, viz., "Shall the main question now be put?"

This is closure, pure and simple. Four Senators—less than one sixth of the whole number, and less than one-third of a quorum—had power to demand an instant vote as to whether the question before the Senate should be put to a vote forthwith; if a majority so wished the question was voted on and disposed of at once, without further debate.

The proceedings of the Senate in those days were secret. But one of the members, William Maclay of Pennsylvania, minuted its doings from day to day, and his diary has come down to us. It was recently made public, and from it we learn that the previous question was frequently used in the sessions at New York and Philadelphia. Maclay was a fervent anti Federalist, and was usually in the minority. "We used to cavass every subject," he writes, March 2, 1791, "and dispute every inch of Hamilton's systems, and this sometimes detached some of his party from him and defeated him. To prevent this all has been put off until the late moment, and now not a word will be heard. The plea of want of time prevails, and every one that attempts to speak is *silenced with the cry of question*. It was known that I had controverted sundry positions laid down by Hamilton in his report, and had prepared myself on the subject. *It was easy to call the question and silence debate.*"

Equally at variance with modern theories was the practice in the First Senate with regard to the part played by the Vice-President. John Adams took the most active part in the Senate's deliberations. He made at least one speech every day. "The Vice-President, as usual," says Maclay, "made us two or three speeches from the chair," April 25, 1789. "This day (May 12th) the Vice-President gave us no set speech from the chair," and the fact is worth minuting. "I began now to think (May 28th) of what Mr Morris had told me, that it was necessary to make Mr Adams Vice-President to keep him quiet;" but the device was a total failure. One of his speeches took forty minutes to deliver.

Nor did Vice-President Adams hesitate to use his position in the Senate to influence legislation in other ways than by constant argument and speech making. Frequently he strained even the ordinary powers of a presiding officer and on at least one occasion did exactly what it now is vehemently declared impossible. Says Maclay, April 27, 1789, "I made an effort to rise. *The Vice-President hurried the question*, and it was put and carried."

It must be admitted, however, that the Senators were a talkative lot from the first. "I rose," we find Maclay declaring, "more in consequence of a kind of determination that I have adopted of saying something every day than from any fondness of the subject." And there were attempts at what would now be called filibustering in spite of the rules. The existence of the city of Washington is probably due to the first efforts of this kind. The House passed a bill fixing the capital on the Susquehanna in Pennsylvania, and the Senate was favorable to it; but prolonged debate carried the matter over to the second session of Congress, when Hamilton's famous bargain fixed the White House on the Potomac.

"Mr Lyna called," is recorded by Maclay on September 22, 1789. "Told me the design of the Virginians and the Carolina gentlemen was to talk away the time, so that we could not get the bill passed." And the next day, "Every endeavor was made to waste time. Lee, Butler, Grayson refused to go on with the business, as Gunn was absent. Gunn came, and then they wanted to go and see the Indians let off . . . The urge for speaking did not subside . . . There was now a cry for adjournment to see the balloon, and the Senate rose."

(Continued on page 1201.)

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HARPER'S BAZAR, DECEMBER

THE BATTLE

FROM THE PAINTING BY F. S. CHI

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THE SIRENS.

Possession of Potter Palmer.

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(Continued from page 1296.)

Had there been a clear majority for the House bill, however, it would have been put through. But Robert Morris, though a Pennsylvanian, hoped for a site nearer Philadelphia than that proposed, and the opponents of the Potomac could not depend on his vote, which was necessary to make a majority. The record shows that his sectional policy deprived Pennsylvania of the capital city, and also caused the first triumph of filibustering, the first failure of an apparent majority to enforce its will by applying the existing rule for the previous question.

But the record is equally plain that the rule existed, and was often made use of; that Senators were silenced, that the Vice President forced a vote when a Senator was asking for a hearing, and that if John Adams were to-day presiding over a Senate containing such men as John Langdon, Rufus King, William Samuel Johnson, William Paterson, Robert Morris, George Read, Richard Bassett, Pierce Butler, and William Few, he and they would make short work of any alleged Senatorial tradition by which effort was made to prevent a reasonably prompt vote upon a pending measure. The best Senatorial tradition is not against a closure rule, but for it, not in favor of endless debate, but against it.

JOHN TYNDALL.

BY PROFESSOR N. S. SHALER, OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

ALTHOUGH the burden of age, together with the weariness due to a long and peculiarly active life, had for some years withdrawn Professor Tyndall from the public gaze, the news of his death brought sincere sorrow to the English folk of all lands. In our time no other man of the race has by his intellectual qualities and his personality so attracted the people of widely separated countries. His, indeed, was a life which singularly illustrates the wonderful modern growth of interest in the truths of science. This motive he did much to develop. In the time to come to his good work will be attributed much of the change in the attitude of men towards nature, which has been the greatest accomplishment of this century.

When a man has done a great and peculiar work, it is well to consider his origin and nurture. This is a particularly fit task in the case of a naturalist, for all the work of such a man consists in interpreting the origin of things. John Tyndall was born in the little town of Leighlin Bridge, about fifty miles south-west of Dublin, Ireland, in the year 1820. His humble origin is shown by the fact that the precise time of his birth is unknown, and also by the change of his name, which by right was Tyndale. His father, a private in the Irish constabulary, a zealous Protestant, and a man of intelligence, claimed blood relationship with William Tyndale, who rendered the Bible into English, to find his immediate reward in exile, and death at the stake. Like many another kinsman of capacity in science, Tyndall came from the English stock in the Cromwellian period. Of his generation and country we may note Sir William Thomson (now Lord Kelvin), Sir William Rowan Hamilton, Professor Stokes, all of whom have won fame in physics or mathematics.

John Tyndall had his boyhood schooling under a teacher who laid for him a foundation of mathematics, and thus shaped his subsequent career. At sixteen years of age he found a place in a corps of the ordnance survey of Ireland, where his readiness in computations, a capacity for dealing with instruments, and a great liking for hard work brought him fair advancement. After a few years of this service there came a new branch of employment in surveying for the railways, which were so numerously projected that every man in the kingdom who could be trusted with a theodolite commanded high wages. A year or two of such well-paid work put the penniless youth in possession of some little money, and the occupation threw him in contact with a number of able men, who enriched his life by turning him towards experimental science.

In 1847 he began his long career as a teacher in Queenwood College, Hampshire, also known as Harmony Hall, that curious venture of the speculative reformer Robert Owen, where the millennium was to begin. This concern, like the other schemes of Owen, soon came to failure, but it served Tyndall well, for it brought him into relations with Dr. Frankland, who was employed as instructor in physical science in the school, with him he laid the foundation of his higher education. These young enthusiasts soon wearied of the trains of Harmony Hall. As surveyor and pedagogue Tyndall had managed to save about three hundred pounds. He determined to extend his training as a physicist by resorting to the University of Marburg, where Bunsen was lending the advance of such learning. For Tyndall there could have been no more fitting master, for Bunsen was not only a jealous maker in science, but he endeared his pupils to him by his admirable qualities of heart. To him and to Knoblauch he alike owed much; the one started him in his inquiries concerning electro-chemistry, and the other supplied the seed from which in time grew the researches in radiant heat. With Knoblauch also he began those interesting researches in the phenomena of diamagnetism which first made his name widely known among naturalists. The subject was one which had proved peculiarly baffling even to Faraday, and the fact that Tyndall soon led in the inquiries concerning it affirmed his place among the young men of science.

In 1853 Tyndall was invited to deliver a lecture before the Royal Institution in London. The eminent success of this effort, which showed for the first time his remarkable power of interesting the public in recondite questions of science, led almost at once to his election as Professor of Natural Philosophy of that establishment, and determined his subsequent career in a way which was not altogether fortunate for his truly scientific work in that it required him to act as professorial popularizer. This institution is in a sense the complement of our Smithsonian, but it seeks by public lectures to effect the diffusion of learning, which is better attained by Smithson's foundation by other and wider-reaching means.*

In the Royal Institution Tyndall found a chance to develop that side of his nature to which his great abilities as an orator and an experimenter instinctively led him. Henceforth his work, though it almost always showed the capacity for deep research which was indicated by his writings on diamagnetism and radiant heat, was guided by the need of making an effective public showing, such as would keep up the interest of the people, on which the institution had to rely for support. His predecessors, Davy and Faraday, suffered less from this temptation to discursiveness, perhaps for the reason that they were by nature less sympathetic, less inclined to live in the applause of the masses. To Tyndall the opportunity was too attractive to be passed by, for the rest of his life his days were, in the main, dedicated to the education and inspiration of the public.

Looking back over the vast array of his achievements between 1853 and 1893, wherein we can note a beautiful combination of the motive of pure research with that of clear exposition in a form to attract the people, we cannot but feel that his life was perhaps better bestowed in this work, which gave to laymen an enabling conception of nature, than if it had been altogether devoted to learned inquiries. This range and scope of his quick-changing interests can only be conceived by those who have followed his writings. The dust and the Alps alike commanded his ever-vigilant attention. Although not by nature a controversialist, he had enough of the Irish humor to enjoy a fight for its own sake, discretion. Thus about twenty years ago he put forth the preposterous suggestion that the efficacy of prayer be made the subject of scientific experiment. This rude assault on faith does not seem to have been due to irreverence, but to a momentary desire to revenge himself for the assaults which some clerical people had made upon him. In a like undisciplined way the last years of his life were troubled by a rancorous hatred of Mr. Gladstone—a feeling which was expressed with a singular fervor, and with little regard to the fitness of things. In these excesses we see as clearly as in his accomplishments that intensity and directness of purpose which gave value to his work.

The people of the United States have good reason to remember the visit which Professor Tyndall paid to them in 1872. The lectures which he delivered in various cities were deservedly the most successful that have ever been given by a man of science. It was characteristic of them that they often dwelt on the importance of considering science for its own sake, without reference to the money gains which it may afford. Many another of those who have come to us from foreign parts has felt called on to give a warning against the utilitarian spirit which, for some reason not quite clear, is supposed to be peculiarly rife in this country, but Tyndall alone pointed the moral of his good advice by setting aside the profits of his lectures to found three scholarships, which are now held by the universities of Harvard, Columbia, and Pennsylvania. The principal of these funds, now amounting to about $30,000, suffices for the maintenance of students engaged in the study of physical science. They are, indeed, a unique and fitting memorial of a large and single natured man.

While Tyndall may not be reckoned among the foremost of the great students of nature whose names will ever be the glory of the Victorian age, as are those of the poets of the Elizabethan, his fame will endure. He has a large and well earned place in among those who have advanced our knowledge of nature, he is clearly the leader of them all in the difficult art of interpreting those truths to the people.

* It is a curious and interesting fact, one of the many which show the close relation between the English on either side of the Atlantic, that the Royal Institution was founded by an American, Benjamin Thompson (Count Rumford), whose gift was in a way balanced by that of the scholarly though unhappy Smithson, who gave his income to found an institution of learning in a land which he had never seen.

TRAINED ANIMALS AT TATTERSALLS.*

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

IF you want to find out what is the life history of expert modern animal-trainers, you will find that they were all born, so to speak, in the kindness, generally they have been animal collectors. In this calling they become familiar with the ways and manners of the great felines. A man with all his faculties sharpened must understand intuitively what even the facial movement of a lion or tiger may mean. If the man blunders and cannot interpret what he sees in pantomime, the penalty may be a bad bite or a mangled trainer. Trainers must possess cool courage without impetuousness, and an everlasting patience.

The modern and best school of animal training is the one shown by the Hagenbeck company, for the subjugation of the wild creatures is positively due to kindness. The animals are not intimidated. There may be an inclination on the part of a lion to be bad-tempered at times, and, as far as animal traits go, there never were sounder lines written than

"Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For God hath made them so."

But these little tempests are soon pacified. Bad mannered beasts are persuaded to be good and to keep good. It is not wise to give too much credit to a lion for brains. A dog has brains, and with it a sincere affection for his master, but it is the only animal that has this beautiful trait. Others of the lower creation show some gratitude, but in the sense of favors yet to come. Trainers generally acknowledge that lionesses and tigresses have more intelligence than the males. The females learn how to do things more quickly, but—there is a but—their instructors add, they show more malice.

The difference of cleverness is notably shown in this exhibition when Helena, a lioness, is introduced by Mr. Penje. She rides a pony, and while in motion springs from the pony's back to a perch, then has to jump down and take her ride again. It was delightful to see how lightly Helena took her up-jump, and, when in place, lolled in a nonchalant way, waiting for the return of the pony. She took a leisure look at the little horse, and accomplished her light spring just at the exact time. She knew all about it, and seemed to like it. When Mr. Philadelphia induced his lion, Black Prince, to go through the same performance, he showed surprisingness. He didn't jump because he liked it, he had no high aspirations for art, and maybe if he had had a chance would have cuffed supple Helena for being the ballerina of the staid Leo family. Four hundred or more of pounds of lion heaped on a horse's back would seem like something heavy enough to stagger any circus courser, but the animated automaton comes down without a shock, so marvellous are feline muscular adaptations.

Any one familiar with theatrical settings knows how difficult it is to assign to a dozen men and women their exact positions on the stage when a tableau is wanted. Such trouble must be augmented thousands of times when wild animals are to be posed. Here is Mr. Mehrman, who puts in precise position two tigers, four lions, two leopards, two black bears, and a polar bear, not counting six bear hounds. The dogs are aids; they require no prompting; they are letter perfect.

Up to where the polar bear, and the way he heaves himself gives one an idea of how he would scale an iceberg. It is simply superb to see how these animals form a pyramid. They are as motionless as stuffed animals. They look like some vast furriers sign, only it is the flash of their green eyes that assures you that the brutes are very much alive.

It is when all the animals are on the full romp, the trainer in with them, apparently quite indifferent as to what may turn up, that the science of animal training is brought up to its highest expression. It is a school dismissed, and there are no rules. Little animal idiosyncrasies are here visible. There is the leopard. The hearty lions have bounced out first, and glad to go. The leopard lingers. He is not so amiable. He wants no friends. He sneaks out the last of them. He may like a dog, but that dog would be more to his taste if in portions.

One lovely beast is the Tibetan bear. Nature made him for a fop. He wears a beautiful black coat, which wrinkles fashionably. He has on a natural white shirt bosom. As he teeters along in a mincing gait he is the personification of a little swell, and only wants a chrysanthemum flower to be perfect in get up. He squares his shoulders, holds his arms in the approved "Cholley" style. This bear is a clever trickster, and walks on the hall and on the narrow edge of a plank. There is another bear, the Sloth (*Ursus labiatus*), who performs, but Mr. Mehrman tells me that he has had more bites from this Indian bear than from any other animal he has trained.

Pig nature is not obdurate, and there is an amusing clown who shows up three Russians all estimable boars. In Harper's WEEKLY of some three years ago Professor Darling and his lions formed a topic. Since that time what were his cubs here grown to be big lions. It is somewhat of a task now for Professor Darling, Mlle. Ida, to tuck a 500-pound lion under his arm and walk away with him, but, indifferent to increase of bulk, the trainer does it just as neatly as ever.

The animals have vastly improved in size, condition, and are just as amenable to reason as of yore. It is a wonderful exhibition of confidence when Darling makes a bed of a mass of lions, reclining on a mattress stuffed with long fangs and sharp claws. The entire performance was artistically arranged, and there were no failures.

"Why," asked Mr. Church, as we saw the animals at supper in the greenroom—"why has man so shamefully neglected the capabilities of these lions and tigers? Think of what a chaperon a lioness would be for a modern fashionable débutante—say a Una!"

Then a practical person, possibly a purveyor of food in the Hagenbeck employ, gave the proper answer. "It's a question of beef, Mr. Church. We find that for keeping a lion in good condition one pound of beef is worth two of horse."

"The survival of the fittest, then," said Mr. Church, who will keep intruding on any literary ground, "is purely a beef question. The solution is a brutal one." The artist was staring in the splendidly face of a lion, and was talking to Mr. Darling's Brutus.

As we left Tattersalls' the artist cheered up. Said he, "I have found at last the brute in that lovely story of 'Beauty and the Beast.' It never could have been anybody else than the Tibetan bear. He is elegant down to the ground."

THE COLORADO GOLD FIELDS.

THE popular theory among the miners that a camp will be a success only after it heralds its third murder assures the brilliant future of the Cripple Creek gold fields of Colorado.

Although the actual life of this gold camp dates back but a trifle over a year, the required murder record has been passed, and now it is sobering down to prove its boast of developing into the greatest gold camp in the West.

The interest Cripple Creek has aroused in the United States and abroad is due, after its phenomenal worth, to the fact that with the closing of the principal silver mines in Leadville, Aspen, and other silver-producing points hundreds of miners flocked in these mountains in El Paso County, on which they have pitched their tents, and pitted the country for miles about with prospecting scars.

About sixteen months ago, where to-day stand the camps of Poverty Gulch, Victor, Pharmacy, and Squaw Gulch—all forming Cripple Creek, proper—was a vast grazing plain. The story runs that a "cow punches," while rounding up cattle, picked up several stones to throw at a straying steer. He was attracted by the formation of the stone, and when it was assayed it gave a value of $4800 to the ton. That was only a few months ago, to-day one of the principal mines is picking ore which runs close to $20,000 a ton.

The people of the Cripple Creek camp talk only in thousands above the ten figure, and at night, when they centre from the hills in the hotel lobby, the noise and bustle would do credit to the New York Stock Exchange. Miners, cowboys, gamblers, English lords, and German counts meet on a common plane in the barter and sale of nature's most precious metal. Cripple Creek is well equipped with the typical mining dance-hall and gambling-saloon. Its inhabitants are taken from almost every walk of life and are arrayed in mining costume, topped off with the cow-boy felt hat and top-boots, with a liberal showing of guns. Still, withal the camp is far above the average.

The town's elevation is about 10,000 feet above the sea, about the same altitude as Leadville; it is eighteen miles from the railroad. The trip from Divide to Cripple Creek is over a mountainous road, and is made by the picturesque old Concord coach, whose driver is always equipped and ready for a "hold up."

Among the principal and stronger mines of the camp are the Anaconda, Buena Vista, Raven, Victor, Zenobia and Pharmacist. The main stamp mill is the Rosebud, which has been erected at a cost of $100,000.

Cripple Creek is very young; it is gold-mad, and its disease is contagious.

HENRY RUSSELL WRAY.

THE NEW AMERICAN LINERS.

It is very generally known that there are now building at the William Cramp & Sons' Ship and Engine Building Company's yard on the Delaware two mail passenger steamers for the American Line. They are to be named the *St. Louis* and the *St. Paul*. Not only a local but a national interest is felt in these vessels, as they are the first transatlantic passenger steamers to be built in the United States for a period of over twenty years, and they will be compared with the most recent productions of the British ship builders, which represent the culmination of their skill and experience.

They are to be the largest vessels ever constructed in America, the dimensions being 534 feet long on the waterline, 63 feet wide and 42 feet deep. The gross register tonnage will be about 11,000 tons, or considerably larger than the *New York* and *Paris*. Plans are being made for three other ships, that are to exceed in every particular the famous *Lucania* and *Campania*.

The propulsion of the *St. Louis* and *St. Paul* will be by twin screws, actuated by two quadruple expansion engines on four cranks, which, with steam at 200 pounds pressure,

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THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES IN SESSION.—Drawn by E. V. Nadherny.—[See Page 1226.]
The Scene of the recent Bomb Throwing

will develop about 20,000 collective indicated horse power. To support the outboard shaft bearings the hull is built out in a horizontal web to a steel frame, having bath bosses cast in one piece, and weighing about 60,000 pounds. This is one of the largest steel castings ever made in this country.

In designing these ships special attention has been given to the question of safety under all conditions. They are so subdivided by transverse bulkheads that even in the event of a collision and injury to a bulkhead, whereby two compartments might fill with water, the ship would still float in perfect safety.

Arrangements have been made in each of the vessels for carrying about 320 first-class and 175 second-class passengers, and 900 emigrants.

The first class passengers will occupy the centre of the vessel, the second class will be between the stern and centre, and the emigrants will occupy the ends of the vessel.

The main saloon, which is large enough to seat all the first class passengers at once, will be on the upper deck forward and will be arranged with a large dome in the middle so that the appearance of the interior will be that of an immense dining hall in a hotel.

The second class saloon will also be on the upper deck, but towards the after end, and will be fitted up in the ordinary style of a first-class saloon in an Atlantic liner.

The first class smoking room will be on the promenade deck aft, and will be furnished with everything that experience has taught contributes to the comfort of the passengers. These are the largest rooms in the ship, and will themselves be as big as a good sized ship.

Besides these, there will be a library and a drawing room, where the ladies and non-smokers may amuse themselves.

One of the most popular features on the *New York* and *Paris*, the arrangement of suites, consisting of a bedroom, sitting room, and bath room, has been elaborated, and there are ten of these on the promenade-deck of these vessels.

These vessels have been specially arranged so as to be readily and quickly convertible into armed cruisers carrying eight 6-inch rapid-fire guns, and the condition of the mail contract between the government and the International Navigation Company place at the disposal of the navy these great ships, almost instantly convertible into commerce-destroyers averaging greater performance than the *Columbia* and *Minneapolis*, which, with the three others that are to follow as quickly as the plans can be completed, will practically re-enforce the navy by $21,000,000 worth of ships, and that not only without cost of building, but also without the expense of maintenance and commission in time of peace.

In conclusion it may be said that these ships will be American from truck to keelson. No foreign material enter into their construction. They are of American model and design, of American material, and are built by American skill and muscle.

THE AMERICAN LINER "ST. LOUIS."—Drawn by F. Cresson Schell.
Now Building at the Cramp Ship-Yards.

THE TRAINED ANIMALS AT TATTERSALLS.—Drawn by F. S. Church.—[See Page 1231.]

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THIS BUSY WORLD

The *Evening Post* having commended Mayor Bancroft of Cambridge, as a man who had done some things well, a paragraph in this department of the WEEKLY reminded the *Post* that Bancroft in his day had been a Harvard athlete of the highest renown. It was a disgusting coincidence and one which shows how little consideration the *Post* has for anybody's feelings, that on the day that that issue of the WEEKLY appeared the *Post* should have published a paragraph mentioning Mr Bancroft's athletic achievements, and quoting him as declaring himself to be "opposed to all intercollegiate games" on the ground that "they distract from the purpose for which young men are sent to college."

The most available retort seems to be to point out that Mr Bancroft is kicking over the ladder by which he rose. The qualities that made him invaluable to Harvard's rowing interests while he was in college seem to be the same qualities that have made him successful ever since. In his management of the Harvard crew he showed executive ability, the power of grasping a situation, of applying principles to facts and of making men do what he wanted them to. He graduated from college with a great reputation as a successful captain of Harvard crews, and as a resolute man who could win victories. He studied law and settled in Cambridge. His reputation there, it is generally understood, was made as an officer of a militia regiment (of which he eventually became colonel), as manager of a street railroad company, and more recently as Mayor of Cambridge. Is it unreasonable to suspect that his hard work and heavy responsibility as manager of Harvard athletics was a more valuable training to Mayor Bancroft than he seems to think? His later development has been in great measure on the same general lines as his athletic labors in college. He was useful as an oarsman, not so much because of his brawn as of his brains and character. He has spent in his day a great deal of time over intercollegiate contests. Perhaps he and the *Post* regard that time as wasted, but to the impartial observer his record hardly bears out that opinion.

Writing upon woman suffrage, Professor Goldwin Smith permits himself to doubt the extent of a settled belief in "coeducation," and wants to know what would be said to a young man who in the name of that principle applied for admission at the door of any female college. It is a pity that some independent youth with strong convictions and a sense of humor should not try it. If Captain Waters, of the Harvard Football Team, emulating the example of Achilles, were to pound for admission upon the outer oak of the new Radcliff College, it would be interesting to know whether he would get in, and if not what reasons would be given for denying him entrance. If he got in it would be a salutary retreat for him, where his game leg might get the repose that it is said to need and where his studies might go on without much change of instructors. Even if he were told that Radcliff did not believe in or covet coeducation, the attempt would not have been in vain, since at least it would have yielded a precedent, and possibly some arguments which might be used in the defence of some coy male college from the approaches of ambitious young females. The University of Rochester, beset by believers in woman's rights, abetted and cheered on by Miss Anthony herself, is only one of many beleaguered institutions that would welcome such relief as a countercharge by some bold young man on some stronghold of femininity would bring them.

One of the things that not even the newspaper readers know is how much the masters of thought and the mistresses of song get for the testimonials which they publish to the merits of Jones's nerve tonic and Jenkins's balm for the complexion. In the same category of information not had belong the facts as to the degree of remuneration which is effectual in overcoming the natural reluctance of popular contemporary writers to have their portraits appended to the newspaper advertisements of their impending stories. Apparently in these days they all submit to it. Dr Hale, Mr Howells, Mr Stockton, Mark Twain, Mrs Burnett, Miss French—portraits of all of them, and of almost all the rest, have become almost as familiar to the readers of newspaper advertisements as the illustration that gives point to the legend "See that hump?" Whatever the *Evening Post* may say about the impropriety of having one's picture published in such a way, nothing worse is going to be said about it here than that it clearly entitles its victim to special pay over and above what he gets for his literary work. If you hire a man to burn the meeting-house pay him what the job is worth. But if he is caught, and clapped in the stocks, and put on exhibition before the public as the guilty man, pay him something extra. It is not fair that he should be a spectacle for nothing.

And apropos of advertisements, there was a most amusing column of testimonials in a recent issue of one of the New York Sunday papers. A dozen brief but candid letters avouched the efficacy of a patent remedy for reducing the obesity of fat women. Among the writers were a Mrs Winthrop, a Miss Van Rensselaer, a Miss Havemeyer, a Mrs Lorillard, a Mrs Livingston, and a Miss Goelet (*sic*). The letters were dated, some from fashionable hotels, such as the Waldorf, some simply from Fifth Avenue, and one from Newport. Inasmuch as it is incredible that the fat women of New York's moneyed aristocracy should contribute patent-medicine puffs for newspaper publication, the conclusion is all but irresistible that the letters are simply striking specimens of the advertiser's art, and that the names appended to them simply attest the homage paid by business enterprise to fashion.

Mr Walter Besant knows of these six reasons why women work at men's tasks: Because their intellectual activity will not let them rest at home, because they must earn money somehow, because they want a little more money to spend, because they have taken up a cause; because they want to show that they are as good as men, and because their lives are so deadly dull that they want a change. The only reason of the lot that he commends is the first one. A woman such as George Eliot, he thinks, should have her head, and write, study, or practise anything she will, and be happy in so doing. The second reason—the need of money—seems a fairly good excuse, but he does not commend it, since he thinks that women who have to work for a living miss the life they would prefer, and which he covets for them. All the other reasons he seems to condemn; and yet if a woman whose life is empty can find a job that interests her, it seems a large sacrifice to demand of her that she shall withhold her hands from it and let it go to some man. There is much reasonableness in Mr Besant's general argument that for women to compete in the labor market with men tends to detrimental results to both sexes. But when his general law comes to be applied, like many other laws, it makes hard cases. So long however as the world abounds in males who are only too glad to have their women folks do all the work they can, it is just as well that the other side should at least have one doughty champion.

Much horror has been excited by the report that this year in Great Britain there have been twenty-three fatal accidents in football games. There have been several deaths in this country from the same cause, which have also excited profound reprobation. It makes a great difference in our sentiments about a violent death whether we are used to the form of it or not. The trolley, steam, and cable cars keep up a constant succession of homicides, but we have grown accustomed to that and do not mind it. A curious kind of fatality was the subject of a recent letter to a London newspaper. The writer reported that within a week in London three servants had fallen from windows which they were cleaning, two of them being killed, and the other very badly hurt. The letter-writer gave the Registrar-General's return as his authority for the statement that "nearly one hundred deaths occur every year caused by sitting or standing outside of windows to clean or repair them." Besides the deaths, there were, of course, a large number of injuries not fatal from the same cause. It would seem, therefore, that the damage done to British humanity by the boisterous game of football, in which thousands engage, is almost insignificant compared with that due to the humble and unexciting occupation of cleaning windows. The price of modern civilization is high both in lives and in money. It is only when we get a new amusement or a new convenience that we get a realizing sense of what it costs.

Reviewing a book called *Adventures in Mashonaland*, the London *Times* remarks: "The authors relate some appalling lion stories. Once the township and camp of Umtali was fairly 'stuck up'—to use an American phrase—by these animals." "Stuck up" means inflated with pride or vanity. What there was in the propinquity of a lot of lions for the township of Umtali to be stuck up about is something that it will puzzle the American reader to determine. To be encompassed by lions and not eaten is matter for thankfulness rather than pride.

The *Times* is amusing again in a paragraph communicated before election by its American correspondent, wherein the said correspondent sets forth the iniquities of Judge Maynard, who, he says, "in his present judicial position has generally decided all political cases brought before him as Senator Hill desired."

A most interesting development of British paternalism in India is the government farthing packet of quinine. The average duration of life in India is twenty-four years, as against nearly forty-four years in England. The main cause of the difference is the prevalence in India of malarial fevers. Quinine is the specific for malaria, and the government of India determined thirty years ago to make it cheap and abundant. To that end it established cinchona plantations, which passed through many vicissitudes, and have at length so far succeeded as to make it possible to offer the population of Bengal quinine put up in five-grain doses at one pice (a farthing) a dose. The quinine put up in five-grain packets, stamped with the royal arms, is sold at all the post-offices in Bengal, and the demand for it, increasing month by month, in the month of September reached 120,000 packets. This amount is in addition to what is served out to crowds of fever patients at the village and district dispensaries, and represents, says a correspondent, only a small proportion of the relief which before long will be rendered available to the population of India as a whole.

E. S. MARTIN.

A BURLESQUE MIDWAY.

The World's Columbian Exposition was expected to produce many beneficial results in this country and the world at large. An evidence that these expectations are being realized is the fact that it has given rise to an entirely novel and exceedingly attractive form of entertainment. The credit for its invention and successful carrying out in the first instance is due to the members of the Detroit Light Infantry, which is the crack military organization of Michigan, comprising companies B and H of the Fourth Infantry, Michigan State Troops.

"On the Midway" was the title given to the entertainment, which consisted in turning the spacious armory of the organization into a miniature Midway Plaisance and in giving burlesque performances of the shows of its famous prototype. The Cairo Street, the Indian, the Dahomean, and the Javanese villages, the Turkish Theatre and Old Vienna, were among the many attractions presented, and additional interest was given by the fact that all the performers and participants, including even the stalwart Amazons of the "International Costume Exhibit and World's Congress of Beauty," were "local talent," the Detroit Light Infantry not having allowed such slight impediments as sex and race to stand in the way of their resolve to confine the entire management and operation of the exhibition exclusively to members of the organization.

Even the Ferris Wheel was of home manufacture. It stood in the centre of the drill hall, and had a carrying capacity of sixteen persons, lifting them in turn to the dizzy height of twenty-eight feet from the floor.

"On the Midway" was a great success. The scenic effects had been planned with skill and care, and the draperies and hangings were rich and had been arranged with much good taste. The performers entered into the spirit of their parts with zest, and if the performance of the Dahomans smacked rather of the minstrel stage than of the jungle, and if the "Pride of the Harem" sang musical hall ditties in a rich barytone voice, they only served to show the powerful effect of American civilization alike on the untutored savage and the effete Oriental.

The exhibition kept open for a week, and resulted in netting a large sum to the organization, in addition to which the receipts of the last evening were divided among four deserving charities. The pictures on page 1220, taken from flash-light photographs, give a very good idea of the general arrangement and design of this militia "Midway." This sort of entertainment is particularly well suited to national guard organizations throughout the country, and already a host of imitators is springing up. At Cleveland, Cincinnati, Saginaw, and Ann Arbor similar "Midways" are in course of preparation, and promise great fun to the promoters and to the people who go to see them. Everybody either has seen the World's Fair or has not. The beauty of the entertainment is that it appeals forcibly to both classes. Those who have not been will be attracted to the armory "Midways" to get an idea of what the real thing was like, and those who have been to the fair will go to enjoy the take-offs of the sights and scenes with which they are so familiar.

WINNIE.

A ROMANCE IN VERSE.

WHEN Winnie steps out ter de stable
  You never would know—'less you knowed
Dat she had been, sence she was able
Ter reach on tiptoe at the table,
  De biggest humbugger dat growed.

'Caze me, I been riz up wid Winnie—
  I'se talkin' 'bout dat what *I know*.
I'd have ter be wuss 'n a ninny
Ef I could forgit all de shiany
  An' shtuins* we played long ago.

When she warn't no bigger 'n a minute
  I follered 'er roun' like a pup;
We'd sneak ter de creek and wade in it—
She'd tuck up 'er frock, an' I'd pin it,
  An' dat's des de way we growed up.

Why, onect, when she tromped on a briar,
  'Way down by de gin-wagon track,
I stepped in de bramble right by 'ar,
Wid my foots a-stingin' like fire,
  An' toted 'er home on my back.

Of co'se I was des like 'er brother
  (I'm fetchin' dis up des fur proofs).
We could a' sot down close together,
An' pulled out de thorns for each other,
  Excep'n' dat one had front tools.

An' so she halt on ter my shoulder,
  An' talked 'er sweet talk in my ear;
Let on dat she liked me ter hold 'er,
An' all such as dat, tell I told 'er—
  Well, 'tain't no use tellin' it here.

But when we got down ter de open,
  Instid o' me cross-cuttin' short,
I tuck de long road, an' it slopin',
An' limped all de way, des a-hopin'
  She'd 'preshiate me like she ought.

But after me packin' 'er keerful,
  An' settin' 'er down at 'er do',
Instid o' her thankin' me cheerful,
De way she cut up was des fearful.
  She slid f'um my back ter de flo',

An' '*fo'* I could gether my senses
  Dat gal she was dancin' a jig;
She des had been makin' pertences!
An' here I had clumb over fences
  Wid her—an' she weighed like a pig.

Of co'se dis was whiles we was chillen,
  But when we growed up it was muss;
De way she'd pervoke me was *killin'*,
Tell sometimes I'd feel like a villain,
  An', Lord, but I'd in'ardly cuss!

She'd ax me ter tote 'er pail for 'er,
  An' walk by my side, an' she'd laugh,
An' tell me some joy or some sorrer
Dat fretted 'er min'. Den to-morrer
  She'd git me ter hol' off de calf

While Pete, a big boy dat I hated,
  Would come an' stan' clost by 'er side
An' stiddy de cow, while I waited
'Way off 'crost de yard, so frustrated
  Dat some days I purty nigh cried.

Dey wasn't no principle in 'er,
  Come down ter sech doin's as dat,
'Caze Pete was a miser'ble sinner,
An' 'cep' I was littler an' thinner,
  Some days I'd o' laid 'im out flat!

Well, sir, dat's de way Winnie acted—
  She fooled me straight thoo all my life;
An' when she had got me *clair 'stracted*,
Tell *I run at Pete*, an' *got whacked*,
  She turned roun', an'—well, she's my wife.

My 'spe'unce wid Peter was bitter,
  But sometimes it pays ter git hit;
'Caze Winnie's a curious critter,
An' 'cep' I had resked all ter git 'er,
  I'd be holdin' off de calf yit.

RUTH MCENERY STUART.

* Marbles.

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THE BARBED-WIRE FENCE.

A PROTEST has been started by some one against the barbed wire fence. It seems to have struck a responsive chord in the American bosom, and country lovers all over the land are joining in the chorus of condemnation of this bristling and bad tempered barrier. This is certainly an opportune time for such a crusade, while the scars of the summer encounters with the fence are yet fresh, and the torn garments are still hanging about on pegs in sight.

There has, of course in time past, been something said against the barbed fence; but it has usually been silenced by the serious charge that the objectors were fox-hunters, accustomed to following the frightened aniseed bag as it dashes away for its burrow. But the time is past when the objectors are confined to fox hunters or other mounted humorists. Every one who goes away to the country in the summer is almost certain to have a misunderstanding with the barbed-wire fence sooner or later. It is becoming more common every year, and appears to be driving out all other kinds of fences. Improved methods of manufacture are said to be constantly making it cheaper, so it is only natural to apprehend that the face of rural nature will continue to grow more barbed and disagreeable.

It is observed that the agriculturist who erects the barbed-wire fence is not saying much in the present discussion. He has, however, ventured to point out that he is not stringing barbed wire across the public highways—not to any great extent—and that if the summer visitor will stay where he belongs he will have no trouble with barbs. This may be true, but the summer visitor usually likes to wander about outside of the roads, and as he seldom does any harm on such excursions, his right to complain at being compelled five or six times an hour to get down and crawl, while the iron enters his back and picks his summer suit into its original elements ought not to be questioned. Especially, it seems to us, has the woman country visitor just cause for crying out against the barbed fence.

Some one has said that it is part of the duty of every gentleman to know how properly to adjust a lady on horseback, being able to strike adroitly the happy medium between letting her plump back on the surface of the earth and tossing her over on the other side of the animal.

So, too, it used generally to be expected that every gentleman had some more or less well defined ideas on the subject of helping a lady over a fence. And this getting an interesting young woman past an old-fashioned fence—a stone wall, let us say, or even a rail fence, or a board fence, or a hedge—was said to be rather pleasant than otherwise, and young men were sometimes charged with seeking rather than avoiding these sorts of barriers when exploring the country with young women. But no one is hardy enough to accuse them of looking for barbed wire fences on such occasions. Just how gracefully and successfully to thrust a young woman wearing a new summer gown with spinnaker sleeves through a five wire barbed fence, each wire carrying sixty-five four pointed barbs to the rod, has not yet been explained to the public.

Indeed, if a young man can get himself through such a *cheval de-frise* he may consider that he is doing remarkably well. We are to be congratulated if, with the shutting down of winter, all of our young men are safely back in town, with none of them still out in the bleak country impaled on barbed wire fences, shouting for help. In the anti-barbed-wire movement now going on various more or less harrowing instances of wreck are being made public. The tale of a young man from this city who was visiting at Lansing, Michigan, may be taken as a fair sample.

It appears that while he was botanizing with an entertaining young lady the usual barbed-wire fence was encountered. The young man attempted to get through it, his laudable intention being to drag the lady after him if possible; but he became barbed on both the upper and lower wires, and remained suspended in an easy but secure horizontal position. The lady was doing what she could to unravel her escort, when a large bull, apparently with the pure Veragua blood stirring in his veins, came storming up, protesting like a free-silver Senator.

The entertaining young lady fled for assistance, leaving the young man still braided in the fence, alone with his conscience and one large Populist bull. But the bull, enraged though he was at the intrusion on his dominions, had no desire to foot with the wire fence, and perhaps get hung up like the young man, so, after pawing up the turf, gyrating his tail like an electric fan, and holding his nose close to the ground, while he bellowed up in his throat in a way which made the earth tremble, he went away. He had no sooner gone than a spring calf appeared, looked at the man mounted on the wire as if he were a natural history specimen, listened to his pointed remarks, sniffed at his legs, rubbed his hornless bovine head along on his body, and then determined to try his one remaining sense on him, and laid hold on one of his ears, and began an earnest attempt to ascertain if young man skewered and served on a fence could be recommended as an article of diet for growing calves.

At this point the lady returned with assistance, and the young man from New York was liberated.

The barbed-wire nuisance in the country is certainly becoming serious, and we are glad to see public sentiment becoming aroused on the subject.

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BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

ONE of the many strong points in General Francis Walker's admirable Harvard address was the stress he laid upon the immense benefit conferred by the practice of athletics, whether in football, baseball, rowing, or on the track, on college students (and of course on boys and young men generally) who do not stand in the first rank as champions. No persons are more benefited by athletic sports than those men who never attain to the first rank in them, who may try for a class crew, a class eleven, or a class nine, but who do not get on save possibly in an emergency as a substitute, and who, when they take part in running or jumping, wrestling or boxing contests, now and then win a trial, but hardly ever a final heat.

General Walker's address is good reading just at this time, in view of the noisy crusade which is being carried on against athletic sports generally, and football in particular. Most sane persons are agreed as to the great good conferred by these sports, both upon the average man taking part in them and upon the community at large. Very emphatically, we do not approve of brutality of any kind. We firmly believe, for instance, that the present football rules should be amended in two or three important points, so as to reduce the danger in the game. Moreover, we believe that the students themselves, and if they refuse, then the graduates and the faculties of the different colleges, should insist upon the umpires putting a peremptory stop to any kind of slugging or kindred brutality in the game. Any man who has had experience in umpiring a game like polo, for instance, is able to guarantee that a resolute umpire can immediately stop reckless and brutal playing, or the efforts of a player to damage an opponent, by the simple exercise of wise and prompt severity, ruling the offender off the field at once, and penalizing heavily the side on whose behalf the offence is committed. In the same way there is no difficulty whatever in making athletics study. All faculties should insist upon the students who take part in athletic games not neglecting their studies, and if there is any tendency toward this neglect, it is perfectly simple to stop it immediately by refusing to allow a man to play on an eleven if he does not reach a certain standard in his marks.

However, while thus utterly opposed to certain of the tendencies that have crept into our athletics, and notably into the game of football, we are equally emphatic in our belief that these sports are good things for the men taking part in them, and for our people generally, and that in particular it would be a real misfortune to lose the game of football. Much of the feeling against this game, and against athletics too, has been stirred up by the persistent and very foolish attacks upon them made by various newspapers, the *Evening Post* being the chief, and, on the whole, the least rational, offender. Such attacks as those in the *Post* are in part due to ignorance, and in part to the fact that some persons, who are by nature timid, shrink from the exercise of manly and robust qualities if there is any chance of its being accompanied by physical pain. They are also due in part to that striving after sensationalism, that spirit of "breezy, enterprising journalism," which is so unwholesome a characteristic of a portion of our press.

It is perfectly true that our young men should not go to college merely to get their bodies trained, but it is also true that they should not go there merely to get their intellects trained. Far above bodily strength, far above mere learning, comes character. No soundness of body and limb, no excellence of mental training—admirable though each of these is—can atone for the lack of what in old fashioned phrase would be called the virtues—for the lack of courage, of honesty, of self-control, of temperance, of steadfast resolution, of readiness to stand up for one's rights, and carefulness not to infringe on the rights of others. Now of course many of these qualities are not conferred by athletic exercises any more than they are conferred by the study of Latin or Greek; but there are others which certain courses of study do tend to bring out, and yet others which are most undoubtedly strengthened and developed by the demands made upon them in playing the rougher and manlier sports, especially out door sports. In a generally peaceful and commercial civilization such as ours there is always a danger of laying too little stress upon the more virile virtues—upon the virtues which go to make up a race of statesmen and soldiers, of pioneers and explorers by land and sea, of bridge-builders and road makers, of commonwealth builders—in short, upon those virtues for the lack of which, whether in an individual or in a nation, no amount of refinement and learning, of gentleness and culture, can possibly atone. These are the very qualities which are fostered by vigorous, manly out door sports, such as mountain-climbing, big game hunting, riding, shooting, rowing, football, and kindred games.

Of course if these sports are carried to an excess they do harm, exactly as excessive study or excessive devotion to business does harm, and equally, of course, they are benefitial very largely in proportion to the extent to which they are followed and shared in by the classes of our population which most feel their need. Professional sports are of small consequence, and, in so far as they have any consequence at all, are good merely in that they excite those who look on and admire the performances to try to take part in similar ones of their own. It is a good thing that the young merchant or lawyer, young bank clerk or dry goods clerk, should belong to a local baseball nine, and should have a chance now and then for an hour or two's brisk exercise. This will give tone both to his body and his mind, and will offset the evil consequences of a merely sedentary occupation. But the only good resulting from seeing a battle between two paid professional nines in the emulation excited in the minds of the younger portion of the onlookers to try their own hands at the bat.

The great development and wide diffusion and practice of athletic exercises among our people during the last quarter of a century (this diffusion taking place precisely among those classes where the need of it was greatest) has been a very distinct advantage in our national type. Only the other day Mr John Burroughs, in speaking upon this very point, dwelt upon the improved physique of the young American of the present day as compared with his predecessor of twenty-five years back. This in itself should be it would be an ill thing for than republic if we developed on the lines of the Byzantine and Bengalese, if our mercantile men learned nothing but how to make money, and our lawyers, students, and men of trained intellects generally, grew to unite "the heads of professors with the hearts of hares."

Turn for a moment to the colleges, and especially to the college of the ordinary type, where men are taught the classics, mathematics, etc., rather than to the purely professional schools for lawyers, doctors, and civil engineers. It is rather amusing to see athletics objected to on what are in part the same grounds as those held by the people who object to collegiate education in toto—on the theory that it is not fitted to make men succeed better in after-life. As a matter of fact, only a limited number of the men who study classics and mathematics, philosophy, history, and modern languages, in our undergraduate academic departments, ever have the chance in after-life to turn the knowledge thus acquired to their own direct pecuniary advantage. Yet who can measure the inestimable benefit these studies confer? The average graduate makes no more use in his regular business of Latin and Greek than of football or rowing. The exceptions to this are of course those men who intend to become specialists in some branch of study, and pass a life as students of history, literature, or science, of Greek or Latin, or as professors and school teachers. Of course, to these men the knowledge gained in college is of direct pecuniary benefit, while whatever they did in athletic sports might not be, though even for these men the benefit resulting from athletic sports would be very great. Exactly as Parkman could not possibly have written history as he did had he not been himself fond of and familiar with the wild life he portrayed, so, apart from the benefit to the health of the professor or school-teacher who has taken part in athletic work and appreciates its importance, there is also a very real benefit to those who come under him. Other things being equal, boys will be taught best by and will receive most benefit from their intercourse with professors and principals at schools and at colleges who (in addition to being students are also men who have a hearty love for life, who are strong as well as gentle, and brave and tender and honest as well as learned.

For the great bulk of the boys in college, then, there is almost as little direct pecuniary benefit to be obtained from the lectures and recitations as from the sports. The effect to be looked for is the indirect effect upon the boy's character. Most assuredly he should be made to study well, and should be turned out of college if he won't study. He should be made as familiar as possible with the great literatures—the Greek and the English, or, if his taste is that way, with the lesser literatures, such as the Latin, the Italian, the French, the Spanish, or the German. He should be taught the histories of the great peoples—the Romans for instance, and the men of English stock who have risen to the foremost places for the deeds they have done in conquest and in government, in politics, in war, and in jurisprudence. Every effort should be made to develop the intellectual side of the boy's character. No one can more strenuously insist upon this than we do. But we believe also that we should try to develop the boy's body, and, above all, should try to develop the simple but all-essential traits which go to make up manliness.

Even if we look at the question only from the stand point of the student it is probable that there is no just ground for the complaints against athletics. Investigation of the records made by athletics at Harvard a few years ago disclosed the fact that their average standing was above that of the rest of the class. My own observations leads me to believe that this will hold true as a general rule; for though athletes may stand below the hard working men who know nothing but study, they usually stand well above the men of vicious or careless character, who naturally fall to the foot of the class.

If, on the other hand, we adopt the standpoint of the man who looks to the results in after-life, the athlete appears to even better advantage. The men who take part in vigorous sports, whether they attain to the first rank, or merely stand among those who get no particular honor at the time, but have merely as much fun and just as much ultimate benefit, are apt in after life to do rather better in the rough work of the world than those of their fellows who had no taste for athletic work. Of course there are exceptions to this, and it does not apply at all to those who follow sport for their business.

One very great benefit of athletic sports arises from their tendency to minimize dissipation. They have been very potent allies in the fight against debauchery. Another good thing is that they tend to lessen the importance of the merely social clubs, and of "popular" leaders in the different colleges. If the victorious athlete sometimes eclipses the glory that rightfully belongs to the hard student, it is yet true, on the other hand, that he also throws into the shade the old time college hero who strove to obtain leadership by his wealth, his social position, or his prominence in fast life. This is, of course, an unadulterated benefit, especially to the boy's after-career. Looking over the men whom I knew in my day at college, it is noteworthy that those who then were leaders in athletic sports, now, twelve or fifteen years afterwards, stand on the average above rather than below their fellows who did not take part in manly exercises; just exactly as on the average the men who stood well in their studies then now occupy a position, as a rule, rather better than that of those who did not. There are many exceptions to both rules, of course, and it is a very melancholy thing to see a man who in middle life rests his sole title to consideration upon the fact that he was once a member of a university team, or was once a man who was marked highest in his Latin courses; but these are exceptions only, and they are not much more exceptional among the athletes than among the hard students. To take the sports which it is at present the fashion most to decry, football and rowing, among my friends I happen to number several ex-captains of football teams and of crews, and they are, as a whole, decidedly above, not below, the ordinary standard of college graduates; they are men who do their duty well, both to the State and to their own families—men who are, in short, good American citizens.

Of course there is a real danger just at present in the exaggerated regard felt by the public generally for the athletic hero of the moment. The captain of a successful football team or a winning crew is in danger of having his head turned. The year after graduation is rather a hard one for a young fellow, who may be a very decent young fellow, but who, because he happens to have been captain of a winning team, has shared newspaper prominence with Senators and members of the President's cabinet. He has got to drop, and drop hard, before he becomes of any use in the world; and having the "tuck" taken out of him will not prove pleasant—it never does prove pleasant. If in this process he succumbs, and if he does nothing in later life, and lives on the memories of the past, and fails to realize that an admirable exercise for a boy must under no circumstances be made the main business of a man, why, then he becomes a mere useless cumberer of the world's surface, and the sooner he is removed the better. Ordinarily, however, he goes through the disagreeable process all right, although with more or less discomfort to himself and to his friends, and comes out at the end a better man than if he had never had the experience.

Athletic sports, then, are of great benefit not only to the student as a student but to the college graduate who wants to play a man's part in life; provided, always, that he does not fall into the foolish mistake of confounding that healthful play which best fits a man for serious work with the serious work itself. He will do well to keep in mind the career of Washington, who was a devoted fox hunter, and whose fox hunting doubtless helped to make him a good general in after-life, but who never for a moment sought to carry on fox hunting to the damage of any serious business, whether of war, of politics, or of his private affairs.

Granting that athletic sports do good, it remains to be considered what athletic sports are the best. The answer to this is obvious. They are those sports which call for the greatest exercise of the moral qualities, such as resolution, courage, endurance, and capacity to hold one's own and to stand up under punishment. For this reason out of door sports are better than gymnastics and calisthenics. To be really beneficial the sport must be enjoyed by the participatant. Much more health will be gained by the man who is not always thinking of his health than by the poor being who is forever wondering whether he has helped his stomach or his lungs, or developed this or that muscle. Laborious work in the gymnasium, directed towards the fulfilling of certain tests of skill or strength, is very good in its way, but the man who goes through it does not begin to get the good he would in a season's play with an eleven or a nine on the gridiron field or the diamond. The mere fact that the moral qualities are not needed in the one case, but are all the time called into play in the other, is sufficient to show the inferiority of the calisthenic system of gymnastic development when compared with rough out door games. The other day there was published in the papers a list of the twenty five strongest men in Harvard, as shown by tests used in the gymnasium, together with a casual mention of the fact that not one of the crew or the football eleven was included in those twenty five. This fact, if true, was sufficient to destroy much of the value of such a table. There is little point in the mere development of strength. The point lies in thus helping a man who can do something with his strength; who not only has the skill to turn his muscles to advantage, but the heart and the head to direct that skill, and to direct it well and fearlessly. Gymnastics and calisthenics are very well in their way as substitutes when nothing better can be obtained, but the true sports for a manly race are sports like running, rowing, playing football and baseball, boxing and wrestling, shooting, riding, and mountain-climbing.

Of all these sports there is no better sport than football. A particularly silly argument advanced against it is that put forward by various people, including, to their discredit, some medical men, to the effect that it is not "Greek." These estimable gentlemen apparently think that the Greek athletes resembled the marble statues we now see of them, even to the extent of not winning their victories by blood and sweat, as all mere human beings must win them. If these gentlemen would study the Greek games, including the chariot races and the *pankration*, and then with equal disinterestedness study those of our modern American colleges, they could not help coming to the conclusion that the latter are immeasurably ahead of the former not only in the qualities of manliness and fair play, but especially in those of courtesy and generosity to the vanquished. As for the chatter about our football games being like the Roman gladiatorial shows, it is not worth discussing.

But in closing I wish to say one word very seriously to the men who have allowed to athletic sports, and who share my belief in them. What I have to say with reference to all sports refers especially to football. The brutality must be done away with and the danger minimized. If necessary the college faculties must take a hand, and those of the different colleges must co-operate. The rules for football ought probably to be altered so as to do away with the present mass play, and, I think, also the present system of interference, while the umpires must be made to prevent slugging or any kind of foul play by the severest penalties. Moreover, professionalism must be stopped outright. It should be distinctly understood among the academies and colleges that no team will have anything to do with another upon which professionals are employed. If it be true that one of the Exeter teams of schoolboys has played this year with three professionals, grown men, admitted in the school for the sole purpose of playing football, then this team and academy should be cut off from all athletic intercourse with every other team and academy, and any games that have been won with these professionals on the team should in the record be declared forfeited to the other side. This is not the place in which to go into the minutiæ of changing the rules so as to do away with brutality, foul play, and professionalism, but every honest believer in manly sports must make war on them without ceasing.

One final word as to the element of danger. By the methods above spoken of this element of danger will be minimized, but that it will always obtain to a slight extent cannot be denied. There are very few sports, indeed, where it does not exist. Under a proper system of rules it is doubtful whether football is as dangerous as mountaineering or as the better kinds of sport on horseback, such as riding across country and playing polo. No untrained boy or man ought to take part in the game and no untrained with the rules should be allowed to play. If he does he is liable to meet with fatal accidents, precisely as a man would be who, with no knowledge of horsemanship, mounted a spirited horse and tried to ride over fences. But after every precaution has been taken, then it is mere nonsense to complain of occasional mishaps. Among my many friends who have played football I know of few who have met with serious, and none who have met with fatal accidents, but more than one has been killed, and many have been injured, in riding to hounds in polo, and in kindred pastimes. The sports especially dear to a vigorous and manly nation are always those in which there is a certain slight element of risk. Every effort should be made to minimize this risk, but it is mere unmanly folly to try to do away with the sport because the risk exists.

THE SOCIETY OF THE COLONIAL WARS.

People are very familiar with American family names that are associated with early American history and the so-called colonial lines, but these names are generally those that came into prominence during the war of the Revolution or immediately preceding or following it. Of the earlier struggles of our forefathers against the French and Indians not so much is known, and few attempts have been made to preserve facts or commemorate deeds that contributed largely to American freedom, and whose records must exist in some measure or form in the possession of the descendants of the settlers of the nine original colonies.

The purpose of the "Society of Colonial Wars," which was incorporated a year or so ago under the laws of the State of New York, is to "perpetuate the names, memory, or deeds of those brave and courageous men who in military, naval, or civil service, by their acts or counsel, assisted in the establishment and continuance of the American colonies." This is a short extract from the preamble to the constitution of the society. The membership is to be handed down henceforward in the line of male descendants, as in the case of the Order of the Cincinnati. The eligibility to membership is based upon the proved descent from an ancestor (here again quoting from the constitution) "who fought in battle with the Indians under colonial authority, or who served as a military, naval, or marine officer, soldier, sailor, or privateer in the forces of the colonies, or under the banner of Great Britain in America," from the time of the settlement at Jamestown, May 13, 1607, to the battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775.

Similar societies have been formed in the States of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, and in the District of Columbia. One is also about to be organized in New Jersey.

The New York society has over three hundred members, and the present officers are: Governor, Frederick J. de Peyster; Deputy Governor General, James M. Varnum; Lieutenant Governor, S. Victor Constant; Treasurer, Howland Pell; Chaplain, the Rev. Alexander Hamilton; Registrar, Fred. E. Haight.

On the 19th of December the society held its first annual dinner. This day is the anniversary of the great Swamp fight in the Indian war against King Philip. On this occasion a massive punch-bowl (by Tiffany & Co.) was used that for combined beauty of workmanship and historical interest is perhaps the most remarkable one in the world. Mounted about the sides of the bowl, apparently scattered over it, is a wonderful collection of genuine old colonial silver coins, obtained after much difficulty and cost. Twenty-three silver ones are on the bowl, and one gold one in the bowl of the ladle. The collection contains specimens of most of the English, Dutch, and Spanish coins that circulated in the colonies from Henry VIII., in 1500, down to George III. in 1760; the coins are mounted in chronological order. The flag of the society is the red cross of St. George on a white ground, and on the centre of the cross are emblazoned the arms of the New Netherlands.

James Barnes

SILVER PUNCH-BOWL OF THE SOCIETY OF THE COLONIAL WARS

THE BOOM AS A BOOMERANG.

There is scarcely a neighborhood in the United States that has not suffered in some degree from the effects of one kind of boom or another. The touch of the boomer is nearly always fatal, and evidences of his handiwork may be seen far and near. For twenty years past the West and the South have been the favorite fields in which he has done his conscienceless work—his work of destruction. The boomers themselves, have pretty nearly all "petered out," and this is true also, though to a less extent, of the West. A section once under the influence of the boomers is retarded of at least twenty years of healthful growth and progress, and no one knows this so well as the people who have lived in such a neighborhood before, during, and after the reign of the boomers. The boomer's effect on the industries and land values of a neighborhood is very like the effects of liquor on a weak man. Stimulated by the spirits he has consumed, a weak man can for a little while do things before impossible to him, but this fictitious ability and strength last only a very short time, and then the poor weakling sinks into a collapse utter and pitiful. The boom of the boomer is very like the strength that depends on cocktails—it lasts a very little while, and is dangerous out of all proportion to its capacity for even temporary good. The farmers in the West who clutch wildly at all manner of financial and governmental theories in the hope of extricating themselves from debt are victims of the boomers. They were all rich once upon a time on paper; now with broken spirits and mortgaged farms they are poor indeed. When the boomer comes your way with promises of fortune in the week next but one, turn him away as though he were the Evil One. To listen to one of this tribe is almost the same as to be lost.

The most recent instance of undue booming was in Chicago, and the consequences are awfully sad and painful. Chicago has always been the most cocky and boom of the boomer and his boom companion, the hustler. But Chicago has grown great and rich despite of these. The World's Fair gave the boomer an opportunity that he did not fail to take advantage of. Everything that could or could not be affected by the fair in Chicago was boomed beyond all reason. The splendid fair was held, but not one boomer in a thousand realized his expectations. This great percentage of disaster was no doubt increased by the money stringency and commercial distress that were felt all over the country. There is great distress to-day in New York and Philadelphia and Boston among the poor and unemployed. But this is nothing as compared with the condition of affairs in Chicago, where the City Hall itself is nightly turned into a lodging house for homeless wanderers. Men, and women too, from various sections were encouraged to go to Chicago by the boomers, and in very great many of such people are there to-day, homeless starving. Chicago will be paying the bills for this great boom for twenty years, and the taxpayers and other citizens there will probably realize long before the bills are finally settled that the boom is only successful as a boomerang.

AMATEUR SPORT

The history of Southern and Western football for 1893 records a remarkable improvement and a spirit of play that is very gratifying. It has been a trying year, for the introduction of flying or momentum plays made possible a great deal of unnecessary roughness where the disposition and opportunity were coincident. Out of nearly a hundred letters I have received since the close of the season, from every section of the United States, the report is almost unanimous that while the momentum plays have been hard on the men the number of accidents were much fewer than what would have been expected, the spirit of the men exceedingly sportsmanlike, and their game notably free from slugging.

There is considerable diminution in roughing throughout the country, although too much of it yet remains in the West, and more particularly in the central West. There is no excuse whatever for slugging if colleges will insist on strict umpiring. In the South there is not the tendency to slug that seems to prevail in parts of the middle West. The reports, however, considered as a whole, confirm my statement, that there is a very decided decrease in this unpleasant feature of the game. We have seen here in the East how strict umpiring can reduce slugging to a minimum, even where the opposing teams are in the front of an unusually bitter contest. Unfortunately, it is true that the newspaper reporters do very great harm in spreading sensational accounts of rough play in a game. The average reporter apparently is ever on the scent for a slugging episode, and seizes upon the slightest excuse to weave a gory paragraph for his readers. There is not nearly so much slugging as the public is led to believe; and it is well known that in our large games, as, for instance, between Harvard, Yale, and Princeton slugging is a most unusual occurrence.

This winter, when football men meet in New York to talk over new rules, an urgent demand will be made that umpires be empowered to rule any man who slugs off the field. These are matters to which the West and South must like wise give their attention.

Probably in no place in the West has football developed to such an extent, both in the skill of the game and in its popularity among the people, as in the Missouri Valley. Notwithstanding the very raw and chilly afternoon, six thousand spectators watched the Thanksgiving day game at Kansas City between the eleven of the University of Kansas and the University of Missouri, while another large crowd saw the University of Iowa and the University of Nebraska play at Omaha, Nebraska. Never in either of the cities had there been such an attendance or such a demonstration of college enthusiasm.

This immediate section is formed into the Western College Association, which comprises the universities of Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, and Nebraska. Missouri won the game from Kansas, 12–4, and Nebraska won from Iowa, 20–18. Thus Kansas and Missouri are tied for the pennant, with two games won and one lost each, while Iowa and Nebraska are tied for third place, with two defeats and one victory each. Last year Kansas won the championship, with Nebraska, Missouri, and Iowa following in the order named.

The record of the season with these colleges is not a little curious, for it shows that Kansas won from Iowa and Nebraska and lost to Missouri while Missouri won from Kansas and Nebraska and lost to Iowa, and Iowa won from Missouri, but was defeated by Kansas and Nebraska. Nebraska lost to Kansas and Missouri and winning from Iowa. Not only did these two Thanksgiving day games demonstrate to what extent the game has been popularized in this section of the country, but the work of all the teams showed a decided improvement over that of last year. It was a modern football on Thanksgiving even to some of the flying plays. The training, too, has been vastly improved this year, and the men have entered contests in much better physical condition. Last season all the teams lined up slowly and put the ball in play in the same manner, the tackling was high in most instances, and the interference ragged and ineffective, individual games being the order of the day. This year, however, the men have lined up quickly, and played fast and snappy ball from start to finish. In tackling, falling on the ball, interference and breaking it up, and in general team work the play of the eleven, generally speaking, was far superior on Thanksgiving day to any that had ever been seen in that section of the country.

This improvement is due almost entirely to competent coaching, and unquestionably we shall see a still greater advance next year, for captains no longer are obliged to depend on green material. There is but one blot on this Western Association's season, which is that both Missouri and Nebraska have played their coach in their championship games. I understand that it is strictly against the constitution of this Western Association, and certainly it is in direct disobedience of all amateur associations of which I know anything. The precise wording of the Western rule states: "No professional athlete shall take part in any contest of this Association, nor shall any player of any university be paid or receive, directly or indirectly, any money or financial concession or emolument as present or past compensation for or as prior consideration or inducement to playing," etc. Kansas protested the playing of the Nebraska and Missouri coaches, both of whom made affidavits that they were "paid for coaching" and not "paid for playing," and Nebraska and Missouri played them despite the decision of the Association's executive that they were ineligible. The course of these two universities is reprehensible to a degree, and at variance with all canons of amateur sport. It is, moreover, an absurdly puerile argument to claim the coaches eligible because they are paid for coaching and not for playing. It makes no difference for *what* they are paid; they *are* paid, and that makes them professional, and ineligible to amateur teams.

An amateur athlete is one who receives no pecuniary gain, directly or indirectly, from athletics. It is to be hoped that next season the officers of the Western Association will see that its laws are respected. If Nebraska and Missouri cannot be governed, Kansas and Iowa should refuse to play them. The meeting at Kansas City, December 30th, should settle this matter definitely and permanently. Western football cannot afford to tolerate this professionalism in two of its representative colleges.

Although Missouri on Thanksgiving won from Kansas, the latter played steadier and made fewer fumbles. The secret of Missouri's success may be said to depend upon their very strong offensive work in mass plays, and their hard, snappy tackling. Their interference around the end was much better than that of Kansas, the backs following it well, and many gains were made in this way. At the end of the second half Missouri was within two feet of the Kansas goal line, and would surely have scored another touch down in their next play.

Individually, the Kansas eleven is very likely the stronger, but its team work was vastly inferior to that of Missouri. In fact, Missouri forced the fight from the beginning and kept at it to the end. In the second half her goal line was never in danger. The Kansas backs were considered better all round men than the Missouri backs, but they failed to make such gains as the men behind Missouri's line, because they did not get so good interference. Kansas was somewhat handicapped by the loss of their regular quarterback.

The record of this Association shows:

Kansas-Iowa, 18–24; Missouri-Nebraska, 20–16; Kansas-Nebraska, 18–6; Iowa-Missouri, 34–12; Nebraska-Iowa, 20–18; Missouri-Kansas, 12–4.

The Baker University eleven, although not a member of the Association, has achieved this season what none of the others have—defeating the Denver Athletic Club team, score, 42–0. Some idea of the excellence of this performance may be gained by a few words about the Denver team.

It went into training on the 1st of September, with T. R. Field (ex Yale) as captain, and Messrs. Cash of Princeton and Mills of Yale, coaching. Among its players have been F. S. Spaulding (Princeton), Frank Adams (University of Pennsylvania), J. S. Fillmore (Harvard), John Bohn (Cornell), W. H. Blackburn (University of Wisconsin), Wagner of Cornell, the other members having gained their experience at less notable places. They defeated

University of Boulder (twice, 14–0, and 36–4); University of Iowa, 36–0; University of Missouri, 40–0; University of Kansas, 24–10; School of Mines (Golden, Colorado), 32–12; played in the game with University of Nebraska, 6–4. They have been beaten twice during the season, by the Chicago Athletic Association, 10–6, and the Baker University, 22–6.

In the Northwestern Intercollegiate Association, the University of Michigan ends the season with a record of three defeats in ten games, all three being early in the season, before the team had got into good condition. Beginning October 28th they met some of the strongest teams in the West, and defeated them, including

Purdue, 46–0; De Pauw, 34–0; Northwestern 72–0; Kansas, 22–0; Chicago, 28–10. They were defeated by Minnesota, 24–20, and Wisconsin, 34–18.

The athletics of Michigan University have been for three years under the nominal supervision of an Advisory Board, consisting of four members of the faculty chosen by the University Athletic Association. Much good work has been done, but it was found that still better work could be accomplished by bringing faculty and undergraduates together. Therefore recently the University Senate has appointed a committee called the University Board for the Direction of Athletic Sports at the University of Michigan. This includes five faculty members chosen by the Senate, and four

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undergraduate members chosen by the Board of Directors of the University Athletic Association. This board has full power in all matters pertaining to athletics at Ann Arbor, and is determined to wipe out the last vestige of any tendency towards professionalism. Some of the other universities in this section should follow Michigan's example.

All the teams in this section, as in the one farther West, show an improvement over last year, though they have had the advantage until this season of better coaching.

THE NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY sends the same report of a very successful season. Out of seventeen games played in two seasons they have lost but six, among their conquerors being the Chicago and the Detroit Athletic clubs. A serious question, which this university in particular has to contend against, is the rich athletic club preying constantly on rising college athletes. It is something which the Northwestern Association must give a rigid investigation and legislate upon this coming winter. It is something, too, for all Western colleges to scrutinize very closely. I quote from one of the several letters I have had on the subject from the West:

"Where a player at a college near some of these associations has developed into a good man, these clubs 'spot' him. When the time comes that they need a player very much for an important game, they go to this man about a week before their game, give him transportation to the club-house, try him on the field, and if he is satisfactory, and they need him badly, they give him a complete outfit. Then they make him an offer. If he plays in a game, they give him a membership worth $100 or more, and all dues paid for one year. They give him all car fare and carriage fare, also, if necessary, a ticket calling for from ten to one hundred dinners. They never consult manager or captains, and a team which is struggling to succeed sometimes loses valuable men when they need them sorely. This system will sap the life from college athletics, and take the heart out of men who cannot cope with the richer and more powerful associations."

Here is a matter which cannot receive attention too soon. It is one of the commonest and most direct roads to professionalism. If athletic clubs cannot succeed without making professionals of worthy young college athletes, who nine times out of ten do not realize what they are doing, then they had better give up athletics entirely. In this connection let me remind offending athletic clubs of the fate of the Manhattan Athletic Club of New York, which, for a very short while, thrived on this nefarious method of maintaining athletic teams, but finally collapsed, overwhelmed by debts and scandal.

MINNESOTA UNIVERSITY CLOSES THE SEASON with probably the best record of all the members of this Northwestern Association, having the greatest number of victories to their credit. Next to them is Wisconsin, which has defeated the universities of Ann Arbor, Purdue, Kansas, Iowa, and Illinois. The same report comes from all these of the improvement in play and general team-work; and, likewise, all the letters that I have received call for a change in the present momentum and mass plays.

Of the excellent work of the Oberlin (Ohio) College (which, by the-way, is not the "small college" inferred, for they have 1492 students) team I have commented in a recent issue. Their record shows them to have defeated the strong elevens of both the Chicago and Illinois universities, and the team to have gone through and ended the season in the best physical condition. Until they met Case, Oberlin had won thirteen straight victories in '92 and '93.

But Ohio has furnished in the eleven of the Case School of Applied Science at Cleveland another team that ends the season with even a better record. It has not a single defeat, and among those whom it has beaten are Oberlin, 28–8, and Cleveland Athletic Club 28–0. It looks as though this gave the championship of Ohio to this team. Some effort was made by them to get on a game with Minnesota, but the latter's schedule had been completed; and they were also disappointed in not having a game with Cornell on Thanksgiving day, the failure of the Ithacans to get West making that impossible.

'WAY OUT IN THE EXTREME WEST, on the Pacific coast, football shows equally as much development as elsewhere. The only university game they have is between the elevens of the Leland Stanford Junior and the University of California, but from Los Angeles in the extreme south to Seattle in the extreme north there are athletic clubs which give nearly as much attention to football as do the two universities. Chief among these clubs are the Los Angeles A. C., of Los Angeles, the Reliance A. C., of Oakland, the Olympic A. C., of San Francisco, the Multnomah A. A., of Portland, and the Seattle A. C. and Tacoma A. C., of Washington. Los Angeles does not have the advantages of practice enjoyed by the others, especially the Reliance and Olympic, which have the college teams to fit them for their own game, while in the northwest there is an intercity association that gives some very interesting matches.

Last year the Seattle A. C. and the Multnomah A. A. played a tie for the championship, neither side scoring. This year Seattle won the championship of Washington by defeating Port Townsend, the University of Washington, and the Tacoma A. C.

THE MOST EXCITING GAMES, probably, played on the Sound this year were the two between Seattle and Tacoma. In the first, which was won by Seattle, the defensive work was not very good, but the second, which Seattle also won, 8-0, was a much better exhibition. Both teams had scored freely in the first, and ground could be gained at every point in the line as well as around the ends of each team. This, however, was not the case in the last game, where the defensive work of both was very much better, that of Seattle excelling. Neither side scored in the first half, and the ball was not brought dangerously near either goal. In the second, Tacoma started in with a determination that took them up to Seattle's 6-yard line. But here Seattle made a grand rally, and Tacoma could advance the ball only one yard farther on three downs. The play of both teams was sharp and snappy, and the game had no characteristics of unnecessary roughness. There was some off-side play by both elevens that was rigidly ruled upon by the umpire, but their entire work showed marked improvement in skill, and the men played a hard clean game, like sportsmen.

The Multnomah A. A. eleven not only won the championship of Oregon, but defeated Tacoma, 18-0, Seattle (twice), 11-6 and 10-0, and Washington University, 30-0. Therefore they may be said to be the champions of the Pacific northwest, which will make their game with Stanford University, January 1, '94, particularly interesting.

Considering this to have been only the third season of football in the Pacific northwest, the records of the Multnomah, Seattle and Tacoma teams are exceedingly good. Like Seattle and Tacoma, the majority of the Portland eleven are Eastern college and preparatory school men. J. Smith, the captain, is an old Lawrenceville man, V. Smith and Page are from the University of Virginia, Raley from Amherst; Clarke was the last year's captain at West Point, Pomeroy from Columbia, and Savage from the University of Pennsylvania.

LELAND STANFORD AND UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA played a tie game last year, each making twelve points. This year they again made a tie game at one touch down and goal each. Notwithstanding it was raining something like ten thousand spectators saw the game. The season just closed shows that not only has the game taken a firm hold on the people in California, but the training and general athletic influence at the universities have worked a great good in curbing the usual youthful dissipations. Besides this, the spirit has spread to the schools and athletic clubs, and it is undoubtedly true that football has accomplished a great deal for the *morale* of California's school and college boys.

The game this year between the two universities was the best that has yet been seen on the Coast. Berkeley was stronger on the defensive, did considerably more kicking than Stanford, and Taylor, her half-back, punted much farther than Kennedy, the Leland Stanford's full back. In fact, this feature saved Berkeley from defeat, for in the first half the University of California had the wind in their favor, and they did not forget to use it. There was considerable mulling behind the lines, for the rain and mud had made the ball slippery, and taking this fact into consideration, the play on both sides was very much closer than would have been expected from teams that have so lately taken up the game. Berkeley tried more end runs than did their opponents, who relied almost entirely on bucking the tackles, either in tandem plays or in the old familiar turtle-back. Stanford showed up in better form in aggressive play, working the turtle-back two-thirds of the time and, as every one knows, this revolving wedge play is hard to stop. Early in the game they rarely failed to make at least a few yards, but latterly were generally effectually stopped. Towards the end of the first half Stanford made a grand spurt, and succeeded in bucking Berkeley's left side for over sixty yards, by continual short gains. It called to the mind of college men who were among the spectators the '91 Harvard-Yale game, when the crimson introduced the revolving wedge, and succeeded in bucking the Yale team for at least forty yards before stopped.

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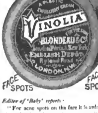

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getting the runner every time. He also got the field finally on kicks. Kennedy was weak on catching, and Stanford was very lucky in securing the ball several times after muffing it. Stanford made ground on a kick in the second half, which a Berkeley player had allowed to bounce, and then failed to secure until it had rolled back twenty five yards. This put the ball in Berkeley's territory; as the wind was blowing strongly, Taylor was not able to kick out of danger, and as they were not able to run it out, Stanford, after a hard struggle, scored. There was considerable off-side play and slugging, which the umpire, George C. Carter, to his credit be it said, severely ruled upon. Both quarters were sent off for slugging, and as the Berkeley quarter was also the captain, it looked as if the University of California might go to pieces, but they kept to their work steadily up to the very end.

From the time Berkeley took the ball to the centre of the field after Stanford's touch down, the latter were completely outplayed. Both lost the ball several times by off-side play and holding, but Berkeley was the greater offender, and at times when they seemed to have a good chance for another score, or when they might have been able to get the ball out of their territory, as was the case just before Stanford scored.

STANFORD HAD THREE GOOD LINE-BUCKING HALF-BACKS, who generally made their distance, and after Hunt turned his ankle Stanford kept hammering away at left tackle, which was weakened by the playing of a substitute. On the other side of the line the Berkeley tackle, who played opposite Cochran, supposed to be the best man on the Coast, was able to more than hold his own, and put up one of the best games on the field. He ran well with the ball, and very few gains were made through him.

Another player who did much for California was Pierce, the centre. His game was not showy, but he defended his position ably, and got the ball back to quarter finally. Frankenheimer put up the best game back of the line for Stanford, and never failed to gain something. He resembles Phil King in build, but has, of course, neither the skill nor speed of Princeton's quarter. In the Stanford line Whitehouse and Macmillan made the best showing. The latter plays an aggressive game, and as he is strong and well built, he is able to do good work in breaking through.

Berkeley did very well in line defensive, and the men behind the line backed it up nicely. Stanford's backs did most of their ground gaining, while Berkeley depended to a large degree on their tackles in wedge plays. Berkeley was without a good bucking half-back, as both the best men, Hunt and Morse, were laid up, therefore the Berkeley halves when called upon invariably tried ends.

PRINCETON, YALE, OR HARVARD would probably be able to win from either Berkeley or Stanford by a score of thirty to forty points. Stanford worked the turtle-back about as effectually as any team that ever attempted it, but showed little or no interference. The University of California played a tackle wedge, with which they generally make good gains, but they were rather slow. Berkeley backs interfere well on occasions. The team-work is not so strong as it is in the East, the players have not yet begun to realize the necessity of getting into every play. Thus it is not an uncommon thing to see men standing idly around when they should be adding their strength to a wedge, or following the ball down the field. They are particularly weak in this latter respect, and do much better in push plays.

There are some very good players on each team, and probably five or six out of twenty-two would be called 'varsity men in the East. Until within the last few years the college spirit has not been strong enough to create that intense rivalry which incites a man to work hard to get on a football team. Both captains managed their teams well.

IN THE PROGRESS OF FOOTBALL THROUGHOUT THE SOUTH there has been more difficulty than in the West, because of an inherent prejudice Southerners appear to have against the game, and the difficulty of getting competent coaches. But the past year has shown as much development in the game as in any other section of the country, and probably more, considering the disadvantages.

Of the Southern teams, the University of Virginia eleven have ended the season with the greatest number of victories to its credit, including a 12-0 winning against the Naval Academy, 30-0 against Trinity (North Carolina), and 16-0 against the University of North Carolina. Virginia has been playing football longer than any of the others in the South and turning out excellent teams, both in football and baseball for the last two or three years. Her men have been heavy as a rule, and shown more football science than any other Southern team.

Trinity College won the championship of North Carolina by defeating the university of that State, 6-4, at Durham, November 4th, having previously beaten Wake Forest, 10-6. New Yorkers had their first opportunity of seeing a Southern team when the University of North Carolina played Lehigh, and was defeated, 30-0, showing poor interference and a great deal of fumbling. Against the University of Virginia on Thanksgiving day they played a stronger game, although somewhat crippled by the loss of two of their best half-backs. In the first half neither team scored, Virginia playing on the defensive, but in the second North Carolina went to pieces, allowing Virginia to make long gains around her ends. This victory gives the University of Virginia the championship of the South. Her eleven are strong, and the team work good.

IN TENNESSEE, ALABAMA, AND GEORGIA the interest in the game and general enthusiasm has been still greater. Vanderbilt won the championship of Tennessee, defeating the University of the South (Sewanee, Tennessee) by a score of 10-0. Auburn (Alabama) had previously won from Vanderbilt, but lost to Sewanee later.

The Institute of Technology at Atlanta has put out the strongest team in Georgia, having defeated the University of Georgia by a score of 28-6. The St. Albans's eleven of Virginia defeated the Georgia Institute of Technology at Atlanta on Thanksgiving day before over 4000 spectators, the largest number that ever witnessed a match in the South.

Next to Virginia, Vanderbilt are undoubtedly the strongest eleven in the South this year. Their play has been the most resourceful and the snappiest.

STILL FARTHER SOUTH, IN NEW ORLEANS, the game has had almost its first season, nursed into a healthy growth by the Bayne brothers, two old Yale players. The football played in New Orleans this season was very much better than could have been expected on such short acquaintance, but probably the most satisfactory showing was the fine spirit among the men. There has never been any sign of slugging in these games, nor of unfair play. Some idea of this most sportsmanlike spirit among these men may be gained by the statement that the Southern Athletic Club in their game with the University of Mississippi refused to take the ball on four downs, because the referee had made a miscount, and there were only three downs. And again, in the Tulane University of Mississippi game, Tulane refused to take advantage of the same mistake.

In this section there are teams of the Southern Athletic Club and the Tulane, Baton Rouge, and Mississippi universities. Not only is the spirit so sportsmanlike in this section, but my letters from there tell me the accidents have been confined absolutely to bruises, with the one exception of a torn ligament, which was the opening of an old hurt.

Besides the physical benefit of the game, its influence on the social life of young men has been pronounced. The Southerner is prone to "drifting," and by the pleasantest route. The athletic wave that has swept over the South has put new spirit into the young men, and lessened the receipts of saloons to an appreciable degree.

The honors are shared by the University of Mississippi and the Southern Athletic Club. Neither of them had ever been defeated or even scored against until they met, November 30th, and the Southern A.C. won.

OVER IN TEXAS, GALVESTON AND DALLAS both have teams, and the progress of the game has been very great the past season. Football has been somewhat slower here in its development than elsewhere in the South because of the scarcity of coaches. Most of the work has fallen on Southern college men, who are themselves comparatively beginners in the game. Only within the last two years has football begun to thrive; but it has been making up for lost time this season. There is considerable inter-city rivalry, which furnishes exciting contests, and the schools have been picking up the game rapidly, helped on to a more correct interpretation of the rules by the return, during vacations, of the boys who had become familiar with them at the various colleges throughout the South.

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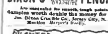
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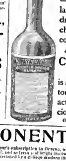
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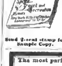

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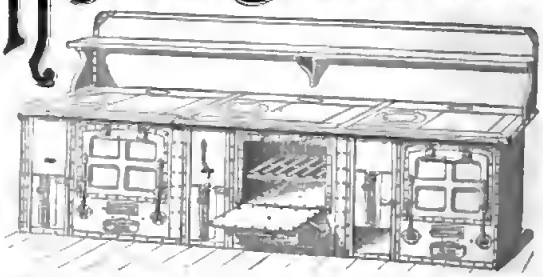

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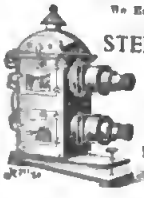

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1893

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THE PRESIDENT'S HAWAII MESSAGE.

WE risk nothing in saying that no fair-minded person can read President CLEVELAND'S message on the Hawaiian affair without coming to the conclusion that the President and the Secretary of State are absolutely right in every position they have taken with regard to this unfortunate business. No state paper concerning a similar subject has ever come from the Executive office that reflected more honor upon our government, and of which every patriotic American citizen had more reason to be proud. It sets forth once more in a plain, clear, and candid way the well-established facts of the overthrow of the Hawaiian government by a small band of conspirators under the instigation of the American minister and with the aid of United States troops—facts so well verified by documentary proof and all manner of conclusive evidence that the most unscrupulous partisan mendacity has not been able to obscure them. It is well that the President's message shows more fully than it has been officially shown heretofore how the American minister had for years been bent upon accomplishing the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States; how he had yearned for the "golden hour" of opportunity; how he had asked the State Department to permit him to use the United States forces in Hawaiian waters for purposes beyond the mere protection of the American Legation and of the lives and property of American citizens; and how, when he thought the "golden hour" had arrived, he used the United States forces even to the extent of committing an unjustifiable act of war against a friendly government.

What interests the American people most at the present moment is the conduct of our own government under such circumstances. The government of Hawaii had been stolen, and offered to the United States in hot haste by the thieves. President HARRISON—so Mr. CLEVELAND generously presents the case—was misled by artful misrepresentation into a hasty acceptance of the stolen goods, and submitted a treaty of annexation to the Senate. But Mr CLEVELAND'S administration, having taken office fortunately before annexation was consummated, easily detected that there was a grave discrepancy between the assumption of Mr. HARRISON, that "the overthrow of the monarchy in Hawaii was not in any way promoted by this government," and the protest of the Queen, declaring that she had surrendered to the superior force of the United States, and that she therefore confidently submitted the case to the enlightened justice of the government of this republic. It was in obedience to the simple dictate of common honesty that President CLEVELAND withdrew the annexation treaty from the Senate, and sent a man of high character and of known ability and experience to Hawaii to ascertain the facts. Mr. BLOUNT, the agent selected, had enjoyed the rare distinction, when leaving Congress after many years of service, of carrying with him expressions of the highest regard from leading members of both political parties. No man ever thought of questioning his universally recognized integrity until, after a conscientious endeavor to ascertain, and with a firm determination to speak the truth, he told the whole story of the theft of a country, and thus incurred the rage of those who found themselves balked in the iniquitous attempt to profit from the disgraceful transaction.

We have now before us in the President's message a frank statement of the steps taken by the administration after the truth was known. "Our country," says the President, "was in danger of having actually set up a temporary government on foreign soil for the purpose of acquiring through that agency territory which we had wrongfully put in its possession. The control of both sides of a bargain acquired in such a manner is called by a familiar and unpleasant name when found in private transactions." In other words, our agents had taken the first steps to put upon the country the guilt and ignominy of an unmitigated act of fraud and robbery. It was the duty of an honest government to do all in its power to retrace those steps, and thus to clear the name of the country of the foul spot. So far as the President, within the constitutional limitations of his power, could redress the wrong that had been done by the agents of the government, it was his plain duty to do so. He honestly tried to perform that duty, and in making the attempt he did not forget the consideration due to the circumstance that those who had taken an active part in the overthrow of the Queen's authority had been encouraged by the American minister, without whose aid they would not have undertaken the venture. The President, therefore, while offering his good offices to the Queen as a mediator between herself and the provisional government, insisted that if returned to power she should grant a general amnesty to those concerned in the setting up of the provisional government, and a recognition of all its *bona fide* acts and obligations. This was eminently humane and proper in every sense.

The Queen has not seen fit to accede to this condition. On the other hand, the wild shouting of the jingoes and of Republican partisans in this country has made the provisional government in Hawaii believe that it has a majority of the American people at its back. These two circumstances have conspired so far to frustrate the efforts made by the President and the Secretary of State to conciliate the differences in Hawaii and to vindicate our national honor. This is not their fault. They have done what it was in their power to do, and are henceforth clear of responsibility. The President, mindful of the limitations the Constitution imposes upon him, refers the matter "to the extended powers and the wide discretion of the Congress." He will gladly "co-operate in any legislative plan which may be devised for the solution of the problem before us which is consistent with American honor, integrity, and morality." True to these principles, he will, of course, not resubmit the annexation treaty to the Senate.

This is as it should be. The President and the Secretary of State have done their duty. Now let the unscrupulous ranters in Congress who have so wildly vociferated against the administration show what remedy *they* have to propose, consistently with American honor, integrity, and morality. Mere denunciation will no longer serve. On the bare assumption that the President had ordered the Queen of Hawaii to be reinstated by force of arms, without authority from Congress, they have hurled against the President vilification without measure, even to the threat of impeachment. The message, showing that the President has remained strictly within his constitutional limits, covers them with confusion and shame. They are exposed as wanton calumniators. Their rage may grow more desperate, but it will also become more harmless every day. "If national honesty is to be disregarded," says the President, "and a desire for territorial extension, or dissatisfaction with a form of government not our own, ought to regulate our conduct, I have entirely misapprehended the mission and character of our government, and the behavior which the confidence of our people demands of their public servants." Let the President rest assured that, the demagogues notwithstanding, the American people are neither fools nor knaves. Their conception of the mission and character of our government corresponds with his own. Their sense of justice will stand by him, and turn his severest trial into his most signal triumph.

CROKER'S CONFESSION.

CROKER has taken the public into his confidence. He asks his assistants to prove that the charges against him are true, hoping that the evidence, whose existence no one knows better than he, will not be forthcoming. It is evident, however, that he is uncertain and disturbed; that the hope is not born of confidence. He is badly frightened, and he has reason to be. The evidence against him and his pals will come forth when it is properly and authoritatively bidden. CROKER must realize that his power is ready to disintegrate, and that the pretorians are murmuring to one another that they are not receiving their share of the plunder. He must be suspicious of some who have been nearest to him, for he knows that he has forfeited whatever claim he may once have had to their gratitude, and that he has aroused resentment and jealousy among those who are the possessors of dangerous secrets. His defiance of his accusers betrays the tremor of alarm. He calls for proof in a quaking voice, and he hastens to hide some of the wealth, of which he has heretofore made an ostentatious display, behind suggested mortgages.

Throughout the interview CROKER does not forget that he is the power that rules the city. It is "I" who feels whatever responsibility for any wrong so involved in granting to the Broadway railroad the right to change its motive power. It is "I" who is interested in giving the city better transit methods. It is "I" who supported the great Huckleberry grab in the annexed district. It is "I" who has not yet determined whether or not to permit the annexation of New York and Brooklyn and the adjoining territory for the making of a greater New York. It is "I" who defies his enemies to prove that his Police Department blackmails vice. It is "I" who should be turned out of place if the city government of New York is corrupt. Finally, it is "I" who courts investigation such as the PASSETT committee indulged in, and which tended to more securely fasten the grasp of public criminals upon the victimized metropolis.

CROKER believes in centralization. He holds that the interests of this city are too diverse to permit the people to rule themselves. He thinks that a municipal czar is essential to good government, and, apparently, that the czar should neither be born to the purple nor be invested with it by any power outside of himself; that the city's best interests demand that it should be governed by a conqueror—a freebooting conqueror who wins his triumphs by the force of fraud and cunning, in battles in which no one is shot except by way of assassination, in wars whose fields of conflict are the gutters of the slums. CROKER'S ideal of city government has been realized here in New York. He rules, an autocrat, irresponsible except to his pretorian guard, over a conquered province, and a community that is beginning to realize that it is not altogether helpless.

CROKER has pointed out to the Legislature and the Constitutional Convention the way to escape him and his like. The strong central power of which he approves, and by which he flourishes, does not commend itself to Americans. The genius of this country is not in harmony with despotism. We have not been taught to regard the existence of diverse interests as incompatible with self-government. The American theory is hostile to CROKER'S conception. His notion of government would be better appreciated among the Matabeles or the Yahoos. It would better suit a band of Arabs or a tribe of Tartars than the free citizens of the most important city of a republic. CROKER mistakes the nature of the institutions under which he lives.

There are other men who think as he does, and until civilization advances much further there will be danger of the boss. The law-making power should see to it that the boss is made impossible. New York ought to be a self-governing city. It should not only choose its own chief executive, but his executive powers should be so exclusive as to make him wholly responsible for the administration of the laws and ordinances relating to the city. The legislative body of the city should be of such a character and elected in such a manner that its corruption would be practically impossible. The primary elections should be so controlled that the people could at least enjoy the opportunity of expressing their will at them. Party organizations should be regulated by statute, so that clubs and "halls" could not stand in their stead. Finally, the fundamental law of the city, its charter, should be as free from the interference of the State Legislature as the Constitution of the State itself, and the accomplishment of this might to be undertaken by the Constitutional Convention.

CROKER is able to carry out his simple theory of one-man power by reason of our system of city government. The Legislature and the Constitutional Convention ought to destroy the opportunity of which he has taken advantage.

THE UNEMPLOYED.

THE distress among the wage-earners out of employment in the United States is at this moment very general. That distress which is concealed from the public because the sufferers are self respecting and unaccustomed to such a helpless condition is really more pitiful than that which obtrudes itself upon the public gaze. This is a time when every man, woman, and child should be willing to make sacrifices for the sake of those now helpless and in want. But it is also a time when indiscriminate charity should be restrained, for it is a sad fact that there are hordes of vagrants that crowd into every town and city at once it becomes known that food and shelter are to be had without work. In most American cities there are regularly organized agencies prepared to relieve distress while reducing to a minimum the tendency of such relief towards pauperization. At this time, when the distress is more dire and general than ever before in this generation, the resources of these organizations are easily overtaxed. They need money, and need it at once. This is particularly true of New York, the executive departments of whose organized charities are centred in the building in Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street.

The churches in New York, as a rule, were not decorated on Christmas day, more frequently than not the Sunday-school children were dismissed without the usual gifts. This was that the money might be given where it was so badly needed. All this is well, but it is not enough. Each person should give in the full measure of his ability. The condition of our trade will give some idea of the distress in New York city. The men, women and children engaged in making clothing under the sweating system number about thirty thousand. Twenty thousand of these are unemployed, and on an average at least one other person is dependent on each of such wage-earners.

That means that in this one trade forty thousand persons are without the means of subsistence. When these wretched people were as busy as they could be we pitied them because of the starvation rates of compensation. Now they are entirely without means. Wherever work of laborers is going on there are three or four men to each one at work, looking on and waiting to take the next vacancy. The condition is pitiful beyond expression.

Some charitable gentlemen have arranged, under the management of the Industrial Christian Alliance, to open in Bleecker Street a People's Restaurant and Lodging house, where a meal will be sold for five cents, or given to any person holding a ticket from a subscriber. These tickets may be bought at five dollars a hundred, and the possession of them will relieve gentlemen and ladies of the embarrassment they feel in dismissing street beggars empty-handed. But the street beggars are not the worst sufferers. Those to whom these hard times are most trying are the respectable poor, who would rather die than beg alms. They must be sought out with tact and delicacy, and be given the help that is temporarily needed, so that self-respect may not be wounded by the suggestion that the recipients are paupers. The regular agencies, such as the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, will be prepared to do this work when the benevolent furnish the funds, which at this moment, on account of the unusual drafts, are sadly lacking.

But however much may be done, there will still be more suffering in New York and the other great American cities this winter than before for very many years. That any human being should starve in America in this year of our Lord seems almost incredible. But there are thousands within fifteen minutes' walk of homes of opulence looking starvation straight in the face. Knowing this, good men and good women will surely not neglect this appeal to their benevolence. We therefore speak of this matter in entire confidence that the hands of those engaged in the work of relief will be strengthened and upheld.

MUSIC AS A SOCIAL ELEVATOR.

"Music hath charms," etc. In conversation the other day at a gathering of musicians there came up the topic of the effect of harmony upon the "savage breast." It was stoutly held that "music's softening sway" could change men's natures, appeal to their best instincts, touch their hearts, and hold them to high standards of thought and action. That this is true (while the music lasts) is beyond all questioning. But whether the effect may be made at all permanent or lasting is a subject for some doubt.

A sad love parting or a harrowing death bed scene in the course of a Bowery melodrama would be null and void unless accompanied by slow music. Without the shivering of a few violins and a drone from the responsive bass-viol the lament of the misguided heroine over her lost home and the loved ones in the church-yard sod would fail to draw a single tear. But turn on the music and observe. The most hardened criminal in the gallery longs to do something for that poor girl, hates the villain and his congenial vices, and probably sniffles. So far so good. It is safe to say that no jury in the world—no ordinary jury—could withstand the piteous appeal of the lawyer when he mentions the prisoner's aged mother if the lawyer accompanied this same appeal with weeping vibrations of well tuned catgut. Imagine the scene! Judge in tears, the sobbing of the jury plainly audible; the pity of the prisoner for his own poor oppressed self, his resolves for a better life; the visible agitation of the turnkeys; and a unanimous verdict in favor of defendant! He might walk out of the court-room a free man, firm in his determination not to kill another wife, no matter the provocation. All this, of course, if the prosecution had not engaged a rival orchestra. Perhaps the effect of the music might tend to curb his passions for the rest of his natural life, in either case.

But to the point. In the talk of the gathered musicians it was suggested that a compulsory course of classic and high grade music in our penal institutions might prove a means of ultimate reformation and refinement of the baser human tendencies. Why not? What argument can be used against it? None. It would be like the treatment of advertising doctors—"guaranteed harmless," or at least to have no ill effect. And imagine the increase in the horror of confinement that this musical cure would instil in the breasts of those to whom dulcet sounds are a torture! They would view the interior of a penitentiary with an added aversion. "What is one man's meat is another man's poison." Here is the chance for a bill and an experiment.

THE MERCENARY MICROBE.

This is the age of the microbe. In roying this we do not overlook the claims to recognition of electricity, or the pictorial press, or strong minded women, or political boodism. All these are prominent in their several more or less excellent ways; but in respect of all-around importance, the microbe excels even such competitors. All the others have imitations—though prior to the recent election we would not have had the assurance to say this of the last named—but the sphere of the microbe is well-nigh boundless. He disports himself with equal satisfaction in the air, the earth, and the waters. He invades our beverages and our foods. He finds our mouths desirable lurking places, our hair and finger nails habitual outposts; on occasion he swims in our blood. Everywhere he is seeking his own selfish ends. He is the agent of decay and the messenger of disease. Lacking an offensive hand, his entire body is against the life of every other animate thing. The whole world, though it long denied him recognition, now bows to him as the mightiest of conquerors. He has killed millions of the human race where other conquerors have killed thousands. Some of his tribe are more dreaded than the best-disciplined army or the strongest fleet of war-ships.

And yet this formidable creature, when considered as an individual, is one of the most insignificant beings in the world. All his triumphs are the result of concerted effort. A single microbe, however maliciously inclined, would be utterly impotent to produce any appreciable effect whatever so long as he remained single. But this is precisely the thing that the microbe will not do. He has the most facile way, whenever food is supplied him, of splitting himself in two. And what is most surprising, each one of the sections, instead of being only half a microbe, as might be expected, bodied a microbe as the original one, and ready in turn to bisect himself on the slightest provocation.

The manifest result of this astonishing kind of fecundity is no increase of population at a geometrical ratio. Now few things in this world are more astonishing than a geometrical ratio. It is one of those things to which a very discreet man gives a very wide berth after his eyes have once been opened to its insidiousness by the classical story of the blacksmith who shod the horse at the rate of one penny for the first nail, two for the second, and so on. But to the microbe the geometrical ratio is stock in trade. It is the one thing that rescues him from unending obscurity. By its aid one insignificant microbe, granted elbow-room and plenty of food, is believed to be able to transform himself, through a series of bisections, into about 281 billions of descendants in two days. He has to work nights to accomplish this, but he seems quite willing to do so. We are told that did not certain dietary considerations check his geometrical proclivities, he would presently be the sole living inhabitant of the globe, crowding every other creature out of existence. Even as it is he invades a great many territories where he does not properly belong.

The latest of these invasions is peculiarly noteworthy as showing the influence of the times. It appears that the microbe is developing what in man would be called an itching palm. A German scientist on subjecting some bank-bills to examination recently found each one of them colonized on an average by about twenty thousand microbes, including such dangerous forms as the "streptococcus of erysipelas and the bacilli of tuberculosis and diphtheria." The dangers to mankind of possessing the root of all evil have long been recognized, but evidently a new danger now threatens from such joint ownership as this. It remains for the scientists to tell us whether it will be better for us to acknowledge the authority of numbers as manifested by the microbe, and abandon our right in the money altogether to the multitudinous squatter claimants, or whether, on the other hand, a judicious use of germicides may serve as an ejection warrant upon the whole tribe of microbes, and leave us in undisputed possession of the coveted paper. Another interesting point for investigation relates to the bearings of the case from the stand-point of the microbe himself. At least one question in this line is not very intricate. It could be determined whether the microbes show a predilection for bills of large denomination as against smaller ones. If the microbe is properly alive to the full bearings of the case, there should be, plainly, five times as many colonies of his tribe on a five-dollar bill as on a one-dollar bill. Determination of this point would furnish material for a valuable appendix to the work on the psychic life of micro-organisms which a learned French psychologist has recently published.

MR. CURTIS'S ORATIONS.

The first volume of the orations of Mr. George William Curtis is just issued by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. They are edited by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Cambridge, whose close friendship and intimate sympathy with Mr. Curtis in all his essential aims peculiarly fit him for the task. Sixteen months have now passed since the death of Mr. Curtis, and though to those who had the privilege of knowing the tones of that marvellous voice its charm must always linger in the printed record of his speech, and though the spell his personality laid upon his friends can never be wholly dissipated yet it is possible now to gain some reasonable impression of what these orations are to be in the surviving literature of the time. We are confident that their place will be an honorable one and secure. In their present form they show even more than when they were delivered how much substance there is in them, how much care and study and thought was given to each, how clear and how high was the ideal of the speaker, and how impossible it was for him to forget it, or abandon it, or lower it.

Unquestionably Mr. Curtis was a most delightful speaker. It was impossible that his manly beauty and his flexible and expressive voice should not add to the emotion of the moment; and this was equally true of the most varying occasions. But this publication shows to those who might not fully have realized it how independent of the manner was the matter of his discourse. The orations in this first volume cover a period of thirty-five years. They open with the memorable address at Middletown, Connecticut, when he brought to the young men of his time the summons to "our Thermopylæ, which is Kansas," and began that splendid campaign against slavery which closed at the polls in 1860, only to be renewed on the battle field. The orations embrace not only the questions of the restriction of slavery, of the war, of reconstruction but questions of education, of the influence of the New England character and idea, and the question of the suffrage for women. All are treated with that luminous reasonableness which was the most remarkable and persistent trait of Mr. Curtis's mind, and all the more so because of the fervor and eloquence with which he was inspired by a sense of conviction. One thing is also to be noted, the singular modesty, the absence of personal allusion, or of any personal feeling in these addresses. It is not to be denied that the career of the orator is beset with pitfalls. The first condition of success for him is to be listened to with interest, and then with sympathy. If he cannot win his hearers wholly to himself, the temptation is great to meet them half-way, though he must stoop to do it, and to seek applause if he cannot carry conviction. And the applause of an assemblage of men is very alluring. It is only the orator of the highest rank who is independent of it, who guides his course equally remote from vanity and servility. This Mr. Curtis unfailingly did, because he was of the highest rank, not as an orator only, but as a man.

FOR AN IMPROVED SANTA CLAUS.

We know of no contemporary personage who is suffering more from allowing himself to drop behind the times than our friend Santa Claus. Time was when Santa Claus was more real than the President; now it has come to such a pass that the dictionary, after defining him—in the body of the work instead of in the biographical department—goes on and makes some learned observation about "this myth." If things go on thus a few years longer, Santa Claus will have about as much real vitality as the Salem witches. Now, there is no inherent reason for this decadence of the good saint. There is just as much demand for Santa Claus as there ever was. This simple fact is that he has not been rightly managed. Santa Claus needs a live press agent.

But we presume that Santa Claus ought not to be blamed for the present deplorable state in which we find him. Doubtless it would not be dignified for him to boom himself. Professional ethics may not allow him to employ a press agent, however much he may realize the need of one. For aught we know, Santa Claus may be doing his best to keep himself up to date. But though Santa Claus may have done for himself all that he could, as much cannot be said for his friends—we do not mean his child friends, but his "grown-up" friends; the child's knowledge of Santa Claus must necessarily rest on what his elders tell him, so they must be held responsible for the present fallen estate of the saint. The latter-day Santa Claus should stand as an awful warning for politicians and others on the danger of remaining too long in the hands of one's friends.

The downward course of Santa Claus began with the introduction of the cast-iron stove. As long as the old-fashioned fireplace lasted he was secure. As the children gathered around this romantic old fraud, toasting their toes while their backs gradually but surely congealed, the story of Santa Claus and his chimney descending habits seemed entirely probable. The whole thing bore the impress of truth; it stood to reason. There was scarcely a single stumbling block for faith. The dictionary of the day did not croak of myths when it spoke of Santa Claus. Occasionally an original child might question how the jolly old benefactor could get all over the world in one night; but this seldom happened, as the pre-stove child did not read the morning papers, and his world was bounded by his neighborhood. Besides, he knew nothing of the time it was possible for reindeer to make when properly driven with a light sleigh and good roads.

But after the arrival of the comfortable albeit uncomantic stove, when the child was told of Santa Claus, he simply looked at the pipe and put his tongue in his cheek. Still, he tried to believe in him, and succeeded after a fashion. Then even the stove disappeared in many households, to be succeeded by the steam radiator or a hot air hole in the floor. The notion of Santa Claus coming down a steam-pipe or up through a register was even more absurd than the idea of his braving the dimensions of the stove-pipe. Then came the deluge. The daily paper revealed to the child the size of the world. He went to the Park or the travelling circus, and could discover no points of speed about the reindeer. Then he consulted the big dictionary, and poor Santa Claus went by the board completely. The child still hangs up his stocking, but he has some decidedly practical views about who does the rest.

Now it occurs to us that all this might have been avoided if people had had the wisdom to keep Santa Claus up with the times. The danger of anything or anybody lagging behind the times is too patent for us to dwell upon here. The absurdity of attempting to lumber along with a mediæval Santa Claus in these days of locomotives and telegraphs and electric lights should have been clear to any one. Santa Claus ought to have been improved gradually, and kept abreast of, let us say, the steam engine, every advance in the steam-engine should have been met by an improvement in Santa Claus. But such has not been the case, and the natural result has followed, as we have shown. When the air-tight stove was introduced, a mode of ingress other than the chimney should have been provided. As the child began to grasp the fact that this is a sizable world, Santa Claus should have been provided with some means of getting about it better than reindeer of an obsolete pattern, or, at the very least, pneumatic runners should have been put on his sleigh. And when everything else began to go by electricity, it seems as if this convenient fluid might have been pressed into the service of Santa Claus in some way. We do not believe that the imagination of childhood would have resented at the idea of Santa Claus coming by telegraph. The child stood ready to accept a modern and scientific Santa Claus, but parents did not rise to the occasion.

As to whether or not it is too late to bring forward a Santa Claus which will meet the requirements of the age, we hesitate to express an opinion. Certainly, something ought to be done if it is possible. It seems as if affairs had reached a stage where a committee ought to be appointed. Great virtue is your committee. But we scarcely know how this committee should be selected. Perhaps Congress might do something, or possibly the President, as the father of two Santa Claus hungry children, the elder of whom at least must long ago have detected the absurdities of the old-fashioned saint, might feel like moving in the matter if his attention were called to it. Anyhow, there must be a Santa Claus committee.

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JOSEPH BODWELL DOE,
Assistant-Secretary of War.—[See Page 1255.]

THE RIGHT REV. THEODORE B. LYMAN, D.D.,
Late Bishop of North Carolina.—[See Page 1255.]

JAMES R. SOVEREIGN,
Terence V. Powderly's Successor.—[See Page 1255.]

JOHN CESSNA, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An active public life of nearly fifty years' continuous duration ended on the 13th inst., when John Cessna died in his lifetime home at Bedford, Pennsylvania.

When "Uncle John," as politicians and newspaper men liked to call him, first held office—a commissionership of revenue—people were still "staging it" across his native State of Pennsylvania, and Dickens's *Notes*, in which he described his drive across the old "camel-back" bridge at Harrisburg, was a late addition to many Pennsylvania libraries, in which that particular passage was marked. And only last spring, on the last night of the Legislature's session, the member from Bedford was vigorously and successfully fighting the efforts of the trolley companies of Philadelphia and Pittsburg to plant their squeaky standards in every highway in the State.

A long and useful life lay between. Mr Cessna was a thorough-going politician of the old swallow-tailed Buchanan school, which viewed with something of wonder, not to say contempt, a man who saw a field of political activity outside of the ranks of the two great parties. But he had a high personal standard, which he stuck to and held up, and so passed spotless through an era of politics in which the Pennsylvania public man who remained uncorrupt did so through inherent integrity of character.

He was the son of a Bedford County farmer, and was graduated from Marshall College, Mercersburg, in 1842. He was admitted to the bar in 1845, and immediately became active on the Democratic side of politics, with such energy and ability that the year 1850 saw him, in his thirtieth year, Speaker of the Pennsylvania House. As a delegate to the National Convention in 1856, he aided in the nomination of James Buchanan, and continued to act with the dominant faction in the Democratic party until 1861, when he was elected to the House as a Union Democrat. He remained in the old faith till 1863, when his high character and unimpeachable patriotism made him, as Speaker once more of the House, an invaluable supporter of Governor Curtin in his historic efforts to put forth the whole resources of the greatest of the border States for the suppression of the rebellion. In the same year his Union and antislavery sentiments led him at last into active membership of the Republican party, which always thereafter delighted to honor him. He was chairman of the State Committee in 1865, a post in which he had been immediately preceded by A. K. McClure and Wayne MacVeagh. He was, in 1868, a delegate to the convention which nominated Grant. In that year, and again in 1872, he was elected to Congress, and in 1876 helped to nominate General Hayes. In 1880 he was one of the famous "306" who voted continuously for Grant, but, like a loyal partisan, he went home and, as chairman of the State Committee, set about the successful creation of the regular majority for his leader's successful opponent.

His return to the Legislature last winter was after an absence of many years. He was seventy-two years old, and died of diabetes. He was a kindly man whom every one knew and liked, and there is no hamlet in the great State he served so long where there will not be some one who feels a personal bereavement in the death of "Uncle John."

A. E. Watrous.

JOHN CESSNA
From a Photograph by the Gutekunst Company

EXPERIMENTAL TEST OF THE LIFE-SAVING KITE.—Drawn by Al Hencke.—[See Page 1260.]

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"Father, I am a man."

THE SON OF HIS FATHER.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

"IT is a queer name," Mrs. Strickland admitted; "and none of our family have ever borne it; but, you see, he *is* the first man to us."

So he was called Adam, and to that world about him he was the first of men—a man child alone. Heaven sent him no Eve for a companion, but all earth, horse and foot, was at his feet. As soon as he was old enough to appear in public he held a levee, and Strickland's sixty policemen, with their sixty clanking sabres, bowed to the dust before him. When his fingers closed a little on Imam Din's sword-hilt they rose and roared till Adam roared too, and was withdrawn.

"Now that was no cry of fear," said Imam Din, afterwards, speaking to his companions in the Police Lines. "He was angry—and so young! Brothers, he will make a very strong Police officer."

"Does the Memsahib give him the breast?" said a new Philibur recruit, the dye smell not yet out of his yellow cotton uniform.

"Ho!" said an up-country Naik, scornfully. "It has not been known for *more* than ten days that my woman suckles bias." He curled his mustaches as lordly as ever an Inspector could afford to do, for he knew that the husband of the foster-mother of the son of the District Superintendent of Police was a man sure of consideration.

"I am glad," said Imam Din, loosening his belt. "Those who drink our blood become of our own blood, and I have seen, in these thirty years, that the sons of the Sahibs once being born here return when they are men. Yes, they return after they have been to Belait" (Europe).

"And what do they in Belait?" asked the recruit, respectfully.

"Get instruction—which thou hast not," returned the Naik. "Also they drink of *bolaitee paanee* (soda water) enough to give them that devil's restlessness which endures for all their lives. Whence we of Hind have trouble."

"My father's uncle," said Imam Din, slowly, with importance, "was Resaldar of the Longcoat House, and the Ensprem called him to Belait in the year that she had accomplished fifty years of rule. *He* said (and there were also other witnesses) that the Sahibs there drink only common water, even as do we; and that the *bolaitee-paanee* does *not* run in all the rivers."

"He said also that there was a Shish Mahal—a glass palace—half a *kos* in length, and that the rail-*gharri* ran under the roads, and that there are boats bigger than a village. He is a great talker." The Naik spoke scornfully. He had no well-born uncles.

"He is a man of good birth," said Imam Din, with the least possible emphasis on the first word, and the Naik was silent.

"Ho! Ho!" Imam Din reached out to his pipe, chuckling till his fat sides shook again. "Strickland Sahib's foster-mother was the wife of an *lewais* in the Ferozepur district. I was a young man then, ploughing while the English fought. This child will also be suckled here, and he will have double wisdom, and when he is a Police officer, it will be very bad for the thieves in this *illaqha*. Ho! Ho!"

"There will be no English in the land then. They are asking permission of clerks and low-caste men to continue their *Raj* even now," said the Naik.

"All but foolish men—such as those clerks are—would know that this asking is but an excuse for making trouble, and thus holding the country more strictly. Now, in an investigation, is it not our custom to permit the villagers to talk loosely and give us abuse for a little time? *Then* do we not grow hot, and walk them to the *thana* two by two—as these clerks will be walked? Thus do I read the new talk."

"So do not I," said the Naik, who borrowed the native newspapers.

"Because thou art young, and wast born in time of peace. *I* saw the year that was to end the English Rule. Men said it was ended, indeed, and that all could now take their neighbor's cattle. This I saw ploughing, and I was minded to fight too, being a young man. My father sent me to Gurgaon to buy cattle, and I saw the tents of Van Cortlandt Sahib in the wheat, and I saw that he was going up and down collecting the revenue, neither abating nor increasing it, though Delhi was all afire, and the Sahibs lay dead about the fields. I have seen what I have seen. This *Raj* will not be talked down; and he who builds on the present madness of the *Sahib log*, which, O Naik, covers great cunning, builds for himself a lock-up. My father's uncle has seen their country, and he says that he is afraid as never he feared before. So Strickland Sahib's boy will come back to this country, and *his* son after him. Nath, have they named him yet?"

"The butler spoke to my household, having heard the talk at table, and he says that they will call him Adam—and no jaw-splitting English name. Ud—dham. The *padre* will name him at their church in due time."

"Who can tell the ways of Sahibs? Now Strickland Sahib knows more of the Faith than ever I had time to learn—prayers, charms, names, and stories of the Blessed Ones. Yet he is not a Musalman," said Imam Din, thoughtfully.

"For the reason that he knows as much of the Gods of Hindustan, and so rides with a rein in each hand. Remember that he sat under the Baba Atali, a *faquir* among *faquirs*, for ten days; whereby a man came to be hanged for the murder of the dancing girl on the night of the great earthquake," said the Naik.

"True—it is true. And yet . . . they are one day so wise, the Sahibs, and another so foolish. But he has named the child well: Adam. Buzzat Adam! Ho! ho! Failer Adam we must call him."

"And all who minister to the child," said the Naik, quietly, but with meaning, "will come to great honor."

Adam throve, being prayed over before the Gods of at least three creeds, in a garden almost as fair as Eden. There were gigantic clumps of bamboo that talked continually, and enormous plantains on whose soft paper skin he could scratch with his nails; green domes of mango-trees as huge as the dome of St. Paul's, full of parrots as big as cassowaries, and gray squirrels the size of foxes. At the end of the garden stood a hedge of flaming poinsettias higher than anything in the world, because, childlike, Adam's eye could not carry to the tops of the mango trees. Their green went out against the blue sky, but the red poinsettias he could just see. A nurse who talked continually about snakes and pulled him back from the mouth of a fascinating dry well, and a mother who believed that the sun hurt little beads, were the only drawbacks to this loveliness. But, as his legs grew under him, he found that by scaling an enormous rampart—three feet of broken-down mud wall at the end of the garden—he could come into a ready made kingdom where every one was his slave. Imam Din showed him the way one evening, and the police troopers cooking their supper received him with rapture, and gave him pieces of very indigestible but altogether delightful spiced bread.

Here he sat or sprawled in the horse feed where the police horses were picketed in a double line, and he named them, men and beasts together, according to his ideas and experiences, as his First Father had done before him. In those days everything had a name, from the mud mangers to the heel ropes, for things were people to Adam exactly as people are things to folk in their second childhood. Through all the conferences—one hand twisted into Imam Din's beard, and the other on his polished belt buckle—there were two other people who came and went across the talk—Death and Sickness—persons greater than Imam Din, and stronger than the heel-roped stallions. There was Mata, the small-pox, a woman in some way connected with pigs; and Heza, the cholera, a black man according to Adam; and Bookia, starvation, and Kismet, who settled all questions, from the untimely choking of a pet mangoose in the kitchen drain, to the absence of a young policeman who once missed a parade and never came back. It was all very wonderful to Adam, but not worth much thinking over, for a child's mind is bounded by his eyes exactly as a horse's view of the road is limited by blinkers. Between all these objectionable shadowy vagrants stood a ring of kind faces and strong arms, and Mata and Heza would never touch Adam, the first of men. Kismet might do so, because—and this was a mystery no staring into the looking glass would solve—Kismet, who was a man was also written, like Police Orders for the day, in or on Adam's head. Imam Din could not explain how this might be, and it was from that gray fat Muhammedan that Adam learned through every inflection

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the *Khuda janta* (God knows) that settled everything in his mind.

Beyond the fact that "Khuda" was a very good man and kept lions, Adam's theology did not run far. Mrs. Strickland tried to teach him a few facts, but he revolted at the story of Genesis as untrue. A turtle, he said, upheld the world, and one-half the adventures of Huzrut Nu (Father Noah) had never been told. If Mamma wanted to hear them, she must ask Imam Din. Adam had heard of a Saint who made wooden cakes and pressed them to his stomach when he felt hungry, and the Feeding of the Multitude did not impress him. So it came about that a reading of miracle stories generally ended in a monologue by Adam on other and much more astonishing miracles.

"It's awful," said Mrs. Strickland, half crying, "to think of his growing up like a little heathen." Mrs. Strickland (Miss Youghal that was, if you remember her) had been born and brought up in England, and did not quite understand things.

"Let him alone," said Strickland. "He'll grow out of it all, or it will only come back to him in dreams."

"Are you sure?" said his wife, to whom Strickland's least word was pure truth.

"Quite. I was sent home when I was seven, and they flicked it out of me with a wet towel at Harrow. Public schools don't encourage anything that isn't quite English."

Mrs. Strickland shuddered, for she had been trying not to think of the separation that follows motherhood in India, and makes life there, for all that is written to the contrary, not quite the most desirable thing in the world. Adam trotted out to hear about more miracles, and his nurse must have worried him beyond bounds, for she came back weeping, saying that Adam Baba was in danger of being eaten alive by wild horses.

As a matter of fact, he had shaken off Juma by bolting between a couple of picketed horses and lying down under their bellies. That they were personal friends of his, Juma did not understand, nor Strickland either. Adam was settled at ease when his father arrived breathless and white, and the stallions put back their ears and squealed.

"If you come here," said Adam, "they will hit you kicks. Tell Juma I have eaten my rice and wish to be alone."

"Come out at once," said Strickland, for the horses were beginning to paw violently.

"Why should I obey Juma's orders? She is afraid of horses."

"It is not Juma's orders. It is *mine*. Obey."

"Ho!" said Adam, "Juma did not tell me that," and he crawled out on all fours among the shod feet. Mrs. Strickland was crying bitterly with fear and excitement, and as a sacrifice to the home gods Adam had to be whipped. He said, with perfect justice, "There was no order that I should not sit with the horses, and they are *my* horses. Why is there this *tamasha*?"

Strickland's face showed him that the whipping was coming, and the child turned white. Mother like, Mrs. Strickland left the room, but Juma, the foster mother, staid to see.

"Am I to be whipped here?" he gasped.

"Of course."

"Before that woman? Father, I am a man—I am not afraid. It is my *izzat*—my honor."

Strickland only laughed (to this day I cannot imagine what possessed him), and gave Adam the little tap-tap with a riding-cane that was whipping sufficient for his years.

When it was all over, Adam said, quietly, "I am little, and you are big. If I had staid among my horse-folk I should not have been whipped. *You* are afraid to go there."

The merest chance led me to Strickland's house that afternoon. When I was half-way down the drive Adam passed me without recognition at a fast run. I caught one glimpse of his face under his big hat, and it was the face of his father as I had once seen that in the gray of the morning when it bent above a leper. I caught the child by the shoulder.

"Let me go," he screamed, and he and I were the best of friends as a rule. "Let me go."

"Where to, Father Adam?" He was quivering like a new haltered colt.

"To the well. I have been beaten. I have been beaten before women! Let me go!" He tried to bite my hand.

"That is a small matter," I said. "Men are born to beatings."

"Thou hast never been beaten," he said, savagely.

"Indeed I have. Times past counting."

"Before women?"

"My mother and the ayah saw. *By* women, too, for that matter. What of it?"

"What didst thou do?" He stared beyond my shoulder up the long drive.

"It is long ago, and I have forgotten. I was older than thou art, but even then I forgot, and now the thing is but a jest to be talked of."

Adam drew one big breath, and broke down utterly in my arms. Then he raised his head, and his eyes were Strickland's eyes when Strickland gave orders.

"Ho! Imam Din!"

The fat orderly seemed to spring out of the earth at our feet, crashing through the lilac-bushes, and standing to attention.

"Hast thou ever been beaten?" said Adam.

"Assuredly. By my father when I was thirty years old. He beat me with a plough-beam before all the women of the village."

"Wherefore?"

"Because I had returned to the village on leave from the government service, and had said of the village elders that they had not seen the world. Therefore he beat me, to show that no seeing of the world changed father and son."

"And thou?"

"I stood up. He was my father."

"Good," said Adam, and turned on his heel without another word.

Imam Din looked after him. "An elephant breeds but once in a lifetime, but he breeds elephants. Yet I am glad I am no sire of tuskers," said he.

"What is it all?" I asked.

"His father beat him with a whip no bigger than a reed. But the child could not have done what he desired to do without leaping through me. And I am of some few pounds weight. Look!"

Imam Din stepped back through the bushes, and the pressed grass showed that he had been lying curled round the mouth of the dry well.

"When there was talk of beating, I knew that one who sat among horses, such as ours, was not like to kiss his father's hand. So I lay down in this place." We both stood still looking at the well curb.

Adam came back along the garden path to us. "I have spoken to my father," he said, simply. "Imam Din, tell thy Naik that his woman is dismissed my service."

"Huzoor!" said Imam Din, stooping low.

"For no fault of hers."

"Protector of the Poor!"

"And to-day."

"Khodawund."

"It is an order. Go!"

Again the salute, and Imam Din departed, with that same set of the back which he wore when he had taken an order from Strickland. I thought that it would be well to go too, but Strickland beckoned me from the veranda. When I came up he was perfectly white, and, rocking to and fro in his chair, repeated "Good God!" half a dozen times.

"Do you know that he was going to chuck himself down the well—because I tapped him just now?" he said, helplessly.

"I ought to," I replied. "He has just dismissed his nurse—on his own authority, I suppose?"

"He told me just now that he wouldn't have her for a nurse any more. I never supposed he meant it for an instant. I suppose she'll have to go."

It is written elsewhere that Strickland was feared through the length and breadth of the Punjab by murderers, horse-thieves, and cattle-lifters.

Adam returned, halting outside the veranda, very white about the lips.

"I have sent away Juma because she saw that—that which happened. Until she is gone I do not come in the house," he said.

"But to send away thy foster-mother?" said Strickland, with reproach.

"I do not send her away. It is thy blame," and the small forefinger was pointed to Strickland. "I will not obey her. I will not eat from her hand, and I will not sleep with her. Send her away."

Strickland stepped out and lifted the child into the veranda.

"This folly has lasted long enough," he said. "Come, now, and be wise."

"I am little and you are big," said Adam, between set teeth. "You can beat me before this man or cut me to pieces. But I will not have Juma for my ayah any more. I will not eat till she goes. I swear it by—my father's head."

Strickland sent him in-doors to his mother, and we could hear sounds of weeping, and Adam's voice saying nothing more than "Send Juma away." Presently Juma came in and wept too, and Adam repented. "It is no fault of thine, but go!"

And the end of it was that Juma went, with all her belongings, and Adam fought his own way alone into his little clothes until a new ayah came. His address of welcome to her was rather amazing. In a few words it ran: "If I do wrong send me to my father. If you strike me I will try to kill you. I do not wish my ayah to play with me. Go and eat rice."

From that day Adam forswore the society of ayahs and small native girls as much as a small boy can, confining himself to Imam Din and his friends of the police. The Naik, Juma's husband, had been presuming not a little on his position, and when Adam's favor was withdrawn from his wife he judged it best to apply for a transfer to another post. There were too many companions anxious to report his shortcomings to Strickland.

Towards his father Adam kept a guarded neutrality. There was not a touch of sulkiness in it, for the child's temper was as clear as a bell. But the difference and the politeness worried Strickland.

If the other men had loved Adam before the affair of the well, they worshipped him now.

"He knows what Honor means," said Imam Din. "He has justified himself upon a point thereof. He has carried an order through his father's household as a child of the Blood might do. Therefore, he is not altogether a child any longer. Wah! He is a tiger's cub." The next time that Adam made his little unofficial inspection of the lines, Imam Din, and in consequence all the others, stood upon their feet with their hands to their sides, instead of calling out from where they lay, "Salaam, Babajee," and other disrespectful things.

But Strickland took long counsel with his wife, and she with the check-book and their lean bank account, and they decided that Adam must go "home" to his aunts. But England is not home to a child who has been born in India, and it never becomes homelike unless he spends all his youth there. The bank-book showed that if they economized through the summer by going to a cheap hill station instead of to Simla, where Mrs. Strickland's parents lived, and where Strickland might be noticed by the powers, they could send Adam home in the next spring. It would be hard pinching, but it could be done. In India all the money that people in other lands save against a rainy day runs off in loss by exchange, which to-day cuts a man's income down almost exactly to one-half. There is nothing to show for money when all is put by, and that is what makes married life there so hard. Strickland used to say, sometimes, that he envied the convicts in the jail. They had no position to keep up, and the ball and chain that the worst of them wore was only a few pounds weight of iron.

Dalhousie was chosen as being the cheapest of the hill stations, Dalhousie and a little five-roomed cottage full of mildew tucked away among the rhododendrons.

Adam had been to Simla three or four times, and knew, by name, most of the tonga drivers from Kalka to Tara Devi, but this new plan disquieted him. He came to me for information, his hands deep in his knickerbocker pockets, walking step for step, as his father walked.

"There will be none of my *bhai-bund* [brotherhood] up there," he said, disconsolately, "and they say that I must lie still in a doolie for a day and a night, being carried like a sheep. I wish to take some of my mounted men to Dalhousie."

I told him that there was a small boy, called Victor, at Dalhousie, who had a calf for a pet, and was allowed to play with it on the public roads. After that Adam could not sufficiently hurry the packing.

"First," said he, "I shall ask that man Victor to let me play with the cow's child. If he is *maggra* [ill conditioned] I shall tell my policemen to take it away."

"But that is unjust," said Strickland, "and there is no order that the Police should do injustice."

"When the Government pay is not sufficient, and low-caste men are promoted, what *can* an honest man do?" he replied, in the very touch and accent of Imam Din, and Strickland's eyebrows went up.

"You talk too much to the Police, my son," he said.

"Always, about everything," said Adam, promptly. "They say that when I am an officer I shall know as much as my father."

"God forbid, little one!"

"They say, too, that you are as clever as Shaitan to know things."

"They say that, do they?" and Strickland looked pleased. His pay was small, but he had his reputation, and it was dear to him.

"They say also—not to me, but to one another when they eat rice behind the wall—that in your own heart you esteem yourself as wise as Suleiman, who was cheated by Shaitan."

This time Strickland did not look so pleased. Adam, in all innocence, launched into a long story about Suleiman-bin-Daoud, who once, out of vanity, pitted his wits against Shaitan, and because God was not on his side Shaitan sent "a little devil of low caste," as Adam put it, who cheated him utterly, and put him to shame before "all the other Rajas."

"By Gum!" said Strickland, when the tale was done, and went away, while Adam took me to task for laughing at Imam Din's stories. I did not wonder that he was called Huzrut Adam, for he looked old as all time in his grave childhood, sitting cross-legged, his battered little helmet far at the back of his head, his forefinger wagging up and down, native fashion, and the wisdom of serpents on his unconscious lips.

That May he went up to Dalhousie with his mother, and in those days the journey ended in fifty or sixty miles of uphill travel in a doolie or palanquin along a road winding through the Himalayas. Adam sat in the doolie with his mother, and Strickland rode and tied with me, a spare doolie following. The march began after we got out of the train at Pathankot, in a hot night among the rice and poppy fields.

It was all new to Adam, and he had opinions to advance—notably about a fish that jumped in a way-side pond. "Now I know," he shouted, "how Khuda puts them there. First he makes them and then he drops them down. That was a new one." Then, lifting his head to the stars, he cried, "Oh Khuda, do it again, but slowly, that I, Adam, may see."

But nothing happened, and the doolie-bearers lit the noisome dripping rag torches, and Adam's eyes shone big in the dancing light, and we smelt the dry dust of the Plains that we were leaving after eleven months' hard work.

At stated times the men ceased their droway, grunting tune, and sat down for a smoke. Between the guttering of their water-pipes we could hear the cries of the beasts of the night, and the wind stirring in the folds of the mountains ahead. At the changing stations the voice of Adam, the first of men, would be lifted to rouse the sleepers in the huts till the fresh relays of bearers shambled from their cots, and the relief pony with them.

Then we would reform and go on, and by the time the moon rose, Adam was asleep, and there was no sound in the night except the grunting of the men, the husky murmur of some river a thousand feet down in the valley, and the squeaking of Strickland's saddle. So we went up from date-palm to deodar, till the dawn wind came round a corner all fresh from the snows and we snuffed it. I heard Strickland say, "Wife, my overcoat, please," and Adam, fretfully, "Where is Dalhousie and the cow's child?" and then I slept till Strickland turned me out of the warm doolie at seven o'clock, and I stepped out into all the splendor of a cool Hill day, the Plains sweltering twenty miles back and three thousand feet below.

Adam waked too, and needs must ride in front of me to ask a million questions, and shout at the monkeys, and clap his hands when the painted pheasants bolted across our road, and hail every wood-cutter and drover and pilgrim within sight, till we halted for breakfast at a staging-house. After breakfast, being a child, he went out to play with a train of bullock-drivers halted by the road-side, and we had to chase him out of a native liquor shop, where he was bargaining with a naked seven-year-old for a *maynah* in a bamboo cage.

Said he, wriggling on my pommel as we went on again, "There were four men *behosh* [insensible] at the back of that house. Wherefore do men grow *behosh* from drinking?"

"It is the nature of the water," I said, and calling back, "Strick, what's that grog-shop doing so close to the road? It's a temptation to any one's servants."

"Dun'no'," said a sleepy voice in the doolie. "This is Kennedy's district. 'Twasn't here in my time."

"Truly the water smells bad," Adam went on. "I smelt it, but I did not get the *maynah* even for six annas. The woman of the house gave me a love-gift, that I found, playing near the veranda."

"And what was the gift, Father Adam?"

"A nose-ring for my ayah. Ohe! Ohe! Look at that camel with the bag on his nose." A string of loaded camels came cruising round the corner, as a fleet rounds a cape.

"Ho, Malik! Why does not a camel salaam like an elephant? His neck is long enough," Adam cried.

"The angel Jibrail made him a fool from the beginning," said the driver, as he swayed on the top of the led beast, and laughter ran all along the line of red-bearded men.

"That is true," said Adam, and they laughed again.

At last, in the late afternoon, we came to Dalhousie, the loveliest of the hill stations, and separated, Adam hardly to be restrained from setting out at once to find Victor and the "cow's child." I found them both, something to my trouble, next morning. The two young sinners had a calf on a taut line just at a sharp turn in the Mall, and were pretending that he was a Raja's elephant who had gone mad. But it was my horse that nearly went mad, and they shouted with delight. Then we began to talk, and Adam, by way of crushing Victor's repeated reminders that he and not "that other" was the owner of the calf, said, "It is true I have no cow's child, but a great dacoity has been done on my father."

"We came up together yesterday. There could have been nothing," I said.

"It was my mother's horse. She has been *dacoited* with beating and blows, and now it is so thin." He held his hands an inch apart. "My father is at the *tar*-house sending *tars*. Imam Din will cut off *all* their heads. I desire your saddle-cloth for a howdah to my elephant. Give it me."

This was exciting, but not lucid. I went to the telegraph office, and found Strickland in a black temper among many telegraph forms. A dishevelled, one-eyed groom stood in a corner whimpering at intervals. He was a man whom Adam invariably addressed as "*Be shakl, be akl, be ank*"—ugly, stupid, eyeless. It seemed, according to Strickland, that he had sent his wife's horse up to Dalhousie by road, a fortnight's march. This is the custom in Upper India. Among the foot-hills near Dhunnera or Dhar, horse and man had been violently set upon in the night by four men, who had beaten the groom (his leg was bandaged from knee to ankle

in proof), had incidentally beaten the horse, and had robbed the groom of the bucket and blanket, and all his money—eleven rupees, nine annas, three pie. Last, they had left him for dead by the way-side, where wood-cutters had found and nursed him. Then the one-eyed man howled with anguish, thinking over his bruises. "They asked me if I was Strickland Sahib's servant, and I, thinking the protection of the name would be sufficient, spoke the truth. Then they beat me grievously."

"Hm!" said Strickland. "I thought they wouldn't dacoit as a business on the Dalhousie road. This is meant for me personally—sheer *badmashi* [impudence]. All right."

In justice to a very hard-working class, it must be said that the thieves of Upper India have the keenest sense of humor. The last compliment that they can pay a Police officer is to rob him, and if, as once they did, they can loot a Deputy Inspector General of Police, on the eve of his retirement, of everything except the clothes on his back, their joy is complete. They cause letters of derision and telegrams of condolence to be sent to the victim, for, of all men, thieves are most compelled to keep abreast of progress.

Strickland was a man of few words where his business was concerned. I had never seen a Police officer robbed before, and I expected some excitement, but Strickland held his tongue. He took the groom's deposition, and then retired into himself for a time—evolving thieves. Then he sent Kennedy, of the Pathankot charge, an official letter and an unofficial note. Kennedy's reply was purely unofficial, and it ran thus: "This seems a compliment solely intended for you. My wonder is, you didn't get it before. The men are probably back in your district by this time. The Dhunnera and foot-hill people are highly respectable cultivators, and seeing my Assistant is an unlicked pup and I can't trust my Inspector out of my sight, I'm not going to turn their harvest upside down with a police investigation. I'm run off my feet with vaccination police work. You'd better look at home. The Shubkuddar Gang were through here a fortnight back. They laid up at the Amritsar Serai, and then worked down. No cases against them in my charge, but remember you lagged their malik for receiving in Prub Dyal's burglary. They owe you one."

"Exactly what I thought," said Strickland. "I had a notion it was the Shubkuddar Gang from the first. We must make it pleasant for them at Peshawur, and in my district too. They're just the kind that would lie up under Imam Din's shadow."

From this point onward the wires began to be worked heavily. Strickland had a very fair knowledge of the Shubkuddar Gang, gathered at first hand.

They were the same syndicate that had once stolen a Deputy Commissioner's cow, put horseshoes on her, and taken her forty miles into the jungle before they lost interest in the joke. They added insult to insult by writing that the Deputy Commissioner's cows and horses were so much alike that it took them two days to find out the difference, and they would not lift the like of such cattle any more.

The District Superintendent at Peshawur replied to Strickland that he was expecting the Gang, and Strickland's Assistant in his own district, being young and full of zeal, sent up the most amazing clews.

"Now that's just what I want that young fool not to do," said Strickland. "He hasn't passed the Lower Standard yet, and he's an English boy born and bred, and his father before him. He has about as much tact as a bull, and he won't work quietly under my Inspector. I wish the Government would keep our service for country-born men. Those first five or six years give a man a pull that last him his life. Adam, if you were only old enough to be my 'Stunt'!" He looked down at the little fellow on the veranda. Adam was deeply interested in the dacoity, and, unlike a child, did not lose interest after the first week. On the contrary, he would ask his father every evening what had been done, and Strickland had drawn him a picture on the white wall of the veranda showing the different towns in which policemen were on the lookout for the thieves. They were Amritsar, Jullundur, Phillour, Gurgaon, in case the Gang were moving south, Rawal Pindi, and Peshawur, with Multan. Adam looked up at the picture as he answered.

"There has been great *dikh* [trouble] in this case."

"Very great trouble. I wish that thou wert a young man and my assistant to help me."

"Dost thou need help, my father?" Adam asked, curiously, with his head on one side.

"Very much."

"Leave it all alone. It is bad. Let loose everything."

"That must not be. Those beginning a business, continue to the end."

"Thou wilt continue to the end? Dost thou not *know* who did the dacoity?"

Strickland shook his head. Adam turned to me with the same question and I answered it in the same way.

"What foolish people!" he said, and turned his back on us. He showed plainly in all our dealings afterwards how we had fallen in his opinion. Strickland told me that he would sit at the door of his father's work-room and stare at him for half an hour at a time as he went through his papers. Strickland seemed to work harder over the case than if he had been in office in the plains.

"And sometimes I look up and I fancy the little chap's laughing at me. It's an awful thing to have a son. You see he's your own and his own, and between the two you don't know quite how to handle him," said Strickland. "I wonder what in the world he thinks about?"

I asked Adam this on my own account. He put his head on one side for a moment and replied, "In these days I think about great things. I do not play with Victor and the cow's child any more. He is only a baba."

At the end of the third week of Strickland's leave, the result of Strickland's labors—labors that had made Mrs. Strickland more indignant against dacoits than any one else—came to hand. The police at Peshawur reported that half the Shubkuddar Gang were held at Peshawur to account for the possession of some blankets and a horse-bucket. Strickland's Assistant had also four men under suspicion in his charge; and Imam Din must have stirred up Strickland's Inspector to investigations on his own account, for a string of incoherent telegrams came in from the Club Secretary in which he entreated, exhorted, and commanded Strickland to take his "mangy badmashes" off the Club premises. "Your men in servants' quarters here, examining cook. Marker indignant. Steward threatens resignation. Members furious. *Sahses* stopped on roads. Shut up, or my resignation goes to Committee."

"Now I shouldn't in the least wonder," said Strickland, thoughtfully, to his wife, "if the Club was not just *the* place where a man would lie up. Billy Watson isn't at all pleased, though. I think I shall have to cut my leave by a week and go down with the *tonta*. If there's anything to be told, the men will tell me."

Mrs. Strickland's eyes filled with tears.

"I shall try to steal ten days if I can at Badar Kalli time," he said, soothingly, "but I must go now. It will never do for the gang to think that they can dacoit my belongings."

That was in the forenoon, and Strickland asked me to tiffin to leave me some instructions about his big dog, with authority to rebuke those who did not attend to her. *Tietjens* was growing too old and too fat to live in the Plains in the summer. When I came, Adam had climbed into his high chair at table, and Mrs. Strickland seemed ready to weep at any moment over the general misery of things.

"I go down the hill to-morrow, little son," said Strickland.

"Wherefore?" said Adam, reaching out for a ripe mango and burying his head in it.

"Imam Din has caught the men who did the dacoity, and there are also others at Peshawur under suspicion. I must go to see."

"*Bus!*" said Adam, between sucks at his mango, as Mrs. Strickland tucked the napkin round his neck. "Imam Din speaks lies. Do not go."

"It is necessary. There has been great *dikh-dari* [trouble giving]."

Adam came out of the fruit for a minute and laughed. Then, returning, he spoke between slow and deliberate mouthfuls.

"The dacoits live in Beshaki's head. They will never be caught. All people know that. The cook knows, and the scullion, and Rahim Baksh here."

"Nay," said the butler behind his chair, hastily. "What should I know? Nothing at all does the servant of the Presence know."

"Accha," said Adam, and sucked on. "Only it is known."

"Speak, then," said Strickland. "What dost thou know? Remember the man was beaten insensible."

"That was in the bad-water shop where I played when we came here. The boy who would not sell me the *mynah* for six annas told me that a one-eyed man had come there and drunk the bad waters and gone mad. He broke bedsteads. They hit him with a bamboo till he was *behosh*, and fearing he was dead they nursed him on milk—like a little baba. When I was playing first with the cow's child I asked Beshaki if he were that man, and he said no. But I knew, because many wood-cutters asked him whether his head were whole now."

"But why," I interrupted, "did Beshaki tell lies?"

"Oh! he is a low-caste man and desired consideration. Now he is a witness in a great law case, and men will go to the jailkhana on his account. It was to give trouble and obtain notice."

"Was it all lies?" said Strickland.

"Ask him," said Adam, cheerily, through the mango juice.

Strickland passed through the door, there was a howl of despair in the servants' quarters up the hill, and he returned with the one-eyed groom.

"Now," said Strickland, "it is known. Declare!"

"Beshaki," said Adam, while the man gasped, "Imam Din has caught four men, and there are some more at Peshawur. *Bus! Bus! Bus!*"

"Thou didst get drunk by the way-side, and didst make a false case to cover it. Speak!"

Like a good many other men, Strickland, in possession of a few facts, was irresistible. The groom groaned.

"I—I did not get drunk till—till— Protector of the Poor, the mare rolled."

"All horses roll at Dhunnera. The road is too narrow before that, and they smell where the other horses have rolled. This the bullock-drivers told me when they came them," said Adam.

"She rolled. The saddle was cut and the curb-chain was lost."

"See!" said Adam, tugging a curb-chain from his pocket. "That woman in the shop gave it to me for a love-gift. Beshaki said that it was not his when I showed it. But I knew."

"Then they in the grog-shop, knowing that I was the servant of the Presence, said that unless I drank and spent money they would tell."

"A lie. A lie," said Strickland. "Son of an owl, speak truth now at least."

"Then I was afraid because I had lost the curb-chain, so I cut the saddle across and about."

"She did *not* roll, then?" said Strickland, bewildered and very angry.

"It was the curb-chain that was lost. I cut the saddle, and went to drink in the shop. I drank, and there was a fray. The rest I have forgotten, till I was recovered."

"And the mare, the while? What of the mare?"

The man looked at Strickland, and collapsed. "I will speak truth. She bore fagots for a wood-cutter for a week."

"Oh, poor *Diamond!*" said Mrs. Strickland.

"And Beshaki was paid four annas for her hire three days ago by the wood-cutter's brother, who is the left-hand man of the *jhampanis* here," said Adam, in a loud and joyful voice. "We all knew. We all knew. I and the servants."

Strickland was silent. His wife stared helplessly at the child—the soul called out of the Nowhere, that went its own way alone.

"Did no man help thee with the lies?" I asked of the groom.

"None. Protector of the Poor—not one."

"They grew, then?"

"As a tale grows in the telling. Alas, I am a very bad man!" and he blinked his one eye dolefully.

"Now four men are held at my station on thy account, and God knows how many more at Peshawur, besides the questions at Multan, and my *izzat* is lost and the mare has been pack-pony to a wood-cutter. Son of devils, what canst thou do to make amends?"

There was just a little break in Strickland's voice, and the man caught it. Bending low, he answered in the abject fawning whine that confounds right and wrong more surely even than most modern creeds, "Protector of the Poor, is the police service shut to—an honest man?"

"Out!" cried Strickland, and swiftly as the groom departed he must have heard our shout of laughter behind him.

"If you dismiss that man, Strick, I shall engage him. He's a genius," I said. "It will take you months to put this mess right, and Billy Watson won't give you a minute's peace."

"You aren't going to tell him?" said Strickland, appealingly.

"I couldn't keep this to myself if you were my own brother. Four men held with you—four or forty at Peshawur—and what was that you said about Multan?"

"Oh, nothing. Only some camel-men there have been—"

"And a tribe of camel-drivers at Multan! All on account of a curb-chain. Oh my aunt!"

"And whose *memsahib* was thy aunt?" said Adam, with the mango-stone in his fist. We began to laugh again.

"But here," said Strickland, pulling his face together, "is a very bad child who has caused his father to lose honor before all the policemen of the Punjab."

"Oh, they know," said Adam. "It was only for the sake of show that they caught people. Assuredly they all knew it was *banowti* [make-up]."

"And since when hast thou known?" said the first policeman in India to his son.

"Four days after we came here—after the wood-cutter had asked Beshaki of the health of his head. Beshaki all but slew one at that bad-water place."

"If thou hadst spoken then, time and money and trouble to me and to others had all been spared. Baba, thou hast done a wrong greater than thy knowledge, and thou hast put me to shame, and set me out upon false words, and broken my honor. Thou hast done *very* wrong. But perhaps thou didst not think?"

"Nay, but I *did* think. Father, my honor was lost when that happened that—that happened in Juma's presence. Now it is made whole again."

And with the most enchanting smile in the world, Adam climbed up on to his father's lap.

IMPRISONED.

'Tis strange you think her, standing cold and dumb,
  Defying life with her grief-haunted eyes,
  And holding back the wailing woman-cries
That from her sisters oft are wont to come
When anguish bows them? Nay, she is not strange.
  Some sorrows can cry out for human aid,
While others lie beyond the mortal range
  Of mortal love. 'Twas such dire woe that laid
A hand on her. This Iron Grief which scarred
Her soul's white truth has kept its portals barred.

MAUDE ANDREWS.

THE REBELLION IN NORTHERN MEXICO.

BEFORE now it has probably occurred to President Diaz that "kings have cares that wait upon a crown." If not, the uprising in Chihuahua will furnish an example; and yet I fear that the men who are now pressing his troops so sorely will not make a Lexington out of any town in that state, because they have already fired shots in plenty, and none of them have been "heard around the world," and, indeed, I doubt if any one but President Diaz's chief of staff has the ring of them in his ears. I travelled in Chihuahua nearly a year ago, and there was then much muttering. The killing at Tamochi had taken place, and Guerrero was full of wounded soldiers. Santa Anna Perez had not done what was expected of him as a militia chief in that fight, and was "cut off" the Mexican pay-roll, and had a skirmish with the Mexican authorities in the outlying town of Guerrero. He had withdrawn to a place of seclusion where his base of retreat could not be affected. Famine, and the natural tendency "agin the government," and the use of force as a political method, which is a Spanish political legacy to all Spanish Americans, helped him out, and he is now having a career which, while it may not be brief, owing to the terrible mountain wilderness at his back, will yet avail him nothing but the satisfaction of his natural predatory impulses. Already he has defeated, if reports are true, three forces of regular Mexican troops, and is "out still." There are rumors of the Yaqui Indians formally joining the discontented, which is not unlikely, since they have always been at war with the federal government, and have never been formally conquered. They are a numerous and a warlike people, and with the great reach of the Sierra Madre at their back the problem of their conquest is even more difficult than was our suppression of the Apaches in Arizona and New Mexico.

Some months ago I wrote in the WEEKLY of this uprising, and, at the risk of what all prophets run, I detailed what the Mexican military authorities would be compelled to do, and by now they are doing it. I fear they have the English and American trick down there of sending out an inferior force at first, which is soundly thrashed, which emboldens the enemy, and then the regular government gets red in the face and overdoes the final *coup*.

President Diaz is open to the charge which all his enemies make against him, but he alone can handle Mexico and make life safe, industry possible, and allow civilization a chance with the bepistolled and leathered freebooters who formerly controlled the land, and when a Mexican revolution is started which has a man at its head who would not make a prison door grin as he entered, it may have American sympathies; but in this case we can afford to reserve all ours. Santa Anna helped to kill an American army officer in uniform who was in Mexico under treaty rights on an Apache trail, and every soldier north of the Rio Grande would like to see his skin tacked up on a *corral*.

The Mexican soldiers are brave fellows. Many of them gallant officers with all the traditions of the craft. The ranks are not recruited in a praiseworthy manner outside of some of the crack regiments, and they are not very satisfactory material to turn to and say, "Come on, boys," and yet, when the conditions are right, they have put up some lovely fights in times past. In the present campaign they have a shifty and warlike race to fight under the worst possible conditions of wilderness. It is precisely like fighting Indians, only more so, since Indians did have big camps or *rancherias* and women and ponies, whereas these folks shun such as they have and take to the mountains, with the United States on the north, in case of final overthrow.

The probabilities now are that there will be a long, tedious, and expensive campaign in northern Mexico, and just at this time, with the bad financial condition of Mexico, and the ensuing general discontent, it is not easy to concentrate too much force in one place so far from the big centres of population which alone are vital and to be feared. At no period of his career has President Diaz had to face a situation which is as grave as this may easily become, and yet we must reserve our sympathies until an opposition appears which is not controlled by men whose motives are generated in that part of their brains which lies back of a point which in a lady is marked by her hat-pin.

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

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IN THE VANDERBILT GALLERY.

A CORNER IN THE EASTERN GALLERY

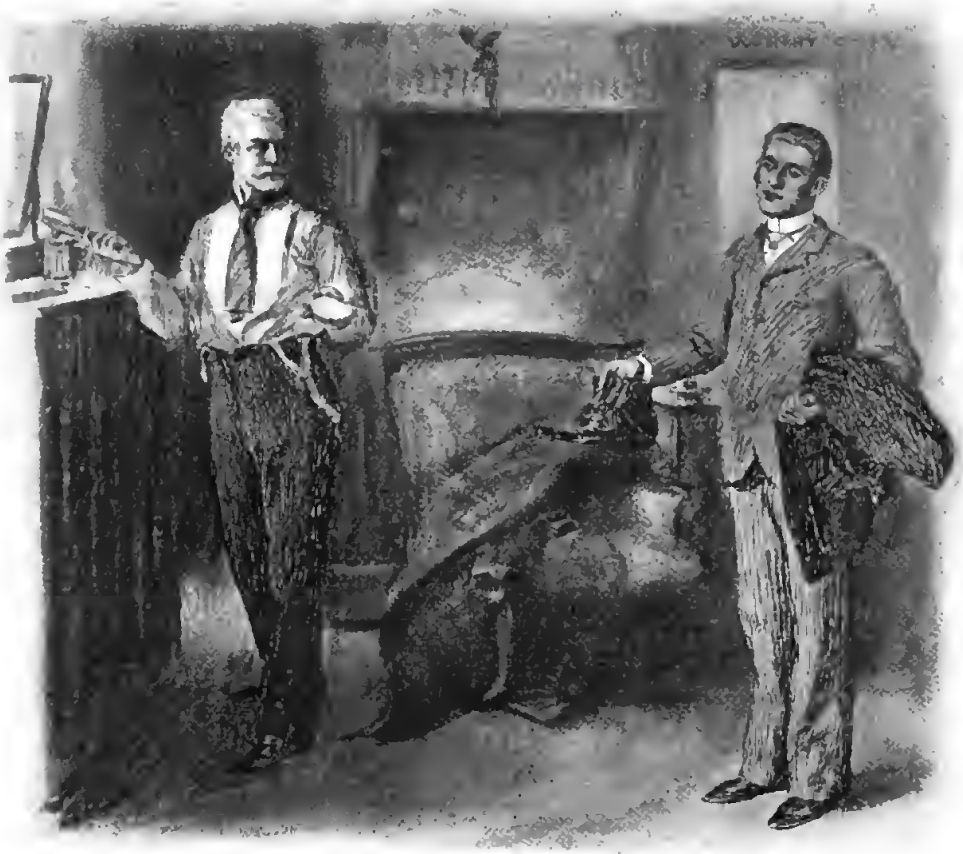
BRONZE HERMES, CENTRAL GALLERY

WEST SIDE OF CENTRAL GALLERY

VIEW FROM SOUTH GALLERY, SHOWING BRONZE HERMES

VANDERBILT GALLERY—ENTRANCE TO CENTRAL GALLERY.

THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK—VIEWS FROM THE NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 1258.]



"ONE MORNING HE PRESENTED HIMSELF IN AN INFAMOUS CRAVAT OF WHITE SATIN."

dog engraved upon it. My own experience has been that Englishmen can't get anything out of Frenchmen by bullying them. As soon as you rub their fur the wrong way they become so excited, and they so jabber and sputter, that you can't reason with them. It is for that reason that the police all over France have to be so arbitrary and so rough. If they let a man whom they are about to arrest try to explain that he is innocent, he makes such a noise about it that he breeds a riot."

"The French are very tiresome in a great many ways," said the Baronne. "I am sure that I should like English life much better."

"English society," said I, "is very like a little green oasis with a lot of hot, disgusting sand on every side. If you once get under the trees you have an uncommonly jolly time of it, but as your chief occupation and amusement is trying to keep other people from getting in, there are a good many left out on the bare sands, and that isn't so funny. I know an old fellow who belongs to three or four of the best clubs in London, and who makes no bones about saying that he blackballs every man who is put up for any of them. 'I'm in,' he says, 'and the harder it is for the other chaps to get in, the more satisfaction I take out of being in myself.' And I fancy that a good part of the British pride and exclusiveness that people talk so much about rests upon the same foundation."

"English people are pleasant enough when they are here," said Madame de Schenwald.

"Yes," said I, "because they have left their doctors and parsons and officious friends behind them, and are eating what they please every night, and doing what they please Sunday morning, and giving their morals a general holiday. So, of course, they are good-natured. We should all be good natured, all the year round, if we didn't have to take care of ourselves, and try to do our duty in the station of life to which we have been called, and the rest of it. Everybody is more or less a slave, one way or another. I knew a man once who devoted a number of years to a laborious attempt to completely eradicate from his nature all sense of right and wrong, and all sense of shame. He spent the five fortunes of his sisters, for whom he was trustee, and railed against Heaven for not having blessed him with a sixth sister; he was caught cheating at cards, and seemed, rather delighted than otherwise, when people wouldn't speak to him. Take it all around, he enjoyed about as absolute a liberty as any man can, and still kept out of the hands of the police. And then, when he had saved up his ill-gotten gains, he began collecting Louis XVI. clocks, and became such a slave to the habit that he barks like a dog when the Cluny collection is mentioned in his presence, and rolls on the floor when he thinks of the clocks at South Kensington. It's a queer world."

"This is a very bright corner of it, at any rate," said the Baronne.

"That it is," said I. "The days slip by one after another, and there is every day some new story about the tables, and every day pretty women and smart gowns one hasn't seen before. And the best of it all is that you go to bed early, and it's one of the very few places in the world where you do that. A month from now, or two months from now, you and I will probably be where we are now, and you will have won a little on a lucky Tuesday, and lost it on a cruel Wednesday, and won it back again, and lost it back again, and we shall none of us be much the richer, or much the poorer, or much the better, or much the worse in any way."

Prophecy is but a poor exercise of the imagination when matters of play are at issue, for the next twenty-four hours were to witness one of the most remarkable exhibitions of gambler's folly in my experience at Monte Carlo. I strolled into the rooms the next day after breakfast, and saw Madame de Schenwald sitting at one of the *trente et quarante* tables, playing maximums. She lost three *coups* running, a total of thirty-six thousand francs, obstinately backing her belief that a run upon one color was not likely to continue. And this is beyond any doubt the maddest form the gambling fever ever takes. The third *coup* I saw her lose left her with only one five-hundred-franc note before her, and this she put upon the red, and lost again. It was all infinitely silly; and it is my belief, grounded upon some knowledge of the course of life at Monte Carlo, that any young and pretty woman who plays high risks more than her money, and is apt to forget more sorts of prudence than the mere sense of caution about francs and centimes. I liked the Baronne, if I didn't approve of her, and I was sorry to see her launched upon so dangerous a tide. But to give her her due, she had rare pluck for a woman. Her mind had, of course, suffered that strange loss of balance which a succession of heavy losses seems almost invariably to produce, but outwardly she was as cool as you please. I have seen a notorious English money-lender, who is said to be one of the few men the administration really fears, lose four and five hundred thousand francs at a sitting, and rise from the table without a twitch of his knowing old face. And the Baronne was, to all appearances, as unmoved as this giant among players could have been. As I approached her with some purpose of tardy remonstrance and useless consolation, she said: "*Le coup parti!* All my winnings are gone," and she smiled as prettily as if she had only mislaid a glove.

"At any rate," said I, "don't be foolish enough to come back to-day."

"That is certainly good advice," she said, and left the rooms.

I saw Ledyard at another table, and went to see what he was doing. He hit a little run upon the red, then lost it all, and with only a few louis in his pocket went over to the roulette, the last resort of every player out of luck. After fiddling about for a few *coups*, he put three louis on the thirty-two, *en plein*, and won. This good luck flushed him, as good fortune always does, and for the next *few coups* he had gold pieces all over the last half-dozen. In a half hour he had, after making several tidy winnings, lost it all again, and we went back to the *trente et quarante* room where the Baronne had been, half fearing that we should find she had been to the bankers to draw money, and returned to fight against a bad day. And there she was. She must have come to Monte Carlo with the determination sooner or later to risk all she had, in the hope of making a winning that would not only supply her with the funds necessary to make her voyage around the world, but leave her with a little income afterwards, ignorant, apparently, of the familiar truth that it is fatal to attach the tables with too much capital behind you, she had at least two hundred bank-notes of a thousand francs in front of her, and it was evident from the close attention of the croupiers, and the presence of a knot of spectators about her chair, that a bottle royal was in progress.

"Go and tell her not to be such a fool," I said to Ledyard. "From the way she talked to me the other day, I don't believe she has much more than that in the world."

"I'll try," said Ledyard, "but it's no use; I've been there myself. She'll only swear, when it's all over, that my speaking to her cut her luck."

"Never mind," said I, "you can stand it. Somebody ought to speak to her, and you know her better than I do."

I followed Ledyard as he elbowed his way to her chair, and heard her, in reply to his whispered expostulations, say, in a hard, strained voice: "Je vous prie, monsieur, ne me dérangez pas."

"There!" said Ledyard, when we got out of the crowd again; "I knew I'd be jolly well snubbed for my pains."

"It makes me sick," said I, "to see her making such an idiot of herself. It's all very well for a man; if he is an ass nobody suffers for it, unless he has a family. And a man can always do something for a living if he comes a cropper. But it's awful for a woman who has no one to look after her to lose her money that way. It sickens me. Let's walk over to Cap Martin. It 'll do us both good, and if we stay here she'll swear we flurried her."

I went to my hotel to get a stick, and then Ledyard and I followed the white, sunny road to the pleasant grove of pines, and asked Tournielli's wife to give us a cup of tea. It was very pleasant to get away from the stir and glare of life at Monte Carlo for an hour, and to see the little Tournielliis teasing their puppies and ponies. The happy, boisterous mirth of children always warms my heart when I know that I shall not see them again for a month or two.

VIII.

When Ledyard and I returned from our long walk to Cap Martin, we went into Cito's to drink a whiskey and soda, and there we found Montgomblin, who told us that the Baronne had indeed come to grief.

"She was simply mad about it," he said, "and she hardly won a single *coup*. When it was all over she walked out of the rooms looking so white that I went up stairs and told the head man he had better send one of his people to the Villa Constance to tell her maid to keep an eye on her. She looked like doing herself a mischief, if ever anybody did."

I thought, and Ledyard with us, that we ought to go and leave a card upon her, although, no doubt, she would not want to see us. It isn't easy to know just what to do in such a case. People who have come to grief don't want to be troubled by officious friends, and yet it seems heartless not to make some show of interest.

We were neither of us sorry when her maid told us that she was lying down and had left orders not to be disturbed, for I don't think either of us would have known just what to say if we had seen her.

I was dining at a house upon the upper hill that night, where there was whist after dinner. But I met Montgom-

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"NO CHRISTMAS TURKEY DIS YEAH!"—DRAWN BY P. S. NEWELL.

blin on my way back to the hotel, and he told me he had heard no news from the Villa Constance. So it seemed pretty clear that if Madame de Sebenwald had made any desperate resolution she had at any rate not attempted to carry it out that night. People who like to know everything that is going on are sure, at Monte Carlo, that if they have heard no news there has been no news to hear, for all the world is so continually rubbing shoulders in the little place that every tale worth carrying is told within an hour.

"It's been a big day all around," said Montgoublin, "wonderfully high play for so early in the season. There was a young fellow, a Neapolitan, some one said, who came into the rooms just after dinner and put down a louis on the black. I didn't see it, but the fellows who were there say that he didn't seem to have ever played before. It seems that he let his louis run for a series of ten blacks, and then complained because the croupiers wouldn't let him leave on more than a maximum. At any rate he seemed to think that what they wanted him to do was to move his money over to the red, and he hit five maximums there, and after losing one switched back to the black. The end of it all was that he got a hundred and fifty thousand francs, they say. I suppose it's one of those beastly little Jews."

"I wish it had been the Baronne instead," said I, and went home to my hotel with rather a heavy heart. I hate to see people I know get into trouble. I fancy it's partly because I know they generally ask one to help them out again, and partly because they are not good company when they are in the blues. How much of a more humane heaven there may be in my regret I don't pretend to say, but at any rate such disasters always make me dismal.

The day's surprises were not over yet. I found a note for me at the hotel from Ledyard enclosing a few lines in French from the Baronne to him.

"*Je ne sais pas comment j'ose m'adresser à vous, cher Monsieur,*" her note ran, "*mais je suis désespérée. J'ai perdu, avec une folie à peu près incroyable, mon dernier sou. Il me reste de m'en aller à Vienne chez des parents là bas, qui m'aideraient, sans doute, d'une façon ou d'autre, mais toujours avec d'assez mauvaise grâce. D'abord il faut que j'acquitte ma semaine à la Villa, et que j'aie mes frais de voyage. Pourriez-vous me prêter deux cent louis? Si je ne puis pas trouver de l'argent autrement, je sacrifierais mes bijoux à Vienne plutôt que de les vendre ici, ce qui me ferait une grande perte, et des désagréments que vous concevrez bien.*

"ALIXE DE SEBENWALD."

THE REASON WHY THEY HAD NO MUSIC FOR THE CHRISTMAS DANCE.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

Ledyard had passed on this appeal to me: "I'm awfully sorry for the poor child," he wrote. "But she might as well ask me for two hundred moons as for two hundred louis. I haven't but about eighty in the world to pull me through till quarter day. If you are ass enough to want to help her out, you might tell her that I had intimated to you that she was in some temporary want of funds, after her bad day."

It was altogether very disagreeable. If she had written to me instead of Ledyard, I didn't see how I could have very well said no; and I felt the more kindly disposed towards her that she had not done so. For, after all, she knew him but little better than she knew me, and, if she could make up her mind to ask either of us, I thought I was very lucky that she had not pitched on me. It seemed to be going a little out of my way to offer to lend her the money. If I wanted to be very chivalrous about it I could give Ledyard the four thousand francs, and let him lend it to her without her knowing that any one else knew she had asked him for it. But, after all, a hundred and sixty pounds is a good deal of money. According to her own story, as I remembered it, her people in Vienna were not very near relations, and if they didn't help her, and she had to sell her jewelry and go out as a governess, I might or might not get my money back. So far as fifty pounds went, I thought I would be willing to stand that, but at a place like Monte Carlo, where everybody you know is always getting into a hole, a man has to learn not to be too kind hearted. My general rule is that any man I'll bow to, I'll lend ten pounds to. I'm not a poor man, any more than I'm a rich man. I have what people call a decent income. But I know plenty of things that cost a hundred and sixty pounds that I would like to have, and that I do without. Altogether, I thought I would let the letters lie till morning, and sleep over it. If she hadn't killed herself already I didn't think she would get up in the night to do it, and her note to Ledyard did not impress me as having been written by a woman who was likely to proceed to extremities. And I was making myself ready for bed, when Hippolyte came into the room. I never made him sit up for me at night, because I think that if you expect your man to be up early in the morning so as to do your boots and all that sort of thing before you ring for your bath, you ought to let him get to bed in good time. So I was rather surprised to see him, and not too well pleased to see that he looked flushed and excited. It was a pretty business, I thought, if he was going to begin drinking just as I had him well broken in. I asked him rather sharply what he wanted.

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"I have come," he said, "to say to monsieur that I have been to the Casino this evening."

"You did very wrong, then," said I. "You know that it's against the rules for servants to go there, and you had no business to go to such a place, whether there was any rule or not. I wonder they let you in."

"Monsieur will imagine," said Hippolyte, "that when I asked for my admission-card I did not say that I was a servant."

"Then you must have told them a lie, for they always make a man state his position in life when he applies for a card. I suppose you have lost all your savings, and it serves you quite right. If you go on playing such tricks I shall discharge you one of these fine mornings, and then you'll wish you had put something by to fall back upon. Now don't bother me any more, for I want to go to bed."

"I beg monsieur's pardon," rejoined Hippolyte, with a quiet little air of satisfaction, "but if monsieur should see fit to give me my *congé*, even to-night, I should have something to fall back upon. I have a hundred and thirty-four thousand five hundred and sixty francs, fifty centimes."

"A hundred and thirty-four thousand fiddlesticks!" I exclaimed. "You've been drinking, Hippolyte, that's what you've been doing."

"Monsieur will permit me to say that I never drink anything except at the table, and then wine cut with water," replied Hippolyte, "and I have this moment counted the money."

And without any air of braggadocio, he produced from his pockets an enormous roll of notes and a handful of loose gold.

I was fairly staggered at this, and then I remembered Montgoubin's story of the man who had made a big winning just before the rooms closed, and saw that the supposed Neapolitan must have been Hippolyte.

"Very well," said I, "you ought not to have gone to the rooms, but as you did go, I suppose I should be glad you had such good luck. Of course you don't want to continue to be a servant, when you have as much money as that, and if you take my advice you'll ask the hotel people to put it in the safe for you to-night, and swear on the crucifix never to gamble for a sou again as long as you live."

"Oui, monsieur. Soyez tranquille, monsieur. Cela n'arrivera-t-il plus," said Hippolyte, with his accustomed docility. "But monsieur will need me until he has had time to find some one else. And if monsieur could not find a servant here, I would stay with monsieur till he returns to Paris."

I thought this very decent of the lad, and told him so, and then I sent him away, and composed myself to sleep. But all these extravagant adventures had upset my nerves a little, and, although I wished Hippolyte well, and was glad that he should have a chance to better himself in life, I was nevertheless a good deal more put out at the prospect of having to teach a new man my ways than at Alixe de Sebenwald's misfortunes. Hippolyte had been, after all, very well off as he was, and would probably put his money into a shop and lose it all; whereas, if she had struck his luck instead of hers, she would have been happy and smiling, as I like a pretty woman to be.

I read more than half of a tedious French novel before I could sleep, and in the morning it was an hour or two later than my wonted time before I rang for Hippolyte. He had put my drawing-room in order, and brought in my boots and clothes as usual. His quiet, neat way of moving about a room seemed very pleasant, as I thought how soon I was about to lose him. And I really felt quite an affection for him as I asked him what the weather was.

"Monsieur will find it a little cooler than yesterday, but quite fine," he replied. "And here is a letter for monsieur."

While he went to fetch the water for my bath, I opened the note, and fairly began to think that all the world had gone mad. It was from the Baronne, and was as follows:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I cannot write your English, but you will see that I am so touched by your goodness that the French is too cold. You are so generous at me I can say nothing. You send me your relief without a word, and I have no words. I will not rest at Monte Carlo. I will take the train before the play begins to-day, that I will be sure not to be again foolish, and will let my aunt and my maid come later carrying the trunks. *Dieu vous bénisse! J'ai le cœur plein de votre bonté.*

ALIXE DE SEBENWALD."

"Ledyard," thought I, "must have found the two hundred louis for her somewhere else, and she got some muddling idea in her head that it had come from me. I suppose he told her he didn't have the money himself, and she thought I had let him have it for her. I must write and tell her she is wrong, but I'm not sorry she's clear away." With this sage reflection I betook myself to my tub, and after I had disposed of my tea and toast I walked around to Ledyard's rooms. He was already out, and I found him on the terrace.

"What on earth is Madame de Sebenwald writing to thank me for?" I asked him, showing him her letter. "I got your note last night, enclosing hers, but I waited until morning to make up my mind what I had better do about it, and now I get this from her."

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Ledyard. "I haven't done anything about it. You might go to the Villa Constance and ask her aunt."

"Madame the aunt was engaged in making her preparations for departure," the Baronne's maid informed me, and I told the woman that I had received a note from Madame la Baronne concerning which I wished to communicate with her at once, as, although its envelope had been addressed to me, it was evidently intended for some one else.

"I will take to Vienna any letter monsieur desires to send to Madame la Baronne, but as for the note which monsieur received this morning, I took it to the hotel myself, and it was in reply to a letter monsieur's servant had left for madame a few moments before."

I left the Villa growling to myself at the stupidity of the woman, who had evidently mistaken some one else's servant for mine, and met old Tourniellé. He greeted me with a quizzical look on his face and said:

"You couldn't give me a few million francs this morning, could you?"

"I believe you're as mad as all the rest of them," said I. "What are you talking about?"

"It is only that the Baronne Alixe, whom I have just put on the train, tells me you are playing Monte Cristo to everybody, and I might as well have my share of the Treasures of the Island."

"My dear Tourniellé," said I, taking his arm and drawing him over into the garden, "will you be good enough to tell me precisely what you mean?"

"I mean," said he, "if I must be so categorical, that Madame de Sebenwald told me, not half an hour ago, that you had been so moved by her ill fortune that you sent her more than half the amount she lost yesterday, and sent it enclosed in a huge envelope without a word. And I mean also to say that I am not quite sure whether you are a very much richer man than I had supposed, or whether any little friend Alixe has quite turned your head."

"Tourniellé," said I, very seriously, "you will be good enough to accept my explicit assurance that I have never, either directly or indirectly, given or sent to Madame de Sebenwald one single sou, that she has never asked me for a sou, and that you, or she, or both of you, are under some extraordinary delusion. And you will also, I hope, be good enough to never repeat one word of this farrago of nonsense to any one. You and I are old friends, and you can see that a story which, if it were true, would place both the lady and myself in a position of some delicacy in the eyes of the world, is the more offensive to me when it is without foundation."

I left him there, staring bewildered at a cactus, and went to my rooms, where I found Hippolyte counting my things for the wash. As I walked into the room, he said:

"If monsieur will retain me in his service I should be grateful. I have lost the money."

"Lost the money!" I exclaimed. "The rooms were closed when I saw you last night, and they haven't opened yet today."

"I have lost it," said Hippolyte. And then repeated, quietly, "Oui, je l'ai tout perdu."

And that was the last word which ever passed between us on the subject.

IX.

After the departure of Madame de Sebenwald, life at Monte Carlo resumed its wonted course, and, although the season had on the whole been a very pleasant one, I was not sorry when the warmer weather of the early part of April called me back to Paris. I think those of us who lead a migratory life are almost as glad to return to the North in the spring as we are to leave it in the autumn. The smiling face of the Riviera sky becomes a hard set grin, and one longs for the familiar sights and familiar faces of Paris, of which one had been so consummately weary only a few months before.

And more than all I was glad to get back to my clubs, to see once more the great easy-chairs, and to hear the gossip of the men who know all the latest *potins* the day before they reach the ears of the world at large. My back had wintered excellently, and the leafy alleys of the Bois seemed very delightful after the hot sun of Monte Carlo.

Of the Baron or I had heard nothing more. I had written, in as few words as possible, to tell her that the money had not come from me, and let the matter rest at that. To the repeated questions of Ledyard and Montgoubin I had simply replied that I had not lent her a sou, and that it did not seem to me to lie within our purview to make any conjectures as to the source of the deliverence she had found. I had said to myself at Monte Carlo, when Ledyard had asked me to assist her, that if I liked her I did not at any rate approve of her, and now I began to doubt whether I had even liked her. At all events she had now passed out of the narrow limits within which my simple life is spent, and I make and lose too many pleasant acquaintances every year to be seriously concerned about those who have betaken themselves to other fields.

It was in this agreeable condition of entire satisfaction with myself and my environment that I passed the first few weeks after my return from Monte Carlo, and then it became necessary to decide whether I was going out of town for the first of May. There were disquieting rumors in the air. It is the agreeable habit of the working-men of Paris to celebrate "Labor day" by not doing any labor at all, and by making themselves as unpleasant as they possibly can. Sometimes there is dynamite; and dynamite is not a pretty thing. And, apart from the possibility that when you cross the Boulevard on the way to your May-day breakfast you may find yourself between a mob of rioters on the one side and a squadron of the Garde Républicaine on the other, there is another excellent reason for passing the day out of town. When the streets of Paris are watered, the whole city is enveloped in a cloud of dust. And when the municipal authorities anticipate trouble they have the streets watered, partly because cavalry can work to better advantage when the asphalt is not slippery, and partly because the choking dust tends to drive the disorderly classes into the wine-shops, where their enthusiasm expends itself in drinking beer instead of in breaking windows. It lessens, too, the throng of mere spectators who on all such occasions greatly hamper the police in their endeavors to control the enemies of public order. And it is, plainly enough, a prudent man's business to keep out of the streets at such a time.

But when Ledyard and I discussed the matter the night before Labor day, we arrived at the conclusion that there was nowhere out of town to go. One of the clubs to which we both belonged had a long balcony on the floor above the level of the street overlooking the Place de l'Opéra, and we finally decided that we would breakfast at this club and pass away the afternoon in watching from this point of safety the demonstrations of the malcontent.

All the newspapers that morning were filled with more or less alarming prophecies, and all recounted, to the last detail, the precautions which the ministry had tried to take as secretly as possible. There were, according to these accounts, large bodies of troops posted in ambush everywhere about the quarter. The court yards of all the public buildings had been occupied by soldiery the night before, and at the first alarm the Boulevard and the neighboring streets would be completely cleared.

At about two o'clock, when we had finished breakfast and taken our places on the balcony, the Place was thronged with poorly dressed people, of whom lads not over twenty years of age seemed to form the greater number. They seemed well enough disposed, but the police had some trouble to keep them moving, and shrill cries of "*Circulez!*" arose on every side. There was no attempt on the part of the mob to mass its numbers in any sort of order, but there was an evident, and apparently a preconcerted, disposition to impede, rather than to resist, the efforts of the police to prevent a stoppage of street traffic. Arrests were frequent. If a man did not move on when the police told him to do so he was immediately marched off between two gendarmes. And the captives thus made became every moment more numerous. There seemed to be no anger and no violence on either side. The police did their work sharply and brusquely, but without, so far as we could see, anything that could be called brutality. Nor were there, as yet, any attempts on the part of the mob to rescue the prisoners captured. Now and then the crowd would obstruct the passage of the police towards the post where they were conducting their prisoners, but even this attempt to embarrass them in the performance of their functions seemed to be more by way of horseplay than by way of serious disorder. One man would push another in front of the gendarmes so as to block their way for a moment, rather than get in their path himself. On the whole, it began to seem as if the day would pass without any great trouble.

But when we had been upon the balcony about an hour, there began to be a perceptible change in the attitude of both the police and the mob. Each arrest made entailed a dozen others, for the prisoners began to cry to their friends for assistance, and the latter would push about the police until it became necessary to arrest them in turn. The throng, too, kept pouring in through all the channels which converge at this central point of the city, and it became clear that the Garde Républicaine would have to be employed. This body of cavalry, which performs in the streets and parks of Paris the functions of mounted police rather than of soldiery, has a very summary fashion of riding over mobs. And at its first charge the broad open space was cleared alike of gendarmes and of rioters, all of whom fled helter-skelter from under the horses' hoofs. For perhaps twenty minutes the Place was quiet, and then the gendarmes proved inadequate to the task of holding the streams of men pent in the streets, and for a moment the Place de l'Opéra was again a sea of struggling people. Then there came another charge, and then another interval of quiet.

"That is all there is of it, now," I said to Ledyard. "These fellows don't mean fighting. We may as well go in and play at pool *écarté*."

"I don't see it," said Ledyard. "Every few minutes there'll be a noise in the streets, and then every man Jack at the table will be jumping up from his chair and flying madly through the window, and there'll be such a beastly confusion that no one will know whether a king has been marked or not."

"As you like," said I; "but I don't want to stay here all night."

"I don't suppose you do," said Ledyard, "but you had better dine here, and then go home quietly in the evening. At nine or ten o'clock these idiots will have had enough of it, and the streets will be clear."

"That's all very well," said I, "but I want to dress before dinner. I'm all over dust and filth here, and I'm going to look in at a reception in the Avenue Kleber after dinner, so I must dress."

"Then you had better send a man for your things," said Ledyard, "and dress here. You don't want to be pushed about among these dirty wretches, and if you're going to do it, you had better do it now, for it may be worse towards dinner time, and then he won't be able to get through."

I thought this was a good suggestion, and I sent one of the club *commissionnaires* to my apartment to tell Hippolyte to bring over my dressing bag with the things I needed. The man had to wait at the door nearly half an hour before he could cross to the Boulevard des Capucines, and then we watched to see how Hippolyte would succeed in crossing when he came. I knew that when the gendarmes saw him carrying a bag they would help him make his way through the crowd, and I knew, too, that he was not the sort of lad to get into trouble. While we were watching for him a cab appeared from the direction of the Gare du Nord, laden with luggage, and stood blocked at the mouth of the Boulevard des Italiens, unable to cross the Place. Ledyard, whose eyes are very keen, said:

"Do you see the initials on those trunks?"

I could not make them out myself, and he said:

"The things are marked 'A. de S.' I wonder if it's our friend the Baronne Alixe?"

As he spoke a lady put her head out of the cab window and called to the driver to try to make his way across the Place. It was Alixe de Sebenwald.

At this moment a man standing at the corner of the Rue de la Paix got into a scuffle with a gendarme who was trying to arrest him, and the free fight which resulted called down another charge of the cavalry. When they had cleared the Place, a policeman told the driver of the Baronne's cab to cross while he could. But the horse, frightened by the tumult, reared and balked.

Just then Hippolyte appeared at the corner of the Boulevard des Capucines with my bag in his hand, and seeing that it was a favorable opportunity, made a run for it to get to the club door.

Suddenly a man in the front rank of the crowd stooped, and with a long sweep of his arm, such as one uses in his delivery at bowls, sent a round black kettle whirling through the air towards a group of some hundred gendarmes who stood massed together near the cab. I heard the cry, "It's a bomb!" Hippolyte heard it too, and, dropping my bag, stared at the black object as it rolled towards the gendarmes. It caromed against the curb of one of the little refuges in the middle of the Place, and, its course deflected like that of a billiard ball which has touched a cushion, rolled towards the cab instead of towards the gendarmes. It struck the rim of one of the wheels and stopped.

I could see the fuse smoking.

The Baronne saw it, and cried: "Mon Dieu, la dynamite!"

And then I saw Hippolyte run towards the cab. He stooped, and I could see him fumbling with the bomb. The driver had leaped from his seat, and he and all the gendarmes were running for their lives.

A man beside me on the balcony, quicker witted than I, cried to Hippolyte: "Pull out the fuse!" And I heard Hippolyte, not thirty feet away from us, answer: "*C'est trop tard!*" The fuse had burned so nearly to the iron that he could not get hold of it.

He picked up the bomb and holding it in his two hands, poised it his shoulder, started to run as if to gather impetus to fling it farther from him. While he was still holding it, and when he was about a rod from the cab, his foot slipped on the pavement, and he fell full length upon the bomb, lying like a football player on a ball.

And then the explosion came.

I ran from the balcony to the stairway, and as I pushed my way to where I had seen him fall, I said to a rough-looking fellow who was in my path: "Let me pass! He is my servant!"

The man stared at me a moment.

"No, *bourgeois*, he is no one's servant now."

It was true. I had lost Hippolyte, there in Paris where I had found him. And all so recently that it is almost an indelicacy to talk about him.

THE END

BISHOP LYMAN.

The Right Reverend Theodore Benedict Lyman, D.D., Protestant Episcopal Bishop of North Carolina, died suddenly at his home in Raleigh on Wednesday, December 13th. Bishop Lyman was born in Brighton, Massachusetts, on November 27, 1815, and graduating from Hamilton College in 1837, entered the General Theological Seminary at New York. He was ordained deacon in 1840 by Bishop Whittingham at Christ Church, Baltimore, and a year later was admitted to the priesthood. St. John's Church, Hagerstown, Maryland, was his first charge, which he retained for ten years. In 1850 he removed to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and in 1860 went to Europe. The American Church in Florence, and the American Chapel, now known as St. Paul's Church, in Rome, were established during his residence abroad, largely owing to his earnest efforts. While still in Europe he was elected Dean of the General Theological Seminary, but declined the position, and returning to the United States in 1870, became rector of Trinity Church, San Francisco. Three years later he was elected Assistant Bishop of North Carolina and succeeded to the sole bishopric upon the death of Bishop Atkinson in 1883. He assumed charge of the American Episcopal churches in Europe in 1892.

Bishop Lyman was very widely known, and as widely loved, for where he went he made countless friends. He was a hard worker, a man of strength and determination, as forcible in the pulpit as in his labors. In his diocese he was exceedingly popular, and his labors for the advancement of his people were unceasing. Bishop Lyman up to the time of his death was a man of vigor, giving no indication of his advanced age, and the news of his sudden decease was a shock to his many friends. He was twice married, his first wife having been Miss Anna Albert, of Baltimore, by whom he had several children. Less than a year ago his second marriage took place to Miss Susan Roberts, of Fletcher, North Carolina.

THE NEW ASSISTANT-SECRETARY OF WAR.

President Cleveland and Secretary Lamont have turned their eyes towards the West in looking for a successor to General Grant, the able Assistant-Secretary of War, who recently resigned his position. Their choice is a comparatively young man, Joseph Bodwell Doe, of Wisconsin. The new official, who is really the chief executive officer of the War Department, has been for the past three years the head of the State militia of Wisconsin, having been appointed by Governor Peck to the position of Brigadier-General three years ago. He is a lawyer by profession, and is a forceful and eloquent orator, a man of fine executive ability, and of pleasing and attractive personality. He is thirty-eight years of age, but is extremely youthful in appearance, and might easily pass for a man of twenty-five. A small stature, with thin features, and a little light mustache also add to his boyish appearance. General Doe was born in Janesville, Wisconsin, where he has spent nearly all of his life, on March 8, 1855. He graduated from Racine College in 1874, and two years later began the practice of law in his native city. He is a student, and by close application to business has worked his way to the front rank of his profession. He became connected with the National Guard as a private in a Janesville company in 1878, and has steadily worked his way up through the ranks, until he is now on next to the top round in the whole War Department. His administration of the military affairs of Wisconsin has been admirable, and he assumes the duties of his new and responsible position with the brightest of prospects.

George H. Yeiowine.

JAMES R. SOVEREIGN.

The new General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor has work ahead of him. He succeeds T. V. Powderly as the head of a labor organization that once numbered over one million members, but through factional disruptions now numbers about seventy thousand. Mr. Sovereign seems confident of restoring the former prestige, and arresting the decay of the organization. With Western energy and indomitable courage he has undertaken this difficult task. The General Master Workman was born in Cassville, Wisconsin, about forty years ago; he has been, by turns, a cowboy, a farm hand, a marble-cutter, an editor, and a politician, but has always taken an active interest in the subject of organized labor. His opinions on the question of strikes are enough to stamp him as a man of individuality and force, he is against them on all principles, believes in the efficacy of the ballot as a redresser of wrongs, is in favor of the arbitration of all disputes between capital and labor before striking, and he holds sound views on the tariff question.

Mr. Sovereign is thoroughly *en rapport* with the subject of labor unions, and their histories, uses, and desires. He was appointed State Labor Statistician by Governor Boies, of Iowa, a position that he held at the time of his election to the chair of the Knights of Labor. It will require a man of great power and determination to retrieve the fallen fortunes of this once-powerful organization, and to quell the tendency it has had heretofore to internal strife. The new leader's character is one that may well warrant belief in his capability. He is a good speaker, has a dignified quiet manner, and a strong convincing personality.

BRAZIL AND THE BRAZILIANS.

The revolution in the Brazils, which has now been in progress for some months, appears to be conducted upon a warlike plane that is at once easy going, pleasant, and devoid of those unseemly horrors that mark the contests of their more pugnacious and energetic Spanish-American neighbors. The contest in Rio Janeiro seems to be as gay and spectacular as a militia sham battle, and though the guns are shotted, the casualties appear to be no more numerous. The literary features of the revolution are the most bloodthirsty, for the rival pronunciamentos of Peixoto and Mello are full of the most dreadful language, spicy with epithet, and sonorous with appeals to freedom and to country.

By no stretch of imagination can the Brazilians be termed a warlike race. War seems to reveal their military incapacity and naval unfitness, and the events now in progress at Rio seem only to emphasize that negation of military virtues which previous wars revealed. And yet the ruling race in this young republic are the descendants of a nation once famous for its military valor, its naval skill and daring, its fearless enterprise and commercial shrewdness.

When England lay wasted and exhausted in the throes of the War of the Roses, Portugal was rich and famous, and before the crookback Richard was slain on the field of Bosworth her navigators were dissipating the terrors of unknown seas. Her seamen were following in the track of the old Carthaginian voyagers on the African coast when Columbus was churning the mysterious Western ocean with the prows of his caravels. And before the Spanish navigators had touched the mainland of the Americas, Vasco da Gama had rounded the Cape of Storms, and was spreading his sails in strange seas for the golden Indies, the goal of both.

Yet of the magnificent empire these valiant spirits gave to Portugal, in India and China, in Africa, the islands of the Orient, and in the Brazils, nothing remains in her hands to-day but a shabby ruin in Goa, a spiritless trading post in Macao, and a few wretched settlements on the African coast, that are gradually slipping through her nerveless fingers into the grasp of sturdier if no less greedy conquerors.

And Brazil has not escaped this decadence of the parent stock. Freedom won by the sword breeds freemen who can hold it with the sword, freedom feebly wrested from a feeble power is feebly held and feebly understood.

Brazilian independence was the result of causes outside herself. The invasion of Portugal by the legions of Napoleon sent her king scuttling for safety to his golden colony, where the force of circumstances transformed the colony to the kingdom, the kingdom to the appanage. When British arms restored to Portugal the pitiful independence she could neither hold nor win for herself the jealousy and pride of the decayed mother angered the big child, and led to a division of interests and a demand for independence. Portugal's attempt to hold the colony was feeble and bloodless, and her troops were expelled almost without the firing of a cartridge. She did lay siege to Bahia with her fleet, but it was the courage of others than Brazilians that scattered it and sent it flying across the Atlantic, chased almost under the guns of Lisbon.

And since her independence she has shown few of the characteristics of robust nationality by sea or land. Portugal, before the final separation, extended the boundaries of Brazil to the river Plata by the conquest and annexation of the Banda Oriental, yet within a few years of the establishment of the empire, the hardy Uruguayans drove out the Brazilians and established an independent republic. In 1864 she entered into a confederacy with Argentina and Uruguay to crush the dictator Lopez and the republic of Paraguay; yet it was only after the expenditure of $250,000,000, and when Paraguay was utterly exhausted, and her armies were being recruited by women, that Brazil and her allies ended the war on the field of Aquidaban, March 1, 1870, when Lopez was slain and his army destroyed.

The naval operations of the Paraguayan war did not add to the glory of the empire nor the fighting reputation of her seamen. When the iron-clad fleet of Brazil was blockading the Paraguay River below Asuncion, its vessels were attacked by Paraguayan soldiers in canoes, who succeeded in capturing several and slaughtering the crews. Having foolishly slain the engineers, they were unable to get away with their prizes, which were recaptured by the other vessels of the fleet. This is a well authenticated incident, the story of which was repeated to me within six months by an Argentine naval officer who was an eye witness of the scene.

Perhaps this incident may serve as a key to a proper understanding of the absurd yet irritating condition of affairs now existing in the harbor of Rio Janeiro. To appreciate at their full worth the naval and military operations at the Brazilian capital some knowledge of the locality is necessary.

There is probably no more magnificent harbor in the continent than that of San Sebastian de Rio de Janeiro—to give it full the title of the Brazilian capital. It is almost landlocked, and contains fully fifty miles of anchorage—enough to float the navies of the civilized world. Dominated by the splendid Organ Mountains, it is the loveliest and most picturesque harbor in the world. Broken into lovely bays and exquisite inlets, its white strands are fringed with the most beautiful tropic verdure, while its mirrorlike surface reflects the lofty crests of Tijuca, Gavia, Corcovado, San Christoval, and Santa Teresa, that rise majestically above the city built at their feet. The harbor is gemmed with islands and lined with villas, and the argosies of the world float upon its bosom. The storms that lash the South Atlantic into fury are seldom felt within the portals of this harbor, so aptly named by its aboriginal owners Nictheroy—the Hidden Water.

The natural conformation of its entrance and shores has made the harbor easily defensible, and were its splendid fortifications garrisoned by brave and well trained defenders, it would be practically impregnable to any invader. Upon the summit of the heights east of the entrance to the harbor is the formidable work of Fort Santa Cruz, while across the channel, some 1700 yards away, is the equally formidable water battery, Fort San Joan. In proper hands these two fortifications could repel any attack from without or within. Yet they are supplemented by Fort Lage, which is situated almost in the teeth of the harbor's mouth, and relatively to the other two as the apex of an obtuse triangle to the base of its legs. Sailing up the harbor, with Fort Lage on the left and Jurujuba Point on the right and east, the invader who breaks through the forts at the entrance is confronted by the guns of the Fortalesa of Villegagnon and the batteries of Fort Boa Viagem, crowning the northwest point of Three Fathom Bay. And when these are passed and the foe pushes past Calabouço (Prison) Point to come abreast of the capital, he must still face the guns of the arsenal on the Ilha de Cobras (Serpent I.), the batteries of Fort Gravatá on the southeast point of Nictheroy Bay, and the fire in rear of Villegagnon. Running out of the harbor, he must face all these, besides the guns of Fort Pico, around the point from Santa Cruz and opposite Lage. Yet, despite these advantages, the garrisons of Peixoto in the forts have not only failed to sink the rebel fleet, but have actually permitted Mello and the *Aquidaban* to run the gauntlet of their guns and put to sea. Mello's daring feat was doubtless based on a pretty accurate knowledge of the timidity, incapacity and inefficiency of Peixoto's artillerymen, for had the garrisons of Fort Wadsworth and Fort Hamilton been manning the guns of Santa Cruz and San Juan, the *Aquidaban* and her consort would now be rusting and rotting in the deeps of the harbor.

The amazingly bad marksmanship of both Peixoto's artillerymen and Mello's gunners has ceased to cause surprise, while the lack of military dash and enterprise on both sides has almost robbed the conflict of ordinary interest. One almost wonders what would become of Brazil if she were called upon to face an active foreign foe. While her officers may be personally brave, and understand the theory of their business, the lack of training in what Americans would deem practical naval affairs detracts very much from their efficiency. The *personnel* of the navy is inferior to that of any in South America, and the attempted nationalization of the fleet by the exclusion of all foreigners has deprived Brazil of what was the best and most practical element in her navy. Her vessels lie in the Brazilian ports for months at a time, a cruise to the Plata or to some one of her own ports constituting their most arduous sea duty. The service in tempestuous antarctic seas, among the terrors of the Horn, along the inhospitable coasts of Patagonia, that makes hardy seamen and plucky fighters of the Chilenas and Argentines is unknown in the Brazilian navy. During the naval ceremonies of the Columbian celebration in New York the Brazilians suffered by contrast with all comers, and notably so with their Argentine neighbors.

To Rio all this turbulence, revolution, and interruption of trade are as novel as they are annoying. She has been more free from foreign and domestic aggression than any other city in South America. Nicholas Durand de Villegagnon made an attempt at colonization there as long ago as 1558, under the auspices of the Huguenot Admiral Coligny, but he was soon driven out, leaving nothing behind him but his name attached to an island in the harbor. When Portugal passed under the dominion of Spain, from 1578 to 1640, the coast generally suffered from the aggressions of English rovers. Along in 1710 Rio again suffered from an attack of the French, who were defeated and cruelly treated. In revenge for this treatment, the French Admiral Duguay Trouin sailed into the harbor with a large fleet and a force of 5000 men and captured the city, which he compelled to pay a ransom of 610,000 cruzados—a Portuguese coin worth about seventy cents—and 500 barrels of sugar. Since then the horrid frost of grim-visaged war has not affrighted the pleasure-loving Fluminense.

An unsympathetic English editor on the spot has gone so far as to poke fun at the present revolution, claiming that the results are entirely one of proportion to the amount of ammunition expended. He is of opinion that a dead Brazilian soldier is about as expensive as a convert from heathenism in Asia. Occasionally a civilian gets killed, but it is generally some disgusted patriot, who, emulous to raise the average of his countrymen's marksmanship, deliberately gets in the way of a projectile. If the seat of operations could be moved north, above Governor's Island, the revolution might go on for the next ten years without seriously disturbing anybody. Its location in and around Nictheroy, across the harbor from the capital, is simply annoying the longshoremen loading vessels and disturbing the slumbers of the tired sailors of the merchant craft.

The departure of Mello places the command of the rebel fleet in the hands of Saldanha da Gama, an easy going elderly gentleman, whose chief distinction is that he is a lineal descendant of that Vasco da Gama immortalized in the "Lusiad" by Camoens. There is nothing in his career to indicate that he will display any more skill, enterprise, or celerity in the revolution than did the commander of the *Aquidaban*.

Republicanism as we understand it does not exist in Brazil. There is no educated class that fully appreciates the meaning of it, and believes in it; but simply an opposition to monarchy cannot be called republicanism. The Amazonian and northern tier of states have always been more or less republican in sentiment, while the slave belt states, from Pernambuco to Santos, were imperial until the suppression of slavery. The great bulk of the people are negro, Indian, and mixtures of these and the white race, and they are densely ignorant and must be only a danger in a free republic. Trade is largely in foreign hands, for the ruling classes of Brazil do not take kindly to trade and business. In the southwestern states, those lying along the margin and under the influence of the Spanish American republics, the population is purer Spanish and Portuguese, and the Caucasian element has been added to materially by large colonies of industrious Italians and Germans. These people are engaged in agriculture, mining, cattle-raising, and kindred occupations, and are a population of a bolder and stouter fibre than the people of tropical Brazil, and out of sympathy with them. They form a restless and pugnacious population, who chafe under Brazilian dominion, feeling that their destinies lie naturally with their Spanish kin. These are the people back of the revolution in Rio Grande do Sul and the adjacent country, and it is no exaggeration to say that when the trouble in Rio is settled the government will have a formidable revolution in the southwest on its hands, with small chance of success against it. In time these states will wrest their independence from the unwieldy Brazilian republic, and throw in their fortunes with the Banda Oriental, building up a strong barrier between Brazil and Argentine, and killing for good the ambition of Brazil to divide once more the Plate with her big Spanish neighbor. These aspirations of the revolutionary states have the active aid and sympathy—unofficial, of course—of Argentine and Uruguay, which will never again permit Brazil to lord it on the Rio Plata.

The rumors of revolutionary movements in Para are hardly worth attention, for the Amazonian provinces have long been republican and antislavery in sympathies. Para is built along the right bank of that mouth of the Amazon called the Para River, and has no defences worthy of mention. Below the city, in the river, is a little fort, seemingly no larger than the turret of a monitor, that a modern gunboat would knock into a cocked hat in five minutes. Above the city is a large earth work, of no particular value against a civilized foe, though ample to awe the Indians, who come to the city with canoes laden with the products of river and forest. Maranham, down the coast, Rio Grande do Norte, and Pernambuco are equally weak in modern defences, and while all these places might readily be reduced by the rebel fleet, they could not be held without the aid of the people of those cities and states.

The revolution of Mello is largely a personal affair, and represents only the disgruntled militarism of the navy. He has no following in the country. The revolutionists in Rio Grande will accept his aid to accomplish their plan of disintegrating the republic, but when that is secured they will promptly throw him overboard.

Brazil cannot attain to greatness as a republic except along the lines laid down by Dom Pedro for the empire. The head and some of the government in Brazil have changed, but the conditions are the same. Peace, education, and the introduction of new elements into the population by immigration are what the country needs, and if to these she can add security from European intermeddling, Brazil may in time reach a robust national manhood. But with a weak and inefficient army and navy, where discipline is poor and class spirit rampant, officered by ambitious and unscrupu-

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MAP OF THE BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO.—[See Page 1258.]

MAP OF PROPOSED "GREATER NEW YORK."—[See Page 1258.]

lous men, Brazil must expect to travel the *via dolorosa* of unpatriotic militarism and revolution that have marked the history of other South American republics.

The greatest interest in the revolution now turns upon the conduct of the vessels purchased and armed in New York for the Brazilian government, and manned by American sailors. Will these unarmored ships, depending solely on their untried dynamite guns, be equal to the task of destroying the *Aquidaban* and *Tiradentes*? Much stress is laid upon the armor and armament of these latter vessels, yet in the months they have been engaged in fighting the stationary forts in Rio they have accomplished little that is praiseworthy from a professional point of view. If the gunnery was so bad with a fixed and immovable target, what will it be when the enemy is a swiftly moving, skillful, and aggressive man-of-war? It is well to remember that seamanship, skill, and courage are still the qualities that count in a sea fight. No armament can compensate for the lack of them, they may prove counterbalancing elements to the lack of guns and armor plate.

A foreign admiral pointed out the *Aquidaban* to me as she swung at anchor in the North River last spring, and said that in the event of a war with Brazil he would tow her into port at his stern as his prize. I smiled at what I believed to be a bit of professional brag, and suggested that as his vessel was a lightly armored steel commerce-destroyer, the *Aquidaban* would bore him full of holes and sink him in ten minutes. He simply said: "I am speaking of the *Aquidaban* as she is, manned by Brazilian sailors, worked by Brazilian engineers. I would walk all around her, and sink her or make her strike her flag. Were she manned by American or English sailors, I would show her my heels in short order."

As he was familiar with Brazil and the Brazilians, and knew many of her officers and most of her ships, and had been more or less in touch with them all his life, I could not but be impressed.

The latest despatches state that the Ilha de Cobras and the Ilha de Enchadas have been captured by the rebels. The former had batteries sweeping down the harbor, and not in the direction from which the attack was made—from the north beyond Point Armação (Furniture Point), behind which the rebel fleet lies. Enchadas Island is not fortified, and is merely noted as a coaling station having a commercial wharf. Its loss is not serious.

JOSEPH SMITH.

"HAPPY NEW-YEAR, NEIGHBOR!"—DRAWN BY W. H. LAWRENCE.

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MRS. BOOTH AND COMMANDER BOOTH

THE SALVATION ARMY.

ITS WORK AMONG THE POOR AND THE LOWLY.

THE WORK OF THE SHELTER BRIGADE.

BY COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

THE Salvation Army believes in sociology as well as heartology. Indeed, beneath its tricolored flag these two are very much intertwined, and made as twin handmaidens to serve each other. Separate them, and the one becomes empty sentiment, while the other degenerates into "charitable patronage."

Sociology, like religion, must consist in something more than theory. In economic questions, as in religious, the great lack has been in their practical side. We have found that true sociology consists not merely in a correct knowledge of the status of society, but in bringing help and deliverance to those who suffer for want of them. Too long, alas! has this science been a mere system of theorization stored away in the minds of men as a medicine, to be used only in case of an epidemic. We need in these virulent times the *administering* of the remedy.

It is the help of true social measures, united with the power of salvation, that has brought real divine comfort and relief into thousands of homes visited by our shelter and slum workers.

While the average captain (of whom there are now over 11,000 in command in the Salvation Army) seeks by the aid of song, testimony, and personal appeal to win from the ruts of sin and modes of iniquity the unsaved of his congregation every night, the officer in charge of the Food and Shelter Brigade, or Social Wing, is exerting a personal influence over the unfed, unclothed, and unworked applicants who nightly appeal for assistance.

Side by side with each other in this and other cities are two powerful agencies effecting the uplifting and upbuilding of those who have been dragged down low and helpless in the social scale—the Food and Shelter and the Slum brigades. A touching and lengthy story of these two important branches it would not be difficult to write, did time and space permit; and in speaking of the Shelter Brigade, or Social Wing, we must content ourselves in dwelling upon but a few phases of this fascinating work.

Now, first, it must not be for a moment supposed that the classes reached and benefited by these social apostles are composed exclusively of those who have no intelligence and refinement. On the contrary, it would surprise the unsophisticated and uninitiated to learn the large proportion who have known every refinement, careful training, and the highest education that are found among the list of Lazaruses who throng our shelters and refuges.

We have sometimes reflected that could all those who have applied to us for food and clothing and work who were once found in the higher walks be gathered together, it would test the capacity of one of the largest buildings to accommodate them. Musicians, artists, lawyers, and clergymen alike, who have been drawn into the maelstrom of misfortune and sin, pitifully plead at the same door with slumbers and criminal-nurtured ones for tangible sympathy and help. Yet it is not for the fallen in the higher walks nor for the vicious that the shelters are particularly inaugurated. The primary object of our Food and Shelter is to help those who, while still honest and painstaking, have, through some misfortune or twisted circumstances, been left to go adrift without work, without home, and, what is worse, without a friend.

How often have we found that between the life of want and the life of *sin*, between that of *misfortune* and that of *crime*, there lies point at which the unfortunate can be saved—saved to gaining livelihood, to honor, and to self-respect!

But it must not be supposed from the above that we do not deal with the *fallen* one as well as those in *danger of falling*. Could one stand behind the counters of one of our crowded shelters, whether in New York, Buffalo, or San Francisco, he would at once become impressed with the *variety* of cases that come to our notice—all the way from the young man who, fresh to the great city, has come beneath its subtle and cooning influences, to the poor, ragged, dishevelled castaway who spends his nights in covered trucks or beneath some damp archway. The good Samaritan in the Social Wing not alone finds the man stripped by thieves, but the one stripped by the hands of disease and the gaunt fingers of hunger.

There are four classes who frequent our shelters, to all of whom this poor man's refuge proves acceptable and grateful:

1. The thoroughly vicious and criminal classes.
2. The unfortunates who, whilst honest and deserving, through sudden misfortune have lost their occupation.
3. Those who have acquired drinking habits, and who, through inebriety, have lost position and all belonging to them.
4. The foreigner who finds himself not as in his native country he supposed, the early possessor of the yellow metal, but hopelessly in want and despair.

If it be asked, are you able to give some help to all these classes? we gratefully reply, yes. And the following figures, which represent *but three of our shelters in this country*, will speak for themselves of the number who have come beneath the influence of this special branch. During the twelve months ending November, 1893, 80,391 meals have been provided at a nominal sum, 51,648 beds have been supplied to homeless people, 6300 have been furnished with employment. The number of beds provided in all our shelters throughout the movement is considerably over 2,000,000, while the meals given to the hungry destitute reach over 3,000,000.

Very touching indeed are some of the cases that come under our notice. Only a little while since I was privileged to speak in a great meeting, when a young man was brought to the front to give his testimony. A hush stole over the great crowd as with uplifted hand he spoke in tearful voice of the wonderful reformation wrought through the instrumentality of an officer in the Social Wing. He had travelled through this country, earning money, and spending it for drink as fast as he would earn it. He had read every book he could find on infidel and atheistic belief, until both head and heart were filled with doubt and despair. He was reduced to poverty, wretchedness, and dissipation, disowned and unbefriended. His mother, on her dying couch, raised her hands in prayer that the Lord would mercifully lead her boy back to Christ's feet. Through the instrumentality of one of our shelters he was brought not only to the place where he could be fed, and receive work whereby to earn an honest livelihood, but, better still, to that cross from which the light streams and illuminates the darkest heart.

This is but one of hundreds, ay, of thousands, who through the instrumentality of this noble and Saviour like branch of work have been brought to the garner of hope and reformation, and whose lives have been made happy, respectable, and useful in society.

THE WOMEN'S WORK IN THE SLUMS.

BY MRS MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH.

IT is now pretty well understood by all readers of the press that in our great cities there is always to be found a quarter, covering a more or less large area, which is known as the "slums," and is looked upon as the abode of the lowest down element of humanity. There fire and flourish the criminal and drunken element among the poor; there shameless vice with squalid poverty stalk abroad with naught to cover their ghastliness but a few mean rags and the kindly shadows of night.

It has been a favorite practice of some to consign all the sins of the category that can be committed against God and man to those living in these quarters, making the so-called "lower classes" the black sheep, whom the rich, the educated and refined look at from their superior elevation of "righteousness" and good fortune with pity or disgust, as the mood finds them.

Now we of the Salvation Army, who are lovers of the outcast, can but repudiate with indignation any such drawing of the line between good and evil. True, the slums are filled to overflowing with criminals of every description, while vice, drunkenness, and evil passions run riot. Murders and wrongs, as well as starvations, disease, and utter misery, are to be found on every hand, and are much more readily recognized from the fact that they cannot be covered or hidden by the offenders. But it is a fact that should not be lost sight of that evil passions and wicked deeds are just as dark and horrible, ay, and more so, I think, in the sight of God, as when they are covered and hidden

beneath flaunting silks of "good" *society*, or hushed up by the magic influence of *gold*. Many a wealthy "gentleman" has from his own table, or returning from his club, to be carried up to bed by his butler and footman, drunk, —*dead drunk!*

Many a society woman, refined and wealthy, gives way to the passion of strong drink in the retirement of her own costly bedroom, and is laid up in consequence under the care of her medical adviser. They are as truly *drunkards* as the poorer man who has no butler, but who is roughly handled by the police officer as he staggers, singing or fighting, down the street, or the woman who lies in the gutter unconscious, because she has no mansion chamber in which to hide, no maid to wait on her drunken helplessness, no medical adviser to administer counteracting remedies.

The fallen woman dances for a living in the low dives of slumdom, with painted cheeks and immodest dress, or walks up and down beneath the flare of the gas light plying her vile trade. But be it remembered by those who would "cast stones" at these poor helpless outcasts that many of them can trace back their first downward steps to the wicked machinations of the wealthy *society accepted man*.

And are there not in the ranks of the "upper ten"—the more fortunate—as much unfaithfulness, impurity, lying, fraud, and wrong as among our poor slum denizens, though it is not so open, is not called by these plain, straight, every-day terms, or followed so often by discovery or punishment, so much of it passes as respectable and fashionable. Let those who love righteousness and feel for the poor, the wronged, and the oppressed thank God that there is a judgment day coming, when the deeds of man, whether hidden or open, shall be revealed, and justice shall be meted out irrespective of wealth, position, influence, or poverty?

But it is among the dark shadows of the lowest slums that I would lead the reader.

How dark is the gloom, how oppressive the atmosphere of crime and misery, none can understand who "go slumming" as sight-seers, or who dabble for a time in slum-work as an experiment.

To know all, to understand the needs and to be able to grasp the awfulness of the existing state of things, you must live and work in the slums as neighbor to the people sharing their poverty, dwelling in their houses, and dressing in as poor a garb as they, that you may be brought to their level sufficiently to benefit them, while you turn your back on all the comforts, ease, and refinements of home as completely as if you were a missionary in Central Africa or China.

These "poor outcasts" have their feelings, are sensitive, suspicious, and sometimes proud. They do not care to be looked at as phenomena, patronized and pitied by those who consider themselves above them, and they will rebuff those who come as spies or strangers into their midst.

It is with love and constant kindly deeds that the slum-workers of the Salvation Army have won their way from cellar to garret, from dive to saloon, making themselves necessary to their neighbors, showing them that real Christianity is disinterested, intensely practical, and believes sincerely in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood *of all men*.

In New York, Chicago, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, and Buffalo, day and night, summer and winter, patiently and lovingly, away out of sight, between forty and fifty young women, without salary or worldly recompense, are passing in and out of the most wretched homes and haunts of sin, seeking, as Christ did, the most needy, the most debased and most hopeless, and by their patient toil winning them back to life and hope and goodness. Fearlessly they visit from saloon to saloon, talking and praying with the rough, drunken crowds who, gathered therein, are drinking and blaspheming, their pure earnest faces carrying conviction of the truth of their words.

They have no male escort with them to protect them; their own goodness and purity are about them like a wall of fire, silencing and impressing the very lowest and most degraded, and arousing in the hearts of the men to whom they go with their loving message the dormant sparks of chivalry that still exist away beneath the hardened coating created by their tough lives and many sins.

By the side of the hopeless fallen woman in the lowest dives you would find them talking of the possible purity and brightness that may yet chase the dark shadow of death from the future. You could see many a poor painted face wet with tears amid the coarse laughter, the fetid fumes, and noisy dance of those night revels as the girl has been drawn aside and lovingly talked to of Jesus and the loving message He has sent of pardon, hope, and restoration, with a tender reminder of "mother" and "home" in the now far away past. Down into cellars God's messengers have groped their way, and found there human beings sleeping on the damp ground in places where light was dim, and where rats ran around and scampered over them, and the bitter cold crept in to start fatal maladies in their worn and hungry bodies.

To these in the darkness and poverty and sickness, as messengers of light, these brave, true hearted girls have gone, and have brought help and comfort. Not there alone, but away up in the garrets, where the rafters hang low, covered with funereal drapings of soot laden cobwebs, their faces have brought sunlight brighter than that which dirt and old rags have effectually kept out of the window.

It was nearing Christmas; the weather was bitterly cold, but the homes they had visited that afternoon were more cheerless than the chilly streets. They had entered almost all the rooms occupied by families in one of the big squalid houses not far from their own quarters, when a kindly neighbor said: "Up in the garret there's an old couple sick. I guess they need you sisters!"

It was a small attic room bare of furniture. The glass had parted company with the window frame long since, and rags ineffectually took its place. Chairs, bedstead, table, and stove had one by one been sold for that necessity of life—*bread*. On an old mattress in the corner of the room lay an aged man, whose hair was whitened with years and whose eyes were dimmed with blindness. By his side sat his old wife, listening with a breaking heart to his constant moan: "Oh! I am so hungry! So hungry! *So hungry!*"

For two days they had not tasted food. Shortly before that they had gone for *four days without food*. But the stove had been sold and they had suffered the bitter cold since then, and had two days before eaten the last morsel of food which its sale had brought them.

Then the poor woman had taken a little pepper and salt, all she had left, and mixed it with water, and they tried by the drinking of this to stay the cravings of hunger.

This was not a drink case. It was their misfortune, not their sin, that had brought them to starvation. They had been hard working people once, but they were very old and blind and feeble now. They had a son, a pretty well-to-do mechanic, though heartless enough, who, when they applied to him for help, said, "There's bread enough in the poor-house, go there." "But," said the poor wife, with a touch of pathos, "we have lived together all these years and can't bring ourselves to go where we must be separated. So we thought we would rather die together here."

(Don't forget these "poor outcasts" have hearts and feelings just as deep and sensitive as their more fortunate fellow men.)

Loving hands and tender hearts worked a transformation in that poor "home" before the night fell that winter's day. An old bed and bedding, which had been kept for just such a case, with some clean though patched clothing, was carried piece by piece from the slum officers' humble home to the poor garret. Soap and water soon made the place look clean, and the helpless couple were also washed and put to bed like tired children by these angels of mercy, while tea, toast, and gruel were brought to strengthen them.

The dispensary doctor whom they had called in was so touched by the misery and suffering of this case that he gave $1 50 which with the little from the slum sisters' store kept for such needy ones purchased a second-hand stove, which brought warmth and cheer to the chilly atmosphere.

Day after day they were visited, nursed, talked to, and prayed with, and at last, kneeling by the bed in her own poor garret, the old woman found Christ as her Saviour, and rising with joy on her careworn face, she exclaimed: "Oh, I feel so light! I can't explain how it is done, but I know I feel as if a great heavy burden had rolled away."

Many other stories could we tell just as touching as this one, of the wretched homeless homes, the little babies found without a stitch of clothing, cases where our girls have found the most abject poverty, or been called in to the scene of some brutal fight to care for the almost murdered victims. Stories also of the struggle for life by those who are willing to work when they can get a few paltry cents for a hard day's toil.

One woman with the shadow of a coming ordeal, rendering her weak and unfit for work, carrying her little child in her arms, walked from the downtown slums 'way up to Seventieth Street, knocking at door after door and asking for work. The price she charged was five cents for an apron and thirty-five cents for making a gingham dress. She walked back again, weary and footsore, and told our girls cheerfully of her good fortune, for she had got one dress to make and one apron out of that long and weary day's search. Into her hands we were able to put work, which she has done so gladly and gratefully, and for which she is receiving fair wages. Just this is being done for many a poor struggling one, and the homes of thousands are being gladdened.

The following brief table of statistics will give but a passing idea of the good accomplished, for no statistics can record the cheer, the comfort, the gladdening influence and loving help that have come to many hearts and brought sunshine into many dark homes.

Families visited	56,991
Visits made in saloons	86,194
Dealt with personally on the street	105,363
Meals given to starving and sick cases	12,066
Garments given where absolutely needed	14,706
Sick cases nursed	2,106
Children cared for in day nurseries	10,287

Of our slum nurseries and their good work among the helpless babies of the slums, and of our Rescue Homes for outcast women, I have neither time nor space to write now.

But, oh! if the wealthy only knew this Christmas-tide to what advantage we could put their cast-off clothing, I feel sure they would readily send us, to 111 Reade Street, all we needed for poor and destitute cases. We give only where we know the garments or food are really needed, and where they will do the most good, in a way that those who are not neighbors of the people would never be able to do.

We do not pauperize, as indiscriminate charity which tends to this end is worse than useless; but we help the people to help themselves, and inspire them with a new hope through the love and strength of the Saviour of the world, and by living out a practical, hard-working, loving religion before their eyes.

THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE.

Without ceasing to be architectural, the exhibitions of the Architectural League have been so widened in scope during the past few years that they represent now a far more comprehensive movement than that from which they originally sprang, and appeal every year to a larger audience than the last. The audience is larger because it is no longer composed so exclusively of professional men and women. In giving increased attention, increased space, to all the arts allied to architecture, the League comes closer to the ideal of a popular exhibition of constructive and decorative art. It is in these general observations that the present exhibition at the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society is perhaps most justly approached. The objects shown have, in many cases, intrinsic merit. The most interesting impression they leave, however, is the broadest—an impression of a general tendency to make industrial art a source of beauty. This is forcibly suggested by our illustrations, which throw light upon the way in which a baldly architectural atmosphere has been excluded from the galleries, and an air as of a private interior, equipped at many points, substituted in its place. You feel it at once, too, on surveying, for example, the contents of the south gallery. Standing beside one of the columns for which Mr Francis Lathrop designed and Mr John Williams executed the handsome capitals and bases there is the exquisite little bronze in which Mr Frederick Macmonnies has embodied his picturesque conception of "Pan." Its effect is heightened in respect to color by a bit of rich old leather on the wall behind it. Hung over the arch, which is flanked by the columns referred to, is a leather panel painted by Mr Homer Martin. On the line, near by, is a most interesting model in wax, by Miss E. C. Pedille, for a large mantel, with a figure on either side supporting the upper member of the structure. Further on is a decoration made for a frieze, by Mr J. W. Fosdick, a representation of the famous meeting on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, etched on wood with hot iron points. Mr J. Massey Rhind's model for one of the Astor memorial bronze doors at Trinity Church, a work animated in composition and executed with commendable simplicity and dignity, stands at one end of the gallery. There are clever sketches for mural decorations by Mrs. Dora Wheeler Keith, Mr. H. T. Schladermundt, and Mr. W. B. Van Ingen; and the walls abound with color studies and full-sized cartoons for stained glass windows by Mr. Crowninshield, Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, Mr. Hamilton Bell, Mr. and Miss Armstrong, and others. One superb design for a window of three lights is by Mr Edwin A. Abbey, who here preserves on a large scale the individuality and strength which have been made most familiar in his black-and-white illustrations in Harper's Monthly.

It will be seen that the exhibits thus far alluded to cover an extensive field. They maintain, moreover, an excellent standard of design, of taste, of workmanship. In the south gallery alone you may study a dozen or more of the elements which go to make up the artistic embellishment of a dwelling house or of a church. In the three small neighboring rooms Yandell & Company have on view beautiful leather screens and wall coverings, the Associated Artists are represented by some fine fabrics, there are wall papers, hardware, book covers, gas-fixtures, stencils, and carvings from various hands, and there are some antique tapestries and pieces of furniture grouped with the rest. In the last and largest of all the galleries—in that established by Mr. Vanderbilt—are quantities of designs for new architecture, and sketches from old buildings abroad. Throughout this mass of work there recur frequently examples of plastic art, some of them very conspicuous, like Mr. Bitter's spirited pediment for a railway station in Philadelphia, and others of a minor character, like Mr. Partridge's charming medallion called "A Dream." It is not intended to enter into any analysis of this or that object in the exhibition. Such an analysis is quite beyond the limits of these remarks, and no more than the briefest reference may be made to such a monument of class art as McKim, Mead, & White have designed for the Brooklyn Museum of Fine Arts, or to such delightful works in a trifling *genre* as the numerous pretty cottages, which are among the best things shown. What it is desired to point out is simply that the League has gone further this year than at any other period of its history to illustrate the application of artistic ideas to the decorative and utilitarian details of a house, as well as to matters of façade, plan, and so forth. It must be added also that the quality of the work is uniformly creditable. The public will find the show enjoyable, and will find it the most instructive display, in a practical sense, that the season in New York affords. For architects, draughtsmen, and artisans, the exhibition is a mine of valuable suggestion in relation to design and technique.

THE GREATER NEW YORK.

It is now a quarter of a century since Mr Andrew H. Green began his agitation for what is now spoken of as the "greater New York." Of recent years the movement has made some progress, especially among the people of the city of New York and of the outlying rural communities of Kings, Queens, Richmond, and Westchester counties. The strongest opponents of consolidation have been the politicians of the neighboring city of Brooklyn. The people of the communities immediately interested in the subject have not had an opportunity to fully express their opinion, and it is now proposed, in a bill that will be submitted to the Legislature at its coming session, to give them that opportunity.

This bill has been prepared by the commission of which Mr. Green is a member. It is called the "Commission of Municipal Inquiry," and among its members are citizens from every county that would be affected by the adoption of the plan of consolidation. Mr. J. S. T. Stranahan is the member from Brooklyn. No one has had more to do with the growth of that city for the last generation than Mr. Stranahan, who has enjoyed the rare distinction of seeing while he is still living a monument erected to him in the city which he has served so well. The commission was appointed under an act of the Legislature which was passed in 1890.

The bill which is to be presented to the Legislature simply provides that the question of consolidation shall be submitted to the people to be voted on at the next general election of the State. The people vote in their several election districts, and the result of the vote in each city, village, and town is to be reported by the Secretary of State and filed in his office. Nothing is to be determined by this vote except the preferences of the people of the various localities. If any further steps are taken towards consolidation they will be taken by the Legislature, and the Legislature will probably not disregard the opposition of any important community to the surrender of its separate municipal or political existence.

The communities affected are many, but the two most important are New York and Brooklyn. The line proposed starts from Far Rockaway, and running through Queens County, northerly and northeasterly through the towns of Hempstead and Flushing, reaches Long Island Sound at Little Neck Bay. Passing through the middle of the bay, and turning to include Harts Island, which is already the property of New York, it enters the county of Westchester through the channel that divides Hunters Island from Glen Island. Crossing the county, it includes the three great suburban parks, and reaches the Hudson at Mount St. Vincent, immediately south of Yonkers. Running southerly, it ends in Raritan Bay.

Within these lines are included all of Richmond County and Kings County, the towns of Jamaica and Flushing, and part of Hempstead in Queens, the town of Westchester and part of Eastchester in Westchester County. New York, Brooklyn, and Long Island City are the cities that would be included in the charter of the greater New York.

The first and most obvious reason for the consolidation is the practical identity of the interests of the people who dwell within the proposed boundaries. Nature has made the three great islands—Manhattan, Long, and Staten—the boundaries of the wonderful bay into which enters two-thirds of the imports that come to the country. From the very first New York has been the centre of the active life that has been lived about these shores. Here the commerce of the great community has been carried on. The ships that have brought the merchandise of Europe to the New World are tied at her wharves, the transactions of commerce have been conducted in her offices and banks and counting rooms. Those who have dwelt in Brooklyn or in the rural communities of the neighboring counties have lived on the toil and trade of the metropolis. Year after year this has grown to be more and more the fact. Brooklyn has been called the "boarding house," the "dormitory," of New York, and what is true of Brooklyn is true of Staten Island, and of Westchester and Queens. Practically the people who dwell in the territory which it is proposed to include in the consolidated city—the greater New York—are one people, having their home interests where they dwell, and their more important business interests where they spend their active days. This is the centre of the hive, but it is not the whole hive, and the census which declares the people living on Manhattan Island to constitute the population of New

York does not tell nor even indicate the truth. From such a declaration one cannot begin to determine New York's real importance among the cities of the world.

The lesson of the past history of New York and its neighboring towns is that annexation is inevitable. It is the wildest absurdity to maintain separate municipal and town governments, each with the burden of its peculiar expenses, for people who are all united in interest and who are chiefly concerned, no matter under what local government they may dwell, in the character of the government of the central and largest municipality where the business of the whole is transacted. Recognizing the logic of such a situation, the cities of Brooklyn and Williamsburg were united many years ago, and to meet the demands of the northward-moving people who were crowded out of the narrow limits of Manhattan Island, the towns of Westchester County lying between the Harlem and the Bronx were long since annexed to New York.

Speaking of the opposition of some of the party chieftains to the movement for consolidation, Mr Green, in an address to the Legislature, used this forcible language:

> "The movement still progresses, but we have yet our Sachems, great chiefs and small, who cling to the traditions of barbaric times, and seek to preserve their clans and clanship by fencing them out upon little lines of narrow demarcation against the gathering strength of popular dominion. But the encounter is one between the retreating forces of the tribal system and the coming forces of the co-operative system, between barbaric tradition and educated aspiration, in which there can be but one result, when the frontier lines of the Manhattans, the Montauks, and the Raritans shall be obliterated, and New York, Brooklyn, Long Island City, and Staten Island shall be one politically as they are already in every other relation. In this, future history will only repeat itself, doing here what has been done in London, Paris, Brooklyn, and Chicago, all of which cities have become great and prosperous, not alone by accumulation of numbers within their first restricted bounds, but by expansion, annexation, and consolidation."

The community of interests which exists about the waters of the harbor of New York seems to demand unity of administration. The mere statement of the number and diversity of governments under which the population dwelling on these shores carry on trade and commerce and conduct their social and domestic affairs is an argument against the continuance of this extraordinary and crude state of things. In the first place there are two States, each claiming and exercising jurisdiction over the navigable waters. Within the radius of sixteen miles in all directions from the City Hall there are people who draw their sustenance from this city living under these two State governments and several city, town, village, and county governments. Within four miles of the City Hall there are five city governments. Within ten miles there are seven city governments. Three New Jersey counties and five New York counties border the waters of the harbor and its eastern approach. More than a score of town governments and a still greater number of village governments administer the affairs of the communities which would all be brought under one administration if the proposed consolidation should take place.

The existing condition of things creates conflict and annoyance where there should be unity and concord. New York's prosperity is not the prosperity alone of those who dwell between the East and North and Bronx rivers; it means the prosperity of those who spend their days in our downtown streets and their nights beyond our jurisdiction, and those, too, whose trade and professions minister to the wants and pleasures of the smaller communities. New York is mainly dependent on her surrounding waters, and yet the actual jurisdiction of the city as it exists to-day is over a very small part of those waters. The policing of the harbor is in the hands of the various local governments, and where there is such a diversity of administration there must be that conflict of authority which conduces to the profit and immunity of the law breaker.

The people who inhabit the territories included within the boundaries already described practically dwell together. Their interests and their well-being require that they should be under one local government. It is unfortunate that two States are neighbors at this point, for an ideal greater New York would include Jersey City, Newark, and Elizabeth. Such a union is probably impossible, for the State of New Jersey would be unwilling to surrender to the municipality such a large and valuable part of her territory, and the administration of two sets of State laws by the authorities of one city would be impracticable. The best that is possible is doubtless the union of the territory suggested. If anything, this is less than it ought to be, for the people of Yonkers, Tarrytown, Mount Vernon, and New Rochelle are quite as deeply concerned in the municipality as those who dwell within the territory marked off for consolidation.

It certainly should not be possible for the criminal classes of the metropolis to escape the jurisdiction of the police of New York by crossing the bridge to Brooklyn, or going to the rural districts of Richmond, Queens, or Westchester County. The man whose store is within a dozen blocks of the City Hall should enjoy for his business and his dwelling, which may be twelve miles from the Hall, the same police protection. His chief pecuniary interest is where his business is, and consequently he is more deeply concerned in the government of the metropolis than in that of the village or city where his home may be situated. The consequence is that those who might be the best citizens in the smaller communities take no interest in local politics, and there is bad government, the government of the unprosperous and unintelligent, of the people who stop at home, the small retailers, the local bosses, the men to whom the mental activities and moral impulses of the great city are as remote as they are to the dwellers in the hill towns of New England. The man who does business in New York and lives in Brooklyn pays taxes imposed by two governments; and his largest contribution for local purposes is likely to be for the support of the government in the choice of whose officers he has no vote. One Excise Board determines who shall sell liquor to him in his dwelling place, while another regulates the traffic in the city where he spends his days. One Board of Health prescribes sanitary regulations for him at night, another controls him by day. Under existing laws the health of New York is affected by the most inefficient village health board in its immediate neighborhood. The city of New York loses the votes of hundreds of thousands of men whose ballots would always be cast in behalf of good government, while Brooklyn and the other communities of the neighboring territory do not profit by this loss as much as they ought, because New York and its government constitute the paramount interest of all who toil for livelihood and wealth within its boundaries.

All the material interests of these neighboring communities would be advanced by consolidation. The greater New York would have a population of more than 3,000,000, and would be easily the second city of the world in size. The question involved in the bill which the commissioners have prepared, and which will be introduced into the Legislature soon after the beginning of the session, is the most important that can be submitted to the people of the various communities concerned. It is one upon which they have the right to express their opinion. The people of several of the towns have already had meetings, and the opinions that have been expressed thus far, with the exception of those of the politicians who dread losing their power, have been in favor of consolidation.

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THIRTY-SEVEN years ago the first Christmas number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, "A Journal of Civilization," was issued. It was then, as it has always continued to be, the leading illustrated weekly newspaper of America, holding easily the front rank in the general esteem and admiration because of its literary and artistic superiority. But the HARPER'S WEEKLY of that time was no more like the HARPER'S WEEKLY of to-day than the child is like the man, though even then it was the best of its kind upon this continent, and at once gave promise of being that which in the fulness of time it has become.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has fulfilled in the highest and truest sense the mission of good journalism. The newspaper is the greatest of all teachers, as it teaches so many, and it is a matter of profound universal concern whether it shall teach well or ill. To us HARPER'S WEEKLY is most interesting in its character of teacher. It has taught so broadly and with such high purpose and assured sincerity, with so much wisdom and good conscience, as to command the respect of every one who rightly estimates the value of a newspaper, sagacious, earnest, and wholly devoted to the well-being of the community.

HARPER'S WEEKLY came into existence at a time when the contention with regard to slavery was being most fiercely and energetically waged. It was a recognized force in American journalism when that contention culminated in the secession of those States which became the Southern Confederacy. During the four years of war that followed, the WEEKLY became not only the most complete abstract and chronicle of the time, but one of the great aids of the Government. It created, fostered, and gave increase to the spirit of patriotism, to that strong love of union and freedom which inspired the citizens of the great Republic to suffer all things for their country. As it had taught hatred of slavery, so did it then teach devotion to the Union.

It did not cease to be a useful teacher with the close of the Civil War. It has kept right on educating the American people in what it believed was best for them to know. It has contended at all times for great political principles, for purity of administration, for statesmanship in politics, for law, order, and public virtue. Its founders were men of elevated principles and stern rectitude, having a dominating sense of their public responsibility as not only the publishers of those great periodicals which they had established, but of books. Neither they nor their successors, all of the same name and family, have had cause to feel ashamed of a single title page coming from their presses. That a publication bore the imprint of HARPER & BROTHERS was assurance of its good character. Generation of HARPER BROTHERS has succeeded generation, and the high standing of the firm has been always maintained. It has been one of honor, usefulness, distinction, at all times.

The life of the WEEKLY covers a large era of the weekly newspaper in this country, and nearly all of that of the illustrated newspapers. Its illustrations year after year have exhibited the progress that art in black and white has made in the United States during the last thirty seven years. If this latest Christmas number were to be compared with the earliest issued, the comparison would show an astonishing advance and the attainment of extraordinary excellence. The sketch in colors, the "Pirates' Christmas," by HOWARD PYLE, is an example of the strides that American illustrative art has made since the original number of the WEEKLY was issued. It will easily challenge comparison with the best productions of the great pictorial journals of England, France, and Germany. This is high praise, but it is just praise.

To return to the WEEKLY in its character of public teacher. No journal in this or any country has taught more broadly or honestly than it has done. It has had real convictions of duty to the nation, and it has had the courage to maintain them. It has taught the lessons of patriotism, good politics, literature, and art. The WEEKLY has been one of the greatest and best educators, and its publishers have been and are citizens always mindful of the obligations they owed to their country, society, and themselves. Because of the high purposes they have maintained their usefulness has been so great in the broad field of higher education in which they have wrought so successfully and with such public spirit and integrity.—*December* 19, 1893.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

Mr. Grant Allen says that the last twenty-five years have marked a great advance in the beauty of English women. A quarter of a century ago, he says, he travelled both in England and in France, and, as became a naturalist, took particular note of the appearance of the girls. Very lately he has been over the same ground again, and reports that the French women are no prettier than they were, but that among the damsels of the middle class in England the improvement is unspeakable. He finds that the young English girls are better grown than formerly, and have better figures, better features, and much more intelligent faces than their mothers. Beauty lies so largely in the eye of the beholder that it is possible that some of the improvement Mr Allen notes is due to a change in himself. It is conceivable that his heart warms more readily than it did to British beauty, or that twenty-five years of ripening experience have brought him a keener appreciation of the fresh and simple charms of youth. Yet he is by profession an observer of natural phenomena, and should know whereof he speaks. It is probably true that English girls have grown handsomer, and the reason is not far to seek. The development of athletics has doubtless had something to do with it, but it is safe enough to attribute the major part of the improvement to the effect of competition. For the last two decades the American girl has notoriously set the pace for the English maidens, who, it seems, have made a gallant and not altogether unsuccessful effort to keep up with it, while the French women, being comparatively free from American competition, show no appreciable progress. So far as the English girls are concerned, what an excellent result this is, and how creditable to the native grit which prompted them to do their best, instead of settling hopelessly down under discouragement! The American girl, it appears, is good for everybody, her rivals included.

Apropos of a recent paragraph in this department of the Weekly relating to the alleged feebleness of the Harvard cheers at the football game at Springfield, a correspondent writes:

"I don't think any one has yet struck the key-note. Whatever advantages the method of allotting seats had, it had the disadvantage of breaking up crowds of friends. Formerly a man getting up a car could get seats all together, and there was far more enthusiasm among this number of twenty together than in the same number scattered here and there in one, two, or three. I myself had the misfortune to get a seat beside a saloon-keeper from Boston, who was an intimate friend of all the one hundred Boston police, and who didn't know one goal from another, and on the other side were two shop-girls from Springfield. Going as I did with a party, this was not pleasant. Every Wendell was directly in front of me, but I hardly felt like cheering with no one around me to join. If the seats merely called for sections, it might be all right."

If it is true that the method of seating people at the Springfield game had the general effect of separating friends, it was certainly defective. But that does not excuse this correspondent for not cheering. He should not only have cheered all he knew himself, but since providence allotted a saloon keeper and two shop girls to his charge, he should have made it his business to see that they cheered adequately too. It is just this Harvard willingness to let some one else work that enables Yale to win.

It has often been said that there would be no insurmountable difficulty about getting woman suffrage if the women really wanted it. It is not safe to say, in like manner, that State Legislatures would appropriate public moneys for the Catholic parochial schools if the Catholics really desired it, but it does seem as if there were enough Roman Catholics who don't desire it to defeat the proposition, even if there were no inveterate opposition to it by Protestants. In New York, Archbishop Corrigan declines to be responsible for the Spellissy school bill, and Mr. Richard Croker declares that he has no sympathy with it. In the West, some of the most outspoken opposition to similar bills proposed comes from Roman Catholic journals. From Maryland, where, if anywhere, a Roman Catholic might feel at liberty to speak freely for his own side, an impassioned argument against meddling with public school moneys comes from Judge James McSherry, of Frederick, who, as a Roman Catholic layman, declares himself "bitterly and intensely hostile to the whole scheme." In Judge McSherry's opinion, to divert any part of the public school fund to the support of denominational schools would be a breach of a public trust, which in Maryland, at least, the Legislatures has no constitutional right to commit. He finds it as unreasonable that Catholics should be relieved from their share of the support of the public schools as that Quakers, or others who have religious scruples about going to law, should be exempted from taxation for the support of law courts. He believes that "the Catholic laymen of the country are almost a unit in opposition to this proposed interference with the school fund," and that there is "no need of alarm on the part of any one that Catholic laymen will ever consent to this unlawful measure."

If the general movement on the school fund was intended to test the strength of public sentiment on the subject, it must be conceded that it has been tolerably successful already. Public feeling seems to exist in quantities amply adequate to meet the situation, and there is a most gratifying prospect that the scheme will be killed by Catholics, thereby avoiding anything like a political division on a religious question.

The sympathy of the public is bespoken for the members of the Carlin hunting party, lately lost in the hills of Montana. In the embarrassment which has overtaken them in the person of George Colgate their late cook. This cook is the same who as the newspapers told us, was left behind by the party on their way home. They reported when they came in that he was weather-logged and unable to walk, and had only a few hours to live at the outside, and that it had seemed best to stock him with food and fuel and leave him, rather than that the others should remain with him and all perish. This was an acceptable story, and seemed superior to the common lot of common stories, which are only good until another is told. But that very lot has overtaken it. The cook turns up and disputes with the party as to whether he was moribund enough to be left behind. He insists that he should have been brought in, and when the party replies that he had but a few hours to live at the outside, he scoffs at them, and avers that he wandered about in the mountains for three weeks after they left, and might be wandering yet but for the politeness of two trappers whom he met in a snow-storm, and who kindly invited him home and entertained him. He finds great fault, too, with the food the party left for him, declaring the supply to have been extremely scant, and fabulously inadequate to his needs. He is evidently out of all patience and temper with the Carlin party, and does not hesitate to harrow their sensibilities with public criticisms of their conduct. It must have been painful to them to leave him behind to die in the first place, and now to have him turn up alive and make them further trouble seems like crowding the mourners. If George Colgate had had all the feelings of a gentleman he would have recognized that etiquette demanded that he should stay dead. But the manners of the West are still rude, and besides, if a cook is a good cook, that is enough. It is unreasonable to expect him for the same wages to be a Chesterfield also.

The most vociferous and exacting question of the hour is how to keep the unemployed alive until business revives and there is work for them to do. All sorts of people are tackling the problem in all sorts of ways. Chicago finds it especially engrossing, and is treating it with free kitchens where soup and coffee are given to hungry applicants, care being taken to discriminate as far as possible in favor of involuntary idleness against professional tramps. Measures somewhat similar are proposed for New York by a "Provisional Committee for the Aid of the Hungry," whereof the chairman is Mr Oliver Sumner Teall, and Mr. Henry Clews is the treasurer. The first undertaking that this committee has proposed to itself is to find out all the places in New York where meals will be given free to hungry men. Having gained this information it proposes to diffuse it where it will do the most good. Every policeman will have a list of all the free food places in his precinct, and similar lists will be furnished to people who ask for them. If it shall appear that there are not enough feeding places to cope with the present or impending distress, this Provisional Committee will try to increase the supply. Its office is at 60 Wall Street.

The next best thing to free food, or possibly even a better thing, is very cheap food. Mr Teall's committee will doubtless want to know, and to give information, about all places where meals can be had for as little, say, as five cents. Such a place is the People's Restaurant and Lodging-house, at 170 Bleecker Street, which proposes to sell a full meal of hot food to any applicant bringing five cents or a meal ticket, the food to be eaten on the premises or carried home, as the customer prefers. The lodging house department of this charity will provide men with supper, bath, bed, and breakfast, and will cleanse their clothing by steam, at a nominal cost. The restaurant, when it gets well agoing, is expected to supply from one to two thousand meals a day. It is expected to be self-supporting after it gets well started, but some five thousand dollars is needed to start it, and any fraction of that sum will be welcomed by John P. Townsend, treasurer, at the Knickerbocker Trust Co., 18 Wall Street, or at No 234 Fifth Avenue. Among Mr. Townsend's associates in this enterprise are Messrs. W. L. Strong David H. King, Jun., John S. Huyler, and Dr. W. S. Ralesford. The meal-tickets of this restaurant will be sold for distribution at five dollars a hundred or five cents each. The charity is in good hands and has been wisely planned. It is commended to the readers of the Weekly.

E. S. Martin.

SAILORS' KITES.

BY CAPTAIN HOWARD PATTERSON.

The kite as an auxiliary to the life saving system is not a novel consideration.

As far back as Revolutionary times we learn from the record of marine disasters on the United States coast that the brig *Sally*, of Boston, "took the Jersey beach abreast Absecum on Christmas day during a most portentous storm out of the northeast quadrant." It appears that as the *Sally* was in ballast and drawing but a few feet of water she struck close to the shore, just outside the breakers, but as mightily did the anger-lashed Atlantic burst upon the beach that brave hearts and willing hands could not overcome the barrier that teased and roared between them and the twenty human beings who were clustered in the rigging of the fated brig. To launch a boat into that boiling caldron was a task for giant strength, and the watchers on the shore, called away from blazing hearth-stones and yule-tide sports at the sound of the signal-gun, could only wait in helplessness for the rending of the beaten hull and the crushing of the swaying spars to end the tragedy.

But a man of resource was the master of the *Sally* brig. No sooner had his vessel struck than the situation and its chances were measured by him with the cool, calculating head and eye of a sailor, and with the assistance of his mates he quickly lashed three slender boat spars together, spanned them with a light line, then covered the frame with a muslin bedsheet. The sail-maker's locker supplied narrow strips of canvas and a ball of strong cotton twine.

Three men carefully guarding a white shape were seen to emerge from the cabin and join the crew in the main-top. Suddenly a large kite shot into the air and flew in the direction of the puzzled group upon the shore, who, quickly realizing the significance of the white-winged messenger, cheered excitedly while they made a dash for the canvas till that was sweeping along close to the sand. A moment later one end of the ball of twine that the captain held in his hand was in possession of those upon the shore. For the men of the stranded vessel to bend a small line to their end was the work of a few seconds, then, when this had been made fast on board, the second line was gently drawn to land. Next a strong rope with pulley-block was bent on to this and paid out to the beach. On board the *Sally* the men secured their end of the hawser to the main cross tree, hitching the smaller line just above it, while those on shore seized the block to the flag staff on the beach, rove the rope through it, hauled it taut, and made the life-line or steadying rope fast a few feet higher up. The sailors walked ashore on the large rope, steadying themselves by the small line.

Several days ago an interesting kite exhibition was witnessed off Sandy Hook, under the direction of Mr J. Woodbridge Davis, the inventor of a kite apparatus for carrying lines from a ship to the lee shore. The kite in question is lozenge, the sticks, of light ash, revolving upon a common centre axle, and the frame is covered with oiled muslin.

It has been demonstrated that under certain conditions it is impossible for our efficient life saving men to get a line out to a stranded ship, and that loss of life under such circumstances naturally follows. A case in point is that of the four masted schooner that went ashore in a southeast gale on Long Island only a few weeks ago. For several hours futile efforts were made to shoot a line to the vessel, whose crew could be seen in the shrouds above the combing seas that continually rolled across the decks, while, to add an element of pathos to the picture, a woman stood upon the cabins among the men. Several times the life saving crew can their boat out into the jaws of the breakers until the icy waters frothed about their sturdy shoulders, only to be beaten back to shore again. Happily a rapid change of wind smoothed the sea and made possible the rescue of the shipwrecked ones before the masts fell.

It is for just such emergencies that Mr Davis has designed the kite that bears his name. When beyond the reach of the projectile that carries the line, the kite may be used to establish communication with the beach. Although, as has been shown, the mariners' kite is not an original idea, yet the Davis apparatus presents several decidedly new features, the most valuable of which is the simple contrivance by which it may be deflected from its original course, or, as a sailor would say, from dead to leeward. Instead of a single line leading from the face of the kite, two lines are employed, one from either side, and by checking one or the other a trifle after the kite has been raised, it may be directed four compass points, or 45°, from its direct leeward course, so that it may be landed anywhere within an area of 90°.

The value of this steering property may be appreciated when it is explained that it often happens that the only near land to a wrecked vessel is not directly to leeward, but to the right or left of that point. The principle of the steering action of the kite is based upon that of the fore and aft sail, which may be trimmed to a certain limit without spilling the wind.

As soon as the kite is raised and the guy lines adjusted so that it is directed aright, these are secured to a wooden float or buoy, and the latter is thrown overboard, having fast to it a light but strong line, which is paid out as the kite flies to the land, dragging the buoy through the water. When the float reaches the beach the life saving crew detach it and bend on to the ship's rope the regular lines and blocks, which the wrecked seamen haul out to their vessel and make secure according to the directions found painted on the small wooden tags fastened to the blocks. The crew are then brought to land either in the breeches-buoy or life-car hauled out to them by the life-saving crew.

THE STORM-PEWIT.

On winter morns, when frost flakes fly,
And coldly looks the red sun down,
There comes a lonely troubled cry
From where the barren forests frown—
The fluttering pewit's warning shrill,
That bids the shuddering world beware
The restless storm-wind, white and chill,
That death shall pilot through the air.

The headlong clouds erelong will swing
Up from the winter's dungeons cold,
The icy winds erelong will sting,
And rustling drifts the fields enfold,
When from the forest, dead and drear,
Where waking winds go hoarsely by,
So wild and tremulous with fear
Doth come the wise storm pewit's cry.

P. McArthur.

PROTECTING HIS TREASURE.

"What on earth is that thing you are carrying, Chappie?"
"It's my cane."
"Cane? Why, it's a leather box."
"I know; the case is in the case. The stick was a gift to Prince George, from his father the Prince of Wales. I bought it at a place in London. Of course I wouldn't expose it to the public gaze here, as I had the case made, yo know, so that I could carry it."

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A NEW ENGLAND CIDER-MILL.—DRAWN BY GEORGE ERRINGTON.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE WISE MAN STUDIES THE SIGNS of the times, and the wise collegian will take some lessons from the season just ended if he wishes to protect his cherished sport, and have it continue to flourish as it has done for the last decade. It will not do now to slight or shirk the responsibility, for, whether rightly or wrongly, the game has been arraigned at the bar of public opinion, and that always means that some defence is demanded or some reform is imperative. The charges that have been made are many of them unjust, and some of them are foolish but the parents of boys at school and college are hard to convince, even though the newspaper talks of violence and fisticuffs be declared untrue by the boys. Then, again, the chapter of accidents astounds and shocks parents. They are aware of the tendency of the newspaper to make a sensation of the smallest material, but that does not prevent their giving credence to the stories. Fortunately the two big games of the season give the lie direct to almost all the charges of brutality and fisticuffs, and it will not be a difficult undertaking for the football men, by a few well-directed alterations in their rules, to manage all parental fears, and place the sport upon a more secure foundation than ever.

THERE IS NO BETTER MEANS OF REACHING the desired end than through the University Athletic Club taking the initiative in the reform movement. We have already commented on the advisability of having this club take the lead in the matter. Indeed, as I have already said, I consider the University Athletic Club the balance-wheel of college sport, and it cannot begin its mission at a more auspicious time than the present. The club will shortly bring together a certain number of men most capable of giving an opinion on the present question, and passing judgment on proposed rules, etc., and we shall unquestionably see the beginning of some very wise legislation.

The newspapers have teemed lately with communications from men who know the game and men who do not know it, offering all kinds of suggestions for new rules. I have read several correspondents who talk of going back to the old Rugby rules, but those who hint at such a departure show ignorance of the history of American football. Every college man and every student of football knows that the American game is the most scientific of all football.

That it has become more than usually rough in the last year goes without saying, but this, as I endeavored to show in a recent issue, is entirely due to the game's enormous development. It is simply the fact that the progress of the game has travelled ahead of the rules, and that we have now simply to bring the rules up to the game. It is so in the development of all games and of all things, but football has been made a particularly shining mark because of its immense popularity, and one always finds unreasing and unthinking criticism following in the footsteps of extraordinary success.

FOOTBALL HAS FOUR FEATURES that, in my judgment, are open to legislation:

1. Flying interference and all momentum plays.
2. Downing the full-back on a free catch.
3. Piling on top of a runner when he is tackled and downed.
4. Umpiring.

Little need be said of the momentum plays. They were introduced last year by Mr. Deland, though they were seen for the first time at the Harvard-Yale game at Springfield, practically at the end of the season, and their use therefore did not become general. This season, however, they have spread not only over the East, but into the far West, and been played, one might say, universally by all teams professing any knowledge of modern football. They have been more instrumental in mixing this cry of "brutality" in football than any set of plays that were ever put forth. However, they have done some good in convincing careful students of the game that, after all is said and done, straight, fast football will score more points in a game than showy tricks. They have been very hard on the men, which is quite easy to understand, and it is surprising indeed there have not been more serious accidents.

Naturally it was a question of very short time after the introduction of flying plays before they would be met by flying resistance, and so this season we have seen offensive flying plays met by flying defensive work, and what the result has been every football man knows. These momentum or flying plays should all be legislated out of the game. There has been some talk, I note, of retaining the flying wedge on the kick-off, but I do not see any more reason for keeping this wedge on the kick-off than of retaining it throughout the game. There is nothing particularly skilful in it. It is merely adding speed to the old wedge, the principle being that it is much harder to stop men on the run. It would continue to be met by flying defensive play, and we should be perpetuating one of the most offensive features of the game.

Classed with the momentum plays must be considered the flying interference, which we saw very skilfully done by the University of Pennsylvania team as well as by Harvard, though the former carried it off much more successfully. This is the style of play that, while not so trying on the men as some of the others of the flying species, is of a pattern not at all desirable. Moreover, this flying interference play, particularly as shown by Harvard this season, was not a ground gainer. It will have to be legislated out along with the rest of the new-fangled flying plays. And it will not take very elaborate legislation to do away with all this flying business. The rule need simply be made that no man shall start until the ball is actually in play, and the problem is solved.

DOWNING THE FULL-BACK ON A FREE CATCH is not a new question. The last two seasons have shown that the penalty of five yards is not sufficient, and football men have known for many seasons that the Association's ruling on this matter makes the umpire's decision a very hard one. He is not infrequently called upon to determine as to the *intention of the runner*, which is an obviously difficult matter to decide. Many times the full-back is thrown by the opposing ends purposely, the idea being that the possibility of his dropping the ball and their getting it is worth the five-yard penalty. It is one of the most unsatisfactory rulings of football and the umpire is really nine times out of ten unable to give an absolutely fair decision.

It seems to me that the only way out of this is to make the ruling such that the umpire can plainly see for himself whether the full back actually attempts to run, and to make the penalty for tackling on a fair free catch a progressive one. If the rule stated that a full back could not be tackled unless he took a step forward, and the penalty was a progressive one, beginning at five yards for the first offence, ten for the second, fifteen for the third, etc., we should have an end to the present unsatisfactory state of affairs. An unfair tackle under these circumstances would be perfectly evident not only to the umpire, but to every spectator on the ground, and we should at last have an end to unfortunate discussions in cases of interference on a catch.

SOME SUGGESTIONS HAVE BEEN MADE of not allowing the ends within five yards of the full back on a catch, but this appears to be going to the other extreme, for he would almost be sure to gain five yards in case he attempted to run, and, unquestionably, his attempt to run under the ruling I have suggested would be quite as evident as though the ends were five yards off. If he makes a fair catch and heels the ball; if, having caught the ball, he takes one step forward—are certainly two plain and straightforward statements equally simple of understanding. The progressive penalty would be wise in curbing the tendency of throwing the man in hopes of his losing the ball.

This ruling would not cover a case where a full-back came up on a run and caught the ball, as the Princeton full back (Blake) did in the Thanksgiving-day game when he was tackled by Hinkey, but it seems to me, in a case of this sort, that a man's catching the ball on a run should be interpreted as being an attempt to run, as of course it would hardly be practicable to rule that the opposite ends must field off for him to take that step forward, since he would be going forward at the time of catching. It would seem fair to rule that where a man on the run catches the ball it be construed into an attempt to run; for certainly, unless he was tackled, he would keep on going.

OF ALL THE DOWN FEATURES OF FOOTBALL none stands in more need of the strictest legislation than that which permits the piling of the two teams on top of a runner once he is downed. I think this feature, next to the momentum plays, has had more to do with raising the cry of "brutality" than any other. As everybody knows who follows football at all, the excuse for piling on top of a runner after he is thrown is to keep him from gaining ground. It is also the excuse for "kneeing," which, to explain it to the uninformed reader, means the placing of an opponent's knees against the shoulders and head to keep the man with the ball from wriggling ahead. This is a play that not only results in a very large per cent. to the injuries, but is absolutely without interest to the spectator. To see a runner tackled and thrown and half of the players of both sides pile on top of him is neither pleasing nor interesting. It is not a skilful play.

A solution of stopping this sort of work is just as simple as that of preventing the unfair downing the full back on a free catch. Let there be a rule that as soon as the player running with the ball is tackled and thrown the ball be "down" where he falls. Let the referee's whistle sound the instant the man topples over, and there will be no need whatever of falling on him to prevent him from gaining by squirming or wriggling along the ground. Of course there must be a penalty attached to this rule for the men who fall on the runner after the referee's whistle has blown, and if it were five yards it would, it seems to me, cover the case completely.

NOW AS TO THE UMPIRING. When the University Athletic Club holds its convention of football men, there is no point on which it should be so emphatic in its treatment as on that of umpiring. Instruction to the umpire of 1894 should be of the strictest character, for in his hands rests to a very large extent the future of the game. What a fearless and competent umpire may do to check unnecessary roughness we had a very practical illustration of this season. We are not wanting in men who are competent to fill not only in the umpire, but to every spectator on the ground, and we should at last have an end to unfortunate discussions in cases of interference on a catch.

"RIDERS OF MANY LANDS."—By COLONEL THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE.—ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY REMINGTON, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS. 8VO, CLOTH, $4.00.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

the position, but what we need next season is the united support of colleges in instructing umpires to promptly carry out the penalty prescribed by the rules. There should be no warning of a man who is slugging. He should be instantly ruled off, and not only put out of the game, but off the field altogether. Off-side play should be more strictly ruled upon also.

Given a few common-sense changes in the rules, and an umpire who will strictly adhere to them, we shall see throughout the entire season of 1894 such clean football as was shown in the Harvard-Yale and Yale-Princeton games.

UPON MASS PLAYING I have not touched, because I am not altogether a believer in the total extinction of the wedge and similar mass plays. It is a question that can only be decided in a convention of practical football men whose experience is recent. It has seemed that there were fewer injuries received from these plays than is generally believed. That there should be some modification of the present mass plays appears desirable, but what modification may best be substituted without harm to the game cannot be determined off hand. Spectators and practical football men are agreed in desiring more open play, and this can be brought about by limiting the number of downs a team is given to make the five yard gain, or making a kick obligatory on the second or third down. Mass plays can easily be modified by ruling that only four men, beside the quarter-back, should be allowed behind the line in a play. This would enable the tackle or guard to run with the ball, but would stop the wedge plays. I do not believe that wedge plays should be eliminated entirely from the game. I think they should be allowed under certain conditions, and what these conditions are will be determined by the convention of football men that the University Athletic Club will call together. Neither do I believe in doing away with all interference. The prettiest play we have nowadays is the interference around the end, and to legislate this out of the game would be to deprive it of one of its most pleasing features. I am of the opinion, however, that the using of arms and the knocking over of opponents by the interferers should be rigidly ruled upon. What we desire chiefly is to make the game as skilful as possible, and there is no doubt that the ruling out of all interference would take from football one of its most skilful features.

IN NO YEAR HAS THE MAKE-UP of the All-America football eleven been so easy a task. Usually there has been a man here and there on the smaller college teams that has played sufficiently well to have his name at least considered in the make-up of the national eleven, but this year none such appears, and the eleven men and eight substitutes come undoubtedly from the four large universities—Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and the University of Pennsylvania. Furthermore, the All-America team of 1893, in my judgment, is the strongest combination that we have ever been able to get together. Individually some of the elevens in the last few years, particularly in '91, show up quite as strong; but for an evenly balanced team, including substitutes, I think the '93 eleven is the strongest that has ever been put forth.

All-America team for 1893:

Butterworth, Yale, full-back.
Brewer, Harvard, and Morse, Princeton, half-backs.
King, Princeton, quarter.
Lewis, Harvard, centre.
Wheeler, Princeton, and Hickok, Yale, guards.
Lea, Princeton, and Newell, Harvard, tackles.
Hinkey, Yale, and Trenchard, Princeton, ends.
Substitutes—Ward (Princeton), Thorne (Yale), and Brooke and Knipe (U. of Pa.) back of the line; Holly, Taylor, and Balliet (Princeton) and Greenway (Yale) in the line.

LOOKING AT THE ALL-AMERICA ELEVEN of '93, nobody will dispute my selection of Butterworth as the full-back. Considered from every point of view, he is altogether the strongest man in that position, I think, I have ever seen play. There have been others who could kick farther on occasion and drop goals from the field, but for all-round value to a team in kicking, catching, tackling, bucking the line, and running with the ball, no man in my recollection has equalled him. He is not nearly so strong on catching as in other respects. Last year, in the Harvard game, he made a couple of bad muffs, but this year he has shown immense improvement in holding the ball, as well as in getting in his kick, and his experience was particularly trying in the Princeton game. His tackling has always been good, but in the Princeton game it proved to be of a high order, and twice saved Yale from having her goal line crossed by the Princeton runner. With his line-bucking ability the readers of this department are perfectly familiar, for it has been commented on very frequently. In this particular respect I do not recall any man Yale ever had that excelled him back of the line.

NEXT TO BUTTERWORTH, THE BEST FULL-BACK on the college field this year was Brooke of Pennsylvania, in actual kicking. So far as distance and certainty of getting in his kick are concerned, Brooke is probably quite as good as Butterworth. He is very sure, and covers a great deal of ground. So far as the actual distance gained in punting for this season of '93, without going to actual figures, I should think that Brooke had done better than Butterworth. Butterworth made one kick of fifty-five yards, to be sure, but Brooke, on the average, I think, sent the ball farther than the Yale full-back. His work, particularly in the Harvard game at Cambridge, was wonderfully good. Brooke's tackling is also of a high order, and just as hard and sure as Butterworth's, but here the comparison ends, for in line-work and interference Butterworth far outclasses him.

Blake of Princeton, although not picked for the All-America team, deserves special commendation for his work against Pennsylvania and Yale. He is a product of this year, a comparative novice, and was put to a pretty severe test in both of those games. Against Yale, his kicking, taken on the average, was pretty nearly as good as Butterworth's, and his line-work and tackling were shown to be excellent. This season was his first experience in a large game, and he showed the precise qualities that go to make a full-back valuable—a level head and cool, quick judgment. If he plays next year he should improve considerably, and ought to make one of the best men in the country.

BREWER'S WORK AS FULL-BACK has not been commented on because I have put him on the All-America team as a half-back, where, with Morse as a side partner, I believe the two would be even a stronger pair of half-backs than were McClung and Lake. Both of them are fast, both quick to take advantage of an opening and of their interference, and each one is absolutely devoid of fear. They are two of the most courageous half-backs I ever saw. Brewer's work did not show up in the Yale game as it did in '92, but this was due entirely to the style of play Harvard was using. Had he been given a chance to gain in good, straight football, he would have repeated his performance of the year before. This was shown to be a fact in the game against Pennsylvania, for here he was used to advantage, and proved that he had not lost any of his brilliancy. Besides not being properly used, he had a bad ankle. His punting this year was not so good as last.

Morse has always been known as a ground-gaining half who had few superiors, but his work against Yale on Thanksgiving day proved him to be an exceptional man. Although weighing only about 155 pounds, he plunged into the Yale line with all the effect of a man twenty pounds heavier. Both these half-backs are speedy, and if either of them got a chance around the end it would take a swift tackler to down him.

King at quarter-back could not be improved upon, either in this or any other year. We have never had a quarter who did more for a team than King, and McCormick is the only one in the history of football who could do as much. King is a remarkable player, and probably no man has ever played football who was so valuable in so many respects behind the line. His physique, his speed, his certain tackle, and his getting into almost every play will long tend to keep his memory green at Princeton.

WITH BUTTERWORTH, BREWER, MORSE, AND KING back of the line, the '93 All-America team would undoubtedly be the best combination we have ever had. With King's accurate passing and hard tackling, Brewer's certainty on the catch, no matter how hard he was downed, Morse's ability to play at quarter, and the indomitable pluck and wonderful ground-gaining of Butterworth, Morse, and Brewer, I should feel that there was not a single weak spot in the All-America team behind the line. Nor would the team be wanting in strong substitutes. We have seldom seen two such gritty, plucky ground-gainers developed in a single season as Ward and Thorne. Thorne has been playing for some time, though of course this was his first year on the 'varsity. Ward is absolutely a product of this season, and his splendid work on Thanksgiving day stamped him as a half-back of high quality.

Thorne began the season with no reputation, but he has ended it with considerable. His work against Harvard at Springfield was the best of any half-back's on the field, and the fact that he played with a badly injured nose is all the more credit to him. Both get off quickly, run low, and hit the line hard. Ward's improvement during the season was remarkable. In his first games he ran very high and got off slowly, but against Yale on Thanksgiving day his speed in starting was not equalled by any half-back of the season, in addition to which he ran very low. His career next year will be followed with interest, for he should develop considerably. These two men, Ward and Thorne, would be first choice in case the All-America team was playing an uphill game.

Brooke would be my next choice if the game were a pretty hard one. On his ability as a punter I have already com-

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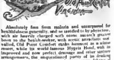

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mented. At half back he would not be so valuable a substitute as either Ward or Thorne.

Knipe I have chosen as the fourth substitute for behind the line. Naturally he is fitted for one of the strongest half backs that ever put on a shoe. He has weight and speed, and is a strong ground gainer on occasion, but his playing seems to be divided into streaks of good and indifferent work, according to whether his team is winning or losing. He is fairly good on interference, but, notwithstanding his riper experience, I should prefer either Ward or Thorne on a team.

OF THE OTHER HALF BACKS OF THE SEASON there are two who cannot be passed over without mention. Just how valuable a man Waters would make at half back is hard to say, since he has been seen so very little, and then handicapped by injuries. Last year he played guard on the Harvard team, and was chosen as such for the All America team. He made a considerable reputation in this position, and if he had gone on improving as he did last year, would undoubtedly have been Wheeler's partner in the All-America team this year, but he left his post in line to play at half back. He has hardly shown enough work behind the line to be judged on his half back ability, but what he has shown convinces me that his half back work does not rank at all with that of guard.

Osgood of Pennsylvania is a man who ought to be one of the cleverest half backs in the country, but his value is largely neutralized by his tendency to individual play. He has considerable speed, and with the ball has done some good ground gaining, but he is only fair on defensive play, does not follow his interference, and has not shown the team play that would warrant his being even a substitute on the All-America team. It is curious that with all the natural ability he should not be able to acquire the other important qualifications of a valuable half back.

Gray of Harvard has been seen very little this year, and therefore cannot be classed. However, Harvard has turned out some new men who are likely to be heard from next season. Wrightington, Gonterman, and Dunlop, all three of whom are products of this season, have given excellent promise, the first-named particularly. Yale has also developed an excellent half back this year in Armstrong, who, while he did not exactly fulfil the promise of the early part of the season, nevertheless did remarkably well for a new man.

The only position on the line where I have hesitated at all has been in placing Hinkey at one of the ends. Greenway, Yale's right end on this last season's play, has certainly played as strong a game as Hinkey, but, comparing the two men, it seems to me that Hinkey would be the more valuable man to a team. His work has not shown up this year as it did last—first, because both Trenchard and Greenway have improved their game very much, and second, because the worries of the captaincy have undoubtedly hurt his game. Considering the two men, Hinkey and Greenway, as football players only, I think there is no question that Hinkey is the more valuable man to a team, notwithstanding the fact that Greenway's work this season showed up as well. Hinkey's strongest point, and where, in my judgment, he is better even than Trenchard, is in following the ball. He seems to have a remarkable faculty of seeming to divine where the ball is going to be, and of being just at the point where he should be on almost every occasion. In this respect I think he is one of the best ends that ever played football. Trenchard is one of the few captains in my recollection whose play has not been hurt by his captaincy. He played the best game this year that he ever showed, and against Yale on Thanksgiving day he played an exceptionally strong game. Indeed, his work this year entitles him to be considered the first end of '93.

Emmons of Harvard has not shown up so well this year as he did last. His game at Springfield was not up to that of '92, and Greenway completely outplayed him.

Stevenson of Harvard is a new man who has shown up particularly well for his first season, and played an excellent game against Hinkey at Springfield. He will undoubtedly be heard from in '94.

Simmons, one of Pennsylvania's ends, ends the season after having played a consistently good game straight through.

The coach of the All-America team would not have to hesitate long in picking his tackles. Lea and Newell have undoubtedly earned the right to be chosen. Newell has been one of the All-America tackles since 1890, and this year his work was particularly good. His work in the Springfield game against Yale was especially prominent, for he and Lewis were about the only points in the line where Yale did not pierce. His breaking through has long since made him famous. Physically speaking, he is a remarkably strong man, and as a member of an eleven where there was systematic common-sense team-play his services would be invaluable.

Lea's selection for the All-America team was forewarned two years ago. From his very first season it has always been evident that it was a mere question of time when he would become one of the first players of the country in his position. His playing this year against Yale was one of the cleverest that has ever been seen in New York. His breaking through and his blocking were of an order that no tackle has yet excelled. Even Newell did not surpass him on offensive play, and on defensive work I should say that Lea was a trifle better than the Harvard man. With two such tackles it would be an exceptional line that could hold them.

And it would take a line with a Heffelfinger at either guard to hold Wheeler and Hickok, the guards of the All-America team. Previous to this year Heffelfinger's work on the foot-ball field had never been equalled, but I think, after the season of '93, particularly after the Thanksgiving day game, one is justified in placing Wheeler on the same plane. Heffelfinger's particularly strong point was in following the ball. So far as actual blocking and breaking through were concerned Riggs proved himself his equal in '91.

Wheeler has not only proved himself the equal of Heffelfinger in blocking and breaking through, but also in following the ball, and I think that he showed up even stronger than the old Yale guard in diagnosing his opponent's place. Wheeler's work in this respect in the Thanksgiving day game was nothing short of remarkable. As a ground gainer Wheeler showed himself Heffelfinger's equal, as well as in the general team play. In fact, I cannot see where either man has the advantage over the other.

Hickok is well entitled to be Wheeler's partner in the All-America line. He is a very strong man, a very active one, and in breaking through and blocking and tackling he stands next to Wheeler.

There can be no two opinions as to the choice of centre for the All America team. Lewis has proved himself to be not only the best centre of this year, but the best all-round centre that has ever put on a college jacket. He is not so strong a man, nor does he weigh so much as did Corbin, the famous Yale centre, but in tackling and getting into every play, and for his general work on the field, he would be a valuable man to an All America team. Moreover, it should be considered that Lewis's brilliant work has been done against men who outweigh him from twenty to thirty pounds, and who are nearer his standard of skill in football than were the centres that faced Corbin near his. It is hard to pick out any particular feature of Lewis's play that is stronger than another; they are all strong. To watch him in a game is a sight of itself. He is all over the field, and seems to be in every play, gets down on kicks as fast as the ends, and is on to the runner time and again. I should also make Lewis the captain of the All America team, both from his position in line, and from the fact that I have always considered him eminently fitted for such a position.

With Balliet, Taylor, and Holly, the captain of the All-America team would need have no fear of his line being weakened. Taylor during the last season has made marvellous improvement, and has shown a better all-round game than either of the Harvard guards. He stands next in order to Hickok; Holly has likewise greatly improved his game. I should prefer him to Murphy of Yale, from the fact that while he is equally skilful, he is much stronger and much quicker on his feet. Balliet would play full centre were Lewis disabled. He is a veteran at the game, and stands next to Lewis. In fact, the two are very close. Balliet showed the best game of his career against Yale this year on Thanksgiving day. So far as actual line-work goes, there is probably very little difference between him and Lewis, but the former is superior in his getting into every play and in his general work.

There remain two men of the season of whom I wish particularly to comment, and these are Adee, Yale's quarter-back, and Beale, the quarter-back of Harvard. It is the first season for both of them on the 'varsity team, and each has made a record for himself, Adee in particular. His cool, quick work against Princeton shows him to be peculiarly and eminently fitted for the position. He played such a game as has seldom been put up by a man in his first 'varsity year. His tackling was hard and sure.

Beale, who is a Freshman at Harvard, was badly handicapped at Springfield by a dazed captain who used confusing signals, but he redeemed himself at Cambridge against Pennsylvania. He has the making of a good man, and we shall undoubtedly hear of him next year.

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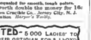

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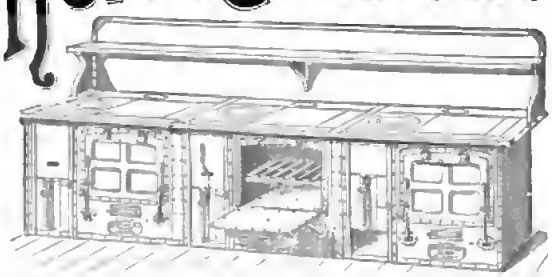

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